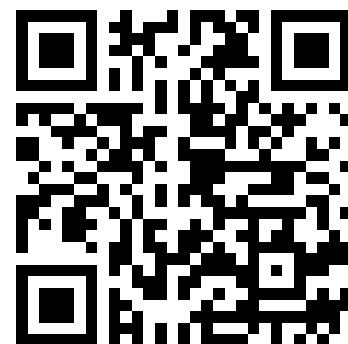

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American masonic
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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

AND

LITERARY COMPANION:

BEING

A PERIODICAL JOURNAL;

DEVOTED TO MASONRY, ARTS AND SCIENCES, BIOGRAPHY, SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, POPULAR TALES, MISCELLANY, POETRY, LITERARY
AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

VOLUME II.

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Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1840.

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MASON.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW JERSEY.

The Grand Lodge of New Jersey, held their annual communication, at the Masonic Hall, in the city of Trenton, on Tuesday, the 12th of November, A. L. 5839. After the transaction of the usual business, the Grand Lodge, proceeded to the choice of Grand Officers, for the ensuing year, with the following result:

William S. Bowen, of Bridgeton, M. W. G. M.
Daniel D. Bruen, of Newark, R. W. D. G. M.
Henry A. Ford, of Morristown, R. W. S. G. W.
Abner Parke, of Lebanon, R. W. J. G. W.
John Mershon, of Trenton, R. W. G. S.
Joseph H. Hough, of Trenton, R. W. D. G. S.
Rev. & W. Jonathan Brooks, G. Chaplain.
W. Elias Thompson, Grand Visitor.
W. Richard Rounsenvell, G. Marshall.
W. George Ayres, G. Pursuivant.
W. Henry C. Boswell, S. G. Deacon.
W. Halsey Canfield, J. G. Deacon.
W. Jonathan C. Ball, } G. Stewards
W. Richard Campbell, }
Br. Sylvester Vansyckle, G. Tyler.

GRAND LODGE OF MAINE.

The Annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Maine, was holden at Augusta, on the 16th of January, A. L. 5840. After the transaction of the usual business, the Grand Lodge proceeded to the annual election of officers, which resulted as follows:

M. M. A. B. Thompson, G. M.
R. W. Asaph R. Nichols, D. G. M.
" Thomas W. Smith, S. G. W.
" Stephen Webber, J. G. W.
" Benjamin Davis, G. Treasurer.
" P. C. Johnson, G. Sec'y.
" Zina Hyde, Cor. G. Secretary.
" John C. Humphreys, G. Marshal.
" Freeman Parker, } G. Chaplains.
" Moses Stone, }
" Moses Springer, }
" Moses Safford, Jr. S. G. D.
" Oliver B. Dorrance, J. G. D.
" Nathaniel Stevens, }
" Frederic Wingate, } G. Stewards.
" W. L. Wheeler, }
" Sewall Lake, }
" Ichabod R. Chadbourne, G. S. Bearer.
" Benjamin Shaw, } G. Pursuivants.
" John D. Lord, }
" Ebenezer White, G. Tyler.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

R. W. Eleazer Wire, First Masonic district.
" Cornelius Holland, Second " "
" Luther Severance, Third " "
" Amos H. Hodgman, Fourth " "
" Hezekiah Williams, Fifth " "
" Isaac Hobbs, Sixth " "
" David Shepherd, Seventh " "
" William Trafton, Eighth " "

GRAND LODGE OF GEORGIA.

The Grand Lodge of this State, held its annual communication, in Milledgeville, on Tuesday, November, 5, A. L. 5839. The annual report, before, us exhibits a very flattering view of the Masonic Institution in that state. From the returns made to the Grand Secretary, by the subordinate Lodges, we find that during the past year, the various lodges under the jurisdiction of the parent Lodge, have admitted within their communion two hundred and seventy-one members.

From the Report of the Committee on communications, we extract the following.

This Grand Lodge, your committee would most respectfully suggest, should feel under the deepest gratitude for the attentions and kindness of our brethren of the craft in other States; and it should, as your committee doubt not it will ever be, the pleasure of this Grand Lodge to return these obliging courtesies. The several communications, your committee are most happy to state, show the cause of Masonry to be onward; and they also afford the gratifying assurance, that the great cause of truth, morality and virtue, with an enlightened people, has but little to fear from a licentious, libellous, and unprincipled opposition.

Your committee beg leave to call the attention of this Grand Lodge to the written communication of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York at its last annual communication. The first is the propriety of recognizing as legitimate Free Masons, sojourning brethren, who have been made in Lodges practising the French and Scottish rites. The second is a recommendation, that in every Grand Lodge with which the Grand Lodge of New-York is in correspondence, some well known and respectable brother, of the rank of Past Master, be appointed as the representative of said Grand Lodge, at the discretion and under the warrant of the Grand Master. If these suggestions are deemed important in the Grand Lodge of New York, they are equally so to this Grand Lodge, and demand, your committee would most respectfully submit, its most serious consideration.

In relation to the first proposition, your committee would beg leave to remark, that if, in Lodges practising the rites of the French and Scottish Lodges, the great and fundamental principles of ancient freemasonry are fully preserved, your committee can see no objection, but, on the contrary, great propriety in adopting the suggestions of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New York. Next in beauty and importance to the great truths, and sublime morality taught and inculcated by our order, is the universality of their recognition and dominion; separated, upon no sectional and sectarian feelings from each other, Masons are every where the same. Its influence is every where felt; and its light, like the light of Heaven, shines upon every nation, and illumines the heart of its children in every clime. But, as your committee are wholly unadvised of the difficulties to be removed deem it, at present, unnecessary to take any further action upon the subject than to request the Grand Secretary of this Grand Lodge to open a correspondence with the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New-York in order to obtain the necessary information to be laid before this Grand Lodge, to enable it to act advisedly upon the subject at its next annual communication.

In relation to the second suggestion above referred to, your committee would beg leave to recommend that the whole subject be referred to the M. W. Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, and that he be clothed with full power and authority to act in relation thereto in such a manner as he may think proper, and for the good of Masonry.

After an interesting and harmonious session of three days the Grand Lodge adjourned.

The following are the Grand Officers, chosen for the ensuing year.

M. W. Philip T. Schley, Grand Master.
R. W. Jonathan Olmstead, }
" E. Ezekiel, } D. G. Masters.
" Irby Hudson, }
" A. Levison, S. G. Warden.
" John R. Anderson, J. G. Warden.
" F. V. Delaunay, G. Treasurer.
" Lucien La Taste, G. Secretary.
" Rev. Ignatius A. Few, G. Chaplain.
" A. H. Hansell, G. Marshal.
" Wm. S. Rockwell, G. S. Deacon,
" E. J. L. Easter, G. J. Deacon.

" Henry Darnell, }
" Isaac T. Cushing, Sen. } G. Stewards.
" Bartholomew Furnie, G. Tyler.

SPIRIT OF MASONRY.

Though Masonry inculcates all the moral duties and the worship of one God, yet it is not religion. It does not profess to change the heart and make at once a temple from ruin. But Masonry and religion are sisters. Their origin and object are the same. Both came from God; both tend to make men better; and both point to heaven as our final home. I do not say that Masonry alone will carry us there; but he who in heart and practice feels and follows the true principles of Masonry, does all that man can do, to climb the mystic ladder which spans from earth to heaven. A renewed and purified heart makes no man less a mason; for it is the glorious prize for which a true practical Mason strives. Christianity, therefore, is not at war with Masonry. On the contrary, she is the kind angel which takes the Mason where human efforts fail, and bears him on wings of love to that happy region, for which, without divine assistance, he was vainly struggling.

Neither a Mason's nor a Christian's duties are confined to the discipline of his own heart. They range abroad and mingle themselves with all the relations of society. I have wondered that Christians, who are commanded to judge the tree by its fruit, have often been found among the enemies and persecutors of Masonry. Does not this tree yield good fruit? It disarms the bitterest personal animosities, teaches forgiveness and forbids revenge. Is not this good fruit? Actuated by its pervading principles, at some mysterious sign or sound, arms have dropped from the hands of the most deadly national enemies on the field of battle, and those who were ready to pierce each other's bosoms, have embraced like brothers. Is not this good fruit? It fills the heart of the penniless stranger with gladness, wipes the widow's tear, and relieves the needy orphan. Is not this good fruit? Way, therefore, would some good men and Christians cut it down as a barren fig tree? But we are often told, that many Masons lead immoral lives. With sorrow and shame we acknowledge the justice of this charge. Too many forget the sublime principles they have been taught and the solemn obligations they have incurred. But their vices are not the fruit of Masonry; they are noxious weeds she has not succeeded in exterminating. They shoot up spontaneously in the human heart, and not a Mason's nor a Christian's power can destroy the latent seeds. Germinate they will, and all we can do is to nip the rank shoots, and thus prevent their luxuriance from overshadowing virtue's nobler plants. Judged by the standard of pure morality, what society, nay, what man, can stand the test? Would it not be disingenuous and unjust to condemn Christianity, because a single professor, or even a whole church deviate from its pure principles? If Christianity, which changes the heart, cannot extinguish vicious propensities and stop immoral practices, who can expect that Grand result from Masonry which merely professes to discipline the heart? He who would suppress Masonry or Christianity, because vice sometimes rears his hated front within their sacred pale, would extinguish the sun, the source of light and heat, and plunge the world in darkness and death, because noxious vapors sometimes float on his beams. Judge no institution by the practices of its worst members. If its principles be good, instead of obscuring its beneficent beams in eternal night, let us drain those stagnant pools of vice, whence its influence extracts poison and pestilence. Let it shine upon the uncontaminated surface of our hearts, whence will spring up, in beautiful luxuriance, the plants of Faith, Hope and Charity, yielding immortal fruit.—Anonymous.

MASONIC LANGUAGE.

We are told by our adversaries, that we have no mysteries worth inviolable confidence. On this point

we shall not dispute with them; and if they believed what they alleged, they would manifest less distemperature of mind, and *let us alone*. And again, they pronounce our *mystic chain* of communication, by which strangers become instantly friends, a deception, delusive and useless. If they believed themselves in this too, that they might smile at our *weakness*; but would never feel that malignant spirit of envy and hatred, that should lead them to threaten an ancient and respectable Society with violence, plunder and extermination. Neither shall we dispute with them on this point; the truth would have little impression upon such cavillists and revilers. But to those to whom I address myself, I will explain the use of this *mystic dialect*.

The symbolic language, which Freemasonry alone possesses, is a medium of communication, by which a Christian brother—no matter what his mother tongue may have been—gains at once an access to the bosom of the Turk, the Arab, or the Chinese, and reposes there in safety. It is not merely a vehicle, to make known the wants of humanity, to a stranger of an unknown speech; for *that* language nature herself has bestowed upon all her children, of whatever country or tongue: but it is a language, which informs the stranger, that you have been received into the mysterious order to which he belongs—that you have been tried and accepted as a worthy and deserving brother, to whom, as such, he is thrily bound. And I cannot forbear admonishing every generous and worthy man, who would hear and decide in the spirit of candor and of truth, that this universal tie is not an empty, unmeaning, spiritless obligation; as a free and accepted Mason, having been found worthy to be entrusted with the higher and more essential keys of the Order, I have a claim in every Lodge throughout the globe, to a portion of that *charity fund* which every Lodge holds in sacred trust, for distressed worthy brethren of all countries: and I should no more be denied my share of it, in the hour of want, on the banks of the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Indus, the Nile, or the Hoang-ho, than I should in the house of my father or my brother. If this be "*delusion*," then, indeed, is Christian benevolence and brotherly love, "*delusion*." But call it what you will, it is a theory, in the beauty and practice of which I hope to live and die.

It is no cause of marvel, that the narrow and miserly soul does not understand the advantages of this beautiful and noble Institution; for such have not the heart to enjoy the luxury of doing good. But the intelligent and benevolent mind will comprehend and duly appreciate the benefit of such an universal brotherhood, when I inform him, that the Fraternity in Ohio, have, more than once, furnished the means of restoring the unfortunate soldier, mariner, and adventurer, in Southern America, to the bosom of his wife and children on the continent of Europe.

On the utility of this universal medium of communication, the authors of the *Cyclopædias*, which I have consulted, speak thus:—"It is certain that its signs serve as a universal language, so that by means of them, people of the most distant nations may become acquainted, and enter into friendships with one another. This must be allowed to be a circumstance of no small importance and utility, to those who travel distant regions, and wish to find associates and friends even among strangers."

LIST OF GRAND LODGES

IN CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, WITH THE ADDRESS OF EACH SECRETARY.

Philip C. Johnson, Augusta, Maine.
Charles W. Moore, Boston, Massachusetts.
E. G. Storer, New Haven, Connecticut.
Albe Cady, Concord, New Hampshire.
Jason Williams, Providence, Rhode Island.
James Herring, New York city.
John Mereshon, Trenton, New Jersey.
Samuel M. Stewart, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Richard Macbabin, Baltimore, Maryland.
John Dove, Richmond, Virginia.
W. T. Bain, Raleigh, North Carolina.
J. W. Bruen, Charleston, South Carolina.
Lucien La Taste, Milledgeville, Georgia.
Philip Swigert, Frankfort, Kentucky.
James D. Caldwell, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Vandalia, Illinois.
Francis Dissard, New Orleans Louisiana.
William P. Mellen, Natchez, Mississippi.
Amand P. Pfister, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.
Richard B. Dallam, St. Louis, Missouri.
Austin W. Morris, Indianapolis, Indiana.
J. G. Searcy, Tallahassee, Florida.
James Laurensen, Washington, District of Columbia.
George Fisher, Houston, Republic of Texas.
Sir J. Wm. Hort, Dublin, Ireland.

OFFICERS

OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

M. E. William H. Ellis, Grand High Priest.
E. Horace Goodwin, 2d, Deputy G. H. P.
E. Lucius Tyler, Grand King.
E. Benoni A. Shepherd, Grand Scribe.
E. Laban Smith, Grand Treasurer.
E. Eliphalet G. Storer, Grand Sec'y.
Rev. Com. Josiah Brewer, Grand Chaplain.
Com. Marcus Bassett, Grand Marshal.
" Samuel Wire, Grand Sentinel.
" Asahel Saunders, } G. Stewards.
" George Shumway, }
" Isaac Tuttle, Grand Tyler.

SKETCH OF CHARACTER

ETHAN ALLEN IN ENGLAND.

Col. Ethan Allen was a man destined to strike the world as something uncommon, and in a high degree interesting. He was partially educated and obscurely brought up; yet no man was ever more at ease in the polished ranks than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules and etiquette; but he had observed the dictates of natural good humor. His bearing was total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country he acquired an influence over his fellow-men, and led them on to some of the most daring achievements. He seemed to possess all the elements of a hero—a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partisan officer is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty in our revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner and carried to England, where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him in the court region. A friend of our earlier life, who was acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of the Colonel, while a prisoner in London. We have before mentioned the firmness with which he resisted the attempts to bribe him from the cause of his country, and the caustic satire with which he replied to a nobleman, who was commissioned by the ministry to make him formal offers to join the British cause in America.

The incident is a striking one, and it will bear a repetition.

The commissioners, among the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the king's cause he might have a fee simple in half the state of Vermont.

"I am a plain man," said Col. Allen in reply, "and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship; it is of a certain other character going to an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, this would all be his: and the rascal" added he, "*didn't own a foot of them*."

His interview with the King at Windsor, is mentioned as highly interesting. His Majesty asked the stout hearted mountaineer if they had any newspapers in America.

"But very few, and those are but little read," was the answer.

"How then," asked the king "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain, and of which we have been speaking?"

"As to that," said he; "I can tell your Majesty that among a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the

news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven."

"That is too figurative an answer from a matter-of-fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the king.

"Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject "among our people the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else; 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I will add, with great respect to your Majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

The King made a long pause, as if impressed with the truth of his remark. At length changing the subject, he asked Col. Allen if he knew Dr. Franklin; and being answered in the affirmative, inquired concerning his experiments with electricity, and expressed a curiosity to experience an electric shock. The British Sovereign seemed to take pleasure in the conversation, which was kept up for an hour, and at length made Col. Allen promise to visit him with his cousin, Dr. Franklin, at his palace in London. Some weeks after that he was reminded of his promise by the nobleman above-mentioned, and an hour fixed for the home-made philosopher of America to explain the mysteries of a new discovery in the royal family. They attended accordingly, and with an apparatus chiefly of his own invention, Franklin exhibited many of those simple and amusing experiments, for which he was so noted, and at which the royal children, even of a larger growth, were much delighted.

In this playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instructions as to the properties of this astonishing fluid. While the royal habitation was thus in a most unkingly uproar, the Premier was announced as in waiting. The King seemed for a moment disturbed. "I forgot my appointment with the minister," said he, "but no matter, I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed." Accordingly the minister was ushered in with ceremony, and it was concluded that he should have a shock. Allen whispered to the Dr. to remember how he had shocked us across the waters, and to give him a double charge; whether it was designed on the hint of his friend or not, was not ascertained, but the charge was so powerful on the nerves of his lordship as to make him give way in the knees, at which all, especially the princesses, were almost convulsed with mirth.

Some of Col. Allen's happy retorts at the clubs and fashionable parties are still remembered, and often repeated. On one occasion he was challenged to a glass of wine by the beautiful Dutchess of Rutland, who seemed to have been particularly pleased with his independent manner.

"You must qualify your glass with a toast," observed the lady.

The 'Varmounter' very unaffectedly observed that he was not used to that ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If, however, the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to give a sentiment.

"Oh," said she, "never mind the subject—any thing will do, so that it has no treason in it."

"Well," says he, "this may do for a truth if not for a toast," and fixing his eyes adoringly on the famed court beauty, he proceeded—

"If anything could make a double traitor out of a good patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's."

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its exact fitness to the occasion and the person, caused it to be long hailed in the 'beau monde' as an excellent good thing, and although it had the effect of heightening for a moment that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair Dutches often afterward boasted of the compliment as far before all the empty homage she had received from the glittering coxcombs of the city.

A lady once sneeringly asked Col. Allen, in a large assembly, at what time fashionable ladies in America preferred taking the air. He perceived her drift, and bluntly answered—

"Whenever it is necessary to feed the geese and turkeys."

"What," inquired the lady, "do the fine women in your country descend to such menial employments?"

Allen was always aroused at any attempt to depreciate the fair ones of his own country, and with a great deal of warmth replied—

'American ladies have the art of turning even amusements to account. Many of them can take up the subject of your Grace's family history, and tell you of the feats of valor and bursts of eloquence to which your ladyship is probably indebted for your distinguished name, and most of which it is likely would be as new to you as the art of raising poultry.'

The sarcasm produced a deep blush upon the face of the fair scoffler; but it produced for the captive and his countrymen an indemnity against court ridicule for the future.

MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

A SECOND REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again!"

'There appered to be some fatality attending almost all our attacks upon America, during the last war.'—MAYNATT.

About the middle of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, the inhabitants of a little village not far from the mouth of the Genesee river were thrown into a tumult of alarm, by the appearance of the British fleet under Sir J. L. Yeo, off their shores. In the general consternation and confusion, various expedients were proposed, rejected, suggested again, for ridding themselves of their unwelcome visitor. Some were in favor of an immediate fortification of their dwellings; others thought it more easy to keep them off shore, and prevent their landing, than to defend their families after they had landed. The proposition was at last suggested, by a timid citizen, 'to retire,' and save what they could in a hurried flight. But stoutly and manfully the good people rejected this shameful proposition, and put their heads together to concoct a plan more agreeable to their sturdy patriotism.

During this time of doubt and uncertainty, it was a moving spectacle to see the 'tremblings of distress' which many of the good people exhibited, as the ships of the fleet slowly neared the shore. Mothers shrieked and clasped their infants to their bosoms in fearful anxiety; the little girls cried, while the larger ones looked to their sweet-hearts for protection in the hour of peril. These latter again bluntly declared that they would not run, but would 'stick by and see fair play. Let the red coats come on; we'll meet 'em!' One young gallant, exasperated at seeing the affliction of his lady-love, swore that the British were 'a set of rascal-heathenish ragamuffins, good for nothing under God's heavens but to scare women and children!' The more sagacious saw in this move the destruction of their stores, and feared for the result.

Determining at last not to yield without a show of fight, the militia were assembled, men and boys, in all three hundred strong, and occupied an elevated position near the lake, whence they could see all the manœuvres of the fleet. Presently a boat was seen to put off from the commodore's ship. Now let the valiant soldiers nerve themselves for the contest! But stop! It is a flag of truce! Now our friends are in a worse dilemma than before, being entirely guiltless of any knowledge of military or naval etiquette, or indeed of military in general, save the regular militia drill. What a predicament! Nobody seemed to know what to do, but every body was of opinion that something must be done. After some deliberation, hastened undoubtedly by the rapid approach of the boat, Lieutenant B—— was delegated to lead a file of men down to the water's edge, and 'find out what was wanted.'

As this lieutenant is a conspicuous character in this reminiscence, it may not be amiss to give the reader a description of his person, in the words of a backwoodsman: 'He was a great favorite among the girls in the village, and had enjoyed a great name in the military line, having commanded a company in New-Hampshire, before he emigrated to the West. A shrewd yet reckless disposition marked all his actions. A man couldn't get round him, no more than he could choke a lion, and yet he was as free, open-hearted a chap as ever kissed a pretty girl afore she knew it.—I've seen him manœuvring the sogers too, when Capt. Shute used to be to the widow's a-Saturday evening, and couldn't attend to the military exercises.' In

short, the gallant lieutenant was a universal favorite, particularly among the ladies, who regarded him as their especial guardian and champion, in these troublesome times.

Putting himself at the head of his men, the worthy lieutenant marched rapidly down the hill, and forming a line near the water's edge, awaited the next movement in stern silence. Indeed, he afterward said 'that he wasn't so very sure but the fellows in the boat wanted to play 'em a trick, and if ever there was a time when he felt a great responsibility on him, it was then.' He did not wait long, before he was hailed by the British messenger: 'Is that the way you receive a flag of truce? It is generally the custom to meet without arms, on such occasions.'

'Wal!' said the lieutenant, still maintaining his soldier-like position, without turning his head, 'I didn't know but you might cut up some devilry or other with our people: howsumdever, as you seem to be a pretty peaceable, well-disposed, well-behaved sort of a fellow, my men may right about face a little way.' So turning on his heel, *a la militaire*, he ordered his men to retire a few rods, and hold themselves in readiness for farther action. By this time, the boat was close in shore, and the messenger, an officer, as appeared from his uniform, was about stepping ashore, when the Yankee interrupted him:

'I say, hello, mister! you don't come on this ground till I know what you're after! So, jest stay in the boat, and say your say out!'

The Englishman, perceiving that it would be useless to oppose this appeal, resumed his position in the boat, and declared his mission, which was, to demand a surrender of the stores that were concealed there, or thereabout, on penalty of instant destruction in case of a refusal. Our officer replied:

'I don't know about that 'ere last part of the business; but I will consult my superiors, and get their opinion on the subject.'

Turning to his men, he ordered them to wait, and not 'let that chap come ashore till he came back; when,' added he, addressing the officer, 'I'll report progress, and let you know how we conclude to act.' So saying, he marched up the hill, and disappeared among the crowd. After some minutes' conversation with the older inhabitants, and a few young leaders in the little army, he resumed his march down the hill, and placing himself in front of his men, who had awaited his return, agreeably to orders, he delivered himself of the following reply to the demand of the British:

'I am ordered by the General to tell you that we shall keep the stores, until the king shall send a force sufficient to take them away. So, if you want 'em badly, you must get 'em the best way you can.'

Somewhat astonished at the reception he had met with, and seeing nothing very inviting in the countenance of the sturdy Yankee, the servant of the king gave the word to his men, and quickly returned to his ship.

While these occurrences were taking place, the crowd on the hill were suddenly dispersed, and the militia, in regular order, filed off, on the left into the brushwood, and marching round to the right appeared again on the hill, in sight of the fleet, but in a different order, so as to present the appearance of a new company just arrived from another quarter. These again in turn filed off, and immediately another body of men came in directly in front, filed off, and disappeared like the former. These manœuvres were repeated again and again; and the motley uniforms of the citizens, with a great noise of drum and fife, contributed not a little to the deception.

After they had continued a considerable time, the lieutenant remarked, probably somewhat fatigued with his arduous duties, that 'the Britishers didn't seem in any hurry about them stores, and he reckoned that they would take time to consider the matter some, afore they tried it!' And so it proved; for the British commander deliberated a long time before making any apparent movement; and after firing a few guns, with no other effect than to waken the echoes of the dense forests which skirted the lake, and elicit a few screams from the females, he sailed leisurely away; to the no small gratification of the Americans, who feared for the success of their ruse. But the final disappearance of the fleet, in the course of the afternoon, quieted en-

tirely the doubts of the most timorous; and they returned to their dwellings sincerely thanking that Providence, or 'fatality,' as the worthy captain has it, which had protected them from the destruction that had threatened them.

The evening was spent in joyous festivity, and the agents of this great 'fatality' were by no means forgotten in the general joy. Lieutenant B—— was the hero of the day, and nobly he bore his honors; gallantly reaping the reward of his labors in the smiles of the ladies whom he had protected. It is even asserted that he was seen to steal various kisses from the lips of these pretty charmers, in the course of the evening.

YANKEEISM.

A young Yankee farmer happened, some six months back, to see a paragraph in one of the New York papers, relative to the arrival and sale of a lot of foreign Canary birds—and immediately began to calculate if he could not make a good spec in the same business. He came to the conclusion that he could undersell the foreign article, and make money by it. He, therefore, procured some dozens of canary birds, set them to breeding, and as soon as their young ones were fit for market, he made a multitude of very handsome small cages, put a bird into each, and packed the whole on a small and most curiously constructed wagon, which was also the work of his own hands, and drove off to New York, whence he arrived in due time, and asked \$4 for each cage and bird. From some persons he got what he asked, from others something less; but in no case less than \$3 for each bird and cage, and having about three hundred birds, he must have received about \$1100, which after deducting the liberal allowance of \$100 for expenses and loss of time left him say clear \$1000 profit.—*Journal of Commerce.*

ROMANCE READING.

Perhaps the perusal of romances may, without injustice, be compared with the use of opiates, baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments when the whole head is sore and the whole heart sick. If those who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride or religious intolerance. [Scott.]

CORRECTION OF TIME.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that those who were born before the 20th of February, 1800, should, after that day, reckon their birth days a day later than before. Those who were living before the alteration of the style, in 1751, may recollect that after that alteration, their birth days were reckoned 11 days later. A further alteration of one day took place in 1800, which would, in the usual course, have been a leap year, but had only 365 days. If we suppose a child to have been born on the 31st Dec. 1800, he had lived 4 years, of 365 days each; but as every 4th year should have 366 days, the child was not 4 years old till the 1st of Jan. 1801; and a man born 1st Jan. 1751, was 10 years old on the 12th of Jan. 1761, and was 50 on the 13th Jan. 1801. [London paper.]

TEMPER.

The great Duke of Marlborough was as remarkable for good temper as for good conduct and bravery. Being one day overtaken with a shower, as he was riding, he called to his servant for his great coat, which the man not immediately bringing, nor giving any answer, he repeated his order; upon which the fellow muttered, "I suppose you'll stay till I have unbuckled it?" The Duke instead of being angry, said coolly to a gentleman who was with him, "Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

A person meeting a coal merchant, inquired what a chaldron of coals would come to? The coal-merchant began to consider, and knowing that the question was put to him from idle curiosity, deliberately answered—"Sir if they're well burnt, they'll come to ashes."

POPULAR TALES.

THE TOLL GATHERER'S DAUGHTER.

Foaming through the chasms of immense rocks, that seem to have been riven assunder by some giant stroke, the Hudson forms the cataract well known as Glen's Falls, and makes its way over and through the rocks, with a force, which shakes the slender bridge that is thrown across the stream below. At the extremity of this bridge stands, or rather 20 years since, the humble residence of the toll-gatherer. The neatness of the house gave a calm to its lowliness; it was built on a rock, and half hid by a cluster of weeping willows that grew round it; and the traveller, stunned by the noise of the struggling water, that dazzled his sight as it foamed and sparkled in the sun, turned with pleasure to contemplate this simple quiet scene, which seemed the chosen abode of peace and of innocence. Butler, (the name of the owner) had seen better days; he had begun life with bright prospects, but the loss of a leg, and many a woe, beside had brought him, in the decline of life, to the lowly occupation of a toll-gatherer. Yet this lot was not without alleviations; a cheerful and affectionate wife, a lovely and idolized daughter, and a sincere friend and excellent adviser in the Dominie, as the minister of the parish was familiarly termed.

The Dominie was exactly suited to his situation; his talents were not of the first order, nor was his knowledge extensive; but he possessed plain good sense, sound judgement, and that kindness of disposition which loves all, and is in turn beloved by all. His piety was simple, but very fervent; perhaps it was this sincerity that rendered his sermons impressive, for he certainly was not eloquent. His language was not classical, nor his style regular, yet the men's hearts melted and trembled before him. He was never married; indeed his slender salary, although increased by teaching a school, would not allow him the comforts of a home; he therefore resided alternately with the different members of his congregation; and the house was thought blessed while it contained the Pastor. Thus he became intimate with every one of his small flock. He joined with cheerfulness in their moral sports, and shared their sufferings with the same sincerity. Butler was distinguished by the minister's particular favor, and his daughter looked up to the Dominie as to a second father.

The good man had bestowed upon his favorite, all his sum of learning. She was now sixteen, and being pronounced as wise as her instructor, she had quitted the school to aid her mother in domestic duties. As the father was now infirm, and the dame a busy house wife, the task of gathering the toll generally devolved on Letty, for that was her unsentimental name. There was another reason that rendered her appropriate for this duty: In addition to reading and writing, she had acquired a considerable knowledge of arithmetic, which made her tolerably expert in changing dollars to shillings. A knowledge of the Bible, the child's Instructor, and the History of England comprehended all Letty's literary attainments, but they were sufficient to ingraft on her heart a grateful love of God, a strong sense of virtue, and bounding her hopes and wishes to the narrow scene her lot seemed cast in, to give her cheerfulness and contentment.

It was a sultry summer evening: Letty had carried her spinning-wheel to the side of the house, where seated under a large tree, she busily spun, while she listened to the deep roaring of the fall as its slight spray fell around her. She was roused from her employment by the sound of wheels, and looking up, beheld a Gig, dashing violently down the steep hill that led to the bridge, and, in spite of the prohibition, passing over the entrance, it came full speed on the trembling boards. She perceived the driver had lost all command over his horse, who, frightened by the noise of the falling waters, with nostrils extended, seemed to spurn control, and drawing himself up, prepared to jump the bridge—when Letty, running forward, opened the gate. The furious animal rushed through, and before she could retreat, a violent blow from the wheel felled her to the ground. A stranger passing, stopped the horse, while the gentleman, whose life Letty had preserved, jumped from the gig and carried her to the house. She had received a severe blow on the tem-

ple, and the effusion of blood was with difficulty stunched: the stranger waited till she recovered, then leaving a well filled purse on the table, he bade them adieu.

A week had elapsed since this accident, when the stranger returned. Letty was sitting up, supported by pillows; illness shed over her countenance a languor, which, though it took from its bloom, gave it an air of refinement, and added to its interest. Even the black handkerchief that bound her wounded brow, set off that snowy complexion, while the drooping eyelid displayed its long dark lashes, that gave a rich expression to a pair of eyes of heaven's own blue. Letty thanked the gentleman in her soft and artless language, for the attention, he had shown her; and expressed her regret at occasioning so much trouble, in such a simple, yet graceful manner, as astonished her visitor.

Mr. Thornley, as he announced himself, became a frequent guest at the cottage, and often condescended to share their humble repast. Indeed, he seemed to forget, in listening to the conversation of an untaught girl, that he had mixed with the learned, the witty and the fashionable. He brought her books, and while he instructed her mind, he won her affection. At length he returned to his party at Lake George; although unconscious of the motive, in every excursion, his steps were directed to Glen cottage, and his spoils, game, fish, or even a wreath of wild flowers, were used as a pretext for the visit. But much as he revered the old man, and admired his daughter, Mr. Thornley never mentioned their names to his gay companions, or led them near the retreat of Butler, who delighted to talk of him to his friend the Dominie; this old man who, as I hinted before, did not possess much worldly wisdom, expressed his impatience to see their new friend, nor did he read in Letty's down-cast eye and burning cheeks, the secret of her bosom.

Meantime, some business called Thornley home, and detained him for some weeks; this convinced him how dear the simple rustic had become to him; he sighed, and wished she was well born—how gladly would he marry her; and his heart swelled with rapture at the idea of passing his life with her; but it chilled to think she was a toll-gatherer's daughter. He determined to forget her, but the next moment he thought of her, so lovely and gentle, he set off for Glen's Falls. His heart beat when he marked the flash of joy that lit up Letty's beautiful eye when she saw him.

Thornley talked of love; although Letty was silent, her blushes plainly told what her lips dare not utter. One day as they were strolling through the woods that lined the banks of the stream, Letty interrupted her lover in the midst of an ardent declaration, by looking up with a blushing cheek, as she innocently said, 'but I am too young to marry.' 'Marry,' said Thornley, with the air of a man just awakened from a dream—'oh! we will not think of that dear Letty;' and throwing his arms around her, continued, 'we can love without marriage;' Letty withdrew from his embrace, and in an earnest tone, 'then, although you love me dearer than life, you do not think of marriage?'

Thornley was disconcerted, but replied, 'my family, dearest girl, is rich and honorable, and —' 'and I am the daughter of a beggar'—said Letty. 'I see it all, vain weak girl that I was: but you, sir, though a great and rich man, should have been a merciful one. Better,' said the poor girl, unable to repress her tears, 'better have left me to die in the road, than to break my heart.' As, choked with sobs, she uttered these words, she hastened from her astonished lover. He followed her, imploring her pardon. Letty stopped, and with an effort that sent the blood to the heart, bade him depart for ever, and not forget that her father, though old and infirm, could protect his child from insult.

There is a dignity of virtue, that even in the simple words of Letty, awed her dissolute admirer. A woman of polished education, might have expressed her sentiments in finer and more touching language; but she could not have shown greater firmness and dignity of mind, than did the humble rustic.

Letty walked, or rather ran home, and throwing herself on her bed, literally lifted up her voice, and wept bitterly. Violent agitation, working on a mind excited to great emotions, produced a fever, which jeopardized her life for some days. Her parents, and her friend, the minister watched by her bedside in sorrow.

Her life was granted to their fervent prayers. Letty recovered, but she was no longer the cheerful being who had gladdened the hearts of her friends. The minister related her history to a lady in the neighborhood, who, interested by her story, sent frequently for Letty, and becoming acquainted with her, prevailed upon her parents to consent to her residing with her entirely, while she bestowed upon the old man a comfortable house, and a small but well stocked farm. Mrs. W. had retired from a world she had seen too much of, and knew too well to love. But she had brought to her retirement, a mind well cultivated, and a fund of useful knowledge. She took delight in opening to her protegee these copious stories; and while she imparted substantial knowledge, she also gave her a refinement of taste and manner, of which from her education she was necessarily destitute. Two years glided on; but in the midst of her benevolent plans, Mrs. W. died, and Letty returned to her parents—wiser but not happier. She had gained refinement and cultivation, but she had not that willingness to be happy, if may so express it, that marked her earlier days. The simple pleasures that would have caused her heart to beat with rapture, were now dull and vapid: and she was shocked to perceive, that the recollection of the luxuries she enjoyed in Mrs. W.'s mansion, rendered her, at least, discontented with the humble habits of her father's cottage. At this period, a neighboring farmer, young and wealthy, offered his hand to Letty. Her parents urged her to accept him, and at length, wearied by their importunities, she consented to give her hand, but protested that she could not bestow her heart. A week before the intended marriage was to take place, as one evening, the family were enjoying at the porch of the house, the cool breezes of twilight; an exclamation of alarm from Letty, caused her father to look up from his bible, when he recognized the features of Thornley—'Come not here, young man,' said he indignantly. 'depart, while you may do so in peace.' 'One word,' said Thornley, and passing the old man, he threw himself at Letty's feet, and implored her forgiveness: 'I have been a wretched wanderer,' said he, 'but with Letty's pardon and your's Sir,' turning to Butler, 'I shall find happiness and rest.' It is not necessary to state that the long loved Thornley did not plead in vain. The farmer was dismissed, and in a week the lovers were united by the venerable pastor. Though moving in the most polished circles, and fashionable society, Thornley never had to blush for the Toll Gatherer's Daughter.

[The following story from Ackerman's Forget-me-not, we published nearly 20 years ago. Like good wine, its flavor improves with age.—Ed.]

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

It is now many years, since a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped a short time at a hotel in that city; she dined at the *table d'hôte*, and generally spent a part of the evening in the public room. This youthful widow, whose name was Doival, was precisely that sort of a woman whom the men all adore, and the women abuse; the former declared she was the loveliest, the most bewitching of creatures, the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim to beauty. Whatever were her claims, however, one thing is certain, the cold hearts found her irresistible. Her slight but finely rounded form, thought too petite for dignity, was a model of grace; her features could not boast the cold regularity, which in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliance of her complexion, the varied expression of her speaking eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had been only a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table; he was struck at the first glance with her charms, and being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady, whom he found at a *table d'hôte*; he complimented her; she replied with spirit, but with becoming reserve. The Englishman, whom we shall call Milborne, became every moment more fascinated; puzzled, however, by the apparent inconsistency of her situation and manners, he asked if she would accompany him to the theatre; she refused in a tone which plainly showed she considered the proposal as an insult. 'Very well,' cried Milborne, pulling out an elegant snuff box, 'then

you shall take a pinch of snuff.' 'I never take snuff sir,' cried the widow, turning up her pretty little nose with an air of ineffable disdain. 'So much the worse madam; you lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I have tried all sorts of enjoyments; one thing fatigued, another disgusted me; this pleasure brought repentance, and that satiety. At last I determined to look out for something of which I could not tire. It suddenly struck me, that to my fits of vexation and ennui, I had found occasional relief from a pinch of snuff; so I became a snuff taker five years ago, and from that time to the present I have no ennui. Come madam, let me advise you to try my remedy for this distemper, with which we are all visited more or less.'

'I have no occasion for it,' replied the lady coldly, 'I am not troubled with ennui; and if I were, I think there are more rational means of dispelling it.'

'Name them madam if you please. Reading, reflection, the offices of benevolence the pleasures of society.'

'Ah madam, I have tried all that; reading set me to sleep; reflection made my head ache; benevolence I own is pretty well, but one cannot occupy one's self in that way from morning till night; as to the pleasures of society, I have been cheated by one half of my acquaintance, and laughed at by the other; I am therefore not favorably disposed towards mankind. So you see madam, I have nothing left for it but to amuse myself in this way;' and opening his snuff box, to take a pinch and presented it to her.

Thoroughly provoked at what she considered unpardonable rudeness, she arose to leave the room. 'Nay madam,' cried Milborne, starting up, 'you must not go in anger.' 'I am not angry sir,' cried the lady, then trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of. 'You forgive me then?' 'Yes replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world. 'Very well then—to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff.'

At these words, the widow's patience and temper both forsook her; she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present advanced, and one of them, Comte de S. asked Milborne in a haughty tone, what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire; he replied in a tone of defiance which frightened Madame Dorval. She endeavored to stifle the dispute, by protesting she was not offended; but the gentlemen were both too hot headed to be easily pacified; they dissembled their resentment till the widow had left the room; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height, that a meeting was arranged for the following morning; and thus for no greater cause than a lady's refusal to take a pinch of snuff, two men who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far in their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impiety of risking their own and seeking each other's life.

Both perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted; but it was then according to the notions of false honor so prevalent among mankind, too late. They retired to their respective apartments. Milborne wrote two or three letters, and began to pace his room deeply engaged in ruminating on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied he smelt fire—he threw open the door of his chamber and beheld the stair case enveloped in smoke. His first thoughts were for others, he ran to the different apartments vociferating fire. In a few moments every body in the house was alarmed; all hastened to escape; and Milborne on going down the stairs found the greatest part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were bursting out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw, was his antagonist. 'My God,' cried the Englishman, 'where is madam?' They looked eagerly round; she was not to be seen.

'O, heavens,' exclaimed the landlord, she must be lost; see her chamber is on fire. 'A ladder quickly,' cried Milborne, 'We have not one; and if we had it would be of no use; you would perish without being able to save her. 'I will try however,' cried Milborne; and breaking from his antagonist, who shocked at the certain death to which he seemed devoting himself, he rushed back into the flames.

He will be lost,' exclaimed the by-standers. 'No, no,' cried Comte de S. Providence will not suffer

him to perish; and he hastened in search of a ladder which he recollected to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it; in a few moments it was reared against the window at which Milborne was seen, with madame in his arms.

'God be praised,' cried the Englishman fervently, as he descended with his lovely burden, whom terror had deprived of her senses. 'God be praised,' was echoed by all present with a feeling of mingled joy and terror, as they saw the floor of her apartment fall in with a terrible crash. Milborne had found her lying insensibly on her bed; he wrapped her in a blanket, and so saved her from being burnt, in attempting to rescue her from thence. He delivered her to the care of the women, and it being by this time ascertained that no lives were lost, Milborne and the Comte hastened to convey her to her new lodging. She was at that moment hardly capable of speaking, but she begged to see her preserver in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to receive some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in amity.

The next morning Milborne waited upon the widow. 'Ah, my preserver,' cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands in hers, 'what shall I say to you—how can I thank you—how shall I ever repay?' 'Repay nonsense—take a pinch of snuff,' cried Milborne in a tone of affected gaiety, which ill disguised the emotions the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had called forth. My readers will believe that this time she did not refuse. Don't you find it excellent,' cried Milborne. 'Yes excellent indeed,' she replied, when the fit of sneezing which it occasioned had subsided. 'I thought,' said Milborne in a tone of triumph, that you could not fail to like it, if you once could be prevailed on to taste it; but this is nothing—I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction, you shall try them all.

The widow would perhaps rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude, but what could she deny to her deliverer? We do not know how far she became a connoisseur in snuff, for in a few days Milborne found that his *penchant* for it began to be succeeded by another *penchant*; in short the widow's fine eyes caused certain uneasy sensations, which even his favorite amusement of snuff taking could not dissipate. One day while he was sitting with her, he suddenly fell into a fit of abstraction, and his box which he held open in his hand, dropped upon the floor. 'How unlucky—you have spilled all your snuff,' cried Madame Dorval, stooping to pick up the box. 'Never mind,' said Milborne, gently detaining her hand as she presented it to him; 'snuff is a good thing, but it is not a panacea for every care.'

'Indeed,' cried the widow archly, and pray when did you discover that. 'Not till to-day—I have taken three times my usual quantity in order to put you out of my head, but I cannot.

I see clearly there is but one way to manage the matter satisfactorily; I must either marry you or run away from you. Now my dear madam, which shall I do?'

'Run away, to be sure,' cried the widow; but what signifies what a woman says when her eyes contradict her tongue? Milborne trusted to the former, and he was right: he pressed his suit with ardor: mutual explanations took place. The Englishman was a rich whimsical, but noble minded being; the widow was virtuous and well born, but comparatively poor.

No obstacle opposed a union which they mutually desired. In the course of two years after it had taken place. Milborne was the happy father of two lovely children; and their infantine caresses and the attentions of his beautiful wife occupied him so completely, that he no longer felt ennui, and we are assured that his snuff box was discarded.

REASONS FOR EMIGRATING.

A Scotch gentleman, in the warmth of national veneration, was praising Scotland for the cheapness of provisions; a salmon might be bought for *saxpance*, and a dozen mackerel for *twapance*—'And pray, sir,' asked one of the listeners, 'how come you to leave so cheap a country?' 'In gude truth, mon,' replied the Scotchman, 'although fish is plentiful enough, the *saxpances* and *twapances* are unco scarce.'

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

CURIOUS MODE OF SILVERING IVORY.

Immerse a small slip of ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain till the solution has given it a deep yellow colour; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clear water, and expose it in the water to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the ivory acquires a black colour; but the black surface, on being rubbed, soon becomes changed to a brilliant silver.

TO MAKE PARCHMENT GLUE.—Take one pound of parchment, and boil it in six quarts of water, till the quantity be reduced to one quart; strain off the fluid from the dregs, and then boil it again till it be of the consistence of glue.

The same may be done with glover's cuttings of leather, which make a colourless glue, if not burnt in the evaporation of the water.

BLACK SEALING WAX.—Proceed as directed for the red wax, only instead of the vermilion substitute the best ivory black.

GREEN SEALING WAX.—Proceed as in the above; only, instead of vermilion, use verdigris powdered; or where the colour is required to be bright, distilled or crystals of verdigris.

BLUE SEALING WAX.—As the above; only changing the vermilion for small well powdered; or, for a light blue, verditer may be used; as may also, with more advantage, a mixture of both.

INK SIMILAR TO CHINA INK.

Mr. Fontenell says, equal in colour and goodness to China or India Ink, may be made by dissolving six parts of isinglass in twelve of water, mixing the solutions whilst warm, and incorporating with them one part of best ivory black, using the spatula, and adding but small portions at once. When the mixture is complete, it is to be heated in a water bath, until so much water is evaporated as to leave a paste which may be moulded into any required form, and then the drying completes it.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—Who invented the mariner's compass?

This is a question not often put, but less frequently answered.

A shepherd of Italy by the name of *Magnes*, was the first to discover the properties of the loadstone, a mineral which gives polarity to iron—from the circumstance of his walking over a quarry, and small particles of this stone adhering to the iron nails in his sandals.

In the year 1324, John de Gioja, a handicraftsman of Naples, first discovered that a piece of iron rubbed with loadstone, and then suspended on its centre of gravity had the property of pointing to the north star, and he was the first to apply needles on centres for the purposes of navigation.

John tried his needles at different places in Italy, and moored a vessel in the Mediterranean, to ascertain whether this magnetic power was the same on water as upon land. The name of *magnet* was given to the loadstone, and to the needle.

The division of the 'shipman's card,' was first made into four quarters, then into 16 and 32 points, and ultimately into 360.

This graduation was progressive, and marked out upon a moveable disk. It was not until the middle of the last century that the needle and card were combined and hung on a common centre.

In the time of Columbus, nearly two hundred years after the discovery of the magnetic needle by John de Gioja, the card was placed under the needle.

It is worthy of remark that this highly useful instrument, discovered, not invented through any scientific or theoretical deductions, should still continue to puzzle and baffle the philosopher in his attempts to discover the cause of its variations in the different parts of the Earth.

To the Italians we are indebted for the compass and early enterprise in navigation, and to the Philadelphian for the discovery of the quadrant, by Godfrey.

TO WELD TORTOISE SHELL.—Provide a pair of pincers, the tongs of which will reach four inches beyond the rivet. Now file the tortoise-shell clean to a lap joint, carefully observe that no grease touches it.—Wet the joint with water; apply the pincers hot, following them water, and the shell will be found to be joined, as if it were originally the same piece.

TO MAKE GLASS JARS LOOK LIKE CHINA.—After painting the figures, cut them out, so that none of the paper remains, then take some thick gum arabic water, pass it over all the figures, and place them on the glass to taste: let them stand to dry for 24 hours, then clean them well with a wet cloth betwixt the prints, and let them stand a few hours longer lest the water should move any of the edges, then take white wax and flake white, ground very fine, and melt them together: with a japanning brush go all over the glass above the prints; done in this manner they will hold water; or, boil isinglass to a strong jelly and mix it up with white lead ground fine, and lay it on in the same manner: or use nut oil and flake white. For a blue, ground out with white wax, and Prussian blue, ground fine; for red, wax and vermillion or carmine; for green, wax and verdigris; for a chocolate colour, wax and burnt umber.

TO ASCERTAIN IF LINEN BE BLEACHED WITH LIME. It is easy to detect linens which have been bleached with lime, in the following manner:—Cut off a piece of the new linen which you wish to examine, put it into a glass, and pour on it several teaspoons of vinegar. If the linen contains lime, the acid will excite considerable effervescence, accompanied with a slight noise. Otherwise no effect is produced.

LAUGHTER.

"Laugh and grow fat," is an old adage; and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher, of the last century, used to say, that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter, and hear laughter. "Laughter, Sir, laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend of digestion. Dr. Sydenham, said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine." Mr. Pott used to say that he never saw the "Tailor riding to Brentford," without feeling better for a week afterwards.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1840.

OURSELVES.

One year has now passed, since we commenced the publication of the AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER;—and whether we have fulfilled the promises we made to our readers on our introduction to them, or whether our sheet, in the main, has met with their views, is for them, and not for us to decide. We have been compelled to labor under many embarrassments during the year just gone by—more, perhaps than usually falls to the lot of an ordinary newspaper in its infancy. The attempt to establish a Masonic paper in this state, after the recent difficulties, was considered as extremely hazardous, by many of our friends. We were however inclined to try the experiment; and although we have in many instances, encountered that spirit of intolerance and bigotry, which unfortunately marked the desolating course of Anti-masonry, when in its career of "glory;" yet upon the whole a better state of things is evidently growing among us—political opposition to our institution has ceased—honest prejudice is fast passing away; many of our lodges have again resumed their labors, and we hope in a few years to see the institution stand, as was its wont, the foremost in the land.

Our intercourse with the brethren of the country, has satisfied us of the necessity of a masonic organ of communication, as well as of the ability of the Fraternity to sustain such a paper. It is these considerations which induce us, based on the future, to test by another year's trial, whether the Register shall be placed on a permanent footing, or whether it shall be discontinued at the expiration of this volume. The past year was intended as an experimental one. We have not realized any thing like a compensation for our services; although if our delinquent patrons pay us, we shall save ourselves from loss. To those of our patrons who have been prompt in remitting their subscriptions, we return our thanks; to those who have been remiss on this point, we will ask them *what we shall thank them for?* We trust however, that they "will see the error of their ways," and give us a practical evidence of reformation and substantial patronage, by immediately forwarding the amount of the *last* with that of the *new year's* subscription. We find it necessary to make an alteration in our terms, which a positive necessity renders imperative, to those of our patrons residing out of this place,—\$2 if paid in advance, or within 30 days from the time of subscribing, 2,50, if not paid within 6 months, or \$3, at the expiration of the year. We prefer the \$2. In order to meet the difficulty arising from the currency, in other states, we will receive the notes of any specie paying bank, in the neighborhood of the subscriber, if sent free of postage, which can be done by a post master, without charge.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing our thanks to those of our friends who have aided our undertaking, and particularly to the many warm hearted brethren of the South, who although total strangers to us, have evinced the kindest wishes for our welfare, and by whose active exertions, we are indebted for many valuable subscriptions. We tender to them our thanks for past favors, and hope that they will not abate their friendly exertions, which it will at all times be our pride and duty to merit.

Those of our subscribers who have preserved files of the Register, with the intention of having them bound, are referred to the advertisement of Messrs. Corning & Cook, in another column. These gentlemen will bind each volume of the Register in a neat and substantial manner for 62½ cents per volume.

LOST PAPERS.—Those of our subscribers who are desirous of preserving their papers, and who from any cause may have lost any particular No. are informed, that if they will send us a list of such lost Nos, free of postage, we will furnish them without any additional charge. We would state, however, that, we are destitute of Nos. 36 and 37, owing to an accident; and we would feel ourselves obliged to any friends for those Nos. where it is not the intention to preserve a file.

NOMINATIONS.—Wm. C. Bouck, of the county of Schoharie, and John S. Dickinson of the county of Broome, have been put in nomination for governor and lieutenant governor of this state, by the friends of the national administration.

EXPULSION.—James F. Smith, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, has been expelled from all the privileges of Masonry, for gross unmasonic conduct. Said Smith, is between 25 and 30 years of age, blue eyes, light complexion, hair light and very coarse, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, heavy built, and weighs about 200 pounds.

TABLE TALK.—Dickens, (Boz) madness originated in a pun. He had a pet raven, and on a friend having said he was *raven* mad, another kind friend told his acquaintances that study had made him *raving* mad!—Noah's Evening Star, and the N. Y. Times, have become consolidated.—A stranger, whose name is supposed to be John Carnes, has been injured in the head at Danube, Herkimer co. He is supposed to be long in the neighborhood of Rochester.—Mrs. Kinney, of Boston, who is supposed to have poisoned two husbands, has been arrested at Whetford, Vt.—The president of the U. S. has directed our consul, at Alexandria, to unite with the other powers in ameliorating the present distressed situation of the Jews in the Ottoman dominions.—There has been a large fire at Green Bay, which destroyed seven stores.—Grace Clokier, a young Scotch girl, was burned to death in Troy, on the 2d inst. by her clothes taking fire while heating some alcohol.—Miss Fly, of Massachusetts, has recovered 365 dollars for a breach of promise, from Mr. Frost for 365 days courtship; being just \$1, per day, Sundays included, for the wear and tear of Miss Fly's heart. Cheap enough for such frosty conduct.—The Boston Journal cautions the public against an accomplished scoundrel by the name of John Reid, who is now roving about the country, living by his wits. He has a scar on his nose, looks like a gentleman, and his peculiar talent appears to run to forgery.—The lion and lioness, sent to the president have been sold, one for \$250, and the other for \$125.—A boy and girl were bitten by a mad dog, at Cincinnati, last week.—"Nobility." An English paper says that the Earl of Waldegrave, and Capt. Duff, were committed to jail, for stealing a hat from Mr. Richardson.—The American Journal of Medical Science, states a remarkable case of contagion being communicated by letter. Mr. Atkinson, had been sick with the small pox, and on his recovery, he corresponded with his brother on a glazed sheet of paper, which letter was carried in a side pocket for some weeks, the other brother was taken sick with the disease and died.—Upwards of 138000 persons were conveyed on the Harlem rail road, during the month of August.—Judge Randall has decided that an apprentice enlisting in the service of the U. S. shall not be held to duty. The obligation to the master being the strongest.—The Emperor of Russia, has just closed a contract with Mr. Norris, of Philadelphia, for two hundred loco-motive engines, 40 each year, for which he is to pay \$1,400,000. They are to run between Moscow and St. Petersburg.

STEAM CANAL BORTS.—Mr. Battle, an ingenious mechanic of this city, has succeeded in perfecting machinery for propelling boats on the canal by steam.—It is an application of the principle of the rail road loco-motive—a wheel being so constructed, as to run directly upon the bed of the canal under the boat, adapting itself to the irregularities of the bottom, and acting in deep water as a common wheel. Mr. B. has applied for a patent.

We send this No. of our paper, at the suggestion of others, to several brethren, whom we believe are not aware of the existence of a masonic paper in the country. We hope it will meet with their approbation and support.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that the Hon. John Q. Adams has taken passage in the steamship Acadia for Halifax only, on an excursion for the benefit of his health.

A NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.—A Dr. Kelly of New York, the original inventor of his own pills, advertises gratuitous lectures on the "treatment of disease—new principles, and new theory," at Knickerbocker Hall. We have not heard the Dr. but we suppose, he demonstrates to his own entire satisfaction, and undoubtedly to many of his hearers, that Boerhaave's mantle has fell on him, and not the immortal Brandeth.

It is stated in the Philadelphia Inquirer that the manuscript of the original Declaration of Independence, in the hand-writing of Jefferson, with the interlineations of Franklin and other members, is in possession of the American Philosophical Society of that city, may be seen at their Hall.

The publication of the Bee, a spirited and racy penny paper of this city, has been suspended for a few days.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.—We are indebted for the following very singular, yet decidedly nervous, piece of literature, to our friend and correspondent, C. D. L. of the N. York His. Society. The determination to "do or die," it displays, deserves a better fate than that of being ensconced amid dusty vols., hidden from all but the curious. It gives us the certain evidence that the spirit of the revolution did not animate alone the breast of the educated.—The fire was truth, and the hearts of the poor as well as the affluent, weak as well as the powerful, "burned for the conflict."

To his Excellency General Gates:

We understand there is several of the frontear Towns have aplyed to the continental store for powder and led, we being one of the frontear towns do now aply to his Honor by Lieut. Josiah Grant for fifty weight of powder and one hundred and fifty weight of led for a town stock. We are upwards of fifty able to bare arms when called for. We are for liberty in general I doat noe as there's one d—d Tory in this town.

Your compliance will much oblige us Committee of Safety. This from us true sons of liberty.

Poultney, July 29 Day 1776.

Nehemiah Olon
William Ward
Heber Allen } Committee of Safety.

PUBLICATION OF SUICIDES.—We never publish cases of suicide or self-destruction. If people will be guilty of such crimes, it is charity to their characters, to abstain from giving publicity to the horrid details. Nor are we disposed to help them forward in the immortality they seek, or to hold up their pernicious example to the practice of other weak-minded people.—We wish the press generally would follow the same course which we have adopted. We should have much hope that good results would ultimately grow out of the practice.—*Boston Mirror*.

We have long been of a similar opinion, although we have followed the "multitude to do evil." The effect is unhappy on the minds of those persons of a gloomy temperament, and there is no doubt but there is many a "quietus" hastened, by keeping these things before the distempered vision of the unhappy.

A PAINFUL SCENE which occurred in Boston on Friday last, is related in the Times of that city. An elegant and accomplished woman, the wife of one of the most wealthy and respectable merchants in the city, was seen passing up Washington street, about one o'clock P. M. leading two small and beautiful little girls by the hand, so deeply intoxicated that she reeled from one side of the walk to the other, and could scarcely stand upright. It was a bright and beautiful day, half the town were abroad. The little girls that the woman held by the hand, were her own children.

The poor things looked up at their unfortunate mother apparently wondering why she acted so strangely, and as she reeled away from them, on either side, clung still tighter to the hand they clasped, and followed her in her erratic course, as well as they were able. Hundreds of persons stopped and gazed for several minutes upon the scene, with hearts overflowing with pity. The Times further states, that this lady, and several others, are in the daily habit of meeting at certain places in that city, kept by females, ostensibly for other purposes, where they are supplied with intoxicating liquors, cordials, and wines, and that several cases like that mentioned above, have recently occurred, which have carried shame and distress into the bosoms of happy and respectable families.

A sale of eleven townships of land in Iowa, commenced at Dubuque on the 3d inst. These townships perhaps contain some of the best land in the Territory, yet we learn from the News that the sale was poorly attended and the amount of land sold very small.

Counterfeits are afloat on the Erie County Bank, Buffalo, a red back; also on the Bank of Orleans, likewise red back. Both 3's.

A COURAGEOUS YOUTH.—A gentleman in Montrea lately led to the hymenial altar a lady, aged 27, who had already buried three husbands. The last victim, it is said, looked rather pale, but still contrived to take his fate with a good deal of fortitude.

Married.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Potter, George W. Kellogg, of Troy, to Charlotte, daughter of Sanford Cobb.

At Hudson, Franklin Hathaway, of Rome, to Sarah Ann Gilbert, of this city.

At Schenectady, Ambrose Wager, to Maria House. At Kinderhook, Salmon Skinner, to Rachel Gaul, both of Hudson.

In Troy, Amos B. Martiny, to Elizabeth Cady. Also Gilbert Riley, to Ellen Hannas. Also Barnabas Stebbins, to Charlotte Jane Ross.

DIED.

In this city, Bridget Cooney, mother of Michael and Wm. Cooney, aged 78.

At Southport, Francis Quarles, late of this city, aged 63.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann, wife of Marcus T. Reynolds.

In New York, Marion, widow of Henry Eckford, aged 75. In Mount Pleasant, Walker Todd, aged 54. In Sandlake, Mathias Youngmans, 73. In Le Roy, Eliza, wife of Hon. S. M. Gates. In Skaneateles, Samuel A. Porter. In Kingston, Samuel A. Freer, printer, aged 64. At Rochester, Elihu F. Marshall, aged 46.

NOTICE—I. O. O. F.

All Members of the Lodges in this city, which have been termed spurious, and all other members of the order, who are opposed to the tyrannical edicts of a few seceders, who are determined that their own will shall become law, are requested to attend a meeting at Knickerbocker Hall, on Monday evening the 7th of September, at 8 o'clock, to take into consideration the true interests of Odd Fellowship, by a return to the Grand Lodge, now lawfully constituted in the city of New York, and for other purposes.

J. W. Harcourt, G. W. Stephens,
J. W. Dean, Thomas Johns,
Henry Maslin, J. D. Chism,
P. V. Watson, B. Brier.

CORNING & COOK, Book-binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law, periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. By the recent improvement in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gea.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphi	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphi	2d Tuesday.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840.—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARCHER, SHERIFF.

State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August, 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in this city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.
A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Archer, whose term expires on the last day of December next.
A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.
And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,
Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Teft, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebeneser Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlaville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kain, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Borodino.
Francis P. Mijo, Kingston, U. C.
Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.
A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.
J. H. McMahon, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novel and miscellany.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ROUP, OR GAPS IN POULTRY.—Soap mixed with the food of chickens, or Indian meal wet up with soap suds, and fed to them, is said to be a cure for this disorder, that is so fatal to poultry.—*Cultivator*.

FOR WEAK OR SORE EYES.—One of the best and easiest applications for weak eyes, is to take a small piece of copperas, (white is the best,) of the size of a pea, and dissolve it in a two ounce vial of soft water. When clear, this may be used for bathing the eyes, and with the best effects.—*Id.*

CLEANING WINDOW BLINDS.—Soap or strong soap suds will destroy green paint more readily than other colors; the lie has the same effect on oil paints that it has with grease. I have seen many painted rooms soiled by the carelessness or ignorance of wash-women, in the application of soap or strong soap water; when it does not destroy the paint, it may affect the lustre.

PRESERVING HAMS FOR SUMMER USE.—Take a dry cask or box, say an old flour barrel, put a good layer of coarse salt in the bottom, and then put down a ham; cover that with coarse salt, and put down another ham and so on till the cask is full, or the hams all deposited. Set the cask, in a cool dry place, and whenever a ham is wanted take it out, and it will be every way as clean, clear from vermin and all other impurities, as when put down. This is attended with very little trouble or expense, as the salt is not at all injured for any other use in the fall.—*Id.*

MAKING VINEGAR.—Vinegar (an indispensable article in house keeping) may be easily made by observing the following simple rule, viz: procure a clean oaken cask, of the size of a common barrel, or wine cask, place it in a warm room, if in the summer time, the garret, near a roof which is exposed to the warm rays of the sun; put in say one or two gallons of clear fermented cider, leave the bung out so that the air may have free circulation; in the course of two or three weeks it will become sharp vinegar fit for use. Cider may then be added from time to time in small quantities, and increased at pleasure, taking care to never add more cider at any one time than there is vinegar already in the cask; in recruiting care should be taken that clear fermented cider be used; excluding all such trash as cider emptyings from old casks, tea grounds, &c. &c.—*Id.*

THE TOMATO.—Now is the time for gathering this healthy and most desirable vegetable, which is cooked in various ways according to the peculiar taste of people. As a salad it is good—as an omelet, with butter, eggs, and crumbs of bread, capital—it is good stuffed and baked—good stewed down close with a fair piece of beef and Lima beans—in short, in what position is it not good? Recently the tomato has been successfully used in medical cases. It is good for a cough—soothing to the lungs. Use it freely in hot weather to check the accumulation of bile. If you wish to dry and pack away in bags for winter, gather them when ripe and scald them to get the skin off—then boil them well with a little sugar and salt, but no water—spread them in thin cakes in the sun, and when dry pack them away in a dry room.—*Evening Star*.

TO MAKE POPPEREE, OR A SUBSTITUTE FOR FRESH FLOWERS.—By collecting the leaves of roses, wall flowers, lavender, sweet brier, &c., and packing them with layers of salt, in a tight cover jar, or other suitable vessel, sprinkling with each layer a little powder of cloves and cinnamon, in equal parts, may acquire a delightful and refreshing perfume, which will last for years, with very little waste, which waste may be supplied, by adding fresh leaves, on the return of the following season.

Nothing on earth can more regale the senses, than a beautiful display of roses, and other ornamental flowers. But this has been hitherto considered as a luxury which could only be enjoyed by the rich, who wholly disregard profit. But if the most brilliant productions of Flora's kingdom can be rendered equally an object of profit and of pleasure, who would not have a flower garden? Every family, almost, can be furnished with a cheap apparatus for distilling, and may thus render pleasure and profit mutual auxiliaries to each other.—[N. Y. Far. Vol. 7.]

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register

CHARITY.

Galatians 6 chap 1. verse.

I.

I spoke in harsh and hasty tone
Of caustic censure and reproof,
Against a frail and sinning one,
And proudly stood from him aloof.
From such a fault my hands were pure,
And in my strength I felt secure.

II.

The Serpent came, but in the guise
Of one well fitted to be loved.
My soul was filled with sweet surprise,
And springs before unknown were moved.
Though conscience checked me with alarm
I could not wish to break the charm.

III.

I gazed in love! I shook with fear!
My brain was whirling in the strife,
I felt a strengthening angel near
But spurned the hand that offered life.
I drank the sweet delight—I fell—
Wild laughter shook the vaults of hell!

IV.

Brother, be warned! If guilt appear,
In Kindness to the sinner speak,
Drop in his path compassion's tear
And let thy faithfulness be meek;
Nor let thy virtue feed thy pride,
Nor trust thyself—*thou mayest be tried.*

Albany, 1840.

P. Jr.

For the American Masonic Register.

STANZAS.

"My darling boy!" the mother cried,
And well he grew a favored child,
And many a dream with joy allied
Came to her bosom when he smiled;—
But that fond mother rests in death,
And oh, alas!—for her sweet boy,
He speaketh with polluted breath—
"Pleasure, thou hast thine own alloy!"

He gazeth where his mother lays,
Yet knoweth not the joy of tears,
But in his bosom doth upraise
The maniac's wild destructive fears,
Chaos, is kindred with his mind,
And beareth in his breast control,
And thus he poureth out the mind
The madness of a ruined soul.

"A darkness sets upon my heart,
With fearful watching for the time
When severed from this life I start,
A being of another clime.
A ray of light—how prized it were!
A little hope were unto me
A kindly rescue from despair,
Lighting thy gloom, *Eternity!*

"Enchanting Hope! how could'st thou flee
With thine alluring light, the heart
Whose thoughts were ne'er estranged from thee?
How could'st thou crush it and depart!
But wherefore wish? Darkness and death
Are mine. I'll quaff the cheerful bowl
And breathe away in every breath,
The hopes of an immortal soul.

"What is this life to me? a woe,
A miserable round of years,
The future, seek I not to know,
For dark and dreadful it appears.
The bowl! the bowl! away despair,
Though joy immortal is denied
The bowl hath promise ever fair!"—
He drank the poison, and he died!

Albany, 1840.

V.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE BATHOS OF MUSIC.

BY AN AMATEUR.

Music!—divinest power of Art
By mortals e'er profest,—
Alike to charm the feeling heart,
And soothe the savage breast:
How captivating—when by young,
And fair and lovely maid,
We hear sweet "Angel's whisper" sung,
Or—"Yankee Doodle" played!

How sweetly falls from lips most dear
Our loved and favorite song,
Which we could list for hours to hear,
Nor think the moments long!
And Oh! how sweet, when thus we've given
Free vent to feeling's flow,—
To sweetest thoughts, which, born in heaven,
Bless mortals here below—
To hear the charming fair strike up
"Zip Coon," or "Jump Jim Crow."

STANZAS.

[From the Spanish.]

Toll not the bell of death for me,
When I am dead;
Strew not the flow'ry wreath o'er me,
On my cold bed;
Let Friendship's sacred tear
On my fresh grave appear,
Gemming with pearls my bier,
When I am dead.

No dazzling, proud array,
Of pageantry display;
My fete to spread:
Let not the busy crowd be near,
When I am dead;
Fanning, with unfelt sighs, my bier—
Sighs, quickly sped!

Deep let th' impression rest
On some fond, feeling breast;
Then were my mem'ry blest,
When I am dead
Ket not the day be writ—
Love will remember it,
Untold—unsaid!

"And Hagar sat over against him and wept." Genesis, chap. 21

Did not the tear in Hagar's eye,
As o'er her dying son she knelt,
In speechless, silent agony,
Shew what the anxious mother felt!

And when she softly breath'd her prayer,
Her tearful eyes uprais'd to heaven,
Did not the anguish beaming there,
Show how the mother's heart was riven?

Then, when the sweetest accents fell,
The voice from heav'n—"Thy son shall live!"
Think ye an angel's tongue could tell
The joys that bade her heart revive?

O! there's something in the tear,
That dims a mother's kindling eye;
A charm so fraught with love—so dear,
We weep—we know not—care not—why.

Yes—if a spark was ever given
To mortals, from the fires above:
If e'er a flower that bloom'd in heav'n—
It is a Mother's tender Love.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

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Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 2.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ONE OF THE "EVILS OF MASONRY."

The following article is from one of our most esteemed correspondents, a clergyman of character and standing!—one who has grown gray in the service of his Divine Master. A brother, who in our darkest days of adversity, when our institution was reviled at by the ignorant, and deserted by the faithless, never conceived it to be incompatible with his sacred functions, to acknowledge himself an "adhering mason." The occurrence which follows, may be significantly put down as one of the "evils of Masonry." If it is true, that a "tree is to be known by its fruits," we certainly can see no good reason, why this should be "cut down and cast into the fire."—Ed.

In the Month of November, 1822, I embarked on board the ship Clifford Wayne, at New York for Savannah in Georgia.

My place of destination was at P——n, in Hancock Co. On board this ship I found a Mr. W——, a man perhaps about 30 years of age, having a wife and two children, bound the same place. Mr. W—— was from Saratoga Springs, a Blacksmith by trade, then engaged in the plough iron business. In due time he and his family arrived at P——n, and commenced his operations. He was found to be a good workman, and very industrious; but his plough concerns not succeeding very well, his attention was turned, exclusively, to the common business of his trade. He proved to be an honest and honorable man, and secured the confidence and esteem of those with whom he was acquainted. Mr. W——, being a very healthy man, imprudently disregarded all precautionary means to preserve that health. He neither avoided exposures, nor denied himself the free use of all kinds of fruits. The result was, in Sept. I think, he was seized with a violent fever, which baffled Medical skill, and terminated his life. His wife, a most excellent and amiable woman, was thus left a widow, with two children, in the land of strangers, and destitute of property. But happily for her, Mr. W——, her husband was a Mason in good standing, and the members of the Fraternity took the case of the widow into consideration. On due deliberation, it was thought advisable to make up a purse, and send her back to her friends, at Saratoga. This proposal was gratefully received by Mrs. W——, and as I was about to return to the North in November, she was to be put under my care. A statement of her case was then made to several of the neighboring Lodges, and ample means were furnished to defray her expenses. In addition to this, a hack and servant were gratuitously provided to convey us all to Savannah, a distance of 150 miles from P——n. We arrived in Savannah, and in the course of a few days secured a passage to New York, in the Louisa Matilda. From New York we proceeded by Steamboat to Hudson, and thence by stages to Troy. Mrs. W—— had a cousin then living in Troy, and it was unnecessary for me to leave my route, to attend her further. This cousin we found, and Mrs. W—— and her children were kindly received.

Having defrayed all the expenses of this journey, I found *One hundred dollars* still remaining, over and above; which sum I then paid to Mrs. W—— and took my leave of her in Troy.

And now permit me to add, that in my estimation, I never saw a more grateful being than Mrs. W—— was. Language is powerless to impart any adequate conceptions of that sense of gratitude, which filled her heart.

The above is a faithful narration of a fact, with the

single exception of the concealment of names. Should that Lady be still alive, and this article chance to fall under her eye, it will call up a train of emotions that no heart but her own can follow and feel.

This is but one, amongst the many *untold* benevolent acts of the Fraternity. And this, were it alone, is an honor to human nature; it is an honor to the Masonic Institution. How little do females *know*, what a shield of protection is thrown around them, by the Masonic arm, and what streams of charity are reserved for the destitute Widow, and her needy orphans.

T.

ANTIQUITY OF MASONRY.

Extracts from an address, delivered at Lynn, Mass. by CHARLES CUSHING, Esq.

'The early records of the Craft are confessedly involved in much obscurity. Although the Institution has been notorious through many ages and nations, there is only here and there an insulated fact concerning it, preserved in authentic history. Nor is this circumstance in any respect singular. How indeed could it be otherwise with a society, whose rites and tenets are perpetuated by tradition alone, and by oral transmission in the sacred precincts of the Lodge? Doubtless Freemasonry in its actual shape, was wholly distinct from operative Masonry, and was no longer a school of instruction of comparatively recent date. Nevertheless, let any person, in the spirit of candor, examine the antiquities of Freemasonry, as disclosed in the writings of those even who are no friends of the Order, and he will not hastily charge us with extravagance and pretensions.

It is generally believed that *ancient Masonry*, as it is distinctively called, derives its origin from the island of Great Britain. Hither, it is said, the many rich and noble Lodges of the continent of Europe may, by their own declaration, be traced. It is affirmed that, far back in the darkness of the middle age, associations of Freemasons became celebrated in England in connexion with the great structures of the Norman style of architecture, the monasteries and baronial castles, on which the proud and the pious of that day lavished their wealth. Then it was that powerful feudal lords constructed impregnable fortresses, whose battlemented towers and buttressed walls might defend them from the assaults of their enemies, during a period, when the still small voice of the law was drowned by the din of arms, and might was become the sole rule of right. Then it was that men, whose lives had been a succession of acts of rapine and violence, sought to expiate their crimes by endowing the church, and signalized their tardy devotion by erecting cathedrals with their lofty spires pointing to heaven, and cloistered abbeys consecrated to the service of religion. These magnificent edifices were the work of associations of Masons of virtuous nations, who united by secret pledges and governed in Lodges, travelled from country to country wherever their skill was demanded, and bearing papal charters which gave them immunities in every land, obtained the distinguishing name of Freemasons. Transmitting the mysteries of the Craft from generation to generation, countenanced by the greatest barons, the wisest prelates, and the best monarchs, they disseminated their principles and their traditional love from Britain, as we are told, through Europe and America, and became that wide spread and important Institution of which we are but humble members.

But is not this received account liable, in part at least, to some exception? Could it be that the Lodges of architects deposited their secrets in Britain alone—that no where else they planted the seeds of Freemasonry, or left behind them permanent associations to preserve their mysterious and valuable knowledge? And if the Institution be one of operative art alone, how happens it that now for centuries back, the Order has been filled with the wise, the rich, the great, and

the benevolent, without reference to mechanical Masonry? Is not the conclusion irresistible that the English Masons were not the sole depositaries of the Association, that the Association itself had, a far more exalted aim than merely to combine the efforts of itinerant artisans?

And whence again, did the Freemasons, who reared the stupendous and gorgeous piles of which I have spoken, learn their wonderful art? Architectural skill is not the acquisition of a day. Time must have poured out his long-gathered treasures of experience, and the accumulated stores of many an age must have been gained, ere the genius of man could elevate, plan, nay conceive of edifices so vast, so costly, and so grand. Whence did they obtain the knowledge of that art, which it requires the longest lapse of years to mature? The art, to which the power of peopling the canvass with mimic forms of sublimity and beauty, and the power of animating the lifeless marble—that art to which all the glorious creations of sculpture and painting—are but handmaidens and subordinate ministers? Who, that is initiated into the mysteries of Masonry, who, that has diligently studied the secrets and the symbol entrusted to the craft, can doubt? They lead our attention inevitably to that favored clime, on which heaven has bestowed its choicest blessings, and which nature and art have conspired to adorn, the fertile and once populous and opulent regions of Western Asia. Hither we trace the Phenician builders of the temple of Solomon, hither the Dionysian artificers, hither the Masonic instruction of the Knights of the Temple; and hither, in fine, the primitive institution of our Order: for all these, need I add if there be any faith in lessons of history, are but varying shapes, under which Freemasonry has appeared in the world.

But concede that the ancient mysteries are the fountain of the modern, and all obscurity is at once dispelled from the question, and every thing becomes clear as the light of mid-day. The wisdom of the ancient Egyptians was considered by the priesthood as a sacred deposit entrusted to their keeping. It was locked up in hieroglyphics and curious symbols, which the mass of men could not understand, and which, engraved upon the granite monuments of the Nile, will remain, so long as the earth endures, to bear testimony to the guarded caution of their inventors. None was admitted to the knowledge, which they possessed without a formal initiation, in which the severest trials of his fortitude were made, and the most tremendous obligation to secrecy exacted of the aspirant after mental and moral illumination. The secrets communicated to him, at the end of a long novitiate, and on practical experience of his worthiness to receive them, were the great truths of philosophy, and above all, a purer and more elevated religious faith, than prevailed in those ages of popular ignorance and superstition. The same mysteries enveloping the same truths passed from Egypt to Greece, when they were preserved in the Eleusinian and Dionysian pageants, after Pythagoras and other philosophers had adopted and sanctioned this mode of enlightening their disciples. The most important truths, protected under this veil of mystery, were the doctrines of natural religion. In fine, the mysteries themselves were essentially a religious institution. And the more carefully we scrutinize the rites of Freemasonry, the more fully satisfied shall we be that a religious object was the primary purpose of their institution; and that in this respect, as well as in so many others, they resemble the ancient mysteries from which I deduce their origin.

Upon this supposition, it is easy to conceive how operative Masonry came to be so closely bleaded, on so many occasions with the history of the order. What more natural than that architects, whose chief employment was to erect splendid fanes in Greece to the gods of the heathens, or a temple in Jerusalem to the only true God or Christian churches in modern Europe, should seek for initiation into the mysteries of that religion, in adorning which their architectural

skill was displayed! And when the foundations of a temple or a cathedral were laid with splendid Masonic ceremonies, which operative masons participated, how easy was it for the uninitiated, who beheld the scene, to mistake the objects and the nature of the solemn rite. And the same considerations prove that the ceremonies, now practised on like occasion, are no unmeaning form, nor are they symbolical, as many imagine, of the ruins of architecture. They are the remains of mysterious religious rites, celebrated, not by operative Masons, but by men initiated into the *arcana*—the hidden secrets of nature and of art, in those days, when wisdom and philosophy were shrouded from the profane gaze of the multitude.

CHARACTER.

The following is from an old periodical of 25 years ago. It is new to us, and will be perhaps to many of our readers:—

GOVERNOR TOMPKINS, AND THE DUTCHMAN.

Perhaps there is no better criterion by which to judge the character of public men than is to be found in those trifling incidents that frequently occur in the life of eminent individuals—when unbending themselves from the dignity of office, they permit their real dispositions to be manifested in their hours of relaxation; characteristic traits are thus frequently exhibited and serve in some measure as a guide by which we are to estimate the worth of the individual—whether to condemn or applaud. The following anecdote is related of D. D. Tompkins, and will remind many of our readers of an incident in Goldsmith's play of "She stoops to Conquer."

At the time Mr. Tompkins was governor of the state of New-York and resident in Albany, a Dutch farmer, arrived in the suburbs of that city, with his wagon heavily laden; the roads being bad, he had the misfortune to drive his wagon into a deep rut, and with all his endeavors found it impossible to extricate it with his single exertions. In this emergency he found it necessary to seek for assistance, but it being rather an unfrequented spot, some time elapsed before any offered. A man however came up, and to him the farmer applied for help which was readily offered, and the two set to work; but they found the task by no means to be an easy one; for one wheel was no sooner extricated than another got fixed; no other help appearing, after toiling a considerable time, the poor Dutchman was almost in despair, but reassured by his companion, they made a violent effort, and succeeded in freeing the wagon. The Dutchman was now all gratitude towards his companion:—"Well den!" says he, "dis has been a hart chob; an you had'nt come, we might a'shtuck fast a week, so where 'll we get some-thing to drink? I k'll pay for it, if you'll show where'ts to be hat; I'm try and so pe you, Mr. ——— but I ton't know your name?" "It's Daniel," returned the other; and there's a house some distance a head, where we can get something to drink." "Well, Taniel, we'll go dere den." They proceeded on, till they arrived at a respectable looking house, which the Dutchman's companion, told him was the place he meant, and; they immediately went in and took possession of a neatly furnished room, when the farmer desired his friend Daniel to call for whatever he pleased. He obeyed and ringing the bell told the man that answered it to bring in a pitcher of ale, the farmer at the same time ordered his horses to be fed. The ale was brought, and at Daniel's instance some bread and cheese added; when this was finished the Dutchman asked Daniel to drink some brandy; this was ordered and a decanter of brandy was accordingly set before them. After drinking some time, the honest farmer felt his heart open more and more, and declaring he was never before in so comfortable a tavern, said he'd make the most of it; "So Tan," for he had now dropped one syllable of his companion's name, "so Tan, we'll have some cold ham and some more prandy, before I start." Again the bell was rung, the ham made its appearance, with every requisite attendant, and the two sat down to eat, the Dutchman urging his friend "Tan," to take example from him, and eat hearty, "just the same," said he, "as if you'd been home." Time passed pleasantly on, till at last the Dutchman said he must be gone, and wished his bill;

he wondered where the landlord was all this time, and requested Tan would seek him; the other put him off, but the farmer growing impatient, his companion at last told him not to mind the bill, for he would settle with the landlord. "You pay de pill, Tan!" said the astonished Dutchman, "no, indeed, dat would be a good one, after helping me too: no, as I'm a Tutchman, I'll see de landlort and pay all myself." "Well, my friend to tell you the truth, I am the landlord, and I won't take any pay from you;" the farmer was bewildered, and after staring some time, asked, "and what's your name peside Tan?" "Tompkins—Daniel D. Tompkins!" "What! pe you Taniel T. Tompkins, our pig governor?" "Yes, I'm the governor." "Well, den, Taniel T. Tompkins, you're an honest, goot hearted man—and whoever says tifferent tont know you." Reader, was the honest Dutchman wrong?

MISCELLANY.

ANN BOLEYN'S LETTER TO KING HENRY.

We copy the following from Addison's Spectator.—Ann of Bologne, was one of the wives of King Henry the Eighth, and mother of Queen Elizabeth. She was beheaded upon the accusation of the King, for disloyalty; although the true cause, as she intimates herself, was rather from the love Henry bore for Jane Seymour, than from any actual crime. Such is the general opinion.

SIR,

Cotton Lib. } Your grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me, (willing me to confess a truth, and to obtain your favour) by such a one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And to speak a truth never prince had a wife more loyal of all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn: with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignomy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin there-

in, and likewise mine enemies, the instrument thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgement seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgement I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in straight imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May;

Your most loyal
'and ever faithful wife;

B.

ANN BOLEYN.

FATE OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar, Plautus turned a mill, Torrence was a slave. Boethius died in goal, Paul Borghese had fourteen different trades, and yet starved with all. Bente voglio was refused admittance into an hospital which he had himself erected, Cervantes, the immortal author of Don Quixotte, died of hunger; Camens, the celebrated writer of the Lusiad, ended his days in an alms house; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts, as far as it would go.

In considering the above men if we be blest with common sense, an even and cheerful temper, and equability of disposition, need we envy the elevation of genius, or the superiority of learning and science; when we see the one condemned or neglected, and the other toiling without regard? Whoever pants for fame or longs for literary honors, would do well to take a view of those above-mentioned; or survey that of such of our country as have been eminently conspicuous in the fields of imagination, the regions of fancy, or the plains of philosophy.

Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Raleigh ended his days upon a scaffold; the learning and virtue of Moore could not secure him a better doom; Spencer, whose Fairy Queen is never read but with an increase of admiration, died neglected, forsaken and away; the fate of Collins, one of our lyric poets lect, be ascribed in a great degree to the world's neglect which was the cause of his mental derangement and death; Milton sold his copy right of Paradise Lost for fifteen pounds sterling, at three different payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty, and died in distress; Otway, though his end be variously related, yet all his biographers agreed in this that he died prematurely and in want.

Lee is said to have died in the streets; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Johnson is said to have sold the Vicar of Wakefield for a trifle to release his great author (Goldsmith) from the gripe of the law; Fielding lies in the burying grounds of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in Newgate at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds sterling; and the great biographer of the English poets has recorded of the inimitable author of Hudibras, (Butler) "that all that can be said of him with certainty is, that he lived neglected, and died poor," and 't a youthful phenomenon, the immortal Chatterton, was so harassed by want, that he destroyed himself in his 18th year. Such, alas! is the fate of envied genius.

SPANISH COSTUME.

In France and elsewhere, when we have satisfied the cravings of the stomach, that is not sufficient: we want decent clothing, lined, furniture, which we renew at certain periods. The Spaniards never renew anything: his furniture, his utensils, confined to what is strictly necessary, served his grandfather, and will suffice his great-grand-children. Over him fashion has no influence: that divinity of the first order among us, has no altar in Spain. People there dress as they did in the time of Philip V., and as they will do a hundred years hence. In every part of the kingdom both sexes wear the same costume: at Madrid, Seville, Va-

In aia. and Nittoria, it is the black gown and the black veil for the women, the brown or blue cloak for the men. I never could conceive how it happens, that, in our theatres, the managers of which pique themselves so much on truth, in regard to costumes, they should permit the Rosinas, the Countess Almavivas, to dress in white and pink. Never was Rosina dressed in this manner: never had she any than a black gown, trimmed with jet, a black mantilla, nothing but black, and that to set off the fairness of her complexion. To dress a Spanish woman in pink, is as preposterous as to present Manlius in the habit of the middle ages, with moustaches and a large dagger. It is singular that in the hot climate of Spain, black should be the only color adopted for the apparel of women. Imparting a certain severity to the persons, it forms a strange contrast with bright and wanton eyes, and a voluptuous air. The young look like maids who have run away from their convent to seek their fortunes in the world; the old, like ancient sybils, who lack nothing but tripod to fall into convulsions.

THE ORIGINAL OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

It often happens that an insignificant circumstance, an obscure fact, an unexpected occurrence, gives birth to the most happy conceptions. Fables and other fictions are in general the reflection of truth, a little heightened in color, indeed, from the prismatic medium through which they have been transmitted. Imagination even of the wildest description must, like a bird, touch earth before it commence its flight. It is a natural and useful curiosity which prompts men to investigate the point from which genius sets out, for the purpose of measuring its flight, and of judging the height to which it has soared. Sometimes it condescends to admit us to its confidence, convinced that it can lose nothing by the disclosure, and this has very frequently been the case of late years—witness Scott and others. But much other genius only presents us with the finished edifice, carefully removing every trace of the scaffolding and other materials by which it had been reared; much oftener does it designedly efface its steps, and hide from us the path which it has taken from the real to the ideal world. Rousseau has left us in ignorance whether his *Heloise* was a pure fiction, and Saint Pierre, his friend and disciple, has designedly cast a mysterious veil over the historical parts of his beautiful pastoral. Time, however, which discovers most things, has at length lifted that veil. It is now more than a century ago that one of the French East India Company's ships was lost off the Isle of France, now called the Mauritius. Of the numerous crew on board, only nine men were saved, and they gave an account of the shipwreck before the tribunal of the island. The papers containing their depositions, after being buried amongst the local records for nearly a hundred years, were brought to light by the commandant of the island whilst it was under the dominion of France. The wrecked vessel was called the *St. Geran*, and it was on board the *St. Geran* that Saint Pierre has placed the sublime and touching circumstance of the death of Virginia. It is interesting to observe how the tradition, which was preserved in the Isle of France, has become, in the hands of a great writer, the foundation of so admirable a work. A young lady was, in fact on board the *St. Geran*, and perished there, together with a young naval officer, who resolved to share her fate. The ridiculous scruple of the captain of the vessel, who refused to strip off his clothes saying that it was not consistent with his rank to reach the shore without his uniform, and that he had papers in his pocket, the possession of which he could not part with, has been transferred by the author to the heroine of the shipwreck, and has furnished one of the most forcible and original situations of his prose poem. By substituting the enthusiasm of a female for the susceptibility of a seaman, he has rendered the fiction more morally true than the truth itself—he has certainly made it much more consistent with every-day human nature. This is a striking example of the power which a superior mind possesses of transferring the events of the world to the dominion of imagination, and of becoming as much a creator as is compatible with nature and resemblance.—*Chambers'*

Aaron Lord, formerly of Ipswich, Mass., fell dead in the streets of Lynn on Thursday last.

FEMALE PIETY.

The gem of all others which adorns the coronet of female loveliness, is unaffected piety. The grace of her mien, the fascination of her countenance, her nobleness of heart, her prime intelligence and enviable intellect, are the happiness of man. Piety added, throws a garb of holiness over every action, frightens the shining intellect, adds gentleness to the heart, and in the voice of earthly love, it mingles the bliss of heaven. Without it, woman can bring darkness and death upon mankind; with it she is the enlightening orb of earth, the blessed gift of heaven; to whom the virtuous the good and the great pay homage. Then ye, who were designed as the guiding star of man to heaven, to other graces and piety of heart. It will strew flowers in your pathway through the journey of life, and even in the hour of dissolution, it will be to your soul the light of life and glory.

MAHOMETAN CREED.

A catechism was sometime ago printed at Constantinople for the instruction of children in the Mahometan religion. It forms a copious commentary on the tenets of Islamism. The principal articles to which the young Musselman is required to give his assent, are compromised in the following declarations:—"I believe in the books which have been delivered from Heaven to the prophets. In this manner was the Koran given to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus. I believe in the Prophets, and the Miracles which they performed. Adam was the first Prophet, and Mahomet the last. I believe that for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial paradise; and that the wicked shall be exposed naked with the burning rays of the sun. I believe in the bright Sirat, which passes over the bottomless pit of Hell: It is as fine as a hair, and sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off. I believe in the water pools of Paradise. Each of the prophets has in Paradise a basin for his own use; the water is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. On the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of, and they are bordered with stars. I believe in Heaven and Hell. The inhabitants of the former know no want, and the Houris who attend them, are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement gold. The damned are on the contrary, tormented with fire, and by voracious and poisonous animals."

Necessity of Rest for the Eyes.—It will be well whenever it can be accomplished, to give the eyes rest for a while after eating, especially if our occupation obliges to sit. The bad effects of an opposite line of conduct may be daily seen in the red faces, livid lips, and bloodshot eyes, of those who either think intensely, or strain the sight soon after meals. After all employments that tend to inflame the passions, as pleading, lecturing, debating, &c. rest to the sight is absolutely essential to its preservation in old age; for the blood being more heated than usual, and flowing to the head in excess, unfits the eyes for exertions; and will, if persevered in, produce the most painful consequences, of which I might enumerate many cases in every profession exposed to such influences.—*Curtis on the Sight.*

Mrs. KENNEY.—This lady has become so notorious, as a husband killer, that we suppose the following sketch of her, from a Lowell paper, will not prove unacceptable.

Mrs. Kenney's maiden name was Hannah Hanson. She was first married to Mr. Witham, from whom, after giving birth to four children, she was divorced.—She is said to have been assisted, in obtaining her divorce, by Mr. George F. Kenney, with whom she had been intimate, and to whom she was said to be engaged. She was afterwards married to her cousin, Rev. Enoch W. Freeman, of this city. There was much objection among the members of Mr. Freeman's Society, to his marrying her, on account of her reputation, but it was as ineffectual as opposition to a person's will,

in such matters generally is. It is said that after Mr. Freeman was married, Mr. Kenney was in the habit of visiting at his house. We are informed that he was in Lowell on the morning of the day that Mr. Freeman was taken sick.

Mr. Freeman was taken ill, between meetings, on Sunday, Sept. 20 1835, and vomited several times. He went into his pulpit, however, in the afternoon, and commenced the services, but was unable to proceed with them, and returned to his house. He continued to grow worse and suffered exceedingly, with unequivocal symptoms of inflammation of the stomach, until five o'clock on Tuesday morning, when he expired, one year and one day from the time he was married.

Mrs. Freeman appeared to be much affected by his death. A post mortem examination, was made, the stomach was found to have been highly inflamed; but as no suspicions of poison were then entertained by his physician, no chemical analysis of it was had.

We have already remarked that his marriage occasioned some division in the church. Just as he closed his eyes in death, he was asked if he had any advice to leave his people. He replied; "Tell them to be humble, faithful, zealous, united in love." His dying counsel has since been placed over the pulpit in the Meeting House where he preached.

Mrs. Freeman afterwards kept a Milliner's shop on Merrimac street in this city. She is said to be good looking and exceedingly fascinating in her manner, or rather, as an acquaintance of her's said to us this morning "in her eyes."

Although it has long been the opinion of many who know her, that she was the cause of her husband's death, she has been used to speak of him with much apparent feeling, and would sometimes weep when conversing about him.

Mrs. Freeman is said to have lived with Mr. Kenney sometime in Boston, before she married him.

The account of his sudden death, and the fact the arsenic was found in his stomach, are already well known.

A handsome marble monument, with a granite base, has been erected over Mr. Freeman's grave, and by its side is a weeping willow, which was sent by his widow, after her removal to Boston, to be placed there. The following is the inscription on his monument.

"Rev. Enoch W. Freeman, Pastor of the First Baptist Church and Society in Lowell. Died Sept. 22, 1835, aged 37 years."

We saw Mr. Freeman's remains after they were exhumed, on Monday evening, Aug. 17th. They were in a remarkable state of preservation. They had turned black, and shrunk somewhat, but one of the physicians who was present, said that he had seen a subject used for illustrating lectures on anatomy, which was farther advanced in putrefaction.

We have heard a report, which if true, furnishes another curious link in the chain of circumstances which are now becoming developed. It is said that after Mr. Freeman's marriage, his father who resided in Maine, died very suddenly, while Mr. Freeman and his wife were making him a visit.

The Duel Case.—The trial of Mr. H. Throuet for killing P. Proue in a duel, which, from the peculiar circumstances attending it, has excited so much interest, was continued yesterday. A jury was empanelled and the witnesses were examined. We give the substance of the testimony.

Mr. Proue, the deceased, sent Mr. Throuet, an insulting challenge, which was accepted. The terms of the combat were arranged by the seconds. The parties were placed back to back, at the distance of five paces, with a pistol in each hand, at the word "go," they were to wheel and fire at will. The first shot was simultaneous and neither was injured. As Proue was raising his second pistol, it was discharged accidentally into the air. Throuet continued his aim, but some of the spectators cried "shame," it is murder" &c., and he let his weapon fall by his side. The seconds rebuked the spectators, declared the terms had been so arranged that the parties could fire when they pleased, and that every thing was fair. Proue's own second was especially earnest, and Throuet was directed to fire by the deceased himself. He raised his pistol, fired, and Proue fell dead.

HISTORICAL.

From the Knickerbocker

THE 'ROBINSON HOUSE';

OR REMINISCENCE OF WEST-POINT AND ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 'BOARD OF VISITERS.'

Benedict Arnold was a native of Connecticut; and the brick building in which he once kept store, although time-worn and decayed, is still standing at New-Haven, near the harbor, with one end overgrown with ivy, and in the garret is the sign he then used.—No officer of the American army stood higher than he in the confidence of the government, and the love of the people, prior to that dark period, when, plotting the ruin of his oppressed country, he effected his own and exchanged for ever the bright and spotless inheritance of a soldier's fame, for the withering curse of a nation's contempt, and the unending infamy of a traitor's name, which living, haunted every hour of his life, and will be fresh in the history of all future time.

All writers agree that the deep pecuniary embarrassments of Arnold, into which his love of pleasure and great extravagance had led him, were the leading motives that impelled him to the fearful step. Ramsay informs us that 'the generosity of the States did not keep pace with the extravagance of their favorite officer. A sumptuous table and expensive equipage, unsupported by the resources of private fortune, ungarded by the virtues of economy, and good management, soon increased his debts beyond a possibility of discharging them. His love of pleasure produced the love of money; and that extinguished all sensibility to the obligations of honor and duty. The calls of luxury were pressing, and demanded gratification, although at the expense of fame and country. Contracts were made, speculations entered into, and partnership instituted, which could not bear investigation. Oppression, extortion misapplication of public money and property, furnished him with the farther means of gratifying his favorite passions. In these circumstances, a change of sides afforded the only hope of evading a scrutiny, and at the same time held out a prospect of replenishing his exhausted coffers.

In the midst of his desperation, his funds gone, detection unavoidable, he resolved to unburden his griefs to the French envoy; and mingling in their detail the 'ingratitude' of his country, to seek from the sympathy of a foreigner the means to retrieve his shattered fortunes. The application was not only unsuccessful, but was rejected with such disdain, and accompanied with such bitter rebuke, as to add greatly to the desperation of Arnold. Thus baffled and mortified, he was at last driven, by his impetuous feelings into the fatal project of selling his country; that country which had heaped honor after honor upon him, with prodigal kindness; which had given him birth, and placed his name high upon the roll of her great and distinguished men; whose shores were covered with a mercenary foe, seeking her subjugation; that country in fine, whose soldiery were barefoot and starving amid the storms of winter, and which, poor in every thing but her reliance on God, her valor, and the bravery of her people, had no hoarded gold with which to win back to love and duty the traitor to her standard and her righteous cause.

After the British evacuated Philadelphia, many families were left, who were disaffected toward the Americans, and among others, that of Mr. Edward Shippen, afterward Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. His beautiful and accomplished daughter had been the 'toast' of all the British officers, of whom none stood higher in the estimation of the family than Major JOHN ANDRE. With him Miss Shippen was in the habit of constant and friendly correspondence. Arnold was not an unmoved spectator of the young lady's beauty and worth; and having made an offer of his hand and heart, was accepted, and thus entered a family hostile to his country, and whose interest and pleasure it would naturally be, to win from the cause of the 'rebels' to that of the king one so well known to fame. The acquaintance with Major Andre commenced at this time; and even then the determination of Arnold was formed, to make Andre the instrument by which the hellish plot was to

be consummated. Arnold had been for some time leading an inactive life, having been excused from duty, owing to the wounds he had received; but he suddenly became anxious for active service in the field. His first effort was to procure at the hands of Gen. WASHINGTON the command of West Point, then universally esteemed the most important military post in the country. He succeeded in this, and established his headquarters at 'Beverly' or 'Robinson House,' on the eastern side of the Hudson river, about two miles below West Point. This place had belonged to one Beverly Robinson, who having taken up arms with the British against his country, forfeited his property. The main part of the army was at this time down the Hudson between 'Dobbs' Ferry' and Tappan. General La Fayette had employed, at his own expense, in New York, several spies, who were to furnish him secret intelligence of the movements of the enemy. Arnold applied to him for their names and address, on the pretence that they could communicate with him with greater facility, and he would then send the information to La Fayette; but the request was promptly refused, as some old-fashioned notions of honor seemed to forbid it. Arnold, after his marriage, encouraged Mrs. Arnold in keeping up the correspondence with Major Andre, and thus, although unknown to herself, the devoted wife was made one of the tools by which American liberty was to be crushed. In a little time Arnold commenced a direct correspondence with Andre, the letters of the former being signed 'Gustavus,' and of the latter, 'John Anderson.' For some time Sir Henry Clinton did not know the real author; but he soon became satisfied, from a chain of circumstances, that it was General Arnold. The grand project of securing West Point, with all its dependant posts, stores, and property, was of such vast importance, that Sir Henry Clinton deemed no expense or trouble too great to effect it. It being now known to the British commander that Arnold was in fact the person with whom the correspondence commenced, measures were taken to perfect the details of the system of villany which he proposed. Arnold requested that Major Andre should be the person to hold communication with him, and Clinton accordingly deputed him.

Major John Andre was intended for commercial life, and had entered upon its busy employments; but the abrupt and sad termination of his addresses to a young English lady, whose father forbade the union, drove him to the excitement of military life; and, forsaking England, he sought in the fascination of military glory, a forgetfulness of his bitter fate. He was taken prisoner of war soon after he entered the army; and when so: rched, he concealed in his mouth a miniature of his love, which in happier days his own pencil had sketched, and which in distant lands and amidst other scenes, he wore as memory's talisman; the silent, though still loved companion of life's weary pilgrimage. He was a most graceful, elegant, and accomplished gentleman, and ripe scholar; passionately fond of the fine arts, and a finished master of painting and drawing. He was the favorite of the whole army, and into every domestic circle was welcomed as a friend and brother.—Such was the man selected to conduct the delicate and dangerous negotiation, which had for its unholy aim the base surrender of America; such the man with whose aid Benedict Arnold was to strike a blow at the heart of that country, under whose 'stripes and stars' he had fought Freedom's battles; from whose glory fields he had borne away the wounds and scars which are the soldier's best certificates, and the mute pleaders for a country's gratitude.

It was the original intention of Arnold to receive Andre within the lines, at his own Head Quarters, and to arrange there the whole plan of operations. At that time, part of the army was stationed at Salem, a town on the eastern side of the Hudson, some distance from the river, and under the command of Colonel Sheldon. He had been told by General Arnold that he expected a person from New-York whom he wished to meet at Sheldon's quarters, and desired instant notice of his arrival. A letter was then written, informing Andre of this arrangement: to this he replied, in the enigmatical style which distinguished all their correspondence, that he would be at 'Dobbs' Ferry' at a certain time. Arnold left West Point in the afternoon of the tenth of September, went down the river in his barge to 'King's Ferry,' passed the night at the house of Joshua Smith, and went early next morning down to 'Dobbs' Ferry.' Andre had arrived the night be-

fore, but not finding Arnold, and fearing mistake, he returned to New York. Another meeting was fixed for the 20th. Arnold then wrote to Major Tallmadge, commandant at one of the out-posts, that if a man calling himself 'John Anderson' arrived at his station, to send him without delay to Head-Quarters, escorted by two dragoons. Sir Henry Clinton, in order to afford means of easier intercourse and escape, had sent Colonel Beverly Robinson up the river, in the sloop of war Vulture, with orders to stop at 'Teller's Point.' A letter from the Vulture, addressed to General Putnam, (known not to be there,) reached Arnold, and was of course understood to apprise him that Andre was on board.

On that very day, and but a few hours after the boat had carried the letter on shore, General Washington and his suite crossed the Hudson at 'Kings Ferry,' in Arnold's barge, the Vulture then in full view below; and while Washington was viewing her with his glass, Arnold is said to have betrayed great uneasiness. It is worthy of remark, that before Andre left New York, he was expressly ordered by Sir Henry Clinton not to change his dress, nor to go within the American lines, and on no account to take any papers.

Arnold employed a man by the name of Joshua Smith to aid him generally in the prosecution of his plan, although it is now generally believed that he never did communicate to Smith the purpose he had in view. Smith was to bring Andre on shore from the Vulture, and 'Smith's house,' in case of ultimate necessity, was to be the place of negotiation. At Arnold's request, Smith sent all his family away except the servants.—Being furnished with a boat and pass, and assisted by two brothers by the name of Colqhoun, who were forced very reluctantly to go, he went off to the Vulture, with orders to bring Mr. Anderson on shore.—The oars were muffled, the night was tranquil and serene; the stars shone brightly above them; the water was calm and unruffled; and the gentle air floated mildly by. The work of treason went noiselessly on, and the whispers of conscience found no echo, save in the heart were they originated.

Smith was shown into the cabin of the Vulture, into which soon after Colonel Robinson brought a man, whom he introduced as Mr. Anderson. He was in full uniform, but over it he wore a blue travelling coat. They left the Vulture, and landed at the foot of a mountain called the 'Long Clove,' on the west margin of the river, about six miles below 'Stony Point.' The exact spot for the first interview had been fixed, and to this place Arnold had ridden from Smith's house. And there, in the darkness of night, amid its stillness and gloom, stood the arch-traitor of America, and the flower of England's chivalry! It was a picture worthy of a master pencil. At their feet lay the mighty but tranquil Hudson; above and around them, were the towering monuments of God's omnipotence, that

'Proclaim the eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.'

This conference was continued the greater part of the night; and when the wasting of the tide, and the near approach of day-light, was urged by Smith as a reason for its termination, the parties agreed to proceed to 'Smith's House.' The boat was sent off, and Andre and Andre proceeded on horseback. Near the house, the challenge of a sentinel gave Andre the unwelcome and startling intelligence that he was within the American lines; but it was too late to retreat. The recollection of the positive orders of Sir Henry Clinton was vivid and distant; but more time was necessary to accomplish the great object of his mission; and he dared the peril, with the cherished belief that he was serving acceptably the cause of his king and country.

Soon after the parties had reached Smith's, a heavy cannonading was heard down the river, which proved to be against the 'Vulture,' and caused her to change her position. After breakfast, Arnold and Andre were left together; and in the course of the day the nefarious scheme was finished, and the conditions settled.—But so secret were all the proceedings, that to this hour the veil has never been entirely removed from the transaction. The grave has closed over the actors in the great drama. Fancy has run wild with conjecture, yet the minute details have not transpired, and never can. Enough, however, is known to verify the truth of Walpole's remark, that 'every man has his price:' how derogatory soever to the nobler feelings of

our nature, it yet found its practical illustration in the miserable Arnold. Various conjectures have been indulged as to the price paid by the British; and the better opinion seems to be, (but even that is little else than conjecture,) that he received ten thousand pounds sterling, in exchange for that brilliant reputation, which the wealth of a world ought to have been insufficient to purchase.

Andre was then furnished with the following papers; I. Artillery orders, recently published at West Point, recting the disposition of each corps in case of alarm. II. An estimation of the American force at West Point and its dependencies. III. An estimate of the number of men requisite to man the works. IV. A return of the ordnance of the different forts, redoubts, and batteries. V. Remarks on the works at West Point, describing the construction of each, and its strength or weakness. VI. A Report of a Council of War lately held at Head Quarters, containing hints respecting the probable operations of the campaign, and which had been sent by General Washington to Arnold, a few days before, requesting his opinion on the subjects to which it referred. These papers were all in the handwriting of Arnold, and bore his signature! At Arnold's request, the papers were all put by Andre between his feet and stockings, and in the event of detection, were to be destroyed. It was then farther arranged, that Andre was to return immediately to New York; that the British troops already embarked under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were, to be ready at a moment's warning to ascend the river; the post at West Point was to be weakened by such a disposition of its troops as would leave no adequate force for its defence: as soon as it was known to Arnold that the British troops were coming up the river, parties of soldiers were to be sent out from the garrison to certain distant points, under pretence of meeting the enemy, while the British landed, and were to march upon the undefended garrison by other and different routes. These details being all arranged, Andre was furnished with several different passes, to be used in case of emergency. The next question was, how he should get back to New York? Andre insisted that he should be put on board the Vulture, but to this Smith interposed so many serious obstacles, that the matter was still unsettled when Arnold and Andre parted—to meet no more on this side of the grave.

After Arnold had departed, Smith positively refused to incur the hazard of rowing down to the Vulture; and much to the chagrin and disappointment of Andre, he was compelled to adopt the only alternative, a journey back by land. Smith agreed to accompany him until he should have passed beyond the American posts. Arnold had, after much difficulty, prevailed on Andre to exchange his military for citizen's dress. Smith was still the dupe of Arnold's cunning. He neither knew the rank, the name, nor the business of his illustrious guest; and when, with the natural curiosity which such an occurrence would arouse, he inquired why a man coming in a civil capacity, and on commercial business, should be dressed in full uniform, he was told it was Mr. Anderson's ambition to be considered a man of consequence, and that he had borrowed from an acquaintance the military costume in which he appeared; but now that he was compelled to return by land, a citizen's dress would be obviously more proper. With this plausible reasoning, Smith was so well satisfied, that he furnished Andre from his own wardrobe with the necessary apparel. Just before sunset, he and Smith, accompanied by a negro servant of the latter, proceeded to 'King's Ferry,' and crossed the River from 'Stony Point' to 'Verplank's Point.' In pursuing the route which was considered most safe, they met with many of Smith's acquaintances, with whom he drank and joked, but suffered no interruption until near Crompond, where they were hailed by the sentinel of a patrolling party, by whose captain they were examined. The pass signed by Arnold was produced, and ended all farther delay; but the worthy captain of the guard was so urgent that they should not incur the personal danger of farther travel that night, that Smith resolved, greatly to the annoyance of Andre, to stop, and in the humble cottage of Andreas Miller, an honest old farmer, they found rest for the night.

Early in the morning, they proceeded on the road leading to Pine's Bridge, and about two miles beyond it partook of a frugal breakfast at the house of a good

Dutch woman, who, though plundered by the marauders, was enabled to spread before them a repast of hasty-pudding and milk, accompanied, we doubt not, with an honest welcome, and a woman's blessing.—After breakfast, Smith divided with Andre his small stock of paper money, took his final leave, and with his servant returned to Peekskill, and thence to Fishkill, whither he had sent his family during the memorable scenes that had occurred at his house. On his way back, he took occasion to call at 'Beverly,' dined with General Arnold, and gave him full account of Mr. Anderson's progress, and where he had left him. When Smith and Andre parted, it was understood that Andre would pursue the route through 'White Plains,' avoiding the river roads, and thus reach New York; but instead of that, he turned off toward the Hudson, taking the Tarrytown road.

It so happened, that the same morning on which Andre passed Pine's Bridge, seven persons, who resided near the Hudson, on the neutral ground, agreed to go out in company and watch the road, to intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be passing toward New York. Three of this party, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were concealed near the road, in the bushes. About half a mile north of Tarrytown, and a few hundred yards from the Hudson, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, which at that time was covered over with trees and underbrush. At this point Major Andre was stopped.—After an examination of his passports, he was suffered to proceed; but immediately after, one of the men, thinking that he perceived something singular in his appearance, called him back. Andre asked them where they were from: 'From down below,' they replied; meaning from New York. Too frank to suspect a snare, Andre answered, 'And so am I.' He was then closely searched, and the papers found concealed in his stockings. They were examined, and Paulding said, 'He is a spy.' Andre made the most liberal offers to his captors but in vain. He was carried by them a prisoner to North Castle, one of the American posts, and there surrendered to Colonel Jameson, the officer in command.

As a reward for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, Congress voted to each an annuity for life of two hundred dollars, and a silver medal, having on one side a shield, inscribed "FIDELITY," and on the other motto, *Vincit amor patriæ.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GATHERER.

KING EDWARDS CHAIR.

King Edward's chair (commonly called St. Edward's chair) is a very ancient chair of solid hard wood, with back and sides of the same, variously painted, in which the Kings of Scotland were heretofore constantly crowned, but being brought out of that kingdom by the victorious Prince, King Edward I. in the 24th year of his reign, Anno 1296, after he had totally overcome John Baliol, King of Scots; it hath ever since remained in the abbey of Westminster, and has been the Royal chair in which the succeeding Kings and Queens of this realm have been inaugurated. It is in height six feet seven inches, in breadth at the bottom thirty eight inches, and in depth twenty-four inches; from the seat to the bottom is twenty-five inches.

A plain spoken gentleman being asked his opinion as to a compromise between two parties, replied, "that a little conciliation and concession might do wonders; but if one party was determined to be dogmatical, and the other cat-egorical, nothing better could be expected then *worrying and scratching.*"

In a neighboring village lived a very honest, wealthy farmer, who having a number of hirelings hoeing in a field went one day, about eleven o'clock, to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for his idleness. The man answered 'I thirst for the Spirit.'—'Grog, you mean, I suppose,' says the farmer: 'but if the good book teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, "Hoe! every one that thirsteth."

THE UGLY WIFE OR A GIBBET.

In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettrick, belonging to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood-Tower, a border house of strength, still remaining upon that river, William Scott, (afterwards Sir William,) son of the head of this undertook an expedition against the Murrys Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distance. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose.—Our hero, Sir Gideon Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and enquiries concerning the fate to which he had destined his prisoner:—"The gallows," answered sir Gideon, for he is said already to have acquired the honor of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hoot na, sir Gideon," answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, "wad ye hang the winsome young Laird of Harden, when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?"—"Right, right," answered the Baron, who caught at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he, upon the first offer, stoutly preferred the gibbet to mickle-mouthed Meg; for such was the nick-name of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to on the border. It may be necessary to add, that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.—*London paper.*

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

Diderot (says the Abbe Baruel) was one of the gang of conspirators against the Christian Religion. He not only professed Atheism, but made a boast of it and inculcated it in his writings. He was invited to Russia by the empress Catherine, who at first admired his genius, but soon found sufficient reason in his conduct and principles to send him back to France.

But there were moments in which this professed admirer and friend of Voltaire, notwithstanding his avowed impiety, seems to have been compelled by the force of truth to pay homage to the New Testament. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of it to his daughter, with all the apparent seriousness and energy of a believer: on expressing his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand your meaning, but after all, where is it possible to find better lessons for her instruction?" *The Devils believe and tremble!*

Cibber is said to have visited Booth, when he knew that he was at home, but the female domestic denied him: Colly took no notice of it at the time, but, in a few days, when Booth visited him in return, he called out that *he was not at home.* How can that be! (replied Booth) do I not hear your voice? To be sure you do, says Cibber, but what then? I believed your servant maid, and it is hard indeed if you wont believe me.

Garriek attending the rehearsal of *Venice Preserved*, when a new actress highly recommended to him was to make her debut in Belvedere, she repeated that tender exclamation, "Would you kill my father, Jaffier?" with so much sang froid in her voice and countenance, that, after several attempts to set her right, he whispered her, nearly in the same tone, "Can you chop cabbage, Madam?"

A fire happening at a public house, a fellow in the crowd constantly importuned the engineer to play against the wainscot. On being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "for I have a long score upon it, I shall never be able to pay."

AWKWARDNESS.—The Picayune says, there are four things that look very awkward in a woman, viz; to see her undertake to whistle, to throw a stone at a hog, to smoke a cigar, and to climb over a garden fence.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1840.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.—The arrival of the *Alexander*, brings intelligence two days later than has been received. There is still a prospect of war with France. The Chinese were actively engaged in making preparations for defence. Volunteers were invited and encouraged to join the celestial army. It was generally believed that the campaign would open by the bombardment of Canton. The Lord William Bartwick, from London, and the Lord Castlereagh, from Karsack, were wrecked off Bombay Harbor, on the 17th of June, 28 of the crew and officers of the former, 7 passengers of the 11, and 65 soldiers were lost, and only 90 of the 200 persons on board the Lord Castlereagh were saved. The Arabs had made an attack upon Aden, but had been repulsed. The Paris papers continue to be filled with the state of affairs, to which the policy of Lord Palmerston had given rise. With a single exception, the most complete unanimity prevails among the French Journalists. Every epithet which contempt or resentment can suggest, is levelled at the head of the English minister, and every thing laudatory is bestowed on the head of M. Thiers, for his firmness in vindicating the national honor. The Liverpool papers sneer at the idea of France pretending to assume an attitude hostile towards the combined powers of England, Austria, and Russia. They believe the whole affair will evaporate in words, and anticipate a speedy understanding between all parties.

THE NORTHWEST TRAGEDY.—The President of the American Fur Company has received from A. Robertson, Esq. one of the agents of that company, at St. Louis, a detailed statement of the circumstances of the death of Messrs. Simpson, Bird and De Gros, by the hand of the first named in the Northwest Territory.

The New York Sun says, that there is at present in that city a gang of blacklegs who, under the guise of merchants, establish stores and purchase goods, giving each other as references and endorsers, with the sole object of defrauding and swindling those whom they may dupe.

It has been ascertained that the authors of a portion of the fires on the Canada side of the line, recently, did not come from the United States side. They were Canadian villains, and are under arrest.

DEATH OF GEN HINDS.—This venerable patriot died in Mississippi, by the rupture of a blood vessel, on the 23d. Gen. H took an active part in the battle of New Orleans.

The livery stables of Mr. Albert Parria, at Washington city, were consumed on Sunday night, together with six valuable horses, and the entire contents of the buildings. Loss about \$3000.

The amount received for tolls on the New York State Canals, during the last week in August, is sixty seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine dollars and sixty-one cents.

MILL BURNT.—"Spaldings Mill," at the village of Niagara, owned by Judge Hunt, of that place, and ex-Gov. Marcy, was consumed a few days since. It was valued at \$30,000, and was insured for half the amount.

A child ten years of age was on Monday accidentally drowned in a tub having but eight inches of water in it, at Philadelphia.

The New York American says that it is reported that "Mr John Smith has met with various difficulties of various kinds." When a generous public, have become sufficiently acquainted with the positive sufferings of Mr. John Smith, there will no doubt be extended to him, as well as to Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Jones, the sympathies of the American people. P. S. Mr. Smith authorises us to say that he is incapable of the last charge brought against him.

A gentleman in the city of New Orleans has succeeded in cultivating on his plantation, citron, lemons and oranges of the very finest quality, both as regard size and flavor. He is also directing his attention to the cultivation of West India fruits generally.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—The Portland Daily Advertiser, gives an account of the drowning of five young ladies, while on a sailing excursion. The ladies had gone into the cuddy of the boat, to avoid the heat of the sun, and while there, a white squall struck the boat, when about 100 rods from the land, and she went down stern foremost. Those above were saved.

The Portland Argus, says, "Yesterday afternoon, the five young ladies who were drowned on Tuesday, were entombed. Two of them from the residences of their parents, and three (Mr. Ilseley's daughters and Julia Plumer) from the residence of their grandfather, Mr. David Potengill. A very large concourse of people assembled to witness the melancholy obsequies of the three that were to be interred together. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Nichols, of the 1st Unitarian Church. The coffins were conveyed to the tomb on three hearses (a sight seldom seen in our city) and were followed by carriages containing the relatives, and then by nearly three hundred people in couples mostly those in the morning of life. Thousands also lined the streets on either side, and accompanied the procession to the graves; where as many more were waiting to receive it. The spacious burying yard was as it were, covered with spectators. A sadness pervaded the faces of all, at the melancholy sight which they had come to witness. As the tomb closed over the mortal remains of those maidens, who, less than forty-eight hours before bid as fair for long life as any of the thousands who lingered at their tomb,—how forcibly came to mind that oft illustrated truth—*Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*"

INTELLIGENCE.

A Confirmed Thief.—The Richmond Star mentions the case of a young man in that city respectably connected, who successively entered the two Baptist churches in that city, and stole the Bibles, which he afterwards sold. He was committed to prison, and was scarcely in there an hour before he stole 37½ cents from a fellow prisoner.

LATER FROM THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—A letter has been received in town, from the ship *Vincennes*, dated Bay of Islands, N. Zealand, April 7, which says that the French cannot longer contend for the honor of discovering the Antarctic Continent, as the Porpoise made the discovery some days before either the French or the *Vincennes*. The *V.* was on the point of sailing for Tongataboo, thence to Fegees, then to the Sandwich Islands, where she was expected to arrive in July on her way to the Northwest Coast,

THE WELLAND CANAL.—Information communicated to us by Henry E. Eagle, Esq. who left Oswego on Thursday evening last, makes it certain that the report of Welland Canal being blown up, which crosses Chippewa Creek, as copied from the Rochester Democrat, is incorrect. Letters from Oswego of the 4th inst. make no mention of it; and what removes all doubt is, that vessels which left Cleveland, Ohio, on Friday previous, arrived at Oswego on Wednesday last having passed the Aqueduct reported to be blown up by Lett.

A man by the name of Patridge, upon the farm of the late Seth Pierce, in Penfield, Monroe county, was terribly wounded by a threshing machine, yesterday forenoon, in consequence of his frock being caught in the machine. Nearly every accident which has occurred by these machine, has happened in consequence of the length of the dress usually worn by farmers, when cleaning wheat, which should be a warning to others.—*Rochester Whig.*

Mrs. KINNEY.—Mrs Kinney, charged with the murder of her husband, was brought before the Police Court this afternoon, and on motion of the Attorney General was committed for trial before the Supreme Judicial Court, to be held in this city on the 2d of November next. A number of witnesses were required to reconize for their appearance at the trial.—*Boston Merc. Journal of Monday.*

On Monday last as Mr. Noff, his wife and a young woman and infant, were descending a hill near Easton (Pa.) the horse ran off while Mr. N. was adjusting the reins. Mrs. Noff was precipitated from the wagon and instantly killed, and Mr. N. severely bruised—the young woman leaped from the wagon and saved herself and the infant without injury.

LUCKY ESCAPE.—On Thursday evening last, a very interesting child, five years old, a son of Scotch parents, on going on board the tow boat, fell into the dock, and was in the water an hour or more before he was extricated. His cries were heard under one of the bridges of pier No. 5, under which he had been carried by the tide. As a small boat could not pass under, he was rescued by cutting away some of the floating planks, and discovered, by the aid of candles, floating almost lifeless. By the application of hot blankets, friction and other remedies, the child so far recovered as to go with his parents on Saturday for the West.—*Courier.*

HYDROPHOBIA.—We have an account in the Free Press of Carrollton, Ohio, August 28, of a death in Carroll County, about a week before, from this horrible malady. The sufferer was Andrew Shultz, of Pekin, who had one of his fingers slightly bitten by his own dog, some three or four months before. The Free Press states that the bite excited no alarm at the time, and was soon forgotten, until three days before his death, when Mr. S. exhibited the most alarming symptoms of madness. He was seized with paroxysms, which increased in violence till the third day, when he expired, the Press says, "in a manner so horrible to be described."

A master assassinated by his slave.—Robert Bradford, esq., an old and respectable farmer near Nashville, Tenn., was stabbed and instantly killed on the 17th ult., by one of his negro men. He was preparing at the time to correct the negro for having left home without leave the week before. The murderer escaped.

Cannibals in Texas.—A late number of the Austin Gazette says,—"A few days ago a Comanche was killed on the Bushy, by some Tonkahua Indians—his hand and arms, and thick part of his thighs were cut off and carried home, as a feast to their women and children. The Tonkahuas made no secret of their partiality for human flesh, and state that all the native Indians in Texas, eat their enemies when they can catch them.

Fatal Accident.—As Mr. Joseph C. Vance of Wheeling, (a son of Ex-Governor Vance of Ohio,) was travelling with his father-in-law, S. Sprigg, esq., in a carriage near Steubenville, on Friday, the 27th ult., the horses ran off the road, and the carriage being precipitated down a steep bank, the gentlemen were thrown out, and Mr. Vance was taken up insensible, and continued until he died.—[*Baltimore American*.]

Louisville. (Ky.) Sept. 3.—Melancholy Accident.—As the row boat Ariel was returning with a party of ladies and gentlemen from a short excursion on Tuesday evening, in attempting to pass the bow of the ferry boat as that boat rounded to at the wharf, she came so near to the ferry boat, that one of the ladies, Miss Ainslee, was knocked overboard. Her body passed under the boat, and all efforts to save her was unavailing.—The coxswain of the row boat was also thrown into the river but he was not lost.

The unfortunate girl was found about three o'clock yesterday. Her skull was fractured by coming in contact with the anchor of the ferry boat.

ANOTHER DISTRESSING AFFAIR.—We learn that on Monday last, a collection of persons at Wilson's Corners were engaged in horse racing, when an accident of most singular nature took place.—Two horses, with their riders, started on a race from near the Corners. About the same time two others started from an opposite direction, both parties being unaware of the intention of the other. The horses coming together at full speed, two sheered, and passed, the other two in sheering unfortunately went the same way and came in contact. So severe was the concussion that both horses were instantly killed, and one of the riders William Blackburn, died in about two hours after; the other, Hugh Malvaugh, was so severely injured that he is not expected to live.—[*Blackville (U. C.) Recorder*.]

A NEW TRICK.—Bicknell's Reporter states that a counterfeiter has been passing through Ohio, who not only circulated fraudulent bills, but produced a counterfeit copy of "Bicknell's Reporter," by way of proving that they were good.

IMMIGRANTS.—48,492 passengers have arrived at this port from foreign countries, from the 1st January to the 1st inst.—which is 340 more than arrived during the whole of last year, and nearly double the number who arrived in all of 1838.

FLOUR AND WHEAT.—The quantity of flour and wheat delivered from the Erie canal the first week in September, at the places named below, is as follows:

	Bbls. flour.	Bush. wheat.
Schenectady,	398	1498
West Troy,	7807	71505
	37038	27206
Total,	45243	100209

MEETING OF I. O. O. F.

At a meeting of the Members of City Union, and Washington Lodges of the I. O. O. F. held at Knickerbocker Hall, on Monday evening, Sept. 3th 1840—the meeting was called to order, by Br. P. V. Watson, on whose motion Br. J. W. Harcourt was called to the chair, and on motion of Br. Gregory, Br. Briare was appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was then stated by the Chairman, when on motion of Br. J. W. Dean, a committee of three, consisting of Brs. Benjamin Briare, P. V. Watson, and D. Murray, were appointed to draft Resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting. The meeting was then ably addressed by different Brs. of the Order, when the committee returned and reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A number of members belonging to the City Union, and Washington Lodges of I. O. O. F. of this city, having become satisfied that the Lodges to which they severally belong are Spurious or Expelled Lodges, by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and disowned as Odd Fellows—and that said Lodges are governed by a few individuals who are determined that their own will shall become law; and that the Grand Lodge of the U. S. and of the State of New York

shall bow to them, contrary to all Law or forms of Justice, Therefore

Resolved, That we will no longer be deceived by them as to our true interests, but petition the Grand Lodge now lawfully instituted in the city of New-York, to receive us again as Odd Fellows, and grant us a charter for a new Lodge, and that we will do all in our power to prohibit others from being deceived by the above Spurious Lodges as we have been.

Resolved, The late transactions of the Union Lodge in expelling members for charges preferred against them, which could not be substantiated, be held in utter contempt by all good Odd Fellows.

Resolved, That the Petition which we have in possession, for a new Lodge, to be located in the city of Albany, to be called NEW UNION LODGE No. —, be signed by all members present, who feel themselves aggrieved, and that a committee be appointed to procure the names of all the members of the above Spurious Lodges who feel disposed to go with us; and that it be attended to immediately and forwarded to the Grand Lodge located in the city of N. York:

The petition for a new Lodge to be located in this city was then presented to the meeting and thirty-nine Brs. came forward and signed their names. Brs. J. Aymer and J. Brooks of City Lodge, Brs. B. Briare and G. W. Stephens of Union Lodge, and Brs. J. W. Dean and P. V. Watson of Washington Lodge was appointed a committee to wait on Brethren in good standing in the City Union; and Washington Lodges, and give them an opportunity to sign their names to the petition and go with us. On motion of Br. Watson, the following resolution was passed unanimously.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting together with the preamble and resolutions, be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the Albany Microscope, Masonic Register and Covenant.—There being no further business, the meeting adjourned to meet again at the same hour and place, on Monday evening, Sept. 14.

J. W. HARCOURT, Chairman,

B. BRIARE, Sec'y.

Married.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Wycoff, Mr. Gerrit W. Bell, to Jane A. daughter of Abraham Sickles, of this city.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Schneller, Thomas Baker, to Margaret Garrity.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Welsh, John G. Hill, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac M'Murdy.

In Otsego, Col. Seth H. Chase, to Miss Sarah Ann Benedict.

Yesterday morning, by the Rev. S. R. Smith, Mr. William Savery, of New-York city, to Mary P., oldest daughter of Stephen Van Schaick, of this city.

At Troy, on Sunday morning, by the Rev. E. S. Raymond, Mr. James Jones Norris to Miss Catharine Hawes, both of this city.

By the same, at the same time and place, Mr. Jerome B. Beals to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hall, both of this city.

DIED.

In this city, Daniel Burns.

At Gains, Orleans co. Nelson Scoville, formerly of this city.

In New Scotland, Gerrit J. Seger, 89 years.

On Sunday last, Adriane, daughter of Henry T. Me-sick, aged 2 years.

Yesterday morning, Jesse H. Montgomery, in the 30th, year of his age.

CORNING & COOK, Book-binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No. 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Saturday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	last Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st Thursday.
Mount Moriah,	"	3d Tuesday.
Louisville Encampment	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Council 8 & R Master's	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's Chapter	do	Quarterly.
Memphis Chapter,	Mmphi	2d Saturday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphi	3d Monday.
		2d Tuesday.

RISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Cxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebeneser Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kain, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Burdino.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.
A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.
J. H. M'Mahon, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.
G. L. Cope, Jr. Savannah.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARCHER, SHERIFF.

State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August, 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of B'kwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and, that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.
A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Archer, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

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THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content, —Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

MELODY.

In song her voice is wildly swelling,
Strings repeat its every tone,
And I am held as in a bondage
'Round me now by angels thrown.

Yes—full its tide breaks o'er my spirit,
And electric through my frame
The thousand thrills of joy go raging,
Wrapping all of life in flame.

There is no thought but finds new power
Mingled with her burning strain,
And not a scene her soul hath gathered
But is pressed upon my brain!

See! now the skies are wrapped in splendor—
Now the gloom of night is there,
And all the storm-voiced clouds are pealing
With the anthems of despair.

And list that shriek of anguish piercing
Through the wild, remorseless blast!
A flash—a groan—ah! dark and sullen,
Death, stern death, is sweeping past.

Yet lo! again the skies are brightening—
All is calm—beneath—above,
And winds are hushed, as though they never
Knew of aught but joy and love.

Ay—where but now lay sorrow bleeding,
Rapture's laughing looks appear;
And as in songs of youth's fond breathing,
Not a tone of grief is here!

And oh, my soul drinks in the feeling—
Quiet flows throughout my veins;
I wake to own how charmed a power
O'er me like a spirit reigns!

Albany, Sept. 1840

T. H. C.

MASONIC HYMN.

In the Temple now appearing,
Brothers raise the pious song;
Each the sacred transport sharing,
Sound your voices loud and strong.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

Now before the Altar bowing,
Soft and humble notes we sing;
Now our hearts with love o'erflowing,
Shout Jehovah, mighty King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

Lord attend us with thy favor,
Bless the work we have in view;
May each Brother's whole behaviour
Prove the Mason good and true.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

Holy Father! let thy Spirit
Shed its light upon our Art;
Teach us to increase in merit,
Spread thy love through ev'ry heart.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

THE MYSTIC WORD.

There is a word,
Which all have said and all must say—
Which breaks the bands of love apart,
And drives the dream of bliss away:
And e'en when youth all buoyant springs
Fresh into life, and gaily sings
Light as the wood-lark on the spray,
That dreaded word may then be said,
Sad as the anthem o'er the dead,

A word—that makes us sadly own
That all our dearest joys are vain,
Which bids us trace our steps alone
Upon the flinty path of pain:
Which uttered by the parting breath,
When the soul feels the chill of death

And cannot glow with life again,
Commands the tears of love to flow
For what hath been its joy below.

A—word that breaks the fond caress
Of youthful hearts in happy hours,
Which makes the world a wilderness
Devoid of verdure—sun—and flowers—
The blighted leaves bestrew the ground—
The fatal ivy wreathing round
O'er-shadowing the broken bowers
Whence once the rose and lilly grew,
And sparkled in the morning dew.

A—word that severs every tie
We fondly hope will last for aye—
Which dims the light of beauty's eye,
And chases all her smiles away:
Which marks affliction on her brow,
And wrings with pain her breasts of snow—
What word is this which all must say?
Youth, manhood, age, ye all can tell!
It is that fatal word, "FAREWELL!"

A SACRED MELODY.

BY W. LEGGETT.

If you bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere—
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death has torn asunder here;
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar—
Mix soul and soul; to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone
Would seem the brightest world of bliss.
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more, the tie should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever.
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be! each hope and fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now!
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis Heaven that whispers, 'Dry thy tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again!'

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Flung early thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Remember those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
When'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Prepared for the Masonic Register.

To preserve Clothes.—As clothes when laid up for a time, acquire an unpleasant odor, which requires a considerable exposure to the atmospheric air, will be prevented by laying recently made charcoal between the folds of the garments: even when the odor has taken place, the charcoal will absorb it.

To remove stains from mourning dresses.—Boil a good handful of fig leaves in two quarts of water till reduced to a pint. Bombazine, crape, cloth, &c. need only be rubbed with a sponge dipped in the liquor, and the effect will be instantly produced.

To warm beds.—Take all the black or blazing coals out of the pan, and scatter a little salt over the remainder: this will prevent the smell of sulphur, so disagreeable to delicate persons.

A substitute for milk and cream.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg, in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling. It is difficult from the taste, to distinguish the composition from rich cream.

To remove flies from the rooms.—Take half a tea-spoonful of black pepper, in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, one table spoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room, on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

To preserve milk.—Provide bottles which must be perfectly clean, sweet, and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottle, and as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with pack thread or wire. Then spread a little straw on the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold take out the bottles, and pack them with straw or saw dust in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house or ship. Milk preserved in this manner although eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

To make excellent bread.—Mix seven pounds of best flour, with three pounds of pared boiled potatoes. Steam off the water, and leave them a few minutes on the fire; mash them fine, and mix them whilst quite warm in the flour, with a spoonful or more of salt. Put a quart of water, milk warm, with three large spoonfuls of yeast, gradually to the potatoes and flour. Work it well into a smooth dough, and let it remain four hours before it is baked.

To make wholesome rich bread.—Take of soft pulp, then rub it with 6 lbs. of meat potatoes, cooked by steam, and, when well blended, add 6 lbs. of flour; make the whole into a dough with water, and ferment with yeast, in the usual manner.

To cure butter.—Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of sugar, and one part of salt-petre; beat them up and blend the whole together. Take one ounce of this composition, for every 16 ounces of butter, work it well into a mass, and close it up for use. Butter cured this way, appears of a rich marbled consistence, and fine color, and never acquires a terrible hardness, nor is it so liable to salt. It may likewise be good for three years, observing that it must stand three weeks or a month before it is used.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 3.]

MASONIC.

MASONIC ADDRESS.

Many objections have been raised against Freemasonry because it is a secret Institution, its enemies contending that there is no need for secrecy in the operations of any good society. This would, at first view, appear to be a some what reasonable objection to the Fraternity, but upon a more minute and deliberate consideration, every individual possessed of good mind, will at once see that there is nothing improper in it; nothing incompatible with the spirit which Masonry professes. Every one at all conversant with the philosophy of the human mind, is aware that many of the best gifts of God to man lose their importance and dwindle into insignificance, by being entirely divested of mystery and rendered common. There is certainly not a greater truism than that "familiarity begets disgust." Strip, then, Masonry of its secrecy, and many who are now pleased with the Institution would regard it with indifference. Again, it is essentially necessary for the preservation of the purity of the Order that secrecy should characterize the Mason. Lift that impervious curtain of mystery that has for so many ages veiled Masonry from the eyes of the world, let all our rites and ceremonies be laid open to the world, let every individual who would choose to embrace Masonry, and then farewell, a long farewell to all its greatness. We have already been taunted with suffering unworthy men to attach themselves to the institution, and yet we are told to keep no secrets. This involves an inconsistency. First, we are asked to make all the world Masons, by exposing the tenets of the Order, and then we are upbraided because we have been too promiscuous in our admissions. But there is no argument too fallacious or absurd for our opponents to use against us, no weapon however unequally or unwieldy, but they are ready to offer battle to Masonry with it. But thanks to that wisdom that designed, and that order that raised our beautiful Masonic edifice, an edifice rendered immortal by its beauty, strength and wisdom. Resting within its walls, we can securely behold cloud after cloud of oppression gather, rise and discharge itself, while our Masonic Order based as it were on the everlasting word of the Great I am, remains unshaken, unmoved, and undaunted. Masons cannot be with propriety blamed for the strictness with which they preserve the secrets of the Order, for reasons already enumerated, nor can any objection reasonably attach to the Institution itself on account of its secret nature. How many good and virtuous designs have been thwarted in consequence of a lack of observance of secrecy, it is not necessary to try to call to mind.—I am sure there is not an individual but can recollect, at some period of his life, some calamity having befallen him, either in consequence of his own lack of prudence, or of having reposed a secret in an unworthy breast. Nay, cities have been devastated, crowns have been torn from virtuous heads, empires have been revolutionized, rivers of blood have been shed, and thousands and millions of widows and orphans have been made by a lack of secrecy, to shed their tears and raise their wail. Yea, as insignificant as at first sight the observance of secrecy to many may appear, yet does it involve the fate of empires and the happiness and prosperity of nations. Solomon our Great Grand Master, felt something of the secrecy, when he exclaimed, "Wounds may be bound up, and words forgiven, but he who betrays the secrets of a friend, loses all credit." Again, Masons have a secret and peculiar language, which it is necessary to preserve among the household of the faithful, for the purpose of preventing imposition. The mysteries of this language we are instructed in secretly in Lodges, and such is its power, its beauty, and its usefulness, that were I at this instant surrounded by a horde consisting of the wildest barbarians of the earth, who were seeking my property and life, this universal language of Freemasonry would

come to my aid, and if there should be one Mason among them all, my life, my happiness would be respected and protected by him. The language, like the electric fluid flies with the rapidity of lightning to the heart of the mason, causing it to expand to a brother in distress; yes, even the swarthy Indian, and almost relentless wild Arab, on his plains of burning sand, recognizes this language, and rushes with the impetuosity of a torrent to the relief of a brother in distress. Then, if it were only for this one reason, it is necessary, in order to be serviceable, that secrecy should be observed, and the mysteries of Freemasonry, by a strict observance of the ancient landmarks, should be invariably kept from all but those that are worthy, and well qualified.

Another objection has been raised to Freemasonry, because it is not religious in its operations, and it has even been stated that many Masons are Atheists, disbelieving not only in the religion of Christ, but in the Holy Bible itself. This is one of the foulest, blackest, and most disgraceful slanders that has ever been heaped upon the Institution, or the heads of good and great men of all nations and ages. Freemasonry is not sectarian in its views, nor bigoted or illiberal in its operations, yet ever since the mind of man has been capable of separating error and superstition from truth and revelation, ever since the day the spring of knowledge has awakened and called forth the energies of great and good minds, the virtuous and religious have stood forth as encouragers and promoters of our art, have extended to us the right hand of fellowship, and have considered themselves honored by having offices allotted to them in our Lodges, much more honored than they would have been by having heaped upon them all the blandishments of power, or all the vain circumstance of pomp that could have been bestowed upon them by prince, potentate, or any other person. Would such things be, could it have happened, that religious men, men believing, and even teaching, the religion of Jesus, would attach themselves to an institution irreligious and immoral in its tendencies, and wicked and egregiously foolish in its fundamental principles. And the Bible, that sacred volume which cheers the weary pilgrim on his way, which is his encouragement in disappointment, in sorrow, in distress, and in disease, which points him to that goal where his labors will terminate, and his virtues be rewarded—that great moral and religious code, it is said, is not respected by Masonry, nay, not believed by Masons! Oh shame, where is thy blush! In reference to the great respect paid to this good book, and the implicit reliance placed upon it by Masons, we will merely give an extract from the report of a committee of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. "We place," says that committee, "on the altar of our consecrated Temple, the Holy Bible, as its most precious oblation, and its richest ornament. We press the hand of the initiate, when he first kneels there upon its unfolded pages, as the guaranty of his fidelity and truth, and we open his before darkened eyes upon its heaven-inspired pages, that there they may ever look for light ineffable, and bliss eternal. We realize that the truths contained in this word are all-important to the knowledge, the virtue and happiness of mankind. We most earnestly desire its universal diffusion, that it may be read in all languages, communicate its most needed and salutary information to every human understanding, and its sanctifying influences to every human heart. And we most devoutly and fervently implore the blessings of Almighty God upon all endeavors which are making by individuals and societies at the present day to distribute the Bible to the various nations of the globe." Is this the language of irreligion and unbelief? Is it not rather the language of good men and good Masons? and do you think it possible that an institution having for its supporters men in possession of such sentiments as those just repeated, can fail in its greatest time of need? No, it cannot. The Grand Master of all Masons, the Great Grand High Priest of the Universe will

never forsake us, will never withdraw himself from us while we live up to our professions, as free and accepted Masons.

Freemasons have been accused of taking the most horrid oaths, to perform for each other services when called on, not sanctioned by either justice or law. We can only say, those charges are perfectly false and unfounded, and it is an act of the basest injustice to make them against us, for it is well known to those who do it, that the only possible way in which we could perfectly disprove the accusation, would be by laying before the world the mysteries of the Craft. Could that be done with propriety, we can imagine the disgrace and confusion that would overpower those wicked men, who, for the basest of purposes, have made charges which they themselves know have no foundation in fact. But as the mysteries of Freemasonry cannot be dragged before, and exposed to the world, it is unkind, ungenerous and disgusting, to continue such attacks. It is assaulting an enemy with his hands bound behind him; it is taunting an opponent who is without the organs of speech, or power of utterance.

The history of events and characters connected with Freemasonry has been a subject of deep interest to mankind for many centuries, doubly so when it is taken into consideration that the Order has been [although one of the most humane and benevolent that ever existed] persecuted with the most unbound and rancorous malice, and its votaries, subjected to not only scorn and hatred, but to the stake, and every manner of cruelty that fiends in the shape of men could invent or devise. Often and again, in by-gone days does Masonic history inform us that the patrons of the Order were hunted as wild beasts of prey, and their faithful heart's blood poured in torrents on the bosom of their mother earth, and for what? Was it because they were traitors to their country? Was it because they sought in those peaceful vales, and on those quiet mountain tops, where God, the Grand Architect of the Universe reigns in all his glorious magnificence, and where Masons were wont to hold their Lodges in ancient days, to fire the brand of disloyalty or rebellion, to aim the dagger of the assassin at the heart of the prince or the powers that were? Was it because Masons disregarded their duties as men and as patriots? No, but merely because the tenets of our Order found a faithful depository in their hearts. Deep in their souls did they own those principles and talents which Masonry advocates. True, and truly did they hold fast to the landmarks of the Order by which Masonry has been preserved in its pristine beauty and purity, through rivers of blood and oceans of persecution.—True, many times, nay, in our nineteenth century, even in this enlightened day, it has been said that Masonry is dead, she cannot revive; and then her opponents have raised high their voices—they have cried aloud, We have destroyed her—we have destroyed her! But, like the cedars of Libanus, she raises her beautiful head, and proclaims to an ignorant few and a politically prostituted many, the futility of all their hopes, the total impossibility of destroying, or even permanently injuring our ancient and honorable Order. I tell all those zealots against Masonry, I proclaim it as an incontrovertible truth to the whole world, that as long as Masonry remains what it now is, and what it has ever been, it is foolish, vain and idle, to attempt to quench its fires; as well might they attempt to pluck the lightning's from the great Jehovah's hand as well might they essay to drive the Great I am from his eternal and everlasting throne, as to destroy it, and why? Because true Masonry and true goodness are synonymous terms. I say again to all such as are foolish enough to indulge in the chimerical dream of prostrating our Order, and laying our ancient Institution in the dust—go, and when you can weave a glorious, bright and beautiful sunbeam into a mantle of darkness; when you can uproot every social and moral virtue; when you can tear from their places the planets, and uplift the foundations of earth; then may

you barely hope that your time to successfully persecute Freemasonry has begun. And what has been the fate and fall of most of those who renouncing the sacred tenets of our Order, have dared attempt to trample on the neck of our Institution. Do we not see that from the very first unholy step, kisgrace and infamy fastens itself upon them? a strange fatuity appears to come over the before brilliant mind, and darkness Cymmerean darkness, pervades the man in all his actions. "Those whom the Gods mean to destroy, they first make mad." There is nothing truer than this.—See that poor benighted wretch, who for political or other purposes, abjures Masonry, renounces that which he by every tie of honor and gratitude was bound to support. View him, I say, in his progress from having been once a son of light, now a being of darkness, groping along in search of political honors or pecuniary emoluments. What is the consequence? What have we seen the consequences of such gross abandonment of principle and virtue to be? Why, a Somerset in their dark walkings, which often breaks the neck of their unholy aspirations, and renders them forever dishonored among good men. I tell ye again vain men, that when you engage in a crusade against Freemasonry, at the very moment when you think you have buckled on a beautiful and impervious armour, you have but placed yourselves within the poisoned shirt of Nessus, which will burn and burn, and blister, and corrode, as long as life lasts, and even then your torments shall not cease. Conscience exists beyond the grave and winding-sheet; accountability is not nonentified by the hand of death. And how many ages, how many revolutions has our Order not passed through?

And though the lightnings flashed, and the thunders bellowed, yet unscathed stood the genius of Freemasonry, while *Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth* shed a halo of glory around her, which was beheld with wonder and astonishment by an admiring world. "Hail glorious Masonsonny! Hail thou that makes us great and free!!" It has been objected to our Order, that some of its members are not good members of society, that they are not even *respectable*, good men. What of this? Was there ever an institution, no matter how formed and conducted, into which bad members did not creep? Look around you at the members of our churches, do we not see within their pious bad men? I believe it will not be denied. Yes even in the sanctuary of the Most High, bloated intemperance and dark hypocrisy oftentimes take exalted seats, and "play fantastic tricks before high Heaven that make the angels weep," and would you from that circumstance, condemn the really good, the truly pious? I hope not, nay I know you would not. The duties that devolve upon Masons, compel them, as far as it is in their power, to suppress vice and immorality, intemperance, fanaticism and bigotry, and these, permit me to say, I believe are as successfully combated by Masons as by any other set of men under heaven.—What! condemn an institution because some of its members are bad? How absurd! Even the Saviour of mankind, the meek and lowly Jesus, had a wretch, a traitor, a blood-thirsty, penurious sinner among his apostles, who even deigned to sell his Master's precious blood for filthy lucre. How then can we wonder at these scandalous publications which have flooded the earth, making their appearance, which perhaps but a few bad *Masons* assisted in bringing before the world. When we see that one of the chosen twelve descended to hypocrisy and lying, and even bartered away the life of the Lord's anointed for money, can we be astonished, I say, that Masons from the same impulse—yea, men calling themselves *Masons*, should for gain sake, assist in bringing such a tissue of falsehood and slander before a world waiting, yea, on tiptoe, to believe and blame. When the genius of Freemasonry beheld this dark and damning deed, she shrieked aloud, but no fear came over her for her favorite Institution. She bled to see the perfidy, the wickedness, the base ingratitude of those who professed to be her apostles; but supported by the arms of faith, casting on high the bright beams of hope, in charity, she was willing to say, "forgive them, they know not what they do."

And now, my brethren of the mystic tie, to you I address myself. You have seen that your Order has had its origin as high, if not higher, than any other under the sun. It has been demonstrated to you, that

the great and good of all ages and nations have patronized it, and that it has withstood the efforts of its opponents to destroy it. My brethren, the eyes of a censorious world are upon you; there is nothing necessary to cause the frown of the multitude to rest upon you, but a deviation from moral rectitude. Therefore, I beg, I *conjure* you, as a friend to the ancient and honorable Order of Freemasonry, as a brother interested in your individual good, and immortal as well as temporal welfare, to practise virtue, morality, integrity, and all the Masonic virtues. Do not suffer yourselves to slumber on your posts. You are placed as sentinels on the watch-towers of Masonry; be vigilant, look well to your duties as Masons, to which you have bound yourselves by the most solemn ties. And as the tree is judged of by the fruit it produces, conduct yourselves so towards the world, that no blame can attach to you, and through you to the Order to which you have attached yourselves. Let your light so shine before men, that even the most scrupulous may be bound to acknowledge your worth. Thus will you secure to yourselves the friendship and esteem of the truly good of all denominations, and exalt the Institution of which you are members.

Above all things, brethren look well to the ancient landmarks of the Order; do not suffer them to be infringed or dispensed with, otherwise confusion and disorder will enter our Lodges, destroy that harmony and order that should always characterize the Society, and sap the foundations of our honorable Institution.—Much harm has been done Freemasonry by the admission of men unworthy of the benefits of the Order. Do not, my brethren, bring yourselves to believe that the respectability of any society is at all commensurate with the number of its members, but rather prefer to have a Lodge few in its numbers but honorable in its members. Finally, brethren, let us so conduct ourselves towards each other, and towards the world, that the most censorious cannot attach any blame to us, but may be bound to acknowledge our goodness, and the world at large, be convinced of the good effects of Masonry. By so doing, we will render ourselves good and happy men, and useful members of society, and fit ourselves, when the coils of mortality shall be thrown off, and that impenetrable veil of the Temple is raised for admission into the "*Sanctum Sanctorum*," the Holy of Holies.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

From the Menageries.

ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

"We have been favoured, by a gentleman who was formerly in the civil service at Ceylon, with the following description of an encounter with a leopard or panther, which in India are popularly called tigers:—

"I was in Jaffna, at the northern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, in the beginning of the year 1819; when, one morning, my servant called me an hour or two before my usual time, with "Master, master! people send for master's dogs—tiger in the town!" Now, my dogs chanced to be some very degenerate specimens of a fine species, called *Poligar* dog, which I should designate as a sort of wiry-haired grey bound, without scent. I kept them to hunt jackals; by the way, there are no real tigers in Ceylon; but leopards and panthers are always called so, and by ourselves as well as by the natives. This turned out to be a panther. My gun chanced not to be put together; and while my servant was doing it, the collector, and two medical men, who had recently arrived, in consequence of the cholera morbus having just then reached Ceylon from the continent, came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the two latter with remarkably blunt hog-spears. They insisted upon setting off without waiting for my gun, a proceeding not much to my taste. The tiger (I must continue to call him so) had taken refuge in a hut, the roof of which, as those of Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella; the only aperture into it was a small door, about four feet high. The collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged to wait for my gun; but no—the fowling-piece (loaded with ball, of course,) and the two hog spears were quite enough. I got a hedge stake, and awaited my fate, from very shame. At this moment, to my great delight, there arrived from the fort an English officer (two artill-

lery-men, and a Malay captain; and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready to attack, and my gun came a minute afterwards. The whole scene which follows took place within an enclosure, about twenty feet square formed, on three sides, by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut. At the door of this the two artillery-men planted themselves, and the Malay captain got at the top, to frighten the tiger out, by worrying it—an easy operation, as the huts there are covered with cocoa-nut leaves. One of the artillery-men wanted to go in to the tiger, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang; this man received him on his bayonet, which he thrust apparently down his throat, firing his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke off short, leaving less than three inches on the musket; the rest remained in the animal, but was invisible to us: the shot probably went through his cheek, for it certainly did not seriously injure him, as he instantly rose upon his legs, with a loud roar, and placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. At this moment, the animal appeared to me about to reach the centre of the man's face; but I had scarcely time to observe this, when the tiger, stooping his head, seized the soldier's arm in his mouth, turned him half round staggering, threw him over on his back, and fell upon him. Our dread now was, that if we fired upon the tiger, we might kill the man: for a moment there was a pause, when his comrade attached the beast exactly in the same manner as the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head; the tiger rose at him—he fired; and this time the ball took effect, and in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire. He still kicked and writhed; when the gentleman with the hog-spears advanced, and fixed him, while some natives finished him, by beating him on the head with hedgestakes. The brave artillery-man was, after, all, but slightly hurt: he claimed the skin, which was very cheerfully given to him. There was, however, a cry among the natives that the head should be cut off; and, in so doing, *the knife came directly across the bayonet*. The animal measured scarcely less than four feet from the root of the tail to the muzzle. There was no tradition of a tiger having been in Jaffna before, indeed, this one must have either come a distance of almost twenty miles, or have swam across an arm of the sea nearly two in breadth; for Jaffna stands on a peninsula on which there is no jungle of any magnitude."

ANECDOTE—CATS.

An extravagant young fellow was reduced to his last sixpence, in Charleston, S. C. He was a creature of infinite whim, and full of expedients; but was on the very brink of starvation.

A thought struck him. He went to a printer—stipulated with him to print some play-bills, (there was no theatre in Charleston at the time)—promised to take the whole business upon his own shoulders—bring him off harmless—and go snacks in the profit.

The bills, were printed, This night will be performed, &c. &c.—A farce, in one act, called *The Cat let out of the Bag, &c. &c.*—in the usual manner of such things.

The house was crowded—nobody, appeared on the stage for some time. At last a shrill whistle was heard—then a jews-harp—then a villanous three-stringed fiddle—and finally, a plain-dressed, awkward-looking chap, entered, with a very deliberate step, having a bag thrown over his shoulders. The audience rose—all a tip-toe with expectations. He seated himself, with the bag between his legs—began to untie it—held the top with his hands—the audience gathered nearer and nearer—Now! he cried—clapping his hands: *Scat—and so!*—out sprang a furious *Tom Cat*, pelmet among the hats and bonnets. Such a scene of confusion!—some aimed for the windows—some for the doors—some screamed—some swore—and more laughed.

At length they were calmed—but the curtain was dropped!—an epilogue was spoken: "ladies and gentlemen," said the manager, "the farce is over—we thank you, &c.—and—He was interrupted by huzzas and hisses:—"Why, what do you complain of," said he, with the most impudent composure, "isn't this a farce—isn't it in one act—wasn't the cat let out of the bag?"

The whole room was in an uproar—many were angry—but more were delighted at the fellow's impudence—and some even went so far as to call for it again. The swearers were for tearing him to pieces; but the laughers were most numerous and carried the day.

MISCELLANY.

From Ellis's Historical Inquirer

CONFESSION OF THE EXECUTIONER OF CHARLES I.

There have been great disputes about the person who beheaded Charles I. Mr. Ellis says, "it seems most probable that the person who actually beheaded the king was the common executioner." And then adds the following valuable and interesting note, which seems to us to settle the question.

"Among the tracts relating to the civil war, which were given to the British Museum by his late majesty King George III. in 1763, there are three upon this subject. One is entitled, 'The Confession of Richard Brandon the Hangman (upon his death-bed,) concerning his beheading his late Majesty. Printed in the year of the hangman's downfall, 1643.' The second is entitled; 'The last Will and Testament of Richard Brandon,' printed in the same year. The third, is, 'A Dialogue or Dispute between the late Hangman (the same person,) and Death,' in verse, without date. All three are in quarto."

The following are the most important paragraphs of the first tract:

"The confession of the hangman concerning his beheading his late majesty the king of Great Britain, (upon his death-bed) who was buried on Thursday last in Whitechapel church-yard, with the manner thereof:—

"Upon Wednesday last (being the 20th of this instant, June 1649,) Richard Brandon, the late executioner and hangman, who beheaded his late majesty, king of Great Britain, departed this life; but during the time of his sickness his conscience was much troubled, and exceeding perplexed in mind, yet little shew of repentance for remission of his sins, and by past transgressions, which had so much power and influence upon him, that he seemed to live in them, and they in him. And on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head. He replied 'yes, by reason that (upon the time of his tryall, and at the denouncing of sentence against him,) he had taken a vow and protestation wishing God to punish him body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand against him.'

"He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a hand-kircher out of the king's pocket, so soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary-lane. About six of the clock at night, he returned home to his wife living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her the money, saying, that it was the dearest money that ever he earned in his life, for it would set him at liberty; which prophetic words were soon made manifest, for it appeared, that since he hath been in a most sad condition, and the Almighty's first scourging of him with the Jewesses, and the friendly admonition of the calling him to repentance, yet he hath been in his vicious ways, and would not therewithal be reformed, and still pointing out his own sin, which he conceived to be impossible before him."

"About three days before he dy'd, he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a most desperate manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For the buriall whereof great store of wines were sent in by the sheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corpse carried to the church-yard, some crying out, 'Hang him, rogue!' 'Bury him in the dunghill!'

others pressing upon him, saying, they would quarter him for executing of the king; insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them, and (with great difficulty) he was at last carried to White Chappell church-yard, having (as it is said) a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin, on the top thereof, with a rope tyed crosse it, from one end to the other."

"And a merry conceited cook living at the sign of the Crown, having a black fan (worth the value of thirty shillings,) took a resolution to rent the same in pieces, and to every feather tied a piece of pack-thread dyed in black ink, and gave them to divers persons who (in derision for a while wore them on their hats."

"Thus have I given thee an exact account and perfect relation of the life and death of Richard Brandon, to the end that the world may be convinced of those calumnious speeches and erroneous suggestions which are daily spit from the mouth of envy against divers persons of great worth and eminency, by casting an odium upon them for the executing of the king; it being now made manifest that the aforesaid executioner was the only man who gave the fatal blow, and his man that waited upon him, was a ragman of the name of Ralph Jones living in Rosemary-lane."

"UNWRITTEN" COUNTENANCES.

How little does he know of humanity, who looks to the countenance as an index of the "inner man," and how slight and shallow is that man's acquaintance with the workings of human feeling, who believes every one happy that wears a smile upon his lip! "Flavius is a happy fellow, for you never meet him but you find that comical countenance of his, lit up in the sunshine of its own whimsicality; and he never opens his mouth but to utter one of his own peculiar queerities. He lives upon his humour, and it is not possible that ought save fun, and wit and fancy ever occupies his mind. He is living a life of unembittered mirth, and travelling over the rugged pathway of humanity with griefless tread;—threading the sinuosities of life with light mind and untroubled footstep." This is a language that we have but too often heard used, and used too, to a being, himself the victim of the most intense sensibility, and who while he was listening to the convivial merriment around him—perhaps contriving his full quota to it, was at the same moment writhing under the agonies of mental distress. Depend upon it, there is no judging of any man's feelings, by his looks, or by his language. He may be setting a table into a full roar of laughter, or he may be making you forget every thing but hilarity and the philosophy of old Democritus, in reading his pages, while his bosom is throbbing under the visitations of its own misery! We have known more than one such man. We have seen him imparting the liveliest feelings to those about him; we have seen every ear prepared to hear something witty from his lips, and every countenance holding itself in readiness to "stretch forth" to its utmost elongation of laughter, at what he should utter; and we never knew him to disappoint the expected luxury. But while we have witnessed this, we have known full well that he who admitted to the mirth of others, knew nought but sorrow himself! Apparent cheerfulness, very often covers concealed woe, and a bright countenance is but too frequently the false flag which the desperate unfurl, when they would commit piracy upon human discernment!

POLISH REVOLUTION.

We are no lovers of revolutions. We know their almost necessary evil, their fearful summoning of the fiercer passions of our nature, the sullen civil hatred by which brother is armed against brother, the long ordeal of furious license, giddy anarchy, and promiscuous slaughter. Of all this we are fully aware. But the Polish Revolution is justified by every feeling which makes freedom of religion, person, and property dear to man. Poland owes no allegiance to Russia. The bayonet gave, and the bayonet will take away. So perish the triumph that scorns justice, the so rise the holy claim of man to enjoy unfettered and being that God has giving him. Hating, as we sincerely do, all unprovoked violence, and deprecating an unnecessary change, it is impossible for us, without a

bandoning our human feelings, to refuse the deepest sympathy to the efforts of our fellow-men, in throwing off a despotism ruinous to every advance of nations, degrading to every faculty of the human mind, and hostile to every principle alike of Justice, Virtue, and Christianity.

THE NEWGATE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

The rabid passion for the romantic literature of the Old Bailey, which we have witnessed at its height during the by-gone year, has been perhaps, unparalleled in any other age or country. All the minor theatres, stringently prohibited from acting the higher forms of the drama, put *Jack Sheppard* into a red riding-coat, and, night after night, captivated the imaginations of their motley audiences, by the magnanimity, courage, and, generosity of the burglarious hero.—The horrible became so fashionable in the stews, that *Jack* was even hanged upon the stage amidst the tears of the sympathising spectators; and such was the frenzy of popularity that followed this galantic show of mingled ribaldry and bombast, that one of our cleverest actresses did not hesitate to assume the character of the fascinating felon upon the stage, breaking gaol with the most ineffable agility, and dangling two tipsy wives upon her delicate arms, to the unspeakable delight of the congenial rabble! Did *Victor Hugo* or *Alexander C. mas*, or any of the French melodramatists ever conceive such a disgraceful *me'ange* as this!

Elveskin set the town on fire. "Nix my dolly" filled the police-officers for many weeks in succession with riff-raff roysterers—fortunate in their glorification if they escaped the treadmill. But unfortunately the influence of this celebrated novel did not end with the inspirations of the gin-palace. A poor youth, emulating some fanciful image of despair that had got into his head, threw himself off the monument, and was found with a dirty *fusicle* of *Jack Sheppard* in his pocket! The truth is, that books of this description exercise a most melancholy influence over the minds of the lower orders, working them up to crime, and impressing them with deranged notions about the grandeur of robbery and murder. It is difficult to conceive an infatuation of this kind, but we have too many fatal proofs of the fact to question its existence for a moment. The illustration is the most convincing and the most appalling of all. One of his confessions, the wretched *Courtoisier* stated, that the first idea of taking the life of his venerable master was suggested to his mind by the perusal of the ignominious story of *Jack Sheppard*! Humanity shudders at such revelations.

THE JEWESSES.—Fortanes asked Chateaubriand, "If he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men?" To which Chateaubriand gave the following truly poetical and Christian one;—"The Jewesses" he said "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons.—Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God; scourged him; crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the Cross; The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The Sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the women who touched the hem of his garment.—To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the Holy Women accompanied him to Calvary; brought balm and spices, and weeping, sought him at the sepulchre. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance, after his resurrection, was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary'—At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered—'Master.' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

When Oxford fired at the Queen and Prince Albert, why was he like O'Connell? Because he was for a repeal of the union.

HISTORICAL.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE 'ROBINSON HOUSE';

OR REMINISCENCE OF WEST-POINT AND ARNOLD THE
TRAITOR.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 'BOARD OF VISITERS.'

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 12.]

Colonel Jameson, after a careful examination of the papers, notwithstanding the fact that they were all in the hand-writing, and bore the signature of Arnold, and carried on their face the indisputable evidence of his treason, ordered the prisoner to be sent directly to Arnold! This conduct was indeed most extraordinary, and justified the remark of General Washington, 'that either on account of his egregious folly, or bewildered conception, he seemed lost in astonishment, and not to know what he was doing.' The prisoner was accordingly sent off to Head-Quarters, the papers despatched by an express to General Washington. Major Tallmadge, the second officer in command under Colonel Jameson, was absent from the post when the prisoner was brought in; but having returned very shortly after the guard had departed with him, and being apprized of the facts, he at once declared his full conviction of Arnold's treason, and urged so earnestly that the prisoner should not be sent to Head-Quarters, that Colonel Jameson yielded a reluctant assent that an express should be instantly despatched; and in a few hours Lieutenant Allen returned with Andre to North Castle; from thence he was removed for greater security to Salem, and placed under the charge of Major Tallmadge. Upon reaching this post, Andre found that he was not to be taken to Arnold; and utterly despairing of escape or concealment, he wrote his first letter to General Washington, dated Salem, 24th September, 1780, in which, with a soldier's frankness, he disclosed his situation, and all his proceedings. He then handed the letter open to Major Tallmadge, who read it with a strong emotion, and sealed and forwarded it to General Washington.

The commander-in-chief was then on his way from Hartford, and changing the route which he had first proposed, came by the way of West Point. At Fish kill he met the French minister, M. de la Luzerne, who had been to visit Count Rochambeau at Newport, and he remained that night with the minister. Very early next morning he sent off his luggage, with orders to the men to go with it as quickly as possible to 'Beverly,' and give Mrs. Arnold notice that he would be there at breakfast. When the general and his suite arrived opposite West Point, he was observed to turn his horse into a narrow road that led to the river. La Fayette remarked, 'General, you are going in a wrong direction: you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us.' Washington good naturedly said: 'Ah, I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me: I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river.' The officers, however, with the exception of two of the aids, remained. When the aids arrived at 'Beverly,' they found the family waiting; and having communicated the message of General Washington, Arnold, with his family and the two aids, sat down to breakfast. Before they had finished, a messenger arrived in great haste, and handed General Arnold a letter, which he read with deep and evident emotion.

The self-control of the soldier enabled Arnold to suppress the agony he endured after reading this letter.—He rose hastily from the table; told the aids that his immediate presence was required at West Point; and desired them so to inform General Washington, when he arrived. Having first ordered a horse to be ready, he hastened to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, and there, with a bursting heart, disclosed to her his dreadful position, and that they must part, perhaps for ever. Struck with horror at the painful intelligence, this fond and devoted wife swooned, and fell senseless at his feet.—In this state he left her, hurried down stairs, and mounting his horse, rode with all possible speed, to the river. In doing so, Arnold did not keep the main road, but passed down the mountain, pursuing a by-path thro'

the woods, which Lieutenant Arden pointed out, and which is now called 'Arnold's Path.' Near the foot of the mountain, where the path approaches the main road, a weeping willow, planted there no doubt by some patriot hand, stands, in marked contrast with the forest trees which encircle and surround it, to point out to the inquiring tourist the very pathway of the traitor.

In our interesting visit, we were accompanied by the superintendent, Major Delafield, and in the barges kindly ordered for our accommodation, we were rowed to 'Beverly Dock' and landed at the spot where Arnold took boat to aid his escape. He was rowed to the 'Vulture,' and using a white handkerchief, created the impression that it was flag-boat: it was therefore suffered to pass. He made himself known to Captain Sutherland, of the Vulture, and then calling on board the leader of the boatmen who had rowed him off, informed him that he and his crew were all prisoners of war. This disgraceful and most unmanly appendix to his treason, was considered so contemptible, by the captain, that he permitted the man to go on shore, on his parole of honor, to procure clothes for himself and comrades. This he did, and returned the same day. When they arrived in New York, Sir Henry Clinton, holding in just contempt such a wanton act of meanness, set them all at liberty.

When General Washington reached 'Beverly,' and was informed that Arnold had departed for West Point, he crossed directly over, expecting to find him. Surprised to learn that he had not been there, after examining the works he returned. General Hamilton had remained at 'Beverly,' and as Washington and his suite were walking up the mountain road, from 'Beverly Dock,' they met General Hamilton, with an anxious face and hurried step, coming toward them. A brief and suppressed conversation took place between Washington and himself, and they passed on rapidly to the house, where the papers that Washington's change of route had prevented his receiving, had been delivered that morning; and being represented to Hamilton as of great and pressing importance, were by him opened and the dreadful secret disclosed. Instant measures were adopted to intercept Arnold, and prevent his escape, but in vain. General Washington then communicated the facts to La Fayette and Knox, and said to the former, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' 'Whom can we trust now? He also went up to see Mrs. Arnold, but even Washington could carry to her no consolation. Her grief was almost frenzied; and in its wildest moods, she spoke of General Washington as the murderer of her child. It seemed that she had not the remotest idea of her husband's treason; and she had even schooled her heart to feel more for the cause of America, from her regard for those who professed to love it. Her husband's glory was her dream of bliss—the requiem-chant for her infant's repose; and she was found, alas! as many a confiding heart has oft been found,

'To cling like ivy round a worthless thing.'

Arnold wrote to General Washington, declaring the innocence of Andre; that he came on shore under his protection, and was not answerable for any wrong of Arnold's, and seeking also protection and kindness for his wife and child, he remarked, 'was as good and innocent an angel, and incapable of doing wrong.'

Washington took active measures to guard against the treason. Not knowing how far the poison had spread, or who of all those about him had been affected by it, he was compelled to a course, which, while it did not distrust any one in particular of his brave compatriots in arms, yet extended over all the tireless vigilance of an eye sleepless in its country's service. Andre was sent under a strong guard to Head-Quarters at 'Beverly,' where he arrived in the custody of Major Tallmadge, on the morning of the 26th. Washington made many inquiries of Major Tallmadge, but declined to have the prisoner brought into his presence, and never did see him while in the hands of the Americans. Andre was next taken to West Point, where he remained until the morning of the 28th, when he was removed down the river in a barge, to Stony Point, and thence, under an escort of cavalry, to 'Tappan.' Some doubt has existed whether Andre was ever at West Point; but it is on record, on the authority of Colonel Tallmadge, who personally attended Andre, from the moment of his arrest to that

of his execution, that he was carried to West Point but not imprisoned there.

In passing down the river, he conversed freely with Major Tallmadge, pointed out a piece of table-land on the western shore, where he was to have landed, and pointing to old Fort Putnam, which still stands in lofty grandeur, almost undecayed by time, the constant resort of the pilgrim patriot, he detailed the projected course of the British up the mountain to the attack; and I learn that so well had the preparations been conducted, that the scaling-ladders with which the walls were to be passed, were found afterward, concealed, ready for service, and some of which were preserved until within a few years, by an aged patriot, as relics of that remote period; and even now may be seen the drill-house at West Point, a portion of the hugh chain that was stretched across the Hudson, just below West Point, to obstruct the British shipping, and several links of which Arnold had caused to be cut, that the enemy could break it with greater facility. On their way to Tappan, Maj. Andre was very anxious to know what would be the result of his capture; and when Major Tallmadge could no longer evade a direct reply, however painful to his feelings, he told this short and simple story: 'I had a much-loved class mate in Yale college, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information of the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, was taken just as he was passing the out posts of the British on his return.' Turning to Andre, Major Tallmadge said, with emphasis, 'Do you know the sequel of that story!'

'Yes,' said Andre; 'he was hung as a spy; but surely you do not consider his case and mine alike?'

Major Tallmadge replied: 'Yes, precisely similar, and similar will be your fate!' From that moment, the dejection of his spirits was striking and painful.

On the 29th of September, General Washington, summoned a board of officers, consisting of six majors general and eight brigadiers. They were directed to examine the case of Major Andre, and to report the facts, with their opinion of the nature of the transaction, and its punishment. When the prisoners were brought before them, the president informed him that he was at perfect liberty to withhold an answer to any questions put to him. Declining to avail himself of any legal or technical rights, he proceeded to give a brief narrative of all that had occurred; between his landing from the Vulture and his capture; and stated expressly that he did not come on shore under the protection of a flag of truce. His deportment was manly, dignified, and delicate; and while he sought no disguise or concealment of the part he had played in this transaction, he was scrupulously careful not to disclose the names or acts of others. After full consideration, the Board of Officers reported the facts in detail, and their opinion that Major Andre ought to be considered a spy, and that, according to the laws and usage of nations, he should suffer death. The voice of humanity pleaded loudly for mercy to Major Andre, but the stern realities of the scene which might have been presented, had his agency been successful, forbade all hope. Inexorable justice, and the stern decrees of the law, alike required an example, which should not only prove a warning to all traitors in time to come, but convince the American people that their cause was in the hands of men who knew their rights, and knowing dared maintain them. Appeals the most powerful were made, and no human effort left untried, to induce Washington to save Andre, but in vain. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness; his sympathies were all enlisted for the interesting prisoner, whose life was in his hands; and it required the firmness of a Roman father, to withstand the promptings of his own generous nature. But he never shrunk from the rigid performance of a public duty, or permitted his heart to dictate what honor and patriotism alike forbade.

One plan however, suggested itself to Washington, by which, if successful, the life of Andre might be spared; and that was, to exchange Andre for Arnold. It was a forlorn hope; but the bare attempt proves the nobility of the heart that would make the suggestion. Washington knew that an open proposal of this kind to the British commander would be likely, from its very publicity, to be rejected, and he therefore

adopted an expedient. He despatched Captain Aaron Ogden, of New Jersey, who was at that time, with Washington, ardently engaged in the cause of his country with the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, to Sir Henry Clinton; and he was directed to remain at Jersey City all night, after delivering his despatches, and in the course of the evening, which he would spend with the British officers, to speak of the arrest of Andre, and to suggest the certainty of his death, unless he could be exchanged for Arnold. After supper, he accordingly introduced this subject of painful interest, and found ready listeners. When he spoke of the exchange, one of the officers eagerly inquired if he had authority for that remark: "No," said Captain Ogden, "not directly from General Washington; but I think if the proposal is made, he would agree to it.—The officer who made the inquiry was seen shortly to leave the room; crossing the river to New York, he went directly to Sir Henry Clinton, and detailed the remarks of Captain Ogden. The next morning, the same officer observed, in a careless manner, to Captain Ogden, as he was about to depart, that the exchange which he had spoken of could not be made: 'it would be such a violation of honor and military principle, that he knew Sir Henry Clinton would not listen to the idea for a moment.' Failing in this, General Washington determined on still another plan to save the life of Andre. He sent for Major Lee, and said to him:

"I have sent for you, in the expectation, that you have some one in your corps, who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward, will confer a great obligation upon me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost: he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold and save Andre."

Major Lee selected a man by the name of Champe, a Virginian, of tried courage, and inflexible perseverance. He was sent for, and the plan proposed. He was to desert, and escape to New York; to appear friendly with the enemy; to watch Arnold, and upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom he could trust, to seize him, and conduct him to an appointed place on the river, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away. Champe agreed to undertake the mission, and departed. Soon after he arrived in New York, he was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who treated him kindly, questioned him very closely, gave him a couple of guineas, and recommended him to Arnold, who was anxious to procure American recruits. He enlisted in Arnold's legion, and had daily opportunities of watching the General. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve o'clock every night, and to walk in his garden before retiring. This hour was fixed upon; and the period when Champe was to seize him. He then wrote to Major Lee, fixing the third day after for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, where he hoped to place Arnold in their hands. Every thing was prepared by Champe and his associates for the arrest; but this second attempt was doomed to fail. On the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the plan, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the city, to superintend the embarkation of troops, and the American legion was all placed on board one of the transport ships. And thus it happened that John Champe, instead of having the glory of delivering Arnold to the Americans, was safely deposited on board one of the transports, and carried to Virginia. Thus ended the second attempt of General Washington to save the unfortunate Andre. The proceedings of the Court of Inquiry were laid before a board of officers, by Sir Henry Clinton, and a deputation of three persons appointed to wait on General Washington, and renew the efforts to save the life of Andre. The negotiation was conducted by General Robertson for the British, and by General Greene, for the Americans; but it produced no change in the opinion and determination of General Washington.

When the sentence of death was communicated to Major Andre, he manifested no surprise or concern, having evidently been prepared for the result. His only desire seemed to be, that he might die the death of a soldier, and not be hung as a felon. This wish was repeated in a most impressive letter to General Washington, but it could not be. The rules of grim-visaged War pointed out the gibbet, and the gentle

and pathetic appeals of mercy could neither change the mode, nor win from death respite, reprieve, or forgiveness. The time for execution was fixed for the second of October, at twelve o'clock. Even within a step of the grave, the elegant accomplishments of this interesting man, contributed to throw a light veil over the brief future, and enabled him to leave a sketch, which at this day possesses great interest. In the 'Trumbull Gallery,' at Yale college, is a pen-and-ink drawing, taken by him on the morning of his execution. It is his own likeness, seated at a table in his guard-room; and was presented to Mr. Tomlinson, officer of the guard.

The fatal day at length arrived. Andre partook of his breakfast, which had been sent every day during his confinement from Washington's own table; and after having shaved and dressed, he placed his hat on the table, and said cheerfully to the officer of the guard, he was ready at any moment. The concourse of people was immense. Nearly all the general and field officers, except Washington and his staff were present. Major Andre walked from the stone house, where he had been confined, between two subaltern officers, arm in arm. Until his near approach to the gallows, he had believed that his request to be shot would have been granted; and the dreadful disappointment caused a momentary shudder. He stepped into the wagon beneath the gallows, and took from his pocket two white handkerchiefs: with one his arms were loosely pinioned, and with the other, after removing his hat and stock, he bandaged his eyes, with perfect composure. He then slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck, without any assistance. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the bandage from his eyes, and said: "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." In a latter instant, his spirit had passed to the God who gave it.

Such was the melancholy fate of a man, whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known. In ten short days, his fairest hopes had been blighted, and his brightest visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die not more beloved by his friends, than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin, and by whose hands his life was justly taken. There are few Americans who can look back upon the fate of Andre without deep regret. His name is embalmed in every generous heart; and while we condemn his great error, and approve the sentence of his judges, we can truly grieve that a life of so much promise was destined to such an ignominious doom.

The remains of Major Andre, which had been interred within a few feet of the place of execution, were removed in 1821, under the direction of Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul at New York, and sent to England. They were deposited in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, erected by order of the king, marks the last resting place of Major John Andre.

'When cold in the grave lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee; then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close thy eyes.'

Arnold received a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and continued actively engaged during the war against his country. After its termination he was busily employed in commercial pursuits in the West Indies, and at last removed to England. But there, as here, he was shunned and despised by all honorable men; and after enduring the pangs of a guilty heart, the mark of scorn, even in the very land to which he had fled, the poor miserable outcast sunk to the grave, closing a life of guilt and shame, 'unwept, unhonored and unsung,' having secured an infamy of fame, which time can never efface. When all things else shall be forgotten, then, and not till then, will Arnold and Treason cease to be regarded as synonymous terms:

O'er his grave shall the raven wing flap,
Ho, the false hearted!

R. P. T.

Bashful.—There is a man down east, who says he dares not be honest now a-days, for fear they would laugh at him!

THE GATHERER.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

In Paris the theatre is called Paradise. The duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a fille de chambre, and to sit there. A young officer who sat next to her was very free in his addresses: and when the play was over concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemingly accepted. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind he handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out, 'where is the supper you promised?' He bowed and replied, 'In paradise we are equals: but I am not insensible of the respect which I owe you, madam on earth.' This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the duchess's carriage, and a seat at her table.

DUELING.

Mr. Macklin once undertook in a lecture, at his school oratory, to show the cause of dueling in Ireland; and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and after getting as far as the reign of queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding when Foote, who was present, spoke to order. "Well sir; what have you to say on the subject?" "Only to crave a little attention, sir," (says Foote with much seeming modesty) when I think I can settle this point in a few words."—"Well, go on."—"Why, then, sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it?" "O'clock!" says Macklin, "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?"—"Pray sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin, on this pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half past ten. "Very well," says Foote, "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling, duelling; and so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgement; and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

The mayor of a town in Burgundy, hearing that this prince was to pass that way, and thinking himself to be a great orator, determined to display his abilities on this occasion. When the prince approached, the burghers were put under arms, whilst the mayor at the head of the corporation pulling out a long piece of parchment began to harangue as follows: "Of all the towns that have the honor of being within the compass of your most serene highness' government, the very least would be overjoyed to make you sensible, that none has so great a zeal for your service, or affection for your person, as ours. We very well know, that the certain way of pleasing the greatest warrior of the present age, is to receive him with the thunderings of numerous artillery; but for us alas! it is impossible to fire one cannon, for eighteen reasons. The first is, that there never was any such thing as a cannon in this place, since it was built. The second—" "hold, hold," said the king: "I am so well satisfied with your first reason, that I shall excuse all the rest."

THE ROSE.

'I see all the flowers around me fade and die, and yet men call me alone the fading, the early perishing rose! Ungrateful man! Do I not make my span of life delicious enough to you? Yes, and even after death I build myself a monument in the sweet odors of perfumes and unguents, full of strength and refreshment; and yet I hear you sing and say, alas! the fading, the early perishing rose!'

Thus mourned the queen of flowers on her throne, perhaps already in the first sense of her waning beauty. A maiden, standing by, heard her, and answered,

'Be not displeased with us, sweet little one! Call

not that unthankfulness which is, in truth, greater love, the promptings of tender affection. We see all the flowers around us die, and esteem it the fate of flowers; but these, their queen, these only do we wish and deem worthy to be immortal. Since we too, are deceived in our hopes, pardon us the sorrow which mourns ourselves in thee. All the beauty, youth, and joy of our life we liken to thee; and when their blossoms fade like thine, then, too, we sing and say, alas! the fading, the early perishing rose!

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

How various, and even opposite, are the notions which the natives of different countries entertain of personal beauty. Yet there can be no doubt that the expression of the soft emotions of benevolence, pity and love, as shown in the female face, is pleasing to all the world. The different opinions of beauty entertained in various countries, relate to color and to form; and these opinions arise from national customs, or certain prejudices widely extended, which alter the natural taste. In China, the chief beauty of woman is thought to consist in the smallness of their feet; as soon as girls are born, the nurses confine their feet with the tightest ligatures to prevent their growth. The women of Arabia color their eye-brows with a black powder, and draw a black line under their eyes, to make them appear more prominent and expressive. In the time of the old court, the faces of the Parisian ladies were spotted with patches and plastered with rouge. Lord Chesterfield, when at Paris, was asked by Voltaire, if he did not think some French ladies then in company, whose cheeks were fashionably tinted, very beautiful. "Excuse me," said Lord Chesterfield, from giving an opinion—for I am no judge of paintings." A well-looking Englishman, as he was travelling among the Alps, attracted much notice; but the natives thought his person deficient in one important point, which they flattered themselves was a local beauty. "How completely handsome" they said, "this Englishman would be, if he had like us, a swelling under his throat!"

Breaking the law for fun.—They have in Baltimore, as in this city, a law against smoking segars or pipes in the streets, and a very wise and provident law it is. A young sprig of dandyism in the former city the other day undertook to set the law at defiance, or to use his own expression, he "wished to break the law for the fun of seeing how he felt in doing it." He got his fun in the shape of a fine of \$20 and costs, and went away with an evident determination not to enjoy any more such fun.

The Farrier and the Physician.—Dr. Moncey was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated, that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, as they could not explain the symptoms of their disorders. "Well," said the farrier, "your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints." "Ah!" replied the physician, "my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his cavalry against my infantry."

TEARS OF THE HERO OF AUSTERLITZ.—Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon, and the village bells of Brienz? He was riding late one day over a battlefield, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewn the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly "those evening bells" struck up a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brienz; and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and to the astonishment of Rapp, who relates the circumstance, burst into tears.—The rock was smitten, and the living waters gushed from it.

TOMBS OF INDIAN KINGS.—In Lambyaque, Peru, are to be seen the stupendous graves of the Indian Kings, which must have died in the time of Incas. These stupendous mounds of earth are just upon the outside of the city, and are built of sundried brick, and

are of gigantic dimensions. Some of them are over three thousand feet in circumference, and over one hundred and fifty feet in height, and have required time and a deal of labor in their erection. One of them was opened in Truxillo, and silver and gold taken from it amounting to over \$2,000,000. A company of merchants have been organized, and are about opening several others in search of more hidden treasures.

Henry IV. of France asked the Jesuit Cotton, "Would you discover to me the confession of a man who told you he was determined to assassinate me?" "No, I could not," said Cotton, "neither in honor nor conscience; but I would prevent his malice, by placing myself between him and you."

An old gentleman was asked, why he did not marry. He answered, I should not like an old woman.—Why not marry a young one, then, as you have property? He replied, if I should not be pleased with an old woman, how can I expect that a young one will be attached to me?

Battle of Agincourt.—A gentleman long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a violent fracas in the front area of a gin shop, facetiously termed it, "The battle of A-gin-Court."

A singer once complained to Sheridan that himself and his brother had been ordered to take ass' milk, but that on account of its expensiveness, he hardly knew what they should do. "Do," cried Sheridan, "why suck one another, to be sure."

Judge Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, whose severity was at one time proverbial, was at a public dinner with Curran, and observed to him as he was carving a piece of corned beef, that if it was hung beef he would try a bit of it. If you try it, my Lord, replied Curran, it will certainly be hung.

A person once hearing a Lady sing who had a disagreeable breath, was asked how he liked it. "The voice is very good," said he, "but the air is intolerable."

Temperance man.—A son of the Emerald Isle who arrived in New York the other day, was asked by an acquaintance to take a glass of grog, and declined, giving as a reason for his refusal that he had joined the temperance society in Cork, before leaving Ireland.—His friend replied that that was no consequence, as a pledge given in Ireland was not binding here. To this piece of left handed morality, Pat indignantly retorted—"Do you suppose when I brought me body to America, I'd be afther laving me sowl in Ireland?"

A circumstance of rather a novel nature occurred yesterday in the Court House at the closing of the Criminal term. A native of the Emerald Isle, named Henry Smith, stepped forward in front of the bench, and stated to the Judges that he was on bail for Arson, for which crime he wished to be tried without delay, so that he might know whether he was to be hanged, transported or discharged; adding, with much nonchalance, in an undertone, that it was quite immaterial to him which was to be his fate. His securities were released, and he was bound over in his own recognizances to appear at the Court of Oyer and Terminer.—*Montreal Herald.*

An American Matron.—A lady of Matha's Vineyard, 88 years of age, who was the wife of an officer in the revolutionary army, has made with her own hands, twenty large and beautiful pin cushions, which have been received at the office of deposit in New Bedford for articles for the Bunker Hill Fair.

Rail Road to Canandaigua.—This morning at 4 o'clock, the first regular train of passenger cars started from this city for Canandaigua. This is a new epoch in the history of our city and her eastern neighbors.—The few miles between Batavia and Buffalo, are all that remain to complete the most rapid communication between Lake Erie and the Atlantic cities.—*Roch. Dem. of Thurs.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1840.

An absence of nearly a week, must plead as an apology for any neglect in our paper of this week.

FOREIGN.—The British Queen arrived at New York, on Thursday last, and brings interesting intelligence. An extraordinary express was received from Paris at London, on the 1st instant, announcing that Mehemet Ali, had positively refused to comply with the quadruple treaty, and had determined to resist its execution force by force. Animated preparations for war are going on throughout Europe, Asia and Africa.—The English and French Journals are filled with long articles on the Eastern question, and the probability of war—the former show the rashness and folly of France in attempting to oppose the Four Powers—and the latter, the readiness and Power of France to meet whatever nation attacks her. Louis Philippe, and his family, have had a very narrow escape from shipwreck. In threading the channel, the vessel was driven by the violence of the winds and waves on the new jetty, where she grounded in a situation of imminent peril to all on board. As soon as it was possible to effect a debarkation, the king ordered every person to be landed, and was himself the last person who left the ship. There has been a tremendous storm at Liverpool, which has been attended with considerable damage. Several destructive fires have occurred in London, which has been attended with loss of life, and the destruction of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. The Chinese continue busily engaged in making preparations for receiving the English expedition.

Full details are given in the London papers of the absurd attempt by Louis Napoleon—which, by the way, may be looked upon as extinguishing forever what little chance he may have had of ultimately succeeding in his designs upon France. The laugh is now turned against him, and Frenchmen will never risk their lives for one who has made himself ridiculous.

NEW SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN U. C.—It is stated in the Kingston Chronicle that Kingston is decided upon as the seat of Government for Canada. The senior military officer at Toronto, has positive orders to remove his head quarters to Kingston with the greatest despatch. It is also said that the heads of the civil departments are soon to follow to the same place.

The Oswego Herald says, that the reports which have been flying through the country, of the blowing up of an aqueduct on the Welland canal, is without foundation. No such occurrence has taken place, and vessel are continually passing the canal. So that Lett has one less crime to answer for.

LOOK OUT.—Bills purporting to have been issued by the Farmer's Bank at Amsterdam, are in circulation at the West. The backs are red and of the denomination of one and two.

POMPEII.—It appears from the foreign papers that the work of exhuming or uncovering this 'city of the dead,' is still going on, and that a number of temples, statues and paintings have been found more perfect than any which had before been discovered.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—We copy the following heart-rending account from the *Huntington, Pa. Journal*:

On Monday of last week, while moving a small building formerly occupied as an office by J. G. Miles, Esq. Samuel Read, aged fifteen, son of Thomas Read, esq. of our town, unfortunately became entangled, and fell beneath the axle, (on which the building was placed,) when the building was moving. Owing to the great noise consequent upon all such occasions, it was impossible to succeed in stopping the pulling of the horses and the men, until he had been drawn a distance of at least twenty-five feet. The axle not being more than four or five inches from the ground, no part of the lad got under except his legs, one of which was almost torn off at the knee; at least the flesh was literally stripped from the bone. Immediate surgical attendance was procured, but the shaft had sped, and insatiable Death claimed as her victim the young and happy lad, who but a few short hours before had been exulting in all the buoyancy of health.

It was a shocking and an appalling sight to see him, without the least prospect of being able to assist him, crushed as it were alive into his grave; and it spread a general gloom over our town.

Business looking up.—Our exchanges from various sections of the country are beginning to tell the cheerful intelligence of *business*. The old, stale, and oft repeated song of "hard times," is giving way to the more agreeable information of better things. In Boston, New York and Philadelphia, there has, even within the last week, been a decided improvement in business. Our own city has also experienced a very considerable change. Merchants from the South and West are making their appearance for the purpose of purchasing their fall stock of goods. Clerks who have been idle for some time are getting situations—from morning till night there is a busy stir, indicating a decided advance in commerce. Money is not quite so tight. The truth is, we are beginning to cheer up, and may in a few weeks hence, anticipate a comfortable trade.—*Bal. Upper*.

FIRE.—A fire broke out yesterday, says the *Baltimore American*, in the extensive livery stables of Mr. J. Fitzpatrick. The whole building was destroyed, but the horses, of which there were a number, were saved. Loss \$4500. Insurance \$2000. The flames extended to the adjoining premises, occupied by Messrs. Daley as a chair factory; the chair ware rooms of A. P. Smith; the tinware factory of R. Collier; and Mr. Kennedy's Baltimore Tavern; all of which are more or less injured. The fire was, no doubt, the work of an incendiary.

A Negro Revolt in Louisiana.—It is stated in the *New Orleans Picayune* that some hundred peaceful slaves, having been wrought upon by some abolition incendiaries, broke out in a furious revolt, on the 25th ult., in the Parish of Lafayette, but the poor misguided blacks were soon taught their error, and forty of them were placed in confinement, while twenty sentenced to be hung upon the 27th. Four white abolition rascals were detected, acting as leaders in conjunction with one yellow fellow, who is notorious for being a great scoundrel.

Heavy Robbery.—A package of twenty thousand dollars of the Union bank of Louisiana, entrusted by Mr. Dumatrait, cashier of the branch at St. Martinsville, to the captain of the Arabian, to be delivered to the branch at Palquemine, was stolen in some manner from the boat during her passage between the two places. How the villain or villains accomplished their scheme, remains a mystery, as nothing has yet transpired to develop the rascality; but prompt measures are already taken, and confident hopes are entertained of securing the guilty and recovering the money.—[*N. O. Picayune*].

A GALLANT CLERGYMAN.—A lady was rescued from drowning in the Delaware at Trenton, on the 20th ult., by Mr. E. D. Smith, pastor of German Reformed Church. She fell from a floating log, while attempting to cross the water power raceway, and Mr. Smith, being near by, plunged in, and rescued her.

DREADFUL THUNDERSTORM.—On Friday evening the 7th instant, an awful destruction of life was produced by a thunderstorm which passed near Com'ahoe in South Carolina. In the moment of alarm, twenty negroes belonging to the Hon. Henry Middleton, repaired to a house as a place of refuge and were struck down by a vivid flash of lightning, of whom four escaped entirely unhurt, five were stunned, two were severely shocked, and horrible to relate, nine were killed on the spot.—*Raleigh Register*.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Wm. Hanna, a merchant of Philadelphia, while gunning in Jersey on Friday afternoon, had one of his hands shattered by the bursting of his gun.—[*Phil. Gazette*].

Unfortunate Accident.—A young man named Bannister, a fireman on one of the locomotives of the Boston and Worcester rail road, on Friday afternoon, during the movement of the engine from the engine house at Worcester, unfortunately fell upon the track, and a wheel of the tender passed over his ankle. It was so severely injured that amputation was necessary. His brother, who was employed on one of the engines of the Norwich rail road, was severely injured on the same day and both were carried to the house of another brother in Worcester. The wound of the latter is believed not to be dangerous.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

A black boy of 14, named John Williams, accidentally killed himself at Gettysburg, Pa., a few days since. He had been gunning, and it supposed, from the circumstances, was sitting on the fence loading his gun, when it was discharged, and the ramrod entered near the eye, and passed through the head, protruding from the back of the head about an inch and a half, producing, no doubt, instant death. In this situation he was found. It was impossible to extricate the ramrod, and it was cut off upon each side.

Literary Festival.—The annual commencement of Brown University, was celebrated at Providence, on Wednesday last, and the exercises appear to have given general satisfaction. This institution has been built up and supported by private liberality, the legislature of the State never having public spirit enough to bestow any grant upon it. No honorary degrees were conferred. President Wayland, probably, thinking they had been heretofore distributed in too plentiful a manner.

Do not kill your Bees.—The common puff ball, or *fungus maximus*, gathered at this season of the year and dried so as to hold fire, has a stupefying effect, upon bees, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does without the deadly effects of the fumes of the latter article.

Poisoned by Cheese.—Nine boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, residing in the neighborhood of Seventh and Coates street, were all taken very ill on Saturday afternoon from eating some cheese that they had purchased, among other refreshments, to celebrate a little innocent frolic gotten up among themselves. Several of them came nigh dying. Yesterday they were all doing well.—*Phil. Gaz.*

Married.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Webb, Mr. Leonard L. Gale, of Westchester, to Miss Sarah L. Fravis, of this city.

On Wednesday, by the Rev. E. A. Huntington, Mr. C. Frothingham, to Miss Catharine T. Van Steenburgh, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Mayer, on the afternoon of the 15th inst. Mr. Wm. Jones, to Miss Margaret Goodrich, all of this city.

In Troy, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. John Cook, Mr. Otis G. Clark, to Miss Amelia S. Bardwell, both of Troy.

In Troy, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. C. P. Clark, Mr. Isaac D. Ayers, printer, to Miss Susan H., Youngest daughter of the late Chester Packard, both of Troy.

In New Scotland, Mr. Wm. E. Haswell, to Miss Hester Vanderzee.

DIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Mrs. Margaret, wife of John Marshall, baker, aged 37.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apoll'o Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday or 6 month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memph	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memph	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Caxackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.
James Cavanaugh, Watertown.
James McKain, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Boroind.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.
A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.
J. H. McMahon, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.
G. L. Cope, jr. Savannah.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840.—**ELECTION NOTICE.**—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.
State of New York.
Secretary's Office, August 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty-two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and, that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.

A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

POETRY.

THE WATERFALL—A LAY.

BY T. H. CUSHMAN.

In a deep glen's seclusion, refreshed and alone,
I mused where the cataract's wild waters stray;
The voice of the bird and the wind's gentle tone,
Like lovers unheeded, went sighing away.

As those waters came tumbling a-down the blue steep,
And foamed like a courser along the rough path;
I thought of the passions that headlong will leap
And cover our hopes with the fury of wrath.

But yet, as they sank in the clear pool below,
A feeling of joy in my bosom arose; [flow,
For I thought how those passions will stay their rude
When met by Affection's sweet smile of repose.

Oh then, as the rainbow appeared in the spray, [night,
Like the brightness of stars mid the loneliness of
I asked who will falter in Life's rugged way,
While Love hath its rainbow of Peace and Delight!

And oft in my wandering fancy again
I live o'er that moment, so radiant with bliss;
For Mem'ry will picture each scene on my brain,
And sigh for the joy of that love-lit abyss.
Albany, July, 1839.

MASONIC ODE.

Let Fancy rear her gorgeous pile,
To please with art the tasteful eye,
On shadows based—with ruthless hand
Time sweeps it off while hastening by;
By Wisdom planned, our temple rears
Its arch above the lofty spheres!

And Strength his massive pillar lends,
The glorious fabric to sustain.
On which, in wildest rage and strife,
The elements may pour in vain.
Fixed on a rock it stands secure,
And will eternally endure!

Beauty, with chaste and lovely hand,
Adorns the work thus ably done,
Completing with the richest grace
The dwelling of the Holy One;—
Her meanest gem will far outvie
The rarest pearl that wealth can buy!

Thus formed our Temple, let our hearts
Be worthy of a place within,
Ranged round its altars, safe
From the polluting touch of sin;
Bound by the tip of mutual love,
Find peace on earth, and bliss above!

FAME.

High on the crimson car of fame
I saw the victor ride;
He came from far through flood and flame,
In all the pomp of pride;
And loud the war-trump pierced the skies—
All hail! the conqueror comes!
From every hill let shouts arise,
And sound, ye doubling drums.

The crimson crown the conquerer wore,
Waved o'er the conqueror's head;
But his right arm was red with gore;
A hundred hearts had shed:
A hundred hills in echoes rung,
O'er ocean's sounding surge—
A hundred harps awoke and sung
Of Europe's dreadful scourge.

They sung the fame of him whose scroll
A tide of tears had wet;
They sung the fame of him whose soul
Had oft in murder met,
And oft had spread dark midnight o'er
The weeping widow's mind,
And wrote her griefs with human gore:
Dread vampire of mankind,

No so with him who wore the plume
When fair Columbia bled;
The sun that set on Vernon's tomb
Smiled on the mighty dead;
The blood that dyed Columbia's land
Was paid for liberty;
The great, the good, and glorious bond,
The western world set free.

The scroll of him who sleeps in earth
Gave liberty a name;
And virtue's heroes then had birth,
And virtuous valor fame.
Gore gush'd from many a hundred veins
On that immortal morn:
Great God! 'twas then were rent the chains
Of millions yet unborn.

From the Boston Statesman.

"THE WHIP-POOR-WILL."

Above this still and sleeping world
Of ours, the meditative Night
Her starry pinions has unfurled,
And in a wide and shadowed flight,
From her dark, jewelled throne on high,
Has flung her star gems to the air;
And in the deep blue rolling sky,
Spread out her glorious beauties there.

The breeze has folded up its wing—
The weary winds have gone to rest—
And weeping the willows fling
Their tresses on the river's breast.
The songsters of the air had flown,
To dream the hours of night away,
And one far voice is heard alone
To sing a requiem for the day.

And list—'tis from yon mountain's brow,
The ever pensive whip-poor-will!—
Her midnight song in music now
Comes floating o'er the waters still:
Hushed are the low tones of the flute,
That erst in sweetness flowed along,
And all the listening earth is mute,
As swells that night-bird's lonely song.

Through all the glaring day, the bird
Sits musing in the greenwood shades,
And its clear voice is only heard
When twilight in the azure fades:
'Tis then beside the placid stream,
That gently winds around a hill,
I love to sit, and dream,
And listen to the whip-poor-will.

How gladly light winged fancy flies,
To revel in its youthful sky,
And what dear recollections rise,
As thus I muse on days gone by;
I may forget my childhood's friends,
I may forget my native hill,—
But not while heaven above me lends,
The music of the whip-poor-will.

I hear it in the twilight hour,
I hear it in my midnight dreams,
And when I yield to memory's power,
An echoed strain of music seems
To float around my wandering brain,
And links together scenes of joy.
Which, in my musings, once again
Make's me a happy dreaming boy!

Addressed to a beautiful little girl of four years old,
sitting in her baby house, surrounded with her play-
things.

BY A LADY.

Little queen of infant treasure,
Smiling on thy throne of pleasure,
Happy in each fancied blessing,
More than monarchs, worlds possessing.
Culling sweets from every rose
That in the fairy garden blows:
Thy breast as yet untaught by sighs,

To check the transports as they rise;
No dread thy little bosom fills,
Of physical or moral ills.
With pure delight thy eye surveys
The splendid toys that round thee blaze;
Nor could a richer joy be thine,
Did all *Polosi* yield her Mine.
Thy tiny cup of silver, brings
A sweeter draught than cups of Kings.
The doll, for whom thy love prepares
These emblems of maternal cares,
For whom this little hoard is spread,
For whom thou deck'st this little bed,
Obedient to thy magic wand,
Still eats or sleeps at thy command;
And though thou play'st the mother's part,
No mother's pang corrodes thy heart.
O, ever might thy future years
Be thus exempt from hopes and fears!
Thus with smooth current glide away,
While beams of joy, thus round thee play,
But thou a blended lot must share,
And with the blessing take the care.
Then, lovely Betsy, hug thy toys,
Unsuited source of infant joys;
And, while thou can'st, the pleasure keep,
To lull thy waxen babe asleep,

E. M.

A FRAGMENT

Eternity! Oh thou recording angel,
That dost with thy unwasting pen, dipp'd deep
In dies of heaven, write the long fates of men,
And angels' fates, thine own—Thou who hast oft
Stamp'd with eternity's broad seal, the doom
Irrevocable—*What is eternity?*

Thou first created spirit, eldest born
Of Heaven—Nature's first son; that sprung to life
Some time in the far eternity—
Thou most sagacious Seraph, thou hast cast
Thy daring look farthest into the future—
Tell me, *What know'st thou of Eternity?*

Gabriel, of giant intellect! and thou,
If indeed thou art a creature, Michael!
Bid thy far excursive fancy, farther
To trace the untravell'd path of thought, and see
If there be not, in some long distant stage
Of the mind's progress, a vast Idea
That may embrace the whole Eternity?

Or, if thou hast been taught to read what God
Alone could write, the volume of foreknowledge—
Say, if among the latter pages, that treat
Of high inventions, it be not written,
That some tall Seraph, by long stretch of thought
And force of high wrought genius, shall disclose
The way, now hid in mystery, by which
To know Eternity, and estimate
This grand ingredient of heaven and hell.

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times. Albany, 1840.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 4.]

MASONIC.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF RHODE-ISLAND.

At the Annual Communication of the *M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations*, held at Mason's Hall, in Pawtucket, the following named Brethren were duly elected and appointed Grand Officers, for the ensuing year, to wit:

- M. W. Barney Merry, of Pawtucket, G. M.
R. W. Nathaniel Mowry, 2nd of Smithfield, D. G. M.
" Pardon Clarke, of Providence, G. S. W.
" Oliver Johnson, " " G. J. W.
" Henry Holden, " " G. Treas.
Br. Jason Williams, " " G. Secretary.
W. Alvin Jenckes, of Pawtucket, G. S. D.
" Thomas A. Paine, of Smithfield, G. J. D.
Rev. Br. Leonard Wakefield, of Pawtucket, G. C.
Br. Wm. Field, of Pawtucket, G. Marshal.
" Hollis K. Jenckes, " " G. Sword Bearer.
" John Clemmorn, of Providence, G. Tyler.

MASONRY AND REPUBLICANISM.

It has been well remarked, in regard to the history of Masonry in modern times, that it has received countenance and protection from governments, in proportion as the people were free and enlightened. It is true there have been redeeming exceptions to this general course of events, and despotic princes have been brought to see its light and beauty, and have saved the Institution from the vengeance of its enemies. In looking into the history of the persecutions which the Craft have been called to endure at different periods, the fact is striking, that where Masonry has been most bitterly opposed, when it has languished under the unrelenting vengeance of religious bigotry, or civil despotism, the people at large have also felt the scourge of both, and the reason is obvious—the Institution being in its nature free and independent, would naturally become a special mark for the hatred and persecution of tyrants who permitted nothing to exist that was calculated to enlighten mankind and give them a true idea of natural right and justice. It found no haven more secure than in Great Britain, where no attempt to repress its usefulness has ever been seriously made except under the reign of the haughty Elizabeth.—Hence it was transplanted into a land, of all others, the most congenial to its prosperity, even our own free republic; and here, located under a government free in its constitution and securing freedom to all its citizens, has Masonry found a home of security, a field of usefulness, where it might pursue the even tenor of its way, declining "under the shade of its own vine and fig tree, and where none dared to make it afraid;" and thus shall it ever be, so long as our national Institution shall remain unimpaired. In a word, so long as the American people shall be free, Masonry shall be free, unmoved by the storm that has been brewed by the crafty designs of disappointed ambition and urged on by deluded ignorance.

ARCH MASONRY.

The degree of Royal Arch Mason, "is one of the most august, sublime, and important in the order of Freemasonry, and is the summit and perfection of ancient Masonry." There can be little doubt that it was primitively reckoned the *fourth degree* in order, and was originally conferred in Lodges. In England, we believe, and certainly in many parts of Europe, it is now so reckoned and conferred. The Chapters of Pennsylvania as holden "under the authority and sanction of a regular subsisting warrant granted by the Grand Lodge, according to the old institution; and the G. M. of the Grand Lodge for the time being is, *ex-officio*, at the head of the Grand Chapter. The Arch is, in Pennsylvania, as in South Carolina, considered to be

the *fourth degree*. In this, and most of the other States, it is conferred as the *seventh*; and the Chapters are independent of the Grand Lodge, as are also the Encampments and Councils.

Each Chapter has power to confer the preparatory degrees of M. M. and M. E. M., and are under the jurisdiction of Grand Chapters, composed of the H. P., K. and S. of the Chapters within a certain State or District. Grand Chapters were established in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York, in the year 1798; in Vermont, 1806, South Carolina, 1812; Maryland and District of Columbia, 1814; Ohio and Kentucky, 1816; New Hampshire, 1819; Maine and Georgia, 1821; North Carolina, 1822; New Jersey, Virginia and Alabama, unknown. Chapters are also holden, under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, in Michigan, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Indiana and Delaware.

It will be seen that, until the year 1765, no Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was organized in America. Prior to that date, a competent number of companions, possessed of the requisite abilities, under the sanction of a Master's Warrant, proceeded to exercise the rights and privileges of Royal Arch Chapters, whenever they thought it expedient and proper.

This unrestrained mode of proceeding was subject to many inconveniences; unsuitable characters might be admitted; irregularities in the mode of working introduced; the purposes of the Society perverted; and thus the Order be degraded by falling into the hands of those who might be regardless of the reputation of the Institution. If differences should arise between two Chapters, who was to decide upon them? If unworthy characters should attempt to open new Chapters, for their own emolument, or for the purposes of conviviality, who was to restrain them? If the established regulations, or ancient land-marks should be violated or broken down, where was there power sufficient to remedy the evil?

Sensible of the existence of these and many other inconveniences, the Chapters in nearly every part of the United States have, therefore, formed Grand Royal Arch Chapters, for their better government and regulation. In the year 1797, a convention of representatives from the several Chapters in the State of Pennsylvania, met at Philadelphia, and, after mature deliberation, formed a Grand Royal Arch Chapter for that State.

Actuated by similar motives, on the 24th of October, 1797, a convention of committees from several Chapters in the northern States, assembled at Boston; being appointed to meet with any or every Chapter of Royal Arch Masons within the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont and New York, or with every committee or committees duly appointed and authorised by any or all of said Chapters and to deliberate upon the propriety and expediency of forming and establishing a Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, for the government and regulation of the several Chapters with the said States.

Of this convention, the Most Excellent Thomas Webb was chosen chairman. The convention having taken the matter into consideration, came to a determination to forward to each of the Chapters within the six States before mentioned, a circular letter, expressive of their opinions on the subject, and recommending a meeting of delegates to be holden at Hartford, in the State of Connecticut on the fourth Wednesday of January, 1798, investing them with full power and authority to form and open a Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and to establish a constitution for the government and regulation of all the Chapters then, or thereafter to be erected within the said State.

In consequence of this address, the several Chapters within the States therein enumerated, appointed delegates who assembled at the time and place appointed, and after several days deliberation, formed and adopt-

ed a constitution for the government of the Royal Arch Chapters and Lodges of Mark Masters, Past Masters, and Most Excellent Masters, throughout said States, and having elected and installed their Grand Officers, the Grand Chapter was completely organized.

Agreeable to the constitution thus adopted, Grand Royal Arch Chapters were established in several northern States where there were Chapters of Royal Arch Masons existing; and in every instance the private Chapters have united with, and acknowledged the authority of the said Grand Chapters.

The long derived and necessary authority for correcting abuses, and regulating the concerns of Royal Arch Masonry in the Northern States being thus happily established, the sublime degrees became flourishing and respectable. Royal Arch Masons in the southern States, observed with satisfaction, the establishment of Grand Chapters in the northern States, under the authority of a general constitution, and became desirous of uniting with them under the same authority. Applications were accordingly made for the privilege of opening new Chapters in the southern States; but there being no provision made in the constitution for extending its authority beyond the limits first contemplated, the State Grand Chapters took the subject into consideration, and passed a concurrent decree vesting power in the three first General Grand officers, or any two of them, conjointly to grant and issue letters of dispensation for the institution of Lodges of Mark Masters, Past Masters, Most Excellent Masters, and Chapters of Royal Arch Masons, within any State in which there was not a Grand Chapter established.

At a succeeding meeting of the General Grand Chapter, the powers before mentioned were confirmed and made permanent in the General Grand Officers, and the proceedings of the General Grand Officers under the decree before mentioned were approved and confirmed.

On the 9th January, 1806, the General Grand Chapter met at Middletown, Connecticut, and having resolved itself into a committee of the whole, upon the General Grand Royal Arch Constitution, sundry resolutions and amendments were proposed and considered, and afterwards ratified and confirmed, by the General Grand Chapter.

Among other amendments was the following, viz:—The style and title to be, "The General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States." The jurisdiction was declared to extend throughout the United States, and to any state or Territory wherein no Grand Chapter was regularly established. The meetings of the General Grand Chapter were held semi-annually in the city of New York.

The origin of Royal Arch Masonry, is traced to the erection of the second Temple, 532 years before Christ, when, in the fulfilment of prophecy, the founders of this degree, repaired from Babylon to Jerusalem, to rebuild the house of the Lord, which had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. Although the number through whose fidelity we have received the information it imports, is comparatively small, yet the identity of the facts, in different countries, and among men of different languages, affords conclusive evidence of their truth. We cannot close this article better in words of Cutbush;—"The very principles of the institution of Arch Masonry cannot fail to arrest our attention, and call forth our active powers, in the contemplation of a field so extensive, and a superstructure so exalted. Indeed, knowing from experience the truth of this assertion, I can add without hesitation, that it is one of the most sublime, august, and beautiful systems with which the world has ever been enriched. And as it comprehends in itself, many important particulars with which the Master Mason is totally unacquainted, and without which, as we have before observed, the Masonic character cannot be complete, it certainly claims the attention of every member of the Institution."

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

FACILITY OF SWIMMING.—The lighter the body is in relation to its magnitude, the more easily will it float, and a greater portion of the head will remain above the surface. As the weight of the human body does not always bear the same proportion to its bulk, the skill of the swimmer is not always to be estimated by his success; some of the constituent parts of the human body are heavier, while others are lighter, bulk for bulk, than water. Those persons in whom the quantity of the latter bear a greater proportion of the former, will swim with a proportionate facility.

PROOF SPIRIT.—If oil which rises to the surface of water, be mixed with alcohol or some other spirit, it will settle at the bottom. A weaker spirit is heavier, bulk for bulk, than a stronger one, and its strength may be so far reduced that it will no longer float on the surface of oil, but will sink below it, this is the test which fixes the strength of proof spirit. All spirit which floats upon oil is said to be above proof.

DIFFICULTY OF WALKING IN WATER.—Every one who, while bathing, has walked in the water, is sensible how small a weight rests upon the feet. If the depth be so great that the body is immersed to the shoulders, the feet are scarcely sensible on the bottom. The want of sufficient pressure in this case renders the body easily upset. In attempting to ford a river in which there is a current, considerable danger is produced by this cause; even though the river should be sufficiently shallow to leave a large portion of the body above the surface. The pressure on the bottom being diminished by the buoyancy of the liquid, the feet have a less secure hold on the ground, and the force of the current acting on that part of the body which is immersed, without affecting that part of the body which is above the surface, has a tendency to carry away the support of the feet.

Palm wine.—This beverage, which is often mentioned by the ancients, is obtained by making an incision of the palm-tree, and inserting a quill or reed, through which the juice exudes. It is very pleasant to the taste, but powerfully intoxicating; and people in the East are frequently amused by observing its effects on lizards, which, as soon as the tree is left by those who have been extracting the liquor, run up and such it with eager delight. They soon become intoxicated, and in that state lie listless, looking up in the face of the spectator with a stupid stare. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but they seem to be proof against its effects, or else they are seasoned toppers, for none have ever been observed to be the worse of it.

Colour of the Air.—The atmosphere is in the same circumstances; the colour from even a considerable portion of it, is too faint to be perceptible. Hence the air which fills an apartment, or which immediately surrounds us when abroad, appears colourless and perfectly transparent. But when we behold the immense mass of atmosphere through which we view the firmament, the colour is reflected with sufficient force to produce distinct perception. But it is not necessary for this that so great an extent of air should be exhibited to us as that which forms the whole depth or thickness of the atmosphere. Distant mountains appear blue, not because that is their colour, but because it is the colour of the medium through which they are seen.

EASIER TO SWIM IN A SEA THAN IN A RIVER.—Sea water has a greater buoyancy than fresh water, being relatively heavier, and hence it is commonly said to be much easier to swim in the sea than in a river; this effect, however, appears to be greatly exaggerated. A cubic foot of fresh water weighs about 1000 ounces; and the same bulk of sea water weighs 1028 ounces; the weight, therefore, of the latter, exceeds the former by only 28 parts in 1000. The force exerted by fresh water by about one thirty-sixth part of the whole force of the latter.

Advantage of Rail-Roads over Canals.—The moving power has in each case to overcome the inertia of the load; but the resistance on the road, instead of increasing as in the canal, does not increase at all. The friction of a carriage on a rail road moving 60 miles an hour, would not be greater than if it moved but one

mile an hour, while the resistance in a river or canal, were such a motion possible, would be multiplied 3500 times. In propelling a carriage on a level rail-road, the expenditure of power will not be in a greater ratio than that of the increase of speed, and therefore the cost will maintain a proportion with the useful effect; whereas, in moving on a canal or river, every increase of speed, or of useful effect, entails an enormously increased consumption of the moving principle.

MISCELLANY.

From the Dublin Literary Port Folio.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

Terrence was a stout, broadfaced, good-humoured boy about fifty, who would rather talk than work, and rather sing than do either. He was a sort of agricultural dependant upon Farmer Mullins: he was his hedger, his ditcher, reaper, mower, gardener, and *factotum*; and the farmer won by his humor and good nature, kept him as a hanger, on about the farm, more than for any particular industry of which he was seldom found guilty.

An elderly gentleman, who lodged in the farm-house, had been repeatedly amused with the vocal powers of Terrence, particularly at day break, when he had much rather "his morning's winged dreams" had not been broken, as he heard him pass to the stable, where he was to perform the augural process. Terrence had just rested himself on his pitchfork, to give more effect to the last cadence of "*Sheela na Guira*," when the gentlemen complimented him by saying, "You've a fine voice of your own, Terrence."

"Faith, sir," replied he, "you may say that, and thank God for it, although it had like to have been the ruin of me, so it had."

"The ruin of you, my good fellow, how so?"

"I can soon *incense* you how, sir," said he; "but you should hear the songs first, and by them you will see what they had nearly done for me."

"Well, Terrence," said the gentleman, "if you will come in, in the evening, and sing me the songs, I'll hear your story, and give you a half-a-crown."

"Oh, by dad, that I'll do! and thank your honor," said Terrence. So according, he brushed his brogues, washed his shining face, put on his long-tailed grey frieze, and made himself "clean and dacent," to go into the priscence, and made his bow among the family party, and commenced "The Groves of Blarney," "The Cruiskeen," "The Boys of Kilkenny," Donybrook Fair," and many others, when he came to a full stop.

"Now, sir," says he, "I'll give you the one that was near the ruin of me." This was none other than "The Wake of Teddy Roe," a song as well known as the writer *S. W. Ryley* author of the *Itinerant*; which, when Terrence had finished, he said "There, sir, that's the one; and I never sing it, but I think of the *narrow escape* I had. And now I'll tell you how that was I was loading the cart with manure, God help me!—one morning, and singing that song, when a gentleman came by, and stood to listen to me. Faith! I little thought of the mischief he was putting on me. 'You've an excellent voice,' says he, 'my boy and that's a good song you're singing.' 'Faith, I have sir' for I had been told it often before; 'and for the song, shure it bates *Bannohir* and that bates all the world entirely.' 'Well, says he, 'have you any more of them songs?'"

"Shure I have, sir," says I; "one for every day in the week." "Well, then, come up to my house in Dublin, and sing all you know, and I will see what I can do for you; but would you be afraid to sing before a large company?" "Not in the least, sir; the larger the better, and then they'll hear at once."

"He told me where he lived; and accordingly I went, and was shewed up to a most beautiful drawing-room, where sat one beautiful crater at the *piano* and another at the harp. 'Terrence O'Farrell,' says I to myself, 'bould yourself up, you're among *quality* intirely; and sure enough there was a great company. One of the beautiful craters handed me, with her own hands, a glass of wine, saying, 'Take this, Mr. O'Farrell, before you begin.' 'Och,' that I, 'Mister O'Farrell,—but I wish mother heard that.' So I plucked up a spirit, and says I, 'I'm obleeged to you, ma'am,

for the compliment, but barriu its all the same to you. I'll sing 'better afther the smallest taste in life of whiskey.' So wid that, the gentleman up and filled a cruiskeen for me, and that made all the differ wid me. 'Will, I sit down, or stand up, sur?' says I. 'As you please,' said the gentleman. 'Well, then, as you're all sated, shure I'd be but one like yourselves, so I'll stand up, and then I can give ye the thruc maning.' Well, to be sure, I sang to their entire satisfaction, and grate diversion they had wid me.

"When I finished, 'Now,' says the gentleman, 'Terrence, I'll give you thirty shillings a week to sing me three of them songs three times a week.' I soon agreed to the bargain; and putting the card he gave me with a trifle of writing on into my pocket, which I did not stop to make out, I made the best of my way home, to tell my mother how my fortune was made all at once.

"Well, as luck would have it, who should be setting wid my mother but Tim Dooley. Now Tim had been brought up at the Sunday School, and had the gift, more nor any other man, a mighty proud he was—for there was no speaking to him since he larned to read and write—but he'd no notion of *singing*. Well, 'May be,' thought I, 'Mister Tim, you won't be so consequence, when you see who the rich man is before you.' So I up and told them all I'd done, and sung, and said. May be my mother's eyes did not shine, the ould cratur! and may be she did not bless her son Terry.—Faiks she did; but it was left Tim Dooley to spoil all.

"Where is this you are to go to?" says he. 'Och; wait awhile till I show you,' says I. 'Show me the ticket,' says he; and taking it out of my pocket, he set up such a howl! 'What's come over you, sir?' says I. 'Och hone! och hone! is it come to this you are?—is it going to disgrace your family you are?—and the mother that's sitting before you?' Shure I thought there was some ill wind in the mighty good fortune all of a suddint. But for you to bring your ould mother with sorrow to the grave, by goings on of the like, is what she neither deserves from you.' 'Let's be knowing my sin,' says I 'and I'll thank you.' Faith here's your sin and your shame before you; and if you go to the place of this present writing,' says Tim. 'why, you're a lost mah, that's all!' 'Will you please to give us the benefit of your larning now, and no more words from you,' says I, not very well pleased at the sarmon he was beginning, 'and let's see the way I am going to my ruin?' 'Shure it's straightforward foreint you here.' And he read the direction—'Mr. Ryder, manager of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin!!!' 'Och, save my poor boy!' says my mother. 'And has your mighty fine pipe brought you to this disgrace?' says Tim. 'Och, the spalpeen!' says I. 'to go to make a *layatrical* of a dacent woman's child! Och, is that the game you're after, M. Ryder? And if I'd known that, may be but I would have seen you, and all your iligant friends, hanging by the fifth wheel of Pharo's chariot in the Red Sea, before I'd call up my lungs for your diversion.'

'Well I burned the card before ther faces, and blessed the star that lit Tim to the cabin that night, to save me from the *narrow escape* I had of being ruined man by my beautiful voice, bad luck to it! and from becoming a diverting vagabond by Act of Parliament.

From the Dublin Masonic Magazine of 1793.

CHARACTER OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA OF ENGLAND.

This princess, though very kind to her domestics as well as the poor in the vicinities of Cavendish-square and Gunnersbury, had all the German *hauteur* about her upon every occasion that she thought infringed upon her dignity. There was no relaxation in the minutest part of duty in her household, and she once dismissed a young page, though strongly recommended to her, because he did not pull off his hat, as she crossed one of the antichambers. His friends petitioned for him, pleading his youth and inadvertence, but in vain; she however made him a present of an Ensign's commission in a marching regiment.

Being at a party of whist in the rooms at Bath, an officer who stood by her chair, seeing her snuff-box open, on the table, imprudently took a pinch. The princess observing it, immediately called to one of her attendants, and desired him, in an imperious tone,

"to throw that snuff in the fire." The order was complied with, and the officer retreated in much confusion.

Another time being at a party of whist at Bath, and being partner to a young Irish Gentleman of rank, who was previously introduced to her, recollecting the state of the game she exclaimed, "Let me see! Oh! we are eight love!"—upon which the other, either misunderstanding the last expression, or from an ill-timed gallantry, replied, "Yes my dear." Upon this she immediately laid down her cards, paid her game, and left the room.

A young gentleman, remarkably tall, being one day, in the rooms at Bath, the Princess saw him, and asked who he was? Being answered about his name and family by a nobleman present, he added, "that the young gentleman was designed for the church."—"For the church, my Lord!" she cried with some surprise, "I should rather think for the steeple."

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

New Yorkers are not generally aware that in their Croton Aqueduct, they are surpassing Ancient Rome in one of her proudest boasts. None of the hydraulic structures of that city, in spite of the legions of slaves at her command, equal, in magnitude of design, perfection of detail, and prospective benefits, the Aqueduct which the City of New York is now constructing. The main trunk consists of an immense mass of masonry, six feet and a half wide, nine feet high, and forty miles long, formed of walls three feet thick cemented into solid rock. But this water channel, gigantic as it is, is far from being all the work. The dam across the Croton, which retains the water in a grand reservoir, is a mound of earth and masonry, forty feet high, and seventy feet wide at bottom, and has connected with it many complicated but perfect contrivances to enable the engineer to have complete control over the mighty mass of water. The river, thus thrown back toward its source, will form a lake of five hundred acres, which will retain a supply for emergencies of some thousand millions of gallons, and also offer as a collateral advantage, many picturesque sites for country seats upon the woody points which will jut out into its smooth basin. A tunnel leads the water from this reservoir into the Aqueduct, and eleven more of these subterranean passages occur before reaching Harlem River, having an aggregate length of seven-eighths of a mile, and many of them being cut through the solid rock. At intervals of a mile, ventilators are constructed in the form of towers of white marble, which give to the water that exposure to the atmosphere without which it becomes vapid and insipid; and these dazzling turrets mark out the line of the Aqueduct to the passengers upon the Hudson.

The streams which intersect the line of the structure, are conveyed under it in stone culverts, the extremities of which afford the engineers an opportunity of displaying their architectural taste. Sing-Sing creek, with its deep ravine, is crossed by a bridge of a single elliptical arch of eighty-eight feet span, and a hundred feet above the stream. Its unusually perfect workmanship was proved by its having settled but one inch after the centres were removed. The view of its massive grace from the narrow valley beneath, is one of the most striking points upon the line. Sleepy Hollow, well known to the readers of imaginative lore, is spanned by a series of graceful arches.

The Bridge crossing Harlem River has been the subject of much controversy. The admirers of magnificent symmetry and perfection, and those interested in preserving the navigation of that stream, have warmly advocated the erection of a bridge, over which the water might pass upon its regular level: while the friends of more measured economy, recommended a lower and cheaper structure to which pipes should descend and rise therefrom after the manner of an inverted syphon. The plan finally adopted is that of a High Bridge, but still with its surface ten feet below the usual grade, which falls 14th inches to the mile. It will be a quarter of mile long, 116 feet above high-water, and its estimated cost exceeds three-quarters of a million. Across this the water is conveyed in huge iron pipes, protected from the frost by a covering of earth four feet deep. Near Manhattanville is a tunnel, a quarter of a mile long, through the hill at that place

and its valley is crossed by pipes descending 105 feet. Glendinning Valley is passed at an elevation of 40 feet, and arches of appropriate size, upon the lines of the streets, leave symmetrical carriage ways and foot walks. The Receiving Reservoir, thirty-eight miles from the starting point at the dam, covers 35 acres of ground, and will contain 160,000,000 of gallons. The Distributing Reservoir at Murray's Hill, covers 5 acres, and will hold 20,000,000 of gallons, which is secured from escape by a bank of puddled clay, supported by walls of granite, the external ones of which present massive yet tasteful fronts. From this point the ordinary distributing pipes convey the water into the city.—*New Yorker*

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.—The Philadelphia Inquirer relates the following affecting incident as having recently taken place in Philadelphia: A poor woman with an intemperate husband, who was all kindness and affection when the demon of drunkenness was not the master of his mind, had after various trials, abandoned the miserable man, and become a domestic in a family in the western part of the city. The husband, rendered desolate and desperate by this conduct on the part of his wife, plunged still more madly into the vice which had nearly destroyed him. For some days the poor wife, who, with all his faults, clung to him with the tenacity of woman's love, and still cherished a hope of his ultimate reform, could learn no tidings of him, and was miserable indeed. All his words of kindness and affection crowded upon her memory; she saw him only as he was in his early manhood, when he came to her with looks of gentleness and drew bright pictures of their wedded life, before he had lost his energy of spirit, had fallen a victim to the temptations of the convivial circle. She conjured up a thousand phantoms of his wretchedness and despair—of his sickness and death, with none to close his eyes or shed one tear of pity or of grief upon his lifeless corpse. The poor creature wandered about the house for a few days in deep mental distress, and almost unable to discharge the duties of her humble position.—She then went to the lady with tears in her eyes, confessed the weakness and virtue that was struggling in her bosom and asked permission to go in search of her unfortunate husband. It was granted freely and promptly, for the cunning eye of woman had already read the whole story in the features and the actions of the poor domestic. She was absent two weeks, when she returned, the very shadow of her former self, and clothed in a deep suit of mourning. She had found her wretched husband in some low hovel in the suburbs, the spark of life just flickering in the socket. He recognised his faithful wife—seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and asked her forgiveness. She fell upon her knees, and as she joined her prayers with his, the soul of the poor drunkard parted from the body and passed onward to eternity. Her last farthing was expended in providing him with a decent burial, and when she related the story of his unhappy end, last embrace and dying smile, the heart of the poor woman seemed as if it would break with the convulsive nature of her grief. And such is woman's love!

[From the Hartford Courant.]

THE EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRE.—Dr. Hall, of East Hartford, a surgeon in the army of the revolution was an eye witness to the execution of Major Andre, standing within four or five rods of the scene. Noticing some inaccuracies in the article we published from the Knickerbocker a few days ago, he has called and related to us the following particulars. He states that Andre walked to the place of execution behind the cart, accompanied by two officers, one on each side, and stopped under the gallows. Arrived there he immediately stepped up into the cart, when the officer of the day, Col. Scammell, said to him, if you have anything to say, you now have an opportunity.—He replied, I have nothing to say, but to have you bear witness that I die like a brave man. Col. S. then said to the hangman, do your duty. He went to work so awkwardly in attempting to put the noose over Andre's neck, that Andre took it from him and made an effort to do it himself. But his hat being in the way, he let go the rope took off his hat and stock and laid them on the coffin, and unbuttoned his shirt collar and turned it down. He then put the noose over his head, and

adjusted it to his neck; took out of his pocket a white handkerchief, with which he bandaged his eyes; and a blue ribbon, which he handed to the executioner, requesting him to tie his hands behind him. This being done, Col. Scammell directed the cart to be driven away. Andre was a small man and seemed hardly to stretch the rope, and his legs dangled so much that the hangman was ordered to take hold of them and keep them straight. The body was cut down after hanging fifteen or twenty minutes and buried near the gallows. From the location of the grave, Andre must have passed it in going to the place of execution.

The Doctor thinks the account relative to the attempt made by Washington to secure Arnold and liberate Andre, must be incorrect. The Court which sentenced Andre to death having been held on the 29th September, only three days before his execution, the time allowed was not by any means sufficient to permit such plans to be successfully carried out especially the one in which Champe was said to have been concerned.

THE "DIVINE FANNY," continues to be the rage in our fashionable cities. Two hundred and eighty-seven dollars, was paid at the Tremont theatre at Boston, for the choice of boxes. The following remarks from the pen of Blackwood, are scorching, as applied to the Madame Taglioni. They may with equal propriety be applied to the fooleries of Fanny Elssler.—Speaking of Taglioni, he says:

"This woman, whose sole merit is that she dances well—of all merits the least meritorious—is actually fêted throughout Europe; received at the table of emperors and empresses, huzzaed by courts, presented with a purse of diamonds by one super opulent fool, and with a chariot with solid silver spokes to its wheels, by another—demanding for a few nights of pirouetting and bounding at the Italian opera, a sum which would feed the peasantry of a province for a month; amassing money which might raise the drooping sculpture, painting, music, and literature of an empire.

What was the engagement which Taglioni had the modesty to demand at the theatre of Drury Lane!—One hundred pounds a night for herself three nights a week, and £600 to be paid for the services of her father as ballet master; £900 to her brother and sister to dance with her; with two benefits to herself, guaranteed to her at £600, one-half a benefit to her brother, guaranteed at £200—in all £6,000! All this is monstrous; it actually disgusts the mind to think of such sums lavished on a parcel of jumpers—even the effrontery of the demand is offensive. Here a knot of the meanest of mankind—the very dross of partisan life—actually think their caperings worthy of being paid at a rate, which the liberality of nations has scarcely ever offered to their greatest benefactors. The noblest poet, the most profound philosopher, the greatest mechanical inventor, the most gallant soldier all would be regarded as exorbitantly overpaid by half the sum which those vulgar contributors to the cupidity of the Italian opera think themselves entitled to demand, and by the prodigal folly of fashion actually obtain.

The Many Headed Wheat.—The many headed wheat is an indigenous plant of California, six heads of which were procured by Major Spering from a man in the Osage nation of Indians, who had been trading in the Pacific Ocean. The six heads produced six hundred grains, which were planted by Mr. Pipeus Baker, of Abbeville, S. C., the production of which was ten thousand heads. The ground on which the wheat grew was measured by an accurate surveyor—the heads counted—and one head shelled out, and the grain weighed; a calculation was then made, the result of which was, the wheat produced at the rate of two hundred and thirty bushels to the acre. It was planted about the last of January, and cut on the 20th of June. The land on which it grew is poor and sandy and was unassisted by manure.—*Wilkes County (Geo.) News.*

Mrs. Nixon the wife of a flour dealer in Baltimore, fell from a wagon a day or two ago, and died shortly after from her wounds.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

FREYA THE FEARLESS.

THE BLACK BUCCANEER OF BARBADOES.

During the years 1810 and '11, I possessed a tolerably good berth on board the "Fire Fly," a new schooner, mounting twelve guns, eight nines, and four six-pounders. She was a remarkably fine vessel, sharp in the bows, a splendid sailer, and of the most exquisite mould that I think I have ever seen. Her run from stern to stern was in such perfect good taste, and there was such a proportionate, yet almost imperceptible rise in her quarter-deck and fore-castle, which added to the elegant and symmetrical form of her hull, the delicate tapering of her upper spars, the tautness and exactitude of her standing and running rigging, and the neatness of her general trim, excited an astonishing degree of pleasure and admiration in the eyes of every real sailor that looked upon her. Our station during these two years was the West Indies.

We sailed from Kingston on the 17th of October, 1810, and stood away to the south-eastward, with a bright azure sky and a smooth sea. Our cruise was to be one of six months, between eight and thirty-four degrees of N. latitude, and forty and seventy of W. longitude, and we were amply provided with every thing that might be necessary. Our craft had been newly coppered, and, with fresh paint and bunting flying, we made a most gallant appearance in going out of the harbor.

About this time, a pirate, unusually fortunate and audacious, had chosen to make the West Indian seas the scene of his depredations. A great many heavily laden ships of all nations, and from all parts of the world, fell into his hands. The crews were generally treated in the most barbarous manner; often their lives were sacrificed, or they were subjected to the most cruel tortures.

This rascal was known throughout the islands by the name of the "Black Buccaneer of Barbadoes;" that fanciful piece of alliteration having been assigned to him, first, because he was born in that island, and next, because his distinguishing colors were sable. His mode of proceeding was this: under the flag of some friendly nation he used to decoy every vessel that he thought he could master into his power, then, when they were alongside of him, down went his assumed ensign, and up went his own black bunting. The conflict was seldom of long duration: of boarding he was very fond, and at it, very expert. A thousand varying statements were made of his vessel and force. By some, the former was described as a large schooner, carrying eighteen guns; by others, as a powerful brig of twenty; and again, as a small frigate of four-and-twenty. His crew was computed at between two and three hundred, and some even went so far as to make it amount to a much larger number. However, all agreed in maintaining that he was a most bloody and truculent fellow, and that his vessel was one of the fastest sailers known. Many insisted that no man would be suffered to infest the ocean with such daring impunity, and to defy the power of the law with such barefaced effrontery, unless protected by some evil spell. Some even rumored that he had disposed of his soul to the Evil One, in consideration of his protection, or hinted that he was the very devil himself, in *propria persona*. His *nom du guerre* of "*Freya the Fearless*," added to the general terror; and the fact strongly asserted to, by-the-way, that one day he was seen twenty leagues to the eastward of the Bermudas, in a heavy squall, with his main-topmast down, and in a most perilous condition, and the same evening running between Guadaloupe and Dominica, corroborated the reports of that mystical character which had so ready been assigned to him.

I was told, when in Jamaica, by a person who knew him well, that he was a Spanish Creole, of gigantic stature and fierce aspect; that his crew was composed of refugees, and vile characters, of all nations; men, whose crimes, or violent dispositions had exiled them from their several countries, to the amount of one hundred and ninety, or two hundred, and that knowing, were they caught, gibbets and ropes would be their only greeting on reaching the shore, they were fierce

and desperate to the last degree. The accounts of the pirate's force, as I observed before, were so vague and contradictory, that no reliance could be placed on them. We went off, notwithstanding, with no small expectation of coming up with, taking, and bringing him into port.

After two day's sail, with a smart breeze at N. N. W. before which we made good way, the wind chopped round to the east, and after much fluctuation settled in the N. E. by E. Towards the evening of the 20th a dense band of rainy blue clouds, rose majestically to the windward, picturing that quarter of the ocean of an inky hue, and marking out the horizon with its white spray with great distinctness. The breeze began to fag and grow capricious, and seemed inclined to blow up into a gale, so our top-gallant clew-lines were manned, and the royal yards sent down on deck.

The night was as dark as pitch. The wind had gone down, and left us with heaps of heavy vapors right over head. The moon was struggling hard among groups of ragged clouds and cold grey mists, but every now and then a long and solitary pale beam would burst out, and light up a strip of sea in the distance, showing us the tumbling waves, gleaming and flashing like liquid silver, and then it would fade gradually away, and appear quite unexpectedly in another place. The dull glimmering of the sky, and the heavy, monotonous sound of the sea, dashing up against the bows and cutwater, had a lulling effect upon the senses of all on deck.

About ten o'clock, the look-out on our starboard-horn thought he saw something like a speck in the south-westward, and communicated his discovery to Peter Luff, the officer of the watch. While he was speaking, a man stationed in the fore-top sung out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?"

"Right on our lee-bow, sir," returned the man.

"What kind of craft is she?"

"I can't distinguish sir. While you were speaking, a heap of mists drove smack before her."

Of course, we were all bustle immediately. Just as I jumped hastily on deck, a misty moonbeam glanced out from a silvery break, in one of the clouds to leeward, about two cables' length ahead of the "Fire Fly," and glided along the heaving expanse of water right in the stranger's direction. We looked out with impatience as it sailed along, till at last it settled upon him, and lighting up the sea in its immediate neighborhood, a white sail was distinctly to be seen, in the quarter where it had been discovered.

The officers began to collect in a close group on the quarter deck, scanning the object of our curiosity, some with glasses, and the remainder with their unaided eyes.

"Tack," said our Skipper, in an under tone, and we tacked accordingly; and as we brought the ship's head up to meet the wind, the water rushing up to, and flashing beneath our bows, flung at intervals, with a sudden splash upwards, a shower of fairy moonlit gems. The stranger was not long before he caught a glimpse of us, and tacked likewise, standing partly in our direction, for his course, when first seen, was S. W. inclining S. As he came bowling along we could discern, by a little help from the partial moonlight, and a great deal from our glasses, that the vessel was a large brig, under courses, jib and topsails, the latter single reefed.

"Starboard!" said our captain, as soon as he was enabled to make out these particulars.

"Starboard, 'tis sir," returned our man at the wheel.

"Now keep her steady for a little while. Boatswain's mate, pipe to quarters."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

We soon came up within hailing distance. The brig had got across our bows, and he was now pulling away at his lee-braces, and shortening sail. I was trying through the night-glass to make out her bunting. I counted nine ports in her broadside, and after a great deal of difficulty perceived the scarlet stripes and white stars of the United States. Meanwhile, he had backed his main-top-sail, and we hailed her.

"Ho! the brig, ahoy—a!"

"Hillo!" came faintly through the gloom.

"What vessel is that?"

"The American gun-brig, 'Snarler,' from Boston."

"Very well; Where are you bound to?"

"Rio Janeiro!"

"All very good," said our skipper, in an under tone, taking the trumpet from his mouth, after he had desired them to send a boat on board us. "You put a good face on it—but for all that, I'm thinking you're little better than you should be. What do you think my lad, (to me,) of the account he has given of himself?"

"I'm much of your opinion," said I; "those are not the colors the fellow intends to fight under, depend upon it!"

"Ten to one you're right. You at the helm there luff! luff up! luff, sir! Mr. Brace, (our lieutenant,) cast loose the guns."

We waited a long time, but nothing seemed to stir on board the brig. We hailed her a second time, but got no answer; all was still as the grave. "This is our man, depend on it," said Captain Taffril; "prepare yourselves, for we shall have a tough bout of it. Take my word for it, she is not so quiet for nothing. There's a squall brewing, or I'm a Dutchman; and at all events, it is better that we should be prepared for the worst."

The brig came slowly and majestically onwards, as if it had contained not a living soul. All was quiet as death: she looked like a huge grim giant, marching sullenly over the seas to hattle; not a voice or an order to be heard, not even the creaking of a block; even the billows seemed to have given up, for a time, their nature, and in place of their usual wild dash, only gave forth something like a low, sullen growl, as they washed heavily up against her bow and sides. Up she came nearer and nearer, until the lazy folds of the ensign at her gaff could be seen to slowly expand their gorgeous assembly of stars and stripes, with a fierce and dignified undulating movement.

"The rogue thinks to wear across our bows, I suppose," said Taffril, "but he shall find himself deucedly mistaken. Starboard your helm—starboard! Mr. Brace attend forward! and you, larboard guns, keep yourselves brisk and ready."

Before we had shortened sail the brig opened her fire, and sent her larboard broadside, rattling and cutting along, right for our head and bows. Crash came the shot, and I could hear the grinding of the splinters as they were shaved up from the decks, and off from the bulwarks with a fearful distinctness. Groans, smoke fire, stamping, and uproar followed, and in the middle of the bustle, I jumped to our men at the guns, and strove hard by a vigorous exertion of voice and action, to excite them to pay the rascals well, in return for what they had given us.

We had both bore up with the wind nearly on our quarter; we now ported the helm, and rounded to, pouring in our larboard broadside upon his quarter.—I could see that we had done a good deal of mischief, as noise and execrations rose from all parts of her decks. Smothering clouds of smoke began to ascend into the murky air, and curl about our rigging, while the flashing light of the artillery, momentarily illuminating both ships with a fierce red light, pictured the open port holes and the bristling guns with a beautiful exactitude; marking out the masts, yards, and every simple cord, as vividly as if a body of phosphoric air had traced them out in fire, and shadowing the upraised ports, channels, and cabin-windows. Down came the ensign of America to the deck in a trice, and a large sable flag was hoisted up in its stead. Up it rose to the extremity of the gaff, and like a funeral pall expanded lazily in the breeze. The pirate vessel had brought to the wind again; we ranged up under her lee, all our guns primed, loaded, and pointed, and the men, eager, as so many hungry wolves, to let fly at their antagonist.

"Now, steady my boys," said our captain, "this is no ordinary rascal that we are dealing with. Mr. Brace, call away the boarders, send them up on the fore-castle, and bid them creep low down behind the starboard bulwark. That's right, my fine fellows, take your weapons, and be off with ye forward. No noise now! no rushing! keep yourselves cool and steady.—When the word is given, start up all together, and then board them in the smoke. Mind through the larboard fore-chains. Helm a-port! port, my man! That's it! steady! you at the starboard side there, look to your guns!—Attention!—Fire! Pepper the d—d thieves well! Old England and the British navy for ever! hurrah, lads! hurrah!"

Our broadside was poured in upon the brig with hearty cheers, and was almost instantly answered. The

shot came thumping through our weather side, and went crashing along the decks. Showers of musket-balls flew whistling about me, and the bullets from the heavy guns jumped bouncing away, in all directions, now striking the gun carriages, bulwarks and bits, and covering us with shoals of white splinters, and then mowing down, with fearful rapidity, the poor fellows who were firing away with unabated ardor. Good God! I feel sick at the mere recollection.

While I was intently engaged in seeing what was going on deck, I heard something split with a sudden sharp noise, as if a piece of wood had been snapped short in two. I looked instinctively aloft, and had the mortification of seeing our foretop-mast shot right through, and come whirling down with the velocity of lightning; the shrouds and stays cracked and parted like lighted tow, and our men on the fore-castle were sent capering about to escape the falling of the wreck, and the lashing of the flying cordage. All was smoke, fire, and confusion. Drifts of hot sulphurous vapor gathered in thick wreaths, and made my eyes smart and ache, in a most painful way. The pirate, during all this time, looked like nothing but a huge, grey, undefinable mass, all her rigging and spars waving and darkening, as the grey drifts of dense smoke faded and shifted about, and her gloomy hull like some unwieldy monster of the deep, at short intervals vomiting forth sheets of red flame, which gleamed with such a brilliant light, as a lamp might be supposed to throw forth if placed in the midst of a cloud of fog. Just at this unfortunate moment, our steersman, who I suppose, was as much blinded and confounded as I was, happened to let go the helm, and in consequence of having good way we broached to and came alongside of the pirate. During the confusion that reigned on board us from the wreck of the foretop-mast, the rogue poured in about fifty men upon our fore-castle, and they began cutting and hacking about at our rigging, like so many devils. In the light emitted by our artillery, they looked like a company of fiends, let loose red-hot from hell, for mischief. We turned upon them directly, and the hoarse cry, "We're boarded on the bow," soon brought all our boarders on the fore-castle. It was a desperate combat; I even shudder now when I think of it, although nearly three-and-twenty years ago that these events occurred. Steel clinking and glancing in all directions, like so many lightning flashes, blood streaming, pistols and muskets popping, and bayonets and boarding pikes clashing with an unremitting rattle—groans, shrieks, and horrid imprecations, were mingled on every side. At last, we contrived to get them overboard, after killing and wounding about one half, and losing a great many men on our own side. Poor Peter Duff was among the hurt; he received a deep sabre cut over his right shoulder, and a horrid gash along his cheek. It was fortunate that the vessels separated.

The litter and wreck about our forward guns were partially cleared away, and we set to work with them with renewed energy and perseverance. As yet, the brig was untouched in every particular, as if she had been protected by some mighty spell of saving power. She filled her topsail, and began leisurely to fetch away, in order to put herself across our bows. I thought the game was up, and that the proud old British union would be shortly obliged to sweep the deck, as the carnage of our men was excessive; four out of the six guns, on our larboard side, were rendered quite useless, on account of the falling of the masts, and we had no means of extricating ourselves from our disagreeable position. Luckily, however, a good shot flew smack through his foremast, a little below the fishes. A shout burst out from our lips as the tall pine, like a lanky giant, came tumbling down, and went flashing over into the sea, splashing up the water in silver jets, and feathering it into a cascade.

We worked away meantime with all our might. The shot, I could see, was telling fearfully, and drilling great holes in his sides. His fire slackened a little, a cloud of smoke began to rise ominously from his main hatchway, it grew denser and denser. By-and-by we had the pleasure of seeing long streaks of yellow flame leap up, and hearing the splash, splash of buckets of water. We worked hard still, and peppered her without intermission. Confusion and dismay seemed to prevail on board, gruff voices were issuing rapid orders, and the crew were plainly to be seen flying about from deck to deck as if they were bewitched.

A long pillar of scarlet fire now flew brilliantly upwards, it spread joyously to the right and left, and waved and flickered about, licking like a fiery serpent, and crawling up the rigging and sails, which were soon in a blaze. The roaring and humming of the fire in her hold began to re-double, and red strips to look out at the ports. The guns one after the other became heated, and went banging off, and clouds of lurid smoke, pile above pile, rose majestically far, far up into the illuminated firmament. The sea, the skies, the tumbling billows, the clouded moon, our shattered vessel, and its tattered rigging, our bloody decks, and even our very faces, were wrapt in one uniform, and brilliant scarlet light. The brig meanwhile glowed like a red-hot coal in a fiery furnace. Her bristling guns, her chains, her raised ports, her stays, her wales, her anchors, and all her furniture were fetched out so vividly, that to an excited imagination they seemed as if all had been bathed deeply in a flood of ruby light, while her sable ensign fluttered high in the smothering air, like the angel of death rejoicing over his sinking victims.

Her last hour rapidly approached. Our shot had sent in some of their planks, and the hissing waters were gaining hard upon her. Down!—down!—down she went, stern foremost, the scarlet waves, gurgling and tumbling about her, and the cries of her ill-fated crew ringing through the still midnight air. The flames gave a loud hiss, as they touched the water, and were suddenly extinguished, her masts, still kept burning, flaring, and fizzing, like a couple of blazing sticks, but sunk gradually lower and low. At last she gave a sickening lurch, the flashing water boiled and curled about like a whirlpool, and a deep expiring groan emitted from the very bosom of the ocean, told that chief, crew, and vessel had gone to eternity.

CHARACTER.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE PERILS OF WOMAN.

The sufferings of women in this world of ours are peculiar, and greater than the generality of people, who look only on the surface of things, seem to have any just conception of. The conventional rules which hold society in voluntary bondage, press hard on the gentler part of creation, in many respects, of which every one is cognizant; but, in other points, a woman endures much in secret and silence, displaying a patient and unostentatious fortitude more truly heroic than most of the actions which receive from us that misused appellation. In the secluded walks and nooks of life, there are at all times numerous females, young and old, who bear, with virtuous resignation, such toils and privations as would in most instances drive impatient man to vice and crime, and who will thus suffer on even to the death, without a murmur or complaint; while, at the same time the training to which the sex is ordinarily subjected, and the strict and exclusive regulations which hem them in on all sides, neither provide nor admit of any escape from a position so depressing and unfortunate. A thousand sources of employ and subsistence are open to man. Very, very different is the case with woman; and the consequence is an amount of suffering and sorrow, which, being seldom obtruded on its notice, the world in general has but little idea of.

Pauline de Meulan, a young lady of good family in Paris was deprived of the friends who had brought her up, and was compelled to look for some source of support for herself. She had received a good education, and, having a taste for literature, made an attempt to gain her bread by the use of her pen. She sent various little stories and other contributions to several of the newspapers, but all her pieces were too long or too short, too grave or too light—any thing, in short, but entitled to reception. Had Pauline not possessed uncommon energies, as well as uncommon abilities, she would have found it impossible to fight her way through the briary path that leads to literary success. Many a time and oft, in her solitary chamber, she would cast down her pen in despairing lassitude, but the difficulty of seeing any better mode of maintenance made her always lift it anew, with revived determination. Her efforts were at length rewarded with something like success. Her

essays found favor with the managers of the periodical paper called the *Publiciste*, and she became a regular contributor to its pages, being paid for her labors in such a manner as to maintain herself in comparative comfort. She became even the object of considerable notice, and was occasionally an invited member of the literary soirees so common among the Parisians. At M. Suard's, in particular, a well-known member of the world of literature, Pauline met and mingled with many of the rising people of talent, male and female, in the French metropolis.

Things continued thus until Pauline fell ill, and became unable to send her contributions as usual to the *Publiciste*. Unluckily for her, the capital supplied too many young persons of literary ability to make the cessation of her labors a matter of much consequence to the people with whom she communicated. She was sensible of this, and her sickbed was harassed by fears of indigence and distress. But at this moment, a kind though unknown assistant stepped in to relieve her terrors, and save her from falling a prey to the evils in prospect. One morning, while musing sadly on her state, she received a packet, which proved, on being opened, to contain a contribution, in her own line and manner, for the *Publiciste*. It was accompanied by a note, in which the writer stated his intention to send her a similar paper at regular intervals, hoping at the same time that they might be accepted in place of her own, until she was well enough to resume her tasks. The handwriting of the note and paper were unknown to Pauline, and she could form no guess who was the author. This promise made was fulfilled, however. Articles of a fitting kind were regularly sent, and they procured for the young invalid, from the conductors of the *Publiciste*, the same remuneration which her own toils had produced. All necessary comforts were thus assured to her in her illness, and she recovered that health which distress of mind might otherwise have aided to keep back.

Pauline's correspondent dropped his labors when she was enabled to resume her own. It may be imagined that her mind dwelt much on this circumstance, and that she longed to know and thank her benefactor. She was not left long in the dark. A pale and slender young man, with a mild and expressive countenance, called upon her and modestly revealed himself as her unknown assistant. He was immediately recognised by the young contributor of the *Publiciste* as one whom she had seen at M. Suard's and who had won for himself the repute of being one of the most promising young men of the day. He also had seen her at M. Suard's and it was from no common feelings that he had been induced to act as has been related. After their first interview, they saw each other again and again, and Pauline soon learned to reciprocate the affection which the other had already conceived for her. They were married. At this day they live happily with each other; and while the husband fills one of the highest places in the senate and literature of his country, the wife, while holding no ignoble station also in the world of letters, is elevated high among the matrons of France. Reader the parties of whom we have been speaking, are Monsieur and Madame Guizot. The "Letters on education" and other works of the latter show her to be a worthy partner of a statesman and historian so distinguished as M. Guizot.

MEHEMET ALI.

The following sketch of the character of Mehemet Ali, which appears in a French paper, will be read with interest at the present time:

Mehemet Ali, was born in 1769, at Cavalla, and is now consequently 71 years of age. He is short in stature, but strong and still hale, or far from infirmity. His fine forehead and hazel eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, his short mustache, flowing grey beard, and little mouth, makes up an *ensemble* which, though it betrays cunning and *finesse*, yet, on the whole, gives him the appearance of a noble and amiable man.

His hands and feet are remarkably well made, and, what is extraordinary for a Turk, he is incessantly pacing up and down his apartments. He is always remarkably clean and neat in his dress, but never wears any orders, nor any of those gorgeous decorations and

embroideries which are so much in fashion amongst his countrymen.

The Viceroy is excessively passionate, and can but ill conceal the emotions by which for the time he is agitated, but he has much frankness and good faith, and abhors dissimulation. Extremely sensitive on all points of honor, religiously faithful to his word, he is utterly incapable of committing a dishonorable action. His generosity is unbounded, and frequently borders on prodigality. He is reported to have been a very great admirer of the fair sex, but is an excellent father; and it is painful to witness his anguish when bereaved of any of his numerous children, or any person to whom he is attached.

Glory is his god, and his whole life has been spent in endeavoring to shed a lustre on his name, and to leave behind him a glorious and unsullied reputation. He is very sensible on the calumnies which the European papers have circulated about him, and causes all of them to be translated and read to him.

Probably there is no man of his age who equals him in indefatigable activity. He allows himself but a few hours of repose; rises at four, when he receives reports from his Ministers and dictates his answers. He then reviews his troops, and inspects his shipping and public works. He is endowed with a most wonderful clear-sightedness, which enables him to grapple with his subject and instantly see the bottom of the most intricate questions; and his unerring judgement renders him capable of forming the most just decisions on affairs with which he was previously unacquainted. Repeated illustrations of this are to be met with in the history of his long political career.

Like Cassio, he is no arithmetician, but his calculations are always correct. He never learnt to read until the age of forty five, when he commenced studying with all the ardor of a youthful mind. The histories of Alexander and Napoleon were always his favorite subjects. He speaks no foreign language, but such is his perspicacity that, whilst conversing with Europeans, he frequently dispenses with the services of his interpreter, having gained from their eyes and gestures a tolerably correct idea of the subject on which they have been conversing. His great delight is to have some distinguished European or scientific person to converse with.

He is religious without being either a fanatic or bigot. But he is the first Mussulman sovereign who has afforded to Christians a sincere protection, which he has caused to be severely respected. Several Christians enjoy his friendship and confidence; he has given them rank and commands, and has raised them to the dignity of bey. Thus, to soar above the deep-rooted prejudices of his court and people, he had to struggle against their intrigues and animadversions when they were jealous of the favors which he bestowed upon foreigners.

His amusements are very simple and primitive—riding, and playing at chess or draughts with his officers inferiors, and sometimes even with private soldiers. At both of these games he is remarkably skilful.

With regard to his warlike qualities, it is only necessary to say that he rose to be what he is from the ranks by means of his courage and talents. His courage and fearless intrepidity have frequently hurried him into great danger. Even last year, notwithstanding his great age, did we see him undertake a voyage to Faozlon, upwards of 1,000 leagues from his capital, braving the rocks of the Nile, suffering shipwreck, swimming ashore, treating it as a joke, and pursuing his journey across the voiceless sands of the desert, mounted on a dromedary? Ali is incontestably one of the most remarkable men of the present age.

AN ANTIQUE.—We were shown, the other day, by a gentleman of this town in whose possession it is, a most superb figured cut velvet vest or jacket, worn one hundred and sixty-seven years ago by his ancestor, John Levento, Governor of the province of Massachusetts, which then included New Hampshire. It is of a dress order—made in the style of those days to reach below the middle, with large pocket flaps. It is altogether the richest specimen of velvet we ever saw, and in excellent preservation. As a relic of the olden time it is a great curiosity.—*New Hampshire Sentinel.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1840.

Those of our patrons, who intend to render an earnest of substantial patronage, will, we trust, comply with our terms, and either pay their subscriptions to an authorized agent, or hand it to the post master, who is authorized by law to send it free of postage.—Our terms are \$2.50, if not paid within six months, or \$3, at the end of the year. Poz.

TEMPERANCE in a general sense, is a prudent moderation which restrains our desires, appetites, and passions within just bounds: but we shall consider it here in a more limited signification, as a virtue that curbs our corporeal appetites, and, confining them to a medium equally distant from two opposite extremes, renders them not only innocent, but commendable and useful.

The principal vices repressed by Temperance are *Incontinency*, and *Excess in eating and drinking*; if there be any more, they flow from one or other of these two sources.

It would lead us to too great length at present, to consider this virtue fully in both points of view. To the last, then, as most appropriate to our particular subject, we shall chiefly confine our attention.

"Wine," says an eminent author, "raises the imagination, but depresses the judgement. He that resigns his reason is guilty of every thing he is liable to in the absence of it. A drunken man is the greatest monster in human nature, and the most despicable character in human society; this vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it; as to the mind, it discovers every flaw in it and makes every latent seed sprout out in the soul; it adds fury to the passions, and force to the objects that are apt to inflame them. Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment, makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity."

Seneca says, "That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults;" experience teaches us the contrary; liquor throws a man out of himself, infuses into the mind qualities to which it is a stranger in its more sober movements. Some men are induced to drink excessively, as a cure for sorrow and a relief from misfortune; but they deceive themselves; liquor can only sharpen and embitter their misery.

Temperance is our guard against a thousand unseen ills. If this virtue restrain not our natural inclinations, they will soon exceed all bounds of reason and of prudence. The Grecian Philosophers ranked Temperance among the highest of all Christian virtues. It is undoubtedly a preservative against numerous diseases, an enemy to passion, and a security against the dire effects of excessive vices and immoderate desires. The good and true Mason knows its highest value and most appropriate application. Every man of reflection must know, that by keeping this vigilant sentinel always on duty, we are armed and secured against that tremendous host of foes which perpetually hover round the ungarded victims of intemperance.

OPPOSITION.—The Splendid Steamer, American Statesman, is running between New York and New Haven at ONE CENT fare, berths included. If the other boat will find their passengers, there is no doubt but that they would receive all the "patronage."

COOPER THE NOVELIST.—It is probably familiar to most of readers, that this gentleman some time ago procured indictments against the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, for alleged libels said to have been uttered by the C. & E. in relation to the fair fame of Mr. Cooper, which indictments were to have been tried in Otsego county. These indictments have been removed to the Supreme court by the District attorney of Otsego, on the ground that "public feeling was in such a state of excitement, to forbid the hope of getting an impartial administration of justice in the premises." It is to be regretted that Mr. Cooper, so far forgot himself as to meddle with an affair, which can never redound to his character as an author, and which must result eventually in his discomfiture and disgrace. If we understand the subject aright, the indictment was procured on account of some very severe strictures on one of Mr. C's recent works. Mr. C. may have received injustice from the hands of Mr. Webb, but he should be aware that authors like editors, are public targets, made to fire at: and he that laughs the heartiest, at the missiles thrown at him, (always provided that they do not break his head) is looked upon by the community, the best fellow. Mr. Cooper's course in this matter has been a very foolish one, and we regret that an author so deservedly celebrated, should in a weak moment, have given the admirers of his genius, so much cause to pity his extreme sensibility and nervousness!

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The Steam Ship *Britania*, has arrived at Boston. Lord Falkland, the new Governor of Nova Scotia, who was of the passengers, was landed at Halifax, where he was received with great ceremony. The state of the Eastern question had undergone but little change. Peace would be preserved, if possible, although, war like preparations were making. Professor Mullen, who has been engaged in making excavations at Delphi, died by illness brought on by fatigue. The trial of Louis Napoleon, will take place the first of October. The plague is said to be raging in Rome. The latest accounts from Mexico, are of the most doleful kind; misery, want, and turbulence, seem to be for the time paramount.—The splendid estate 'Hope' the property of the Duke of Buckingham, at Jamaica, W. I., was destroyed by fire. One hundred and ten negro houses, the great house, cane fields, stores, and all the property of master and man were destroyed.

G. L. C. of Savannah, is informed, that favor this has been duly received, for which he will please accept our acknowledgements. His papers have been regularly mailed in the same packet with T's.

*If our friend of the Marietta (Ohio) Democrat, will make the words "will not step forward," read "will now step forward," in our prospectus, which he has kindly published, he will convey an entirely different idea—that's all.

THE MONUMENT FAIR, at Boston, has closed, and it is said, that between 20 and 25 thousand dollars will be realised, after defraying the expenses. This confers immortal honor on the ladies engaged in it.

LADIES LOOK OUT.—Miss Sophia Mitchell, who has been enacting the part of *chambermaid* on board of one of the Havre Packets, for some time, has been ungallantly deprived of the "short gown, &c." and discovered to be a *Mister* somebody, by the police of New Orleans.

THE ILL FATED LEXINGTON.—Another body drifted ashore at Smith Town L. Island, on the 12th inst. It was ascertained to be that of the wife of James Bates, of Abington, Mass., formerly of New Jersey.

The Argus is mistaken, when it says the passage of the North America and Albany, was a "test of speed" between the two boats on Wednesday. In the first place the Capt. of the N. A. was forbidden by the Association to run his boat, and in the second place the N. A. made fourteen landings, while the Albany came through without a passenger, and did not make a single landing. It will be some time before Mr. Stevens can make the Albany the crack boat, with such a "test of speed."

CABS.—New York is following London, and Albany is following New York. Mr. Charles Walker, has introduced the Cab here, and our citizens can now ride as cheap as they please.

KENDRICK.—who killed his wife some time since, at Troy, has been acquitted on the plea of insanity.

A REASON.—The London Literary Gazette, in speaking of a performance at the King's theatre, says, "On Tuesday, Othello was repeated to an excellent and applauding house; but we have criticised it so often, that we have nothing new to say on the subject, except that we have discovered the reason why Desdemona takes the lighted candle into bed with her, (which no previous commentator has done,) and it is simply because Othello is so dark."

[The "reason" assigned is not correct. Desdemona undoubtedly took a candle, either because she was afraid to go to bed in the dark—or because she wanted to see where to put her clothes—or, because she wanted to untie the knot in her nightcap. Considerations which certainly require a candle.]

INTELLIGENCE.

Melancholy.—A boat containing six boys was upset on Sunday on the Schuylkill, near Coates street wharf, and four of the six unfortunately drowned. The latest British papers tell of a similar accident, by which eleven youths perished.—*Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

Fire at Natchez.—A fire occurred at Natchez, on the 9th inst., in one of the outbuildings of a beautiful mansion. There were in the Kitchen two servants, a girl and a boy, and both were destroyed—the boy was in a sick bed and was found in a crisped cinder—the girl was taken out alive, horribly burnt, but died in a few hours in the most excruciating agony and pain.

The fire discovered in the St. Charles Exchange, New Orleans, on the 11th inst., was got under, after it had destroyed portions of the 4th and 5th stories.—Loss about \$20,000. The building alone cost over half a million. The fire is known to have been the work of an incendiary, and was set on fire in three or four distinct parts of the attic. Several suspected persons are under arrest.

Distressing Event.—A very sudden death occurred at the City Hotel, on the 18th inst., and under circumstances peculiarly affecting. A Mr. W. R. Chaplain, a native of Massachusetts, and recently a resident of Mississippi, was married on Friday morning to Miss Murdock, of Philadelphia. At the dinner table he suffered a slight attack of vertigo and retiring to his room, the fit was renewed with such violence as to cause his death a short time afterwards, notwithstanding medical aid was properly administered.—*Balt. American.*

PAINFUL RUMOR.—It is stated in the Pennsylvania of yesterday, that in that city, (Philadelphia) a report was circulated that Governor Buchanan, of Liberia Colony has assassinated. The origin of the report could not be traced.

A young French girl, named Amelia Marcott, died suddenly at Sandwich U. C. on Sunday the 6th inst. while setting at table. Her cousin, Joseph Marcott, a lad of about the same age, 16, while riding for a physician to attend her, was thrown from his horse and killed.

Fatal Shot.—A Mrs. Milligan was shot dead a few days since, while standing at her door in Bolivar street, Cleveland, Ohio, by a rifle ball, which was discharged by a lad named Fisk, at a short distance from the house. The ball passed through two board fences, and the direction was thus twice changed before it struck Mrs. M. who expired immediately.

THE CROPS.—We congratulate the farmers of this county upon the prospect of an abundant crop. Indeed we have rarely, if ever, witnessed more flattering prospects, and should the weather continue favorable, our farmers in the course of two or three weeks, commence picking cotton—a crop which promises to be abundant. We may also boast of the excellent health which our citizens throughout the country enjoy.

A well dressed man was arrested in London for attempting to force his way to the Queen. He stated that he was no other person than George the Fourth; that he had built the palace, and the Queen was his wife. He was going to take her to heaven in a balloon, and he intended to get a lot of soldiers and a company of the Blues to escort him. The officers were to blow trumpets and wear wigs.

The Paris papers announces the death of Sanson, the executioner, well known as one of the lions of Paris. He officiated at the decapitation of Louis XVI. He had acquired some property, was a well informed man, fond of the arts, and past most of his time in reading and playing on the piano. He has left a son and grandson to succeed him in his office, as he succeeded his father and grandfather.

Farmers Bank of Sandstone.—A man is in the city putting off bills on this bank. The bills of some of the banks of Massachusetts, and are dated at Barry. There is, however, no such bank at the East; but there was once such a bank in Michigan; which broke long ago. [N. Y. Jour. Com.]

Terrible Accident.—On Monday afternoon, about six o'clock, George Hansell, a resident of Philadelphia county, was run over by a car, on the Columbia railroad, near the Green Tree Tavern, and both his legs and one arm cut off. He died before reaching Paoli, and was brought to his brother who keeps the hotel at the head of the inclined plane. The accident occurred by his attempting to get on the car when moving.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Wycoff, Mr. Wm. Van Gaasbeck, of Schenectady, to Miss Phebe Ford of this city.

By the same, Mr. Timothy Abrahams, of West Troy, to Miss Elsie Lansing, daughter of the late Philip P. Van Rensselaer, of this city.

By the same, Jacob Klien, to Ann Maria Knoff. At Canandaigua, Sanders Irving to Miss Julia A. Granger. At Duaneburg, Tappen Townsend of Albany, to Miss Phebe Ann Pratt. At Waterford, Morton C. Powell, to Mary Hall. At Cohoes, Henry Steenburgh, to Amy Lookingham, both of Waterford. At Troy, John Fonda, to Martha Hannas. At New Baltimore, Elihu Hoag, to Mary G. Spencer. At Aurelius, Robert Cook, to Caroline Townsend.

DIED.

In this city, Geo. H. Kerker, aged 38 years. Also Lansing Viischer, aged 42.

In this city, by drowning, Wm. Campbell, aged about 40. His remains were attended to the grave, by several lodges of I. O. O. F.

On Thursday morning, John D. Smith, aged 46. At Butternuts, Richard V. Morris, son of Lewis Lee Morris, aged 17. At Deerpark, Lawrence J. Van Kleeck, 61. In New York, Rev. James Mairs, aged, 74. At Whitehall, Jonathan Reynolds, aged 100 years. At Troy, Melissa, wife of F. Lottridge, aged 42.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 37,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Mmphi	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphi	2d Tuesday.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840.—**ELECTION NOTICE.**—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.

State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and, that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.

A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice or election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

au2U

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Cxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Teft, Cocomans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
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Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlesville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James McKim, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Borodino.
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Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.
A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.
J. H. McMahon, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.
G. L. Cope, Jr Savannah.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels, old and new.

POETRY.

SONG FOR ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL.

BY BR. WILLIAM J. WHIPPLE.

When chaos invested the face of the deep,
And to darkness, confusion, and discord gave birth,
The first of heaven mid the tumult was heard,
And nature obeyed the Omnipotent Word.
Jehovah's great mandate was, "Let there be light;"
And harmony triumph'd o'er discord and night.

What joy fill'd the earth, when the herald of love,
On a mission of mercy dispatch'd from above,
While the choir of high heaven re-echoed the strain,
Proclaim'd "On earth peace, and good will to-
wards men;"
When raptures extatic, were borne on the sound,
That spread the glad tidings to Creation around.

Thus the moral world joyed, when the shadows of
night,
Were chas'd from the soul by the effulgence of Light;
When by Wisdom contriv'd, in Beauty array'd,
And by Strength well supported, our Lodge stood dis-
play'd;
With the "Olive of peace" Freemasonry rose,
And dissension was hushed on the breast of repose.

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

—When I am gone
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall wake these dells,
And sing your praise sweet evening bells.

MOORE.

'Tis sweet to hear the Sabbath bell,
Whose soft and silvery chime
Breaks on the ear with fall and swell
Wafting our thoughts from time.
I love to hear its mellow strain
Come floating up the dell;
While wending to that sacred fane,
Where chimes the Sabbath bell.

How memory mingles with that peal!
How hours of other years!
How sad the thoughts that pensive steal
Along my trickling tears!
Thoughts rending to my bosom lone,
Yet those I would not quell;
For soothing to my grief that tone
Of thine, sweet Sabbath bell.

For though the 'lov'd and lost' cannot
Return my heart to cheer;
Their memory ne'er can be forgot,
While the blest voice I hear.
How pure, how pure the tears that rush
From feeling's briny well;
When swan-like thy soft numbers gush,
Thou much loved Sabbath bell!

A few years more—the sweet cool winds
Will make the young flowers wave,
Which, oh! perhaps, congenial minds
Will plant around my grave.
I'll miss the dear familiar voice
That, ah! so oft could tell
My heart, tho' tempest toss'd, 'rejoice,'
Thou dear, dear Sabbath bell.

THE MOTHER'S VISIT.

TO THE TOMB OF HER DAUGHTER.

Sleep on, sleep on in death's embrace,
I envy thee thy resting place;
I would not wish thee o'er again
To tread life's cheerless path of pain.

The smile that thou wert wont to wear,
In loveliness still lingers there;
And that dim'd eye, in beauty's sleep,
Will wake no more, with me to weep.

Here thou art resting, by my side,
As peaceful as the moments glide.

Those lips for me would breathe a prayer,
But ah! the spirit is not there.

That gentle voice, by nature given,
Whose sound was soft as breath of heaven;
Where is it flown? The list'ning ear
Will ne'er again its accents hear.

'Tis she, who oft, when thou hast slept,
O'er thee a mother's watch hath kept,
That here stands peering o'er that brow,
Seal'd in death's cold embraces now.

Hark! 'twas her voice I heard; it said,
Why weep'st thou here, among the dead?
'Tis gone! 'twas fancy! light as air,
That spake. Her spirit is not there.

Sleep on, in thy unconscious dream,
How undisturbed thy slumbers seem:
Oh! that like thee, in peace, I may
Be soon permitted here to lie.

Adieu! adieu! thou faded flower,
I leave thee now, 'tis evening hour;
I shall be borne to thee again;
And with thy sleeping dust remain.

My thoughts shall linger, when away,
Around this silent house of clay;
'Till death shall set my spirit free,
And lay this aching heart with thee.

THE FAT GENTLEMAN'S COMPLAINT.

A MOURNFUL DITTY.

"Ah me! that I was rather thin!"
How oft I utter that!
Surely quadrilles I would begin,
If I were not so fat.

Down country dances I can go,
(I things heavy can go down.)
Regardless of each lady's toe,
Unheeding lady's frown.

But sooth to say, I'd rather stand
A happy gazer by.
And view the light and cheerful band
Through their quick mazes fly.

And so I stord—the music rang—
The fair looked doubly fair;
As on elastic feet they sprang,
They seem'd embodied air.

To me the gracious hostess came
Smiling with trench'rous glance,
Led me, unwilling, to a dame,
Who wilfully would dance.

Her age was that mysterious one
That never yet was told,
Which smiling sees years onward run—
Years make not ladies old.

Her face was that on which was writ
In rather a strong trace,
So many lines of sense and wit,
That wrinkles found no place.

Her figure was that goodly size
That the well favor'd kine
Show'd to king Pharaoh's close-shut eyes;
In fact, 'twas just like mine.

I led my prize in triumph forth,
What transports then were mine!
As east and west, and south and north,
Our bodies we incline.

The spanish dance I think 'twas call'd,
The dance my partner lov'd,
She heel'd, I reel'd—she crawl'd, I sprawl'd
As waltzing down we mov'd.

As through the whirling dance we haste
Her waist's encircle round,

My precious time I did not waste—
No waist on her was found.

If mirth t' excite the merriment
By dancing is t' excel,
None can my belle and I prevent,
From beating off the bell.

From Planchette's Magazine.

HOPE.

If hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give?
Life, Youth, and love, and Beauty, too,
If hope be dead—say! what are you?

"Life without Hope? Oh, that is not
To live! but, day by day, to rot,
With feelings cold, and passions dead,
To wander o'er the world and read
Upon its beauties, and to gaze,
All vacant, o'er its flowery maze;
Oh! think if this be life? then say,—
Who lives when Hope has fled away?"

Youth without hope! An endless-night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's blight,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life,
Which older would have sunk, and died
Beneath the strokes their youth defied—
But, curst with length of days, are left
To rail at Youth of Hope bereft.

Love without hope? It cannot be,
There is a vessel on yon sea—
Becalmed and sail-less as despair,
And know—this hopeless Love floats there.

And Beauty too—when Hope is gone—
Has lost the ray in which it shone!
And seen without this borrowed light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avails the silken hair,
The angel smile, and gentle air,
The beaming eye, and glance refined—
Faint semblance of a purer mind—
As gold-dust, sparkling in the sun,
Points where the brighter strata run?
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestowed to mock at misery;
They speak of days long, long gone by,
Then point to cold reality,
And with a death-like smile, then say,—
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away?"

Thus Life, Youth, Love and Beauty, too,
When seen without Hope's brightening hue,
All sigh in misery's saddest tone,—
"Why seek to live, if hope be gone?"

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 5.]

MASONIC.

AN ORATION,

Delivered in Christ Church, Savannah, on the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, before Solomon's Lodge No. 1.

BY THE REV. BR. GEORGE WHITE.

MASONIC BRETHREN :

Our act of celebration begins with God. To the incomparable Architect who formed the brilliant globes that float in the regions of interminable space, Free Masonry presents its homage and gratitude. The festival which we this day keep, is the festival of friendship, benevolence, and good will to men. We do not thus annually convene, to make an ostentatious display of our numbers, to devise plans to advance the interests of a particular party, or to canvass the pretensions of candidates, for public favor. To indulge in revelry and intemperance, is not our purpose.

We have assembled to invoke the blessing of the Almighty upon our brotherhood, to strengthen the bonds of our union, to encourage each other in good works, and to renew our vows that we will faithfully endeavor to exemplify the sublime principles of our craft in all the relations we sustain to society.

I bid you welcome to the celebration of this Jubilee. In the name of humanity I bid you welcome. In the name of benevolence I bid you welcome.

What friend to this venerable institution does not feel his bosom glow with pride, when he reflects that amidst the countless revolutions, that have convulsed the world, its principles have been maintained, in their original beauty and undiminished lustre. It carries on its front the marks of venerable antiquity. We are not, it is true, among those who believe that Masonry can be traced to that period,

"When first the golden morn aloft,
With golden breezes whispering soft,
Sprung from the east with rosy wing,
To kiss the heavenly first-born spring;
Jehovah then from hallowed earth,
Gave Masonry immortal birth."

Neither are we satisfied that our fraternity, had any connection with the mystical associations of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. We do not think that any proof exists, that Archimedes, Pythagoras and Solon, were Masons. The principles of speculative Masonry, were doubtless well understood by these illustrious men, but it is asserting too much to say that they were Masons, in the sense in which we now employ that term.

You must allow me respected brethren, to remark, that I believe that the intemperate and extravagant attempts which have been made, to give Masonry an origin, to which it is by no means entitled, have contributed in no small degree, to render it the subject of sarcasm and contempt. We should never permit our attachment for the institution, to lead us into the mazes of improbability. You may justly boast that Masonry is the most ancient institution in the world. The arches, the pillars, the porticoes, the pyramids, the amphitheatres and temples, formed by the hand of Masonry, have perished, but the institution still exists.—Powerful, and well concerted schemes, have been devised, to banish it from the world. Excessive fines, galling chains, gloomy dungeons, painful exiles, furious flames and cruel deaths, are but few of the engines employed by the ignorant, to destroy the beautiful fabric of Masonry; but it has outlived the attacks of its most inveterate foes. Its principles have spread, and they will continue to spread, till

"The great globe itself,
And all which it inherits be destroyed,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

No human institution, is so well calculated to promote the happiness of men as Masonry. "Established on a liberal and extensive plan, its benignities extend to every individual of the human race, and its adherents are collected from every nation under heaven. It invites to its lodges the sons of virtue, of love and of peace, that it might connect them by vows of eternal amity, in a most sacred, intimate, and endeared alliance, and unite and invigorate their best endeavours for mutual and general advantage." It is the friend of man, in whatever condition he is found. Every species of human woe, it has endeavoured to alleviate. Liberty never had bolder champions than the members of this fraternity. Against tyranny, oppression, and intolerance, it has ever waged an uncompromising war. A very large proportion of those noble spirits, who toiled, and suffered and bled, in defence of our holy religion, were members of this order. It has restrained the ferocity of passion, and curbed the licentiousness of appetite. It has quenched the fires of persecution, and extinguished the torch of fanaticism. It has brought together, men who were totally estranged from each other, by climate, prejudice, language, and education, and taught them that they were all the children of one Almighty Father, and that therefore they should love as brethren. Protection of the weak, has always been a prominent duty of Masonry, and never was a duty more faithfully discharged, than when woman became the object; indeed, when she became the object, the duty was heightened to a pitch of enthusiasm. Admitting, that in the days of chivalry, devotion to the female sex was carried to a degree of extravagance, yet, it must be acknowledged, that Masonry has been one among the chief instruments, by which woman has been raised from a state of inferiority, to her proper position in society. The very fact, that females cannot be admitted into our lodges, is the highest compliment we can pay them. It is often asked, why are they excluded? Is it because they are considered unworthy? Is it because they are supposed incapable of preserving secrecy? No! these are not the reasons which prevent our offering to woman, the privileges of Masonry. The truth is, this institution cherishes such an exalted regard for the character of females, that it does not think that they stand in need of vows, and emblems to make them virtuous. Masonry, although it is entirely persuaded of the superior advantages it is capable of conferring, thinks that its privileges would be useless to her, of whom it is said:

"Her's is a mild and gentle power
That prospers in affliction's hour;
And when the heartlessness of friends
Falls, like a pestilence, and brings
To hope's own fair imaginings
Its withering breath; then woman lends
Her words of solace; and her smile
Like moonbeams on a ruined pile
Comes with an influence to bless
Where all seemed drear and comfortless;
And sheds around such holy light,
As makes e'en desolation bright!"

"Mark her majestic fabric! She's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine
Her soul's the Deity, that lodges there
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.

Such are the sentiments of Masonry, in reference to woman, and the regulation which debars her from a participation in our mysteries, is our highest praise and her greatest panegyric.

In furnishing pecuniary assistance to the poor and needy, this institution is eminently distinguished. See ye yonder orphan, for whom no mother's bosom throbs in soft sympathy!

"See ye the widow forced in age for bread,
To strip the brook, with mantling crosses spread;
To pick the wintry fagot from the thorn,
Then seek some nightly shade and weep till morn."

These are the objects of the true Mason's most tender care. If our customs allowed, we could easily bring into this assembly, living proofs of Masonic benevolence. No association of men can say, with so much truth as Masonry: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, because I delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out."

Notwithstanding the benevolent and peaceful objects of our order, it has to contend with opposition, arising in most cases from an entire ignorance of the subject. The limits of my remarks will not permit a minute examination of all the objections advanced against our craft. One or two of the most popular of these objections, I will notice. It is said that the profound secrecy peculiar to Masonry, cannot be reconciled with those principles of benevolence which it professes. If Masons are in possession of anything, the knowledge of which would be beneficial to the world, why not divulge it? Why hide their light? We reply, that the privileges of Masonry can be enjoyed by all who possess the requisite qualifications. But who are to be the judges of these qualifications? Not the mass of men at large, but Masons themselves. Every society reserves to itself the right of deciding upon the qualifications of those who offer for admission. It is unfair, therefore, to deprive this institution of a right awarded to all others. To the virtuous the privileges of Masonry are accessible. To communicate them to the vicious, would be to profane their sanctity. To publish them to the world, would be to defeat the very design of the institution—for these are its marks, and the means of its preservation. But secrecy is not peculiar to Masonry. Every profession, every art, every trade has its secrets. Empires and States, have their secrets. Families have their secrets, and there is not a heart in this assembly but what is the repository of some secret. The duty of secrecy is recognised and taught in the volume of inspiration. In the Old Testament as well as in the new, various allusions are made to this duty; and we all know that there are certain actions which the Divine Author of our religion declared, must be performed in secret, in order to be acceptable to him. It is further objected, that the privileges of this order, are frequently conferred upon the worthless and destitute. We admit this charge.—But we ask if perfection can be found on earth? Are not other societies liable to imposition, and why may not Masonry be liable to the same thing? Masonry cannot dive into the hearts of men. It takes men upon their protestations of honesty. If deceived, the institution ought not to be censured, but those who are guilty of the deception. It is unjust to blame any society for the misconduct of its members. The best things are liable to be abused. Our benign religion has been perverted to the very worst ends. Are there not thousands who profess Christianity, whose daily conduct is in direct contradiction to their profession? In the church, have you not seen hypocrisy borrowing the cloak of religion, and officiating at her very altars? Have you not seen pride and ostentation among those who claim to be disciples of the humble Jesus? Have you not witnessed the revolting spectacle of sect arrayed against sect, persecuting each other with unrelenting animosity, on account of slight differences in their creeds, and forms of worship? But who blames Christianity for these irregularities and abuses? No one will venture to affirm that the misconduct of a Christian is an argument against Christianity. And by the same reasoning the immoral behavior of Masons ought not to be attributed to Masonry.

We ask, is it not one of the most reasonable things in the world to expect, that in a society so extensive, and composed of such a variety of persons, that many

by immoral conduct, would bring discredit upon the order?

If there be any thing in Masonry, unfriendly to good morals, would it have been supported by the virtuous of every age? In the Masonic ranks have been found the most distinguished men of every age and country. Kings, princes, nobles, bishops, have not hesitated to avow their attachment to our order. WASHINGTON, whose name will ever be dear to the hearts of every American, was a zealous member of this fraternity. In Masonry, there is nothing inconsistent with rigid morality. He who becomes a member of our order, has no motive offered him to become vicious. We do not pretend to put Masonry on a level with our holy religion, yet, we do assert that next to it, there is nothing better calculated to make men wise and virtuous. What mean these badges in which the order now appears? What mean these various symbols? Why give we the scriptures such a prominent situation as that which they now occupy? Think not that they are only appendages, intended merely, to excite the curiosity of the ignorant, and that Masons deal in some very mysterious arts. No! they are all expressive and to the enlightened, fraught with instruction.—To fear God is the first lesson inculcated in our lodges. Under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, Masonry endeavors to impress upon the mind, that a Being, so infinitely above the comprehension of man—a Being, whose goodness is inscribed upon all creation, has unquestionably claims to our highest regard.—To implore and ask His mercy, to depend upon His protection, to reverence His name, and to rely upon His protection, however rough the journey of life may prove, are duties which are constantly enforced at our meetings. Brotherly love, truth, temperance fortitude justice and charity, have always been held in high repute by the friends of mankind, and by none more so, than by the members of this fraternity. Indeed, these have been called, Masonic virtues, from the great importance Masons attach to them. Brotherly love, how amiable in itself! No wonder that the poet king exclaimed, "Behold how good and joyful thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The Saviour, not only taught this duty, but exemplified it in every action of his life—wherever he directed his steps, this virtue appeared to animate him. The disciple, who was honored with a large portion of his Masters affection, John the Evangelist, the patron of our order, in his beautiful writing, lays the greatest stress upon this virtue; and history records, that when the infirmities of old age disqualified him from any considerable participation in the privileges of the brotherhood he would request to be carried to their assemblies, and would say to them, "Let us love one another." Oh! thrice happy would it be for the world, if the influence of this principle were more extensively prevalent. "The world in which we live" says a beautiful writer, "is full of beautiful sights and sweet sounds; it is a treasure house of melody. Whether the eye ranges over the face of nature at large, and marks all the varied, magnificent, the sweet, the bright, the gentle in wood and mountain, and valley and stream, or rests wondering and admiring on the bright delicate fabric of a flower, the rich hues of a butterfly, or the lustrous plumage of the birds—beauty and brightness are every where. The air we breathe, too is full of sweet sounds, whether in the singing of the birds, the murmuring music of the stream, or the hum of insect world, upon the wing is replete with harmony. But of all lovely sights, and of all the touching sounds whereof the world is full, there is nothing so beautiful, as the sight and the words of benevolence."

Misery, is man's inheritance, and he who alleviates it to the extent of his power makes the nearest approach to his Creator. God is merciful, and the best acknowledgments we can render to him, is to imitate his mercy, and then "propitious heaven takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense, and doubles all its blessings." Brotherly Love is the peculiar characteristic of Masonry. In discoursing upon the frailties of man, and the mutation of earthly good, it softens the heart, restrains the impetuosity of temper, and calms the agitated waters of strife. Truth, is another virtue upon which much importance is placed by Masons. Viewed in every respect, truth possesses the highest value. It is the foundation of all confidence between intelligent beings, and without it, misery would reign uncontrolled throughout every region of intellect-

ual existence. If a regard to truth generally prevailed what a change would be effected in the condition of the world! Confidence would exist in every department of society! What endless disputes would be prevented! How many ruinous litigations would be obviated! Character would then possess a sacredness, which the unhallowed hand of calumny dare not touch. The obnoxious race of slanderers would be extinct; they would no longer swarm like wasps, about the haunts of society, infusing their deadly sting in every fair flower of promise, and seeding the locust on the fresh verdure of growing reputation and fame. The sentiments of England's immortal bard would then be universally appreciated.

"Good name in man or woman,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls;

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed."

In this institution, an inviolable regard to truth is maintained, and illustrated by emblems of the most significant character. The upright Mason despises falsehood. Not only the grosser methods of dishonest gain, are objects of his abhorrence, but the more genteel artifices of fraud and circumvention.

Temperance, ranks among the Masonic virtues, and when we use this term, we would be understood to use it, not in the popular sense, as meaning moderation or an entire abstinence from the use of intoxicating drugs, but in the restraining of every passion, humor or habit that might prove injurious to man in his individual or social capacity. We rejoice over the incalculable amount of good achieved by the labors of Temperance Societies. The Genius of Masonry is decidedly favorable to the subjects which they contemplate, but there is a species of intemperance to which it is peculiarly opposed, and which has not been formally recognized by the temperance effort. We mean religious intemperance or bigotry. Would to God that some benevolent individuals would form an association for the suppression of religious bigotry; for of all the detestable evils that disgrace the Christian world, this is certainly the most to be dreaded. It is fashionable to declaim against the evils of enthusiasm and fanaticism, but what are these when compared with the dark malignant spirit of bigotry. He felt and spoke the language of Masonry, who said, "Enthusiasm has the glory of the sun, to kindle up its mists and clouds with beauty. Fanicism has thunder and lightning and meteors in its gloom, and the tempest which threatens may soon be dispersed; but bigotry is the palpable obscure, solid temperament of darkness mixed with drizzling rain; its pestilential vapors, blast the lovely fruit of piety and goodness, while all noxious, —all prodigious things, crawl forth and increase the horrors of the night. Those who yield to its influences possess no common sympathies. He must belong to their sect, imbibe their prejudices, enter into their antipathies, belittle every article of their creeds, or unto them no better than a heathen or a publican." Of bigotry it may be said,

"She hath no head, and cannot think; she hath
No heart and cannot feel; where'er she moves
It is in wrath; or pauses 'tis in ruin.
Her prayers are curses; her communion death;
Eternity her vengeance; in the blood
Of victims her red decalogue is written."

Masonry has reason to congratulate itself, that it has ever been the inveterate foe to bigotry. It is her creed that not to man, is man accountable for his religious opinions, but to God, and indignantly frowns upon any attempt to interfere with that sacred union which subsists between man and his Creator.

To intemperance of every kind, Masonry is opposed and they who assert the contrary do the institution great injustice.

Fortitude is also a cardinal virtue with Masons. By it we understand that calm and steady habit of the mind which, it enables us bravely to encounter the prospects of ill, or renders us serene and invincible under its pressure. We all know that affliction is the lot of humanity. Upon the permanency of this world's comforts, none can place reliance. Cases frequently

occur, in which a single week, a day, an hour, sweeps away all vestige of a memorable felicity, in which the ruin travels faster than the flying showers upon the mountain side,—faster than a musician scatters sounds in which, it was, and it is not, are words of the self-same tongue, in the self-same minute, in which the sun that at noon beheld all sound and prosperous, long before its setting, looks out upon a total wreck, and sometimes too upon a total abolition of any fugitive memorial that there ever had been, a vessel to be wrecked, or a wreck to be obliterated. Fortitude enables us to submit to the adverse changes of life with firmness. Never to be discouraged by difficulties, to persevere amidst repeated disappointments, to struggle manfully against opposition, and to trust in providence, are lessons which fortitude teaches. He who is blessed with this virtue, rises superior to all the ills of life. He is like a traveller who has ascended to the summit of some lofty mountain, in the midst of a tempest. The spot on which he stands is luminous, though all around is dark, and whilst the woods and valleys below are wrapped in clouds and ravaged by the storm, he enjoys a glorious sunshine a perpetual calm. Need you be reminded, my Masonic brethren, how frequently, and how forcibly you have been taught the virtue of Fortitude.

Justice is also held in high estimation by the members of this fraternity. It consists in a scrupulous regard to the rights of others. To the violation of this principle may be attributed a large portion of the evils with which the world is afflicted. If the principle of justice were universally recognized, the world would present a scene upon which angels would gaze with delight. To be just in every respect is a primary duty of Masons. they are taught faithfully to respect their engagements, never to take advantage of the ignorance and weaknesses of their fellow men, to give every one credit for integrity of purpose, until the contrary is shown, and not to misinterpret actions by ascribing to them improper motives.

But time warns us that we have intruded upon your indulgence too long, proceed we therefore to consider the last of the Masonic virtues, which is Charity; pronounced by the authority of inspiration to be the greatest of all virtues.

St. Paul, in his inimitable description of this virtue, says, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these, is Charity." How can its features be printed. To draw it justly, the pencil must be drawn by the heart. Charity does not merely consist of almsgiving. To confine it to this single exercise, would be a gross abuse of the word. Whatever is kind, whatever is amiable, whatever is lovely, is included in Charity. It is hardly a virtue, which can be described, by some peculiar or uniform mode of operation. It seems to be a combination of every good quality. It is a temper of mind, which induces an individual to look at every thing with delight. "Not a breeze flies o'er the meadow—not a cloud imbibes the setting sun's effulgence—not a song from all the warbling tenants of the shade ascends, but whence the bosom of the charitable man can partake fresh pleasure and delight." Charity, is man exalted to perfection. It is man endowed with the spirit of Deity. It never slanders, it never ridicules, it never undervalues, it never misconstrues a word, it never disregards reasons, it never perverts meaning, it gives to all due praise and credit. But why attempt a description of this God-like virtue?

"For a theme like this would ask an angel lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire."

These are the virtues which distinguish the order of Masons and they are such as must commend themselves to every lover of the human species.

SIMPLE MEANS OF PURIFYING WATER.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table spoonful of pulverised alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water, (the water stirred round at the time,) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure parcels, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful containing four gallons, may be purified with a single tea spoonful.

MISCELLANY.

GEORGE FOX.

George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends, or Quakers, was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in 1624. His father, who was a weaver, educated him religiously. Being apprenticed to a grazier, he was much employed in the keeping of sheep; and it is thought that so solitary an employment confirmed that tendency to enthusiasm which he displayed from his infancy. At the age of 19, he persuaded himself that he had received a divine command to forsake every thing else, and devote himself solely to religion. He accordingly forsook his relations, equipped himself in a leathern doublet, and wandered from place to place, supporting himself as he could. Being discovered in the metropolis, his friends induced him to return; he, however, remained with them a very short time, resuming a life of itinerancy, in which he fasted much, walked abroad in retired places, studying the Bible, and sometimes sat in a hollow tree for a day together. In 1648, he began to propagate his opinions, and commenced public preacher at Manchester; whence he soon after made excursions through the neighboring counties, where he preached to the people in the market-places. About this time, he began to adopt the peculiar language and manners of Quakerism, and he experienced some of the persecutions to which all active novelty, in the way of religious opinion, was in those days exposed. At Derby, the followers of Fox were first denominated Quakers, in consequence of their trembling mode of delivery, and calls on the magistracy to tremble before the Lord. In 1655, he was sent a prisoner to Cromwell, who, having ascertained the pacific tendency of his doctrines, had him set at liberty. He was, however, treated with great severity by the county magistracy, in consequence of his interruption of ministers during divine service, and exclamations in the churches, and was more than once obliged to the interference of the protector for his freedom. On the occasion of a fast appointed on account of the persecution of the Protestants abroad, he addressed a paper to the heads and governors of the nation, in which he forcibly described the inconsistency of similar severity at home. In 1666, he was liberated from prison by order of Charles II., and immediately set about forming the people, who had followed his doctrines, into a formal and united society. In 1669, he married the widow of Judge Fell, in the same simple manner which still distinguishes the marriages of his followers, and soon after went to America, where he remained two years, which he employed in making proselytes. On his return he was thrown in Worcester gaol, but was quickly released, and went to Holland. He soon after returned, and was cast in a suit for tithes which he deemed it unlawful to pay; and in 1684, again visited the continent, where he did not long remain, and, his health becoming impaired by incessant toil, imprisonment and suffering, he lived more retired until his death, in 1690, in the 67th year of his age. Exclusive of a few separate pieces, the writings of Fox are collected into 3 volumes folio; the first of which contains his Journal, the second his Epistles, and the third his Doctrinal Pieces. He was undoubtedly a man of strong natural parts; and William Penn speaks in high terms of his meekness, humility and temperance.—*Encyclopedia Americana*.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride,—several of them having been thrown, and one killed,—asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose, into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king consented, and the animal, on a certain day was conducted thither. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar.—The horse immediately started and fell back, his ears were erected, his mane was raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion,

and having reared his head over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other, for a considerable time, seeking a favorable opportunity to seize his prey; during which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoofs on the under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in a most lamentable manner.—The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the ground where he was kept.—*Illustrations of Natural History*.

PIGS.

If there be any thing in which perverseness is humorously provoking, it is in the stubborn wrong-headedness of a thorough paced pig. He that drives a pig ought to be blest with even more patience than Job, for surely none other could drive one to market. Imagine yourself at a cross road, with a whip in one hand, and a pig at the extreme end of a long rope, for he will have the whole length of his tether. If you direct the head of your charge, by directing his tail due north, he looks toward the road as if conscious that it led to that "undistinguishable borne from whence no traveller returns," he can not oblige you, so turns round and makes with all his legs for the south. If neither of these ways are agreeable, he has no objection to turning entirely round and retracing his steps back to the sty of his nativity; and if you can not decide on this proposition immediately, he is polite enough to persist in waiting your leisure, and sticks to his point as immovable as a rusted weathercock, at last he veers round like the boxing hand of a compass to all points, but keeps to none, neither making way forward, sideward, or backward. Your patience now begins to fail, and you apply the whip in the most persuasive manner possible; he squeaks very penitently, and utters his shrill laments till all the passengers stop their ears with their fingers, and housekeepers shut down their windows. He seems to regret his incapacity to please you, let him turn which way he will; but relaxes nothing of his perverseness. You then twist his thin and useless tail round your thumb, till you have screwed it as tight as it were in a tourniquet, and endeavor to urge him forward by the last resource of defeated pig-drivers. His counter-tenor squeak is only the more piercing and pathetic; but he is as undecidably decided as ever as to the tenor of his way. And now, stunned by his shrieks, you loose his tail, and pull resolutely at the string which keeps him prisoner by the leg. He was at that moment advancing almost twice his own length on the road we wished him to take, but that pull is construed a direct command to stand still, and once more he is as fixed as monumental marble." You ply the whip till his sides look like a tally of the number of lashes he has received; but he seems to think whipping an unmerited compliment. You pull the leg, twist the tail, and flug the flank, for half an hour longer; he squeaks up and down the whole compass of chromatic scale, till every note is run through, and your head feels as if sharp swords were thrusting through both ears. Meanwhile the blackguard boys swarm round you like bees at a gathering—one volunteers a stick with a nail in it a second a stone, a third pushes his cap in the face of your charge; and the rest raise the exulting halloo, or keep up the roaring laugh. These insults put your pig on his mettle, and he either bolts in between their legs promiscuously, and tumbles them down one after another, or else, selecting some newly breached urchin in particular, he flings the bread-and-butter muncher

over his back into the mud. The bystanders laugh louder than ever—seizing the porky perplexity by the hind legs, you fling over your shoulder, and sweat all the way to the market town, while your tender charge is making the streets vocal with one long continued shriek.—*London Paper*.

PRESERVING WINTER APPLES.

Last April, a year I visited a friend, when he made me a present of a large dish of fine flavored apples, and in being out of season to have apples in such a good state of preservation, I inquired his mode of keeping them. He informed me that in the fall he made a box six feet deep, which he sunk into the ground to a level with the surface, when he filled the box with sound apples, and covered it with boards in the form of a roof, but leaving an opening at both ends. The roof he also covered with straw and earth to the usual thickness of an apple or potatoe hole. In this condition he leaves it till the apples are frozen, but as soon as a thaw comes he makes it perfectly tight, and in a few days the frost is altogether removed, and the apples are as fresh and perfect as when they were taken from the trees.

I am aware that this is an excellent plan because I know that most of the apples and potatoes in holes rot and decay, in consequence of the warm and foul air accumulating, having no opportunity to escape. I thought, however, to improve it. I consequently, last fall, buried my apples in the usual way; then I took four strips of one inch boards and nailed them together in the form of a chimney, leaving a vacancy in the middle, of one inch square, this I placed in the centre of the apple hole, the end resting on the apples inside, and the other end projecting two feet above the ground. This succeeded far beyond my expectations. The vacancy in the chimney was barely sufficient to permit the foul air to escape, and not so large, as to let the frost in to affect the apples. My family during the winter, whenever they wished to have apples for consumption, only removed the chimney and reached in with the hand to get a supply, and then replaced it again; and I can assure you that of eight bushels that were thus buried, only three rotten and five or six slightly affected apples were discovered, whereas my neighbors, who buried their apples in the old fashioned way, lost a large quantity.—*Albany Cultivator*.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

A married couple of the Scottish Highlanders had thrice their only child, each dying at an early age. Upon the death bed of the last, the father became boisterous and uttered his complaints in the loudest tones.

The death of the child happened late in the spring, when, in the more inhabited straths, sheep were abroad; but, from the blasts in the high and stormy region, they were still confined to the cot. In a dismal, stormy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out, lamenting aloud, for a lamb to treat his friends at the wake (or funeral feast.) At the door of the cot he found a stranger standing before the entrance. He was astonished at such a sight, so far from any frequented place! The stranger was plainly attired, but he had a countenance singularly expressive of mildness and benevolence; and addressing the father in a sweet impressive voice, asked what he did there amid the tempest?

He was filled with awe which he could not account for, and answered that he came for a lamb.

"What kind of a lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger.

"The very best I can find," replied he, as it is to entertain my friends; and I hope you will share of it."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lambs?"

"Never," was the answer.

"How differently am I treated," said the traveller, "when I come to visit my sheepfold I take, as I am well entitled to do, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamor of discontent by these ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected."

He looked up in amazement, but—the vision had fled.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

"IS IT TIME?" OR THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

My regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent, from the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection, as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian sway, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasantest; in fact, for a long time we were sedulously cut by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighborhood; and when at length they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick a quarrel, and to show their teeth at least, if they dared not bite.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young officers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the chance of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, assist at a *soirée* which we had heard was to be given the same night at a mansion within a mile or two of the town. This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our cloth—by myself and some half dozen other swaggering, or rather staggering youths, who most likely deemed themselves the elite of his Bavarian Majesty's—regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolese *assemblee*, we pursued our route, and reaching the chateau, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestic had to announce us, into the principal saloon, which to our surprise, was filled with a company apparently as well-dressed, and well-bred, as might on an average be found at the *conversazioni* of Munich itself. Our sudden and unexpected presence seemed to paralyse the whole assemblage; and many eyes were turned upon us as glaring as those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montague. As in that instance, however, so now, the host—a courteous and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit. We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country-belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure: it was fortunate that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorised and unmanly intrusion; pleaded, in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peacemakers between us and their male friends; and, in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good-humored terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present, one in particular attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young; but her whole contour, and the sweet intellectuality of her countenance, impelled me to devote to her my entire attention; nor did the fair Doreatha—for so I found she was called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole of the company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception—that of an individual called Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the smiling sunny aspect of Doreatha. It was indeed difficult to imagine that any thing could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite: but I observed that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity, with

the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpable as not to be mistaken, she made up to him, and tried sundry little arts and enticements to win him back to complacency. This undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the young lady's quitting my neighborhood, laughingly said, "Take heed; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of a fellow, if you continue to flirt with his betrothed." The words sounded unaccountably; for even at that moment, as I gazed on the pair, her anxious agitated manner bore rather the semblance of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile. I did not press it under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning however toward the spot, my surprise was great to see Doreatha still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. "Captain," said she as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, "I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it." Of course, I lost no time in profiting by this alteration, and having summoned Doreatha's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now near home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You, on the contrary, being unfortunately a *Bavarian*," (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke,) "are obnoxious to many around us. I entreat you, therefore, to return to your quarters; do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whisperingly, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervor. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she had intended, for I was the more determined to escort her safely to her door.

On reaching the chateau, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence, but Doreatha having knocked at a window, it was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and slouched hat were handed out to her. "Take these," said she to me, "disguise may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and your cap."

"What dread you then?" I inquired, somewhat startled. "We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people; we are not at war with each other, and even the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power."

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issue of battles nor negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

"From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you," pursued she smiling; "all I seek just now is a sound night's repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of."

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed, "You are obeyed; but ere I go, dear Doreatha, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy-looking Rusen?"

"Yes—no!" replied she, and, flinging into the house put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolese, and commenced my journey homewards. For awhile my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, through the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in

the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure apparently mantled like myself, and gliding forward with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life from this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice behind me murmured softly, "Is it time?"—Instinctively disguising my tones, I replied, "Time to be snug in bed, friend;" on which the challenger, as if mistaken in the party he had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance coupled with the preceding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I thought I recognised, in the voice I had just heard, that of Rusen. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a by-path, which, at the expense of a little *detour* might, I conceived, save me from the hazard of being waylaid. This path led through some conventual ruins, and I resolved on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few minutes, and reconnoitre before I penetrated further into the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who with folded arms, was leaning against a parapet. He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter) uttering the question I had before heard, "Is it time?" The voice was certainly Rusen's, and his interlocutor answered with the word, "Salurn!"

"Has he passed you?" inquired Rusen.

"No: not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved," rejoined the watchful sentinel, "much less an accursed Bavarian."

"Come back with me then to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from the town, the better."

The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence, to my quarters.

On inquiry, next morning, I learnt that Rusen was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighborhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of Doreatha, who, however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of connubial happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate and fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with Doreatha. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's chateau on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led to the hall-door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlor, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of Rusen, "To-morrow night, then!" he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, "to-morrow night, in the Salurn Castle!"

"Agreed—but stay—hear me!" and I recognised the tones of Doreatha.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation; when my consciousness flowed once more in a clear stream, I found myself on a full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village Salurn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm,

forming one of the natural defences of the ruined castle which towered high over-head, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favorable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by the contemplation: from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words—"Tis time!"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidences had been given of open, and organised hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of Salurn Castle; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded to positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved finally, since I was so far on the road to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Salurn and Trent and take the necessary precautions.

Accordingly, I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in any pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands.—The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe!

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favored by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on three figures, in whom I recognised Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could hear, at least whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. "Hear me," at length exclaimed Rusen in a rough and angered voice, "and let us fully understand each other. I am, as you know, not a Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither, thrive best when public tranquility is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that to-morrow you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, here, will I be trifled with."

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. "She has consented," exclaimed the other female; "up then if you be a man!"

So intense was my excitement that the whole scene was, as it were branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's

hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by the tigerlike feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on and seized him by the throat. "Jesu Maria!" cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, "Is it not time?"

"Yes!" I rejoined, "it is time!" and as the gleam of the lantern showed him my features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror.—"In the name of the king," I pursued, "I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself my prisoner?"

"Never!" shouted he.

"Then down with you!" and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the awful precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant, that he loosed his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there, Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are you here, captain!" exclaimed Dorothea half shrieking: "merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter but as one," replied I. "You, at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosed the lamp from the body of Rusen. "Leave me, leave me, Capt. Lieber. I must hence, to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention."

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! my duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly.—"You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being you have said you loved."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I: "not by a word, not by a look."

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and—" she paused a moment, and then resumed—"In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp: otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp."

"You, captain!"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time presses."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

"Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that is my fear," replied she lingeringly. "Shall I then swear not to do so?"

"No, but promise by your honor, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet which is placed upon a small box on a flat

stone near its top, you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do on the honor of a soldier."

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed; but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its wind-stair was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half dead with fatigue, ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—completely blank!

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a huge column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all, into the void below; but it was too late!—the signal was given.—From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small arms and cannon which echoed from valley to valley.

How I descended, first the turret; and then the rock. I have not the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the outstretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal cry—"It is time!"—On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet I fell; and when, after great and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me. I found the mountain-land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

I won't be a Nun; or, the Nautical Adventures of a Young Lady.—A singularly romantic affair has just been brought to our notice—namely, that of a female sailor having arrived here some days ago in the ship Bucephalus. We understand that she is a very comely interesting girl of eighteen, (the daughter of an English officer, and related to an English nobleman,) who, having the misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, was placed in an English convent, with the view ultimately of taking the veil. Whilst a boarder in this place, she, for the sake of her health, visited occasionally some friends in the neighborhood, where, in the house of one, she first met the object of her attachment, now an officer in one of the native regiments. Subsequently she was consigned to a convent in Dublin, to the end that she should take the veil: here she remained some months; but resisting every argument to induce her to do so, privation, suffering, and cruel treatment, at the hands of the lady superior, were her lot. She fell sick, and was conveyed to a

hospital, whence, through the confidence of a young English lady, an inmate of the convent, who supplied her with the means, she made her escape in the disguise of a boy, and formed the romantic resolution of coming out to Bombay, in search of the young officer above mentioned. We are told it would occupy a volume were we to recount all her wanderings, and the sufferings and privations of the poor young creature in her endeavors to get on board a ship bound to Bombay. This at last she accomplished. A few days after the ship sailed, "the strange boy," on being questioned by the captain whence he came, proved to be a young lady; a cabin was humanely allotted to her at once, and she was treated exactly as a lady passenger.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

And here is romance in real life that decidedly elucidates the saying of the poet. We understand that this young lady's history has excited considerable interest and admiration among the society of Bombay. Probably the whole ample page of fiction could not present an instance of greater determination and constancy than is exemplified by this case.—*Bombay Times.*

AN IRISH BARGAIN.

The children of Paddy's land are not less remarkably felicitous than ever for the union of blundering and ingenuity in their intercourse with each other and the rest of the world. A recent and novel incident at Leighlinbridge gives a new testimony to the fact. A maiden resident in that parish—gay and hearty was she, but weary of single blessedness—had the rumour circulated that the lad of her choice could have 10! with her hand. She was comely in person and agreeable in temper—a fortune in herself—as all the country said. A "neighbor's son" was moved with the rumour; he knew Nanny; collared to her; made his bow and proposals together, and was accepted as her darling. But the lass was, with other good qualities, candid—and hinted, before the Priest was put in requisition, that her fortune had become by 4! the "worse for wear." "Awkward enough," says Pat, "what is to be done?" "Ah!"—sighed Nan, laying her dimpled cheek so loving on her swain's—"tis a long lane that has no turn; I'll give my note, love for the deficiency." "Cushlamachree, that's the cut," replied Pat; and, imprinting a buss upon his Nanny's lips, got the knot fastened that evening.—*Dublin Pap.*

CONSEQUENCES OF ATHEISM.

BY DR. CHANNING.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man perhaps is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountability, and of a future life to be utterly erased from every mind.—Once let men thoroughly believe, that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total everlasting extinction—once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive, or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow.

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken, and fertilize creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? and what is he more if Atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness, and sensual-

ty would absolve the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of Atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes!

SOLON'S LAWS.

In the third year of the 46th olympiad, Solon being archon the land owners and citizens, debtors and creditors, were in open feud. Solon was called upon to legislate. His first step was to arrange matters between debtor and creditor, which he accomplished by altering the standard, and lowering the rate of interest. He then deprived the nobility of a portion of their former power, by dividing all the people into four classes, regulated by property: thus, while he introduced a democracy, founding a new aristocracy. The nobility, as possessors of the largest properties, as the sole members of the court of Areopagus, as possessed of the priesthoods, and directors of religious ceremonies, still retained an ample degree of influence. By the establishment of the Council of Four Hundred, an annually rotating college, he at once gave so many families an interest in the new order of things, that there remained no chance of its being totally subverted. He finally made all the people swear not to make any alteration during the next ten years, deeming that period sufficiently long for habituating them to the new constitution.

ORIGIN OF PAUL PRY.

Mr. Poole, the author of the popular comedy bearing this title, gives in the course of an amusing article in the New Monthly Magazine, the following account of the original suggestion of the character: "The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me by a beloved friend.—An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation: she became careless in her report—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what are you thinking about? don't you hear a double knock at 9? who is it?" "The first floor lodger, ma'am." "Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning.—Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54." "Why, Lord! ma'am, it is only the baker with pies." "Pies, Betty! what can they want with pies at No. 54? they had pies yesterday!" Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jacques he is a "compound of many Simples;" and I could mention five or six more who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after particular persons is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation.

Death of the oldest Methodist Preacher in the World.—Died, at Kingswood Circuit the Rev. James Wood, Wesleyan Minister, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He entered upon the itinerancy in 1773; and was, at the time of his death, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world. Having travelled fifty-three years, fourteen years ago (reckoning from next conference) he became a supernumerary. He continued to preach as long as his strength would allow, and only desisted when the infirmities of advanced age had entirely disabled him.

SAD.—On Thursday last, at Baltimore, a Miss Elizabeth Doughty, 16 years of age, lost her life; and her aunt, Mrs. Brittingham, narrowly escaped the same fate, from the effects of arsenic, which, as is supposed became accidentally mixed with their coffee during a fire which burned them out a couple of weeks since.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE EFFECT.—There is perhaps, nothing in the world, which has given a better illustration of the blessings which follow in the train of the temperance cause, than the effects of total abstinence, in Ireland. Every arrival from that country, is of the most gratifying character. A Dublin paper says, that the gaols are as empty, of prisoners, as the whiskey shops are of customers. The judges take their rounds through the provinces more like tourists, than officers of Justice. At Waterford and Limerick, there were no prisoners and the same thing occurred at other places.

INSTALLATION.—Mixville Lodge, No. — will be publicly installed at Mixville, Hums Allegany county on Wednesday, the seventh day of October next, by Br. Blanchard Powers, acting G. M. Ceremonies to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. The Brethren, generally are invited to attend.

A man named M'Leod, indicted in 1838, as one of the actors in the cutting out and burning of the Caroline in that year, has been arrested and committed at Lockport. It will be remembered that this vessel was set on fire and sent over Niagara Falls, on account of an alleged connection with Navy Island and the Patriots.

Ex-Gov. Call, of Florida, has stated at a public meeting, that he was the originator of the scheme, calling in aid the blood hounds of Cuba to fight their species in Florida. After the election, we trust, the party in power, will adopt some effective measures to have an end put to the Indian massacres on our frontier. If extermination is necessary, for the preservation of helpless women and children, it should be done with promptness, without any reference to what Mrs. Gundy may say or any of her chicken-hearted sisters. Some of the recent massacres in Florida, makes the blood run cold.

A young man, by the name of Tyrell whose mother resides in Troy was lost overboard on Monday morning at Crum Elbow, in the North River, from the schooner Belvadier, of Troy.

GOLD.—The Great Western brigs £100,000 in gold to the address of Mr. Jaudon, agent of the U. S. Bank, who is himself a passenger.

The treaty of commerce between Portugal and the United states, is at length officially concluded but has yet to be laid before the Cortes.

RIGHT.—The Atlantic steamers, have resolved to remit the customary tax on wine, assessed on the passengers generally; leaving each man who may want it, to pay for it. This is a good regulation.

SMALL POX.—From a late report of the subject, it appears that of 50,600 or 60,000 persons annually afflicted by this disease in England and Wales, from 12,000 to 16,000 die. It is fully established by evidence and medical authority that nearly the whole of this dreadful disease and mortality might be prevented if inoculation by small pox were prohibited, and vaccination made general.

The following table of the electoral vote, of 1836, and of the times of holding the elections in the various states in the union, will be of interest to politicians, if no one else. Those states marked with an * choose members of congress on the same day that state officers are chosen!

VAN BUREN.		HARRISON.	
Maine.	10	Vermont.	7
New Hampshire.	7	New-Jersey.	8
Rhode-Island.	4	Delaware.	3
Connecticut.	8	Maryland.	10
New-York.	42	Kentucky.	15
Pennsylvania.	30	Ohio.	21
Virginia.	23	Indiana.	9
North Carolina.	15		
Alabama.	7		
Mississippi.	4	WHITE.	11
Louisiana.	5	Tennessee.	15
Illinois.	5		
Missouri.	4		
Arkansas.	3	WEBSTER.	26
Michigan.	3	Massachusetts.	14
	170	MANGUM.	
		South Carolina.	11
Martin Van Buren.	170		
William H. Harrison.	73		
Hugh L. White.	26		
Daniel Webster.	14		
Willie P. Mangum.	11		
Whole number of votes.	294		

States.	State Elections.	President Elections.
New-Hampshire.	March 10	November 2
Connecticut.	April 6	" 2
Rhode-Island.	" 15	" 18
Virginia.	" 23	" 2
* Louisiana.	July 6	" 3
Alabama.	August 3	" 9
Kentucky.	" 3	" 2
Indiana.	" 3	" 2
* Illinois.	" 3	" 2
Missouri.	" 3	" 2
Tennessee.	" 6	" 19
N. Carolina.	" 6	" 19
* Vermont.	Sept. 1	" 10
* Maine.	" 14	" 1
* Georgia.	October 5	" 2
Maryland.	" 7	" 2
S. Carolina.	" 12	by Legislature.
* Pennsylvania.	" 13	October 20
* Ohio.	" 13	November 6
* New-York.	Nov. 2.	3, 4
* New-Jersey.	" 3, 4	" 3, 4
Mississippi.	" 2	" 2
Michigan.	" 2	" 2
Arkansas.	" 2	" 2
* Massachusetts.	" 9	" 9
* Delaware.	" 10	" 10

At a meeting of Apollo Encampment August 18, 5840, the following Sir Knights were elected Officers of said Encampment for the ensuing year; and were regularly Installed by Sir John O. Cole. Grand Captain General of the Grand Encampment of the State of N. York, viz.

Sir Joel G. Candee, M. E. Grand Commander.
 " Joseph C. Taylor, Generalissimo.
 " Benjamin Marshall, Capt. General.
 " Archibald Bull, Prelate.
 " John S. Perry, Senior Warden.
 " James Hinds, Junior Warden.
 " Simeon Rowell, Treasurer.
 " Stephen C. Leggett, Recorder.
 " James Hegeman, Warder.
 " Abel Whipple, Standard Bearer.
 " Luther R. Lasell, Sword Bearer.
 " Henry T. Eddy, Capt. 3d Guard.
 " Jacob Gingrich, Capt. 2d Guard.
 " Asa Howlett, Capt. 1st Guard.
 " Reuben Purdy, } Sentinels.
 " Royal C. Leavings, }

DISTRESSING CALAMITY.—We learn from the Rutland (Vt.) Herald, that the house of Mr. Dyer Babbitt, of Castleton, was burnt on the night of the 17th inst.—The wife of Mr. Babbitt and 7 children, were in the house at the time, but the fire had made such a progress before they were awakened, that only Mrs. Babbitt and 3 children were able to make their escape from the house, and the remaining four children perished in the flames—two girls 6 and 12 years of age, and two boys, 9 and 14 years of age. How the fire originated we are not informed. Mr. Babbitt had left home the day before the accident for Illinois.

TRIAL OF MRS. FLOOR.—This trial, after occupying the Court three or four days, terminated on Saturday in the acquittal of the prisoner. The testimony was very strong against her on every point but one—the proof of her identity with the person who gave the cake to the deceased—and on that point the want of proof was so decided that a verdict of not guilty became almost indispensable. That she made the cake, and that it contained poison, seem to be unquestionable.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

Married.

At Pittsfield, Hiram Perry, merchant of this city, to Miss Susanna B. Rattoone, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Catharine Bonner, aged 69.
 In New York, Harriet Amanda, wife of Alonzo H. Gale, aged 28.
 In Lebanon, Ct. Dr. Benon Sweet, aged 80. Dr. S. was well known in all parts of the country, as "the natural bone setter."
 At Sing Sing, Mrs. Agnes, wife of the Rev. J. V. Henry. In Madison, Jeremiah Whipple, aged 75, brother of Capt. Whipple of this city. At Bero, Wm. Conger, aged 78.

NOTICES.

☞ We were not aware of the wish of C. S. of Louisville. We will endeavor to comply.

☞ We will feel ourselves under particular obligation to those of our subscribers, who may not intend to bind their papers, if any of them will send us by mail, Nos. 31, 36, 37 and 51 of the first Vol. Owing to accident, or carelessness, we are destitute of these numbers.

☞ Those gentlemen who are acting as Agents for us, will oblige us, by being particular in making remittances, to send the name of the subscriber to whom credit is to be given. It will save us much trouble.

☞ Those of our patrons, who intend to render an earnest of substantial patronage, will, we trust, comply with our terms, and either pay their subscriptions to an authorized agent, or hand it to the post master, who is authorized by law to send it free of postage.—Our terms are \$2.50, if not paid within six months, or \$3, at the end of the year. Poz.

NOTICE.

PHOENIX LODGE, I. O. O. F. Members of the Washington, Union and City Lodges, whose names are attached to a petition, for a charter for a new Lodge, to be known as the *Phoenix Lodge*, No. — under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, are requested to attend a meeting at 8 o'clock, P. M. on Tuesday next, at the Fireman's Lodge room, (Commercial building) for the purpose of hearing the report of the committee of arrangements.

Punctual attendance is requested.
 J. W. HARCOURT, Chairman.
 BENJAMIN BRIARE, Secretary.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content, Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany.	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany.	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany.	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy.	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy.	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy.	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg.	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gea.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Mmph	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphi .n	2d Tuesday.

CONING & COOK, Book-binders, 67 State, corner of James' streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respect fully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. ☞ General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840—**ELECTION NOTICE.**—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the en- cense from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.
 State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August, 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
 Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and, that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.
 A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,
 Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county. au29

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,

Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS.—To city subscribers. *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, if paid within 30 days after subscribing; *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if not paid within 6 months, or *Three Dollars*, if not paid until the expiration of the year. No subscription received for less term, than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

The little newspaper called the Monument, which was sold at the Bunker Hill Fair, contained the following beautiful lines by Mrs. Sigourney :

THE OBELISK.

Rise, lofty column!—in thy simple grace,
And to the stranger bark, that patient braves
Yon boisterous ocean, point the pilgrim's land.
—Be the first herald to the mariner,
Who homeward bound, upon the brow shall trace
His pictured hearth, and th' expecting group,
Who with flushed cheek, or outstretch'd arms, and shout
Of heart-felt welcome, blot the weary past.
—Touch the electric spark which thrills the breast
Of the exulting patriot, who from pride,
Splendor, and real pomp in foreign climes,
Returns with heightened love to Freedom's shore.
—Warn to thy base, when spring's first violets peep,
Those beauteous groups, who gambol free from care,
Childhood's bliss. Perchance they there may meet
Some aged way-worn man, who, on his staff
Resting doth view thee, with a soul entranced,
Mid long remembered deeds. Hasten to his side,
Ye bright eyed, fair-haired ones, and ask to read
The history which years have graved so deep
Upon his furrowed brow. Then will he lift
The palsied hand and point each fearful charge
Of the dread battle,—where the cannon's flash
Was strongest, and the life-blood from men's breasts
Gushed reddest, till the kingly crest was bowed,
And liberty, with new and wondering joy,
Assumed the victor's robe. But should you mark
The wan lip tremble, as he faintly sighs—
"There Warren fell!"—or trace the flowing tear,
For lost compatriots, on that withered cheek—
Bow down, ye tiny listeners, and revere
The holy zeal of men of other days,
And their heaven-girded night. So shall ye learn
A better lesson than the pyramids
Teach awe-struck Egypt, shadowing forth the might
Of tyranny—yet faithful to its hope,
And yielding to oblivion's mystery
Even their founder's name.

But be thou true,
Recording Column, to thy sacred trust,
And the blest memory of that glorious race,
Who sought no guerdon save their country's weal,
Transmit to unborn ages.

—Humble hands
Would crown thy forehead, such as never reap'd
War's laurels, nor the weight of empire pois'd,—
But such as in their happy patience turn
The busy wheel beside the winter fire,
Guide the swift shuttle, or the needle ply,
Or rock the slumbering babe. Yet ne'er the less
Tower thou in majesty—nor fainter stamp
Thy outline on the clouds.

Brief man may pass
On with his generations to the tomb;
But wait thou till the dull decay of Time—
Yea, stand and gaze on Nature's dying throes,
See the skies shrivel, and the faint stars fall,
And the pale sun, like wounded Cæsar sold
His mantle darkly around him—hear the shriek
Of old creation, when dissolving fires
Envelope her—and so decline at last,
But with the solid globe.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

The ship's bell tolled, and slowly to the deck
Came forth the summoned crew—bold hardy men
Far from their native skies, stood silent there
With melancholly brows. From the low clouds
That near the horizon hovered, came a sound
Of distant muttered thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmet o'er the expanse
Of Ocean, which in brooding stillness lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, and wakes the wrathful war.
The ship's bell toll'd! and lo, a youthful form
Which oft had dared the high and slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was a burden laid

Down at his comrades' feet; mournful they gazed
Upon his noble brow, and some there were
Who in that bitter hour remembered well
The parting blessings of his hoary sire,
And the fond tears that on his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when her son's happy voice
Bade them farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale shrouded corpse, remembered more,
Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair hair'd girl
Who at her porch of creeping woodbine watches
His last far-step, and then rushed back to weep;
And close that faithful comrade in his breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand
In life's extremity, and bade him bear
With broken words of love's last eloquence
To his sweet Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bowed low his sunburnt face, and like a child
Sobbed in his sorrow. But there came a tone
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,
—"I am the resurrection!"

Every heart
Suppressed its grief—and every eye was raised.
There stood the Chaplain—his uncovered brow
Pure from all earthly passion—while his voice
Rich as the balm from plant of Paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men.

It was a holy hour!
There lay the wreck of youthful beauty—here
Stood mourning manhood, while supporting Faith
Cast her strong anchor where no moaning surge
Might threaten, and no mortal wave invade.
—There was a plunge! the parting sea complained!
Death from her briny bosom took his own.
The troubled fountains of the deep lift up
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of Ocean, 'mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,
Mid all the funeral pomp, the measured dirge,
And monumental grandeur with which earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was naught so sad,
Sublime or sorrowful, as the wild sea,
Opening her mouth to whelm that Sailor Youth.

Episcopal Watchman.

ON SEEING A LITTLE GIRL BEGGING.

Cold blows the bitter wintry wind
On yonder little shivering form,
Ah! would that thou with me could'st find—
Poor child a shelter from the storm.

Hast thou no home, no tender friend,
Is there no mother left to thee,
Or is she forced her child to send—
To ask the bread of charity.

Poor little wretch! how hard thy fate—
To beg for bread from door to door!
How little think the rich and great
What dreadful ills oppress the poor.

Alas! poor little thing of woe!
I watch the still, with anxious eye
I see thee still bare headed go,
And none beholds thee with a sigh.

But I, to thee my sighs have given,
And for my child, my all that's mine,
My fervent prayer ascend to heaven,
To shield her from a fate like thine.

From the New World.

MELANCHOLLY MUSINGS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Ah! who e'er dreamed, when on life's flowers,
All fresh and fragrant, lightly pressed
The velvet footfall of the Hours,
And joy and hope each vision blest,
That sorrows, such as press me now
Would shroud the darkened heart and brow.

Though friendship, when our sky is light,
In beauty o'er our pathway bends,
As clouds gleam beautiful and bright
When tinged with sunshine—faithless friends
E'en like the summer clouds,—are gone—

When darkness and the storm come on.

And love—that incense so divine
Of the fond breast in guileless youth,
Flames oft at some unworthy shrine,
And they who trust to plighted truth,
Lean on a reed that soon may part,
And send its shivers through the heart.

And fame, for which we spend our breath,
Is but a meteor of the mind
That lures us on to toil and death;
And her successful votaries find
Hate's poisoned flowers amid the chain
Of roses wreathed around the brain.

For envy's eye and slander's tongue,
Must lay the aspiring spirit low,
Although the innocent and young
Be more than orphaned by the blow;
And for a Mother's honored name
Be left a heritage of shame.

Joy's fount has long since been dried up;
My soul, by care and sorrow riven,
Turns as I drain life's bitter cup,
From heartless man to righteous heaven:
And oh! I long on earth's soft breast,
To lay my weary head and rest.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

All hail to thee! thou nicknamed thing,
Of ever changing hue and dress,
Of shapes and titles numberless,
All hail from me!—perchance alone
Thy friend I stand, but "by your leave,"
I'll be your champion, injured one.
Though thou hast erred, why have they heaped
Such endless weight of sin on thee?
Why have they loaded with a host
Of uncouth names, thy majesty?
And made e'en babes to screech with fear,
If but thy scarecrow name they hear?
The harshest words that man can say
To his most bitter enemy
Bids him to flee, poor wretch, away
To thine and thee!

And if some stigma vile they'd fling
On some poor scapegrace abject thing,
They name thy name, and while they call
Him Devil, think they've called him all
Of worst he can be called, and then,
They called him Devil straight again.
And if in any fray,
There's mischief done, they say
Thou art to pay!

As though thou hadst no debts thyself,
And had a countless store of pelf!
And even at their toil,
They persecute thee still,
And say that thou art in what'er
Goes wrong, or queer;
And if an awkward creature
Meets with some droll mishap,
Quick step, they call on thee,
And at thy door the roguery
Must quiet lie.

And when they do pretend to be
Quite generous, what give they thee,
But some poor miscreant, whom they call thy due?
Or some untoward accident, which they,
For the mere courtesy's sake,
Bid thee, the Devil, take.

Each place that's dark and lone
They dedicate to thee,
Each spot that's wild and drear,
Thy favorite haunt must be:
There is, I think, a "Devil's nook,"
A "Devil's den," a "Devil's brook,"
A "Devil's bridge," a "Devil's hole,"
A place were Devil's ninepins roll:
A "Devil's foot," a "Devil's rock,"
A "Devil's peak," a "Devil's well,"
What more, the Devil himself may tell,

For I am weary now,
And having counted o'er
Of thy unnumbered wrongs, some few,
I say no more
At present, save, adieu!

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 6.]

MASONIC.

A DISCOURSE

ON THE BEST WAY OF DEFENDING FREEMASONRY.

BY THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

"With well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."

[1 Peter, II. 15, 16.]

I shall use these words, my brethren, as the motto to a discourse, wherein I propose, after adverting to the injustice of those imputations which are brought forward against freemasonry, briefly to consider the way in which we can best preserve it from misrepresentations, and best defend it against censures.

Whilst we feel our minds enlarged by its discoveries, our hearts expanded by its charities, and our satisfactions increased by its influence, we cannot grow indifferent to its interests, nor hear the reproaches repeated against it with the coldness of unconcerned auditors, without emotion and without reply. With honest zeal we come forward, not to contest the subject in "a war of words," not to discuss, but to demonstrate; not to defend opinions against those whom no reasons will satisfy and no arguments convince; but to vindicate our principles by referring to their effects upon our temper and our conduct.

Modesty, which retires from observation; diffidence which always entertains an humble opinion of its own merit, and avoids ostentation as it does censure; have hitherto restrained us from such a plea; but our enemies impel us to this issue.

1. Freemasonry, you know is, at the present day, viewed in an unfavorable light; and we are considered by some as covenanting off principles and associated on purposes destructive of civil subordination, and tending to dissoluteness and infidelity; to the disavowal of all that is venerable in virtue or sacred in religion. In vain have we repeatedly unfolded our sentiments to public examination, in the most honest, ingenuous, and explicit manner. Our protestations, are disregarded: and while every paltry pamphlet or paragraph written in opposition to us is eagerly read and implicitly believed: what we publish, particularly the book of CONSTITUTIONS, which contains our laws and ceremonies, is never inquired after, never consulted.

My brethren, our inexorable accusers arraign us at the tribunal of the public, to defend ourselves, not against what they know, but what they suspect; to answer, not for what they have experienced, but what they fear. This is taking us at great disadvantage; and the unfairness, as well as injustice, of such allegation, will excuse our passing it by in silent contempt. We challenge them to point out the instance in which we have appeared the advocates or the abettors of immorality or rebellion! We submit our actions to their prying investigation; hoping, besure, some allowance for the frailties and imperfections incident to humanity; arrogating to ourselves no immaculate purity nor indefectible virtue; but neither needing nor asking apology for any thing that is peculiar to us as Masons.

Assured that whatever follies or imprudencies may have injured our credit as men, and that whatever vices have wounded our character as christians, it never justified the former nor allowed the latter, let us exculpate our institution; and frankly declare that our errors and crimes are from another source, the weakness and depravity of human nature, the incitements to evil and the corruptions of the world, to which all alike are exposed.

A distinction must be made between what is attributive to freemasonry, and what is not; between what is within its influence, and what is beyond its sphere.—For though we may safely declare that it is impracticable to ascend into these regions without improve-

ment of the heart and enlargement of the understanding, and without carrying along with us into the world we are obliged to act in, something to purify our conduct and meliorate our condition: yet we do not pretend that freemasonry was instituted for the express purpose of teaching morals. And though all its rites, ceremonies and charges, imply the necessity and express the importance of piety and virtue, and with impressive solemnity inculcate their observance; yet it never professed to be a substitute for natural or revealed religion, nor to prescribe the faith, regulate the conscience, or control the judgment of any. It has enough liberty to allow each man "free," but so much restraint as to prevent him from using his liberty for "a cloak of licentiousness."

We are the more particular in making this discrimination, because some late writers have suggested that Masonry professes to supersede all religions, and to introduce a moral code of its own in their stead.

2. Many are so uncharitable as to lay the blame of every thing erroneous in the sentiments or reprehensible in the conduct of a mason, to the regulations or principles of the institution to which he belongs; falsely arguing, or obliquely insinuating that because he was reproachable, that must have base and immoral tendencies.

Now, this mode of reasoning is not perfectly just. It is not fair to predicate worthlessness of that profession which may have some unworthy professors.

But if freemasonry has not made us better, is it certain it has made us worse? Are we more loose in our principles, more unjust in our actions, more niggardly in our dispositions, or more parsimonious in our charity, than before we entered the lodge? Are we more so than those who are not of the fraternity? Are the most thorough masons conspicuous as the most notorious villains, the most daring infidels, or the most insidious jacobins? Or the base, the atheistical, and the factious always masons?

We confess with sorrow, that there are some of our order who deserve not its protection and dishonor its name. But would our opposers wish to conclude from that that all masons are similar to them? Is it right to argue thus? Are such inferences admitted in estimating other professions? Doth the perfidy of a single Judas give grounds to conclude that all the other disciples were faithless and traitors? Why, then, is a mode of reasoning which is never justified in any other cases, only supportable when directed against freemasonry?

But if we have been disgraced by some, who have walked unworthy of their profession; so likewise have we honored by others, who would reflect lustre on any society. Admitting that there may be seen among us some whose conduct deserves the odium of all the wise and good; are there not others, whose actions even prejudice cannot censure, and whose virtues even malignity dare not impeach? If masonry be made responsible for the ill conduct of the few; ought it not, in all reason, to have credit for the good conduct of the many? The greatest characters in the world have laid aside their dignities, and put themselves on a level with us. Not that I would have it imagined that freemasonry can derive any authenticity or importance from the celebrity of those who belong to the society: it being rather calculated to confer respectability, than necessitated to borrow it. Yet, when we find in every period of its history some of the first rate characters in every estimable respect, belonging to it and glorifying in it, the conclusion cannot be considered extremely arrogant, that the institution has some real excellence; at least, that it is not so "frivolous" or "dangerous" a combination as some would fain represent it. It is not to be supposed that the great, the wise, and the good, of all ages, would have given it their decided support, had they found it containing any intrinsic principles repugnant to the interests of society, or hostile to their religious principles. Would they

not, rather, have been the first to have proclaimed the evil of this tendency and to have avowed their condemnation of its spirit and design?

Suffer me now, in conclusion, my brethren, briefly to point out what I consider the best, I might say only effectual method of vindicating the principles and re-establishing the credit of the order.

To remove the veil which misinformation and prejudice have thrown over the eyes of our enemies, it remains for us to convince them by our lives, of the truth of our declarations; and to let our conduct be a letter of recommendation, "seen and read by all men."

This is a kind of conviction which must at length prevail over the most obstinate and unyielding prepossessions.

A good life is an unanswerable refutation of every charge.

By a life and conversation regulated by wisdom and sanctioned by virtue; by discharging every duty with integrity and fidelity; and by exercising to all around us every friendly and tender office of charity; we shall demonstratively prove that our institution does not train us up in demoralizing principles; and that they are either ignorant or foolish men who have said that it did.

By piety towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; by a veneration of the gospel, an exemplary obedience to its precepts, and a regular observance of its institutions; we shall get clear of the charge of being "Anti-christian Conspirators."

Lastly: By our zeal for the interests our country; by maintaining, supporting, and defending its civil and religious rights and liberties; by paying all due allegiance, honor, and submission to its magistrates, supreme and subordinate; by leading peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty; and by endeavoring to promote harmony and good will, concordance and subordination among all orders of men; we shall put to silence the opprobrious allegations of those who strive to prejudice the public against freemasonry, by insinuating that it is "the hot-bed of sedition," and fraught with purposes for the subversion of all government and rule, all thrones, principalities and powers.

Thus, my brethren,

"We'll dissipate each dark and threatening cloud
That prejudice and rumour can raise,
By radiant probity of heart and life,
And presereing deeds of love and peace."

Defended and illustrated by an edifying example, freemasonry will yet triumph in its influence, and be respected in its effects.

While we evince in practice those principles we profess in theory, our institution will "have a good report of all men, and the truth itself;" and those who "speak evil of us as evil doers, will be ashamed," seeing they falsely accuse and misrepresent us.

Regulated by the precepts of wisdom, supported by the strength of virtue, and adorned with the beauty of beneficence, our actions will escape censure, if they meet not malice. If we live within the compass, act upon the square, subdue the passions, keep a tongue of good report, maintain truth and practise charity; we shall not only display the principles, but honor the cause we have espoused. Such an exemplification of its tendencies, will do more to wipe away the unfavorable impressions which any have received against the institution, and will more effectually conciliate their esteem of it, than all the reasoning of labored argument, or all the eloquence of verbal panegyric.

Then as we honor our profession, our profession will be an honor to us.

Remember, brethren, that the interests of freemasonry are in your hands. Be careful then, not to blend with it your weaknesses, nor to stain it with your vices. Consider how much the world expects of you; and how unwilling to make you any abatements. Consider with what dignity, fidelity, and respectability you

ought to support the character you bear: and render the name of *freemasonry* illustrious, as designating worth and virtue of superior stamp.

It is highly incumbent on you to "walk in wisdom towards them that are without;" doing nothing that should render your principles suspicious, or disgrace your institution in their eyes, nothing that should give them new occasion of dislike, or increase their former prejudices. For, "be assured that, if in your conduct you forget that you are men; the world, with its usual severity will remember that you are *masons*."

While ambitions of obtaining the favorable opinion of men, let us not be regardless of the honor that cometh from God. His approbation will make us ample amends for all we may suffer from *their* evil surmises and unjust reproaches. Let us, therefore, seek to please God rather than *men*. Remembering that we are his servants; let us be fervant in spirit, serving him with fidelity, constancy, and zeal. Let the sense of his adorable presence never for a moment, be estranged from our minds. May all our conduct be strictly and invariably directed by his will and word.—May we "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing;" and "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

To conclude:

If, Brethren, we have any true love for masonry; if we have at heart the honor and interest of this most ancient and venerable institution; we shall be careful, not only to rule and govern our faith, but to square our actions by the holy word of God: and, while with each other we literally walk upon the level, may we keep within due bounds with all mankind. Thus shall we merit and obtain the reputation, not only of "good men and true," but of wise and skilful, free and accepted *masons*. And when he who is "the first born among many brethren," shall again appear "to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe," may he pronounce condemnation and designate our reward by the declaration, "these shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy!"

MISCELLANY.

MOVING THE GLOBE.

How long would it have taken Archimedes to move the globe one inch, provided he could have found a fulcrum for his lever.

The first thing requisite, to be obtained is the computed gravity of the earth; therefore, considering its diameter to be 8000 miles, its cubical contents in feet, will be 1,189,478,400,000,000; to reduce which to weight, I take 25 feet to be equal to a ton, which on an average, I conceive would be about correct, as the earth contains matter much more dense than that of which, as its surface, we consider 27 cubic feet equal to a ton, according to which ratio the weight to be raised would be 47,579,136,000,000 tons!

A man's power applied at the end of a lever, must not be considered at more than a hundred weight, as whatever may exceed that would only be sufficient to give that end preponderance enough to put it in motion; as the weight therefore to be raised is 951,582,720,000,000 times as heavy as the power, which will be found by reducing the above tons into cwt. the lever must also, according to the principle of mechanics, be so many times as long from the fulcrum to the power as from the fulcrum to the weight to be raised; and: as the time lost is always equal to the power gained, it follows that, to produce a motion of an inch, in the one end of a lever, the other must pass through 951,582,728,000,000 inches, or, 180,224,000,000 miles. Therefore, supposing the strength of Archimedes above one hundred weight allowed, which would produce a balance only, sufficient to have propelled the lever through the air at the rate of twelve feet per minute, it would have taken him, provided he had lived so long, no less a time than 151,184,062 years, to move the globe through the space of one inch only.

The Methuen Gazette propounds the following mathematical question:—"If a man is too poor to pay for a newspaper, how many dogs can he afford to keep?"

SLAUGHTER OF ELEPHANTS.

Elephant shooting is commonly practised in Ceylon by a single sportsman, with only a steady servant or two to hold his spare guns and stand by him.—Thus equipped, he will boldly encounter a whole herd. Thus provided, Captains R— and K—, both of the Ceylon rifles, went out shooting together, and fell in with a herd of six. The elephants made for the jungle, and were pursued by both officers; but Capt. R— being the youngest and most active of the two, gained upon them and lost sight of his friend, and while toiling up a hill, heard three double barrels fired in rapid succession, and, on reaching the scene of action, found Capt. R— coolly reloading, with five dead elephants around him. In the end of 1836 or beginning of 1837, five gentlemen in Ceylon, who are known to us, killed, in the course of five days shooting in the jungle, no less than 104 elephants! The gentleman who was the best shot and most active of the party (he had killed about thirty the first day) was taken ill and obliged to leave the party on the third day. Two of the remaining sportsmen had not had much experience, and consequently could not be expected to do much. The feat of Kieut. G—, of the 9th is well known here. This gentleman killed 83 to his own gun, and that too on his first trip. Several gentlemen in Ceylon, who are in the habit of practising elephant shooting, think nothing of killing fifty in the course of four or five days. There are those amongst them who are ready to bet (and who will be backed for any sum of money) that they will individually kill fifty elephants in one week. The directions for killing an elephant are simple enough. In fact, pluck and coolness are the chief requisites. For a front shot allow the brute to come within twelve yards, and then hit him somewhere in the line from temple to temple, not below the level of the eye, and not more than two inches above it—he will in most cases fall simultaneously. For a side or slanting shot, the butt of the ear or just before it on the temple are deadly shots.

We have known an elephant, when in the act of running away, killed at twenty yards, by a diagonal shot, taking him behind the ear. As for firing into the body or neck, or upper parts of the head, or lower down about the trunk, it only serves to infuriate the animal, and does not give the most remote chance of killing him. No elephant shooter ever thinks of pulling a trigger beyond fifteen or sixteen yards, we have known the diagonal shot mentioned above, as the only exception, and nine out of ten are killed within ten yards. Thousands of elephants have been killed here by single balls fired according to the above directions; Capt. R—, above mentioned, has killed upwards of five hundred, and we could take on us to say, without expending a single charge—not to say "salvo"—of either round or grape. Perhaps the proof of the little risk that is run by encountering these animals, is that only two European sportsmen have lost their lives by elephant shooting in so many years.—*Ceylon Herald*.

Important to Sufferers from the Tooth-ache.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake stated, "that he was able to cure the most desperate cases of tooth-ache (unless the disease was connected with rheumatism) by applying the following remedy to the tooth: Alum reduced to an impalpable powder two drachms; nitrous spirit of æther, seven drachms. Mix and apply them to the tooth.—*New Hampshire Patriot*.

Anger.—He that keeps anger long in his bosom, giveth place to the devil. And why should we make room for him, who will crowd in too fast for himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to chap, and the devil creeps in at the channies; yea, a furious man in his fits, may seem possessed with a devil; he foams, fumes, tears himself, is deaf and dumb, in effect, to hear reason: sometimes swallows stones, stamps, with fiery eyes and flaming cheeks. Had Narcissus himself seen his own face when he had been angry, he could never have fallen in love with himself.—*Fuller*.

Assimilation.—A gentleman was asked why he hated Mr. G—? "I do not hate him," said he, "neither do I hate bedbugs, but I don't like to have them around me."

SATURDAY EVENING.

A week is past; let my thoughts run through its business; and let my conscience pass a faithful sentence. Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbor, or whatever be the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of the neighborhood; what for the public good? How have I been prospered in business; and how have I shown my thankfulness by administering to the necessities of those around me? Are no sick, afflicted stranger in my vicinity? If not, this is the most favorable spot under heaven. And, if there are, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things I have been improving; I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy the name of man of Christian. Am I better prepared for dying than I was last week? And when I look forward, how am I to spend the next week, and what new project for improvement have I in my mind? And what can I do for the good of others?

THE HIGHLAND PIPER.

A highland piper having a pupil to teach disdained to tack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here Donald lad, gie's a blast! so, so—vera weel blown munn, but what's sound Donald lad, without sense? Ye may blaw and blaw for aye, without maken a tune o't gin I dinna tell ye how thea queer things on the paper maun help ye.—Ye see that big fallow wi' a round open face?" pointing to a semibreve, between the two lines of a bar—"He moves slowly frae that line to this whiles ye beat ane wi' yere fit, and gie a lang loud blast. Gin ye's put a fit till him, ye made twa o' him, he'll move twice as fast. Gin ye black his face he'll run four times faster than the fallow wi' the white knee, or tie his legs, he'll hope eight times faster than yon chap I shawed ye first. Now when'er ye blaw yere pipes, Donald mind ye this, that the faster ye tie these fallows' legs the quicker they maun dance and the faster they'll be shure to rin!"

BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.

In a late publication of Mr. Charles Butler's, he mentions some astonishing instances of legal absurdity. A gentleman having six estates, wished to settle one on each of his six sons, and the heirs of his body respectively, with what lawyers term *cross remainders* between them, where in failure of issue in one line, the estate passes to the other branches. Mr. Butler being directed to prepare the deed, conceived at first that one proviso would be sufficient; he then thought six would do; but on examining more minutely how many clauses would be requisite to legally express minutely the whole settlement, he found that it would require 720, being every possible combination of the numbers six—1—2—3—4—5—6—720. The other example is still more striking. Ten gentlemen, partners in a mining company, wished to provide by deed, that if any one of the number advanced money to any of the other, it should be considered a sort of mortgage on the borrower's share and have preference to all subsequent charges. The number of contracts necessary to make provision with legal accuracy were found to amount to 3,028,800, being all possible combinations of ten. On each of these clauses, the benevolence of government has imposed a stamp of duty of 25l.; so that the whole duty would have amounted to £ 98,720,000

PUFFS.

When Mrs. Robinson published her "Sappho and Phaon," she wrote to Mr. Bowden, the newspaper editor in the following terms:—"Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Bowden for a dozen puffs for Sappho and Phaon." By mistake of the twopenny post, the note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastrycook, who sent the following answer:—"Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, shall be very happy to serve her, but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer he cannot send the puffs for the young folks, without first receiving the money."

NAPOLEON.

A suspension of arms was granted by Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz, and an interview took place between him and the Emperor of Austria. Napoleon had caused a fire to be kindled in his bivouac; and on meeting the emperor, said, "I receive you in the only place I have lived in for two months." "The good living you have derived from it ought to make it agreeable to you," replied the Austrian monarch, with a smile.

The archdeacon Lucien, Napoleon's great uncle, being at the point of death, assembled the family around him, to take leave of them. Joseph, Jerome yet an infant, Louis, Lucien, and his sisters, are in tears: Napoleon, with his eyes fixed on his expiring uncle, as if wishing to be insensible to the grief around him, and the loss he was about to sustain. All at once the dying man seemed to collect his strength, and seizing the hand of Joseph, "You are the oldest of the family," said he, with a feeble voice; "but always recollect that he" (pointing to Napoleon) "is the head."

During the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, while Napoleon was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet, and one of the corps of guides threw himself between him and the shell, and shielded the general with his body. Luckily the shell did not explode. At the moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon started up, exclaiming, "What a soldier!" This brave man was afterwards Gen. Dumenil, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who was governor of Vincennes to 1814; whose laconic reply to the Russian summons to surrender, was, "Give me my leg, and I will give you the place."

Followed by three or four officers, Napoleon was crossing the *halle* to return to the Tuileries, without being saluted by the acclamations his presence was wont to excite; an old woman cried out to him, "He must make peace." "My good lady," said the emperor, smiling, "sell your greens, and leave those concerns to me: every one to his trade." A loud and continued hurra was the consequence.

NAT LEE.

When Lee the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to show him bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison. Lee moralizing philosophically enough all the time to keep his companion at ease. At length they ascended the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, "Let us take this leap; we'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend coolly, "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down and try if we can jump up." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality.

THE INCONSOLABLE WIDOW.

In a certain parish in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, a poor woman had brought herself almost to death's door, out of grief for her husband who seemed dying. Her father coming in to ask for the dying man, found her inconsolable. "Fie, Peggy," said he, "dinna tempt the Supreme—we're a' mortal! let the worst come to the worst, I ken o' anither man for ye." "Ah father, its wringin' my vera heart's blude to hear ye speak that way," sobbed Peggy—"dinna name anither man to me! Gordie Wilson hasna his marrow, there he lies." In less than an hour George breathed his last; the body was stretched out and dressed in its last habiliments, and all was still, save the now fading sighs of the new made widow. In compliance with the custom of "years unnumbered," a glass of mountain dew, with a service of bread and cheese, went round. Peggy was present to her dram; "it would do her gude." It did so—for with eyes uplifted and folded hands, she exclaimed, "Heaven's will be done!" and with calm resignation she whispered to her father, who sat next to her—"Father, the tither man ye was speaking about dinna ken him!"

A MODEST DAMSEL.—"Mother wants to get three yards of cloth for *primitive triangular appendages for her baby*," said a modest young damsel to one of the clerks in this city,—*Chicago Democrat*.

A MAN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BE MARRIED.

In Scotland, some time ago, a man had the bands of marriage betwixt him and a young woman regularly proclaimed in the Albany Church. The wedding night was appointed, and the marriage supper provided. The hour arrived, the company assembled, but they looked in vain for the "bonnie bride." After waiting in anxious suspense for more than an hour, the bridegroom stated that they were not to be baulked of their supper, in consequence of the absence of the bride. The supper was discussed, a few bowls of toddy were drunk, and some jokes were made at the bride's expense, which the bridegroom took in good part. There were a few unmarried females present, one of whom gave the favorite song, "I'm o'er young to marry yet." When it was approaching midnight, it was proposed that the company should break up. To this the bridegroom replied—"There's nae hurry, for I am determined to be married before we part." This announcement created no small surprise—and the unmarried females simpered and laughed. The bridegroom, however, declared that it was no joke, and that he would marry any of them that would accept his offer. To this one of them replied, "the offer has been fairly made and as fairly accepted. I have known you a number of years as a well behaved, industrious young man, and I begin to think that 'I'm not o'er young to marry yet.'" If the company were rather dull before, they now broke into an uproarious mirth, and after drinking the health of the new made bride in a flowing bumper, the marriage was consummated, "a la Gret-na Green;" and the stocking was thrown amid loud cheers and laughter.

The Remains of Napoleon.—The brig *Gilpin*, which arrived at this port yesterday, sailed from St. Helena on the 21st of August, just as the French *La Belle Pouille* made her appearance with the Prince De Joinville and his suite on board. Every preparation had been previously made by the English to have the bones of Napoleon disinterred and removed with little trouble.—*N. Y. Express*.

English Taxation.—We are told by Bulwer, in his work on England, that the taxes in that country amount to just about one third of the earnings of labor. A skilful mechanic, who earns £60 sterling a year, or nearly \$300, pays to the government £20, nearly \$100.

Extreme Danger.—The steamboat *Mohegan* passed to the windward of a sloop near Norwalk, (Conn) which was loaded with one hundred or more casks of gunpowder. The Cinders from the smoke pipe literary covered the deck of the sloop, and were only prevented from igniting the powder by the copious application of cold water to which the sloop's captain and crew resorted.

STEEL PENS.—The quantity of metallic pens now used in the world is almost incredible. Extensive manufacturingeries of pens are in constant operation in this country and in Europe. An English paper now before us says that in one single establishment no fewer than forty-five millions of steel pens were manufactured between October 1838, and October 1839.

LORDS AND KINGS.

Henry VIII. could say a good thing, and even a just one, when he was in the humor for it. Holbein having kicked a lord who insulted him, and the apology ordered by the King not having been deemed sufficient by the noble person, Henry told him he must be content, and gave him to understand that he over-rated himself, and undervalued his enemy—"I can make," said he, seven lords of seven ploughmen; but it is beyond my power to make a single Holbein."

Dr. Parr used to swear when occasion called upon him so to do, in the style of the newspapers—by omitting the body of the offensive expletives. Thus, when a poor Curate applied to him for his interest in securing him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, Parr, taken "all a-back," exclaimed "You be d—d!" Thank ye sir," responded the applicant bowing—"For what?" inquired Parr, amazed—"For so kindly expressing your opinion," said the other gravely, "that I am worthy of the dignity I seek, *that of being D. D.*"

A wise Precaution.—It is not perhaps generally known that persons of either sex, who are engaged as domestic servants under the royal family, take an oath not to divulge anything connected with the private habits of their master and mistress.—*English Paper*.

OYSTERS.—The true lover of an oyster, will have some regard to the feelings of his little favorite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator, but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodgings, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death.

In some of the villages in Kent, when a man is known to have beaten his wife, it is usual to strew chaff before his door; then the joke runs through town, that such a man was thrashing last night, as the chaff was seen in front of his house. Such notoriety is said to be a more wholesome restraint on bad husbands, than any legally enactment.

When Constantine was chosen emperor, he found several Christians in office, and he issued an edict requiring them to renounce their faith, or quit their places. Most of them gave up their office to preserve their conscience; but some cringed and renounced Christianity. When the Emperor had thus made full proof of their disposition and character, he removed all who thus basely complied with his supposed wishes, and retained the others saying, "that those who would desert or deny their Divine Master, would desert him, and were not worthy of his confidence."

ECLIPSES.—There are to be four eclipses of the sun next year, and two of the Moon. None of the former will be visible in this country, and even where largest, they will only be partial. Both the lunar eclipses will be total, and visible throughout the United States. One occurs on the 5th February; the other on the second of August.

SINGULAR CONTRAST.—It has often been observed, that a man will readily face danger and death in one form, and be afraid of it in another; and this remark was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Bonaparte's generals, who raised himself by his coolness when Bonaparte was besieging Toulon. He was writing something by order of the latter, when a bomb-shell burst near him; he promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it had come in due time. Yet in Sir Sidney's ship, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder, that it was found necessary to take him on board through one of the port-holes.

A man by the name of McCarty, a resident of Coburg, a nephew, of Wm. McCarty, late a merchant of Rochester, fell overboard from the steamer *Gore*, while lying at the Carthage dock, on Friday evening, and was drowned.

Polishing.—A person in a public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth."

Unlucky Question.—A bishop, upon his visitation, found a curate of the diocese so ignorant that he knew not how to say the mass. The bishop, enraged, asked him, "Who was the ass of a bishop that gave you ordination?" "Your most illustrious lordship," replied the curate, with a humble reverence.

COTTAGE GARDENS.

The comfort and benefits to be derived from a well cultivated garden, by a poor man's family, are almost beyond calculation. What a regular work scarce! What a resource for hours after work, or when trade is dull, and regular work scarce! What a contrast and counteraction is the healthy, manly, employment which a cottage garden affords, to the close, impure, unwholesome air, the beastliness and obscenity, the waste of time, the destructions of morale, the loss of character, money, and, health, which are the inmates of too many common ale houses!

THE LEGENDARY.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD PARKER, THE MUTINEER.

In the year 1797, when the threatening aspect of affairs abroad made the condition of her naval force a matter of vital consequence to Britain, several most alarming mutinies broke out among the various fleets stationed around the shores of the country. In April of the year mentioned, the seamen of the grand fleet lying at Portsmouth, disowned the authority of their officers, seized upon the ships, and declared their determination not to lift an anchor, or obey any orders whatsoever, until certain grievances of which they complained were redressed. After some delay, satisfactory concessions were made to them by the government, and the men returned to their duty. But the spirit of insubordination had spread among other squadrons in the service, and about the middle of May, immediately after the Portsmouth fleet had sailed peacefully for the Bay of Biscay, the seamen of the large fleet lying at the Nore broke also out into open mutiny. The most prominent personage in this insurrection was an individual named Richard Parker, whose history it is our special object in this paper to lay before the reader.

Richard Parker was a native of Exeter, where he was born about the year 1765 or 1766. His father was a reputable tradesman, and kept a baker's shop at St. Sidwell's, in the hounds of the city mentioned. Young Parker received an excellent education, and in the course of time went to sea, which he had chosen as the scene of his future career. He served for a considerable period in the royal navy as midshipman and master's mate, and at one period also, it is said, held the post of lieutenant. He appears to have given up the naval profession on his marriage with Miss Ann Machardy, a young lady resident in Exeter, but of Scottish origin, being a member of a respectable family in the county of Aberdeen. This connection led Parker to remove to Scotland, where he embarked in some mercantile speculations that proved unsuccessful. The issue was, that he ere long, found himself involved in difficulties, and without the means to maintain his wife and two children. In Edinburgh, where those embarrassments fell upon him, he had no friends to apply to, and, in a moment of desperation, he took the king's bounty, and became a common sailor on board a tender at Leith. When he communicated to his wife the step he had taken, she was in the greatest distress, and resolved to set off instantly for Aberdeen in order to procure from her brother there the means of hiring two seamen as substitutes for her husband. Though successful in raising the necessary funds, no time was allowed her to complete her project. On her return from Aberdeen, she was only in time to see the tender sail for the Nore, with her husband on board. Her grief on this occasion was bitterly aggravated by the death of one of her children. Parker's sufferings were shown to be equally acute by his conduct when the vessel sailed. Exclaiming that he saw the body of his child floating on the waves, he leapt overboard, and was with difficulty rescued and restored to life.

It was in the beginning of May, 1797, that Parker reached the Nore, or point of land dividing the mouths of the Thames and the Medway. Probably on account of his former experience and station as a seaman, he was drafted on board the Sandwich, which was the guard-ship, and bore the flag of Admiral Buckner, the port-admiral. The mutinous spirit which afterwards broke out, certainly existed on board of the Nore squadron before Parker's arrival. Communications were kept up in secret between the various crews, and the mischief was gradually drawing to a head. But though he did not originate the feeling of insubordination, the ardent temper, boldness, and superior intelligence of Parker soon became known to his comrades, and he became a prominent man among them. Their plans being at length matured, the seamen rose simultaneously against their officers, and deprived them of their arms, as well as of all command in the ship though behaving respectfully to them in all other respects. Each vessel was put under the government of a committee of twelve men, and to represent the whole body of seamen, every man-of-war appointed two delegates and each gun-boat one, to act for the

common good. Of these delegates Richard Parker was chosen president, and in an unhappy hour for himself, he accepted of the office. This representative body drew up a list of grievances, of which they demanded the removal, offering to return immediately afterwards to their duty. It is unnecessary to specify these demands further, than that they related to increase of pay and provisions, a more equal division of prize-money, liberty to go on shore, proper payment of arrears, and other points of naval discipline. A committee of naval inquiry subsequently granted almost all that was demanded, thereby acknowledging the general justice of the complaints made. Parker signed these documents, and they were published over the whole kingdom with his name, as well as presented to Port-Admiral Buckner, through whom they were sent to government.

When these proceedings commenced, the mutineers were suffered to go on shore, and they paraded about Sheerness, where a part of the fleet lay, with music, flags (red in colour—the customary hue of insubordination), and other appendages of a triumphal procession. But, on the 22nd of May, troops were sent to Sheerness to put a stop to this indulgence. Being thus confined to their ships, the mutineers, having thus come to no agreement with Admiral Buckner, began to take more decisive measures for extorting compliance with their demands, as well as for insuring their own safety. The vessels at Sheerness moved down to the Nore, and the combined force of the insurgents, which at its greatest height consisted of twenty-four sail, proceeded to block up the Thames, by refusing a free passage up or down, to the London trade. Foreign vessels, and a few small craft, were suffered to go by, first receiving a passport, signed by Richard Parker as president of the delegates. In a day or two the mutineers had an immense number of vessels under detention. The mode in which they kept these was as follows. The ships of war were ranged in a line at considerable distances from each other, and in the interspaces were placed the merchant-vessels, having the broadsides of the men-of-war pointed to them. The appearance of the whole assemblage is described as having been at once grand and appalling. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineer ships. It may be well imagined that the alarm of the citizens of London was extreme. The government, however, though unable at the period to quell the insurgents by force, remained firm in their demand of "unconditional submission as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse." This, perhaps, was the very best line of conduct that could have been adopted. The seamen, to their great honour, never seemed to think of assuming an offensive attitude, and were thereby left in quiet to meditate on the dangerous position in which they stood in hostility to a whole country. They grew timorous, and more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel durst attempt to move away for fear of running aground. The mutineering vessels held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of May, when the Clyde frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen, and was followed by the St. Fiorenzo. These vessels were fired upon, but escaped up the river.

On the 4th of June, the king's birth-day, the Nore fleet showed that their loyalty to their sovereign was undiminished, by firing a general salute. On the 5th another frigate left the fleet, but its place was supplied by a sloop and four men-of-war, which had left Admiral Duncan's fleet at the Texel to join the mutiny. On the 6th, Lord Northesk met the delegates by desire on board the Sandwich, and received from them proposals for an accommodation, to which the unfortunate Parker still put his name as president. The answer was a direct refusal, and this firmness seems to have fairly humbled the remaining spirit of the mutineers. From that time one vessel after another deserted the band, and put themselves under the protection of the fort at Sheerness. On the 10th, the merchantmen were allowed by common consent to pass up the river, and such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port by one tide. By the 12th, only seven ships had the red flag flying, and on the 16th the mutiny had terminated, every ship having been restored to the command of its officers. A party of soldiers went on board the Sandwich, and to them the officers surren-

dered the delegates of the ship, namely, a man named Davies, and Richard Parker.

Richard Parker, to whom the title of Admiral Parker, had been given by the fleet and by the public during the whole of this affair, was the individual on whom all eyes were turned as the ringleader of the mutineers. He was brought singly to trial on the 22d of June, after being confined during the interval in the black-hole of Sheerness garrison. Ten officers under the presidency of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Paisley, composed the court-martial, which sat on board the Neptune, of Greenhith. The prisoner conducted his own defence, exhibiting great presence of mind, and preserving a respectful and manly deference throughout for his judges. The prosecution on the part of the crown lasted two days, and on the 26th Parker called witnesses in his favor, and read a long and able defence which he had previously prepared. The line of argument adopted by him was—that the situation he had held had been in a measure forced upon him; that he had consented to assume it chiefly from the hope of restraining the men from excesses; that he had restrained them in various instances; that he might have taken all the ships to sea, or to an enemy's ports, had his motives been disloyal, &c. &c. Parker unquestionably spoke the truth on many of these points. Throughout the whole affair, the injury done to property was trifling, the taking of some flour from a vessel being the chief act of the kind. This was mainly owing to him. But he had indubitably been the head of the mutineers. He was proved to have gone from ship to ship giving orders, and haranguing the men—to have been cheered as he passed along, and treated with the honors of a chief. Nothing could save him. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he stood up, and uttered these words in a firm voice: I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that God will receive me into favor; and I sincerely hope that my death will be the means of restoring tranquility to the navy, and that those men who have been implicated in the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country."

On the morning of the 30th of June, the yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted on board of the Sandwich, where Richard Parker lay, and where he was to meet his fate. The whole fleet was ranged a little below Sheerness, in sight of the Sandwich, and the crew of every ship was piped to the fore-castle. Parker was awaked from a sound sleep on that morning, and after being shaved, he dressed himself in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming to the deck, he was pale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of wine "to the salvation of his soul, and forgiveness of all his enemies!" He said nothing to his mates on the fore-castle but "Good bye to you," and expressed a hope that "his death would be deemed a sufficient atonement, and save the lives of others!" He was strung up to the yard-arm at half-past nine o'clock. A dead silence reigned among the crews around during the ceremony. In closing their account of this affair, the journals of the day state that the body of Parker was put into a shell, and interred, within an hour or two after the execution, in the New Naval Burying Ground at Sheerness. A curious sequel to this account, however, it is now in our power to present to the reader.

Richard Parker's unfortunate wife had not left Scotland, when the rumour came to her ears that the Nore fleet had mutinied, and that the ringleader was one Richard Parker. She could not doubt that this was her husband, and immediately took a place in the mail for London, to save him if possible. On her arrival, she heard that Parker had been tried, but the result was unknown. Being able to think of no way but petitioning the king, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper, praying that her husband's life might be spared. She attempted to make her way with this to his majesty's presence, but was obliged finally to hand it to a lord-in-waiting, who gave her the cruel intelligence that all applications for mercy would be attended to except for Parker. The distracted woman took a coach for Rochester, where she got on board a king's ship, and learnt that Parker was to be executed next day: she sat up, in a state of unspeakable wretchedness, the whole of that night.

and at four o'clock in the morning went to the river side, to hire a boat to take her to the Sandwich, that she might at least bid her poor husband farewell. Her feelings had been deeply agonised by hearing every person she met talking on the subject of her distress, and now, the first waterman to whom she spoke, exclaimed, "No! I cannot take one passenger." The brave Admiral Parker is to die to-day, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a party." Finally, the wretched wife was glad to go on board a Sheerness market-boat, but no boat was allowed to come alongside the Sandwich. In her desperation she called on Parker by name, and prevailed on the boat-people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering, to attempt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a sentinel threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew nigh, she saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen. She called on him, and he heard her voice, for he exclaimed, "There is my dear wife from Scotland." Immediately afterwards she fell back in a state of insensibility, and did not recover till some time after she was taken ashore. By this time all was over, but the poor woman could not believe it so. She hired another boat, and again reached the Sandwich. Her exclamation from the boat must have startled all who heard it. "Pass the word," she cried, in her delusion, "for Richard Parker!" The truth was now told to her, and she was further informed that his body had just been taken ashore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed ashore again, and proceeded to the churchyard, but found the ceremony over, and the gate locked. She then went to the admiral and sought the key, which was refused her. Excited almost to madness by the information that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night, she waited around the church yard till dusk, and then clambering over the wall, readily found her husband's grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she was not long in scraping away the loose earth that intervened between her and the object of her search. She got the lid removed, and then she clasped the cold hand of husband in her own!

Her determination to possess the body aroused the widow from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She left the churchyard, and communicated her situation to two women, who, in their turn, got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and at three o'clock in the morning the shell containing the corpse was placed in a van, and conveyed to Rochester, where, for the sum of six guineas, Mrs. Parker procured another waggon to convey it to London. On the road they met hundreds of persons, all enquiring about, and talking of the fate of "Admiral Parker." At eleven p.m. the van reached London; but here the poor widow had no private house or friends to go to, and was obliged to stop at Hoop and Horse-Shoe on Tower-Hill, which was full of people. Mrs. Parker got the body into her room, and sat down beside it; but the secret could not be long kept in such a place, more particularly as the news of the exhumation had been brought by express that day to London. A great crowd, by and bye, assembled about the house anxious to see the body of Parker, which, however, the widow would not permit. The Lord Mayor heard of this affair, and came to ask the widow what she intended to do with her husband's remains. She replied, "To inter them decently at Exeter or in Scotland." The Lord Mayor said that the body would not be taken from her, but prevailed on her to have it decently buried in London. Arrangements were made with this view, and finally the corpse of the unfortunate Parker was inhumed in Whitechapel Churchyard; although not until it had to be removed to Aldgate Workhouse, on account of the crowds attracted by it, and which caused some fears lest "Admiral Parker's remains should create a civil war." After the closing ceremony was over, Mrs. Parker, who had in person seen her husband consigned to the grave, gave a certificate that all had been done to her satisfaction. But, though strictly questioned as to the parties who have aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names.

Parker, as has been said, made a will, leaving to his wife a small property on which he had claims near Exeter. This she enjoyed for a number of years, but ultimately her rights, whether erroneously or not, were decided to be invalid, and she was deprived of

the pittance which had formed her maintenance. She was thrown into great distress, and was compelled to solicit assistance from the charitable, having become nearly if not entirely blind. The late King William gave her at one time £10, and at another £20. In 1836, the forlorn and miserable condition of poor Parker's widow was made known to the London magistrates, and a temporary refuge was provided for her. But temporary assistance was of little avail to one whose physical infirmities rendered her incapable any longer of helping herself, and again her miserable condition came under the cognisance of the public authorities. An appeal to the charitable has recently been made, by a portion of the daily press, in her favor but with what success we are unable to say. She is now sixty-nine years of age, blind and friendless.—Time and misfortune have not quenched her affection for the partner of her early days. Of him she yet speaks with all the enthusiasm of youthful affection, and still mourns his fate.

THE ESSAYIST.

For the American Masonic Register.

The following dialogue, written by three young ladies of the Leroy Female Seminary, and delivered by them before a recent exhibition of that institution, strongly reminds us in its simplicity and truth, of the pleasing and instructive essays by the late Mrs. Barlauld. We hope the young ladies will not make this their last communication to us.—Ed.

THE ANIMAL, MINERAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS, PERSONIFIED.

PHILOMELA, *an inquirer after truth.*

ICARUS, *Representative of the Animal Kingdom.*

IDALIA, *Representative of the Vegetable Kingdom.*

DEICIMA, *Representative of the Mineral Kingdom.*

Philomela enters bearing a bouquet of flowers, a shell, and a mineral—

Philomela. Beautiful, beautiful indeed they are, but what can be their use, and whence did they originate. Are they the work of chance, or exists there one formed with faculty sufficient, to form aught so curious and fair. Long, long have I mused upon their strange mysteries. I've digged deep in the recesses of the earth and gathered stores of its hidden wealth. I have wandered oft with eager step o'er lawns and woodlands, and culled the fair flowers that graced my pathway.—O where did Earth derive its mantle of beautiful green, and why does it so often wither away. I love to listen to the song of the aerial warbler. But for what purpose are they created? Is it to lull to rest the wild and changing passions of the heart of man? What can mean those brilliant orbs that glitter in the deep blue vault above? One seems to exceed the others in size and its lustre gilds the hour of night. I love to gaze upon them at the midnight hour and ask them what they are and why they thus move onward in their distant spheres. But in vain have my keenest scrutinies been exercised respecting all these mysterious works of Nature. And is it ever thus to be? Am I destined forever to remain in ignorance of these beauties which thus enchant the mind? O that some kind spirit would this moment appear and reveal to me the long hidden secret!

(Deicima enters.)

DEIC. *(Taking the mineral.)* Fair stranger, no longer shall this remain a mystery. I will divulge to thee the secrets of Nature. The Great I Am determined in the counsels of Eternity to create a glorious mansion for his worshippers, and I was wheeled into illimitable space and made to revolve, with many sister planets around the vast orb which illuminates our trackless pathway through immensity. This little mineral, is but a fragment of the many beauties of which I am formed. Innumerable gems far surpassing even this in beauty, may be found hid beneath my surface.

PHILO. Thank thee kindly, Deicima. What thou hast already revealed to me is indeed wonderful. But I pray thee stop not here. I am impatient to learn of all Nature's works. Does this fair flower which exhales so sweet an incense flourish also in thy kingdom?

(Icarus and Idalia enters.)

DEIC. From sister Idalia's kingdom does that come. She can unfold to thee the secret.

IDA. Seldom Philomela do we find one who treads upon the velvet carpeting of Earth, and gazes upon the rich and ever varied hues, with which I deck the forest shade, sensible of my beauties, and gladly will I inform thee of my history. Know then, fair one,—that the Almighty, the Creator of us all, seeing the lonely situation of my brother Deicima, sent me hither to enliven his surface, with my presence, and chase away the sadness that was even thus early corroding his happiness. From the first I was beautiful, yea lovely, and the fair exotic, which you so tenderly nourish, is but one of a thousand of my varied beauties. Yet even in this simple specimen, surpassing loveliness is seen, and the work of a superior mind can be plainly traced.

PHILO. Superior indeed must be that mind which has formed aught so beautiful. And was it that same hand that formed this curious piece of mechanism?—This *(raising the shell)* once possessed life.

ICA. Ah, I can explain the secret of life. When this mansion was prepared, and the Author had finished his work, save giving life and animation, that his work might subserve his grand design, I was created, the breath of life given, and o'er the broad expanse a vital principle instilled. Two angelic forms were placed in a garden, far exceeding in beauty any thing of which we can now conceive. Here our Father had gathered his brightest and noblest works, and given to their dominion every creature of his creation. Here too, Idalia reigned in primeval glory.

IDA. Yea! in glory did I reign and in eternal beauty did I expect to bloom, but alas! how sad the reverse. While we revelled in the joy which Eden afforded, and basked in the sunshine of our Fathers' favor, a creature vile and ungrateful entered our blissful abode. He saw that happiness reigned here and envy rankled in his heart. He felt that all was pure and holy, and sought to destroy the peace of the innocent, and to mar the best of our Creator's works. He presented the tempting offering to the unsuspecting spirit. She received and gave to her companion in bliss. In one moment their glory departed and my fairest beauties became noxious weeds, and the blooming Eden a wild of thorns and thistles.

ICA. But it was thy fruit Idalia that did tempt those pure spirits to transgress the laws of their maker, and to sin against their God. The cruel temptations that thou didst place before their eyes, served but to sow among my happy kingdom the seeds of misery, yea, destruction, and through their rebellion, to call down upon them the vengeance of a just God.

DEIC. In this lies the secret why I too have thus been despoiled of my once perfect form. When first I greeted Icarus I was as I came from the hand of my Maker God,—fair and beautiful; order and symmetry pervaded all my parts. But when one of thy kingdom yielded to temptation, the great Creator, in anger tore my kingdom from centre to circumference, that his creatures should tremble beneath his power, and feel that a mighty hand was raised high over them in judgment. All my hidden treasures were scattered in wild confusion.

ICA. Comfort thyself Deicima. It was wisely ordered that thy realm should be thus rent asunder, for had it been otherwise thy fairest beauties would ever have been hid from view. Thy most precious stones, fairest diamonds, mines of richest gold and purest silver, formed for the gratification of man, would forever have remained hidden in thy deepest recesses; and Idalia, for the same cause, thy sweetest flowers would never have been scattered o'er the earth in such endless profusion.

IDA. Ah! Icarus had this cause never existed, my beauties would have been enjoyed by creatures pure and sinless, and eternal loveliness reigned in this vast expanse. No change would have yearly despoiled me of my robe of green, and left me to an enemy, who, while I shrink at his approach, encircles me in his icy arms.

PHILO. How long is this vengeance to rest upon thee Deicima and noble Icarus? Is the blooming Idalia never to reign in eternal beauty or is she with all that is bright and beautiful, forever to pass away?

DEIC. How long I am thus to remain is registered alone in the folded leaves on high. But this I know;

the same Almighty architect, that first fashioned me for his glory, shall stretch forth his hand and mould me once again, more glorious still. Yes! Icarus you too, have ever found me a mighty foe, and the chains I have forged for six thousand years have made you my prisoner.

ICA. Thou wilt triumph but awhile. When the Archangel's trump shall sound the fetters shall be loosed and the slumbering tenant of the tomb shall rise a pure celestial form no more dependant upon thee, and shall join the angelic band, and wing its flight to the throne of God, there to dwell forever a ransomed soul.

DEIC. But then thou mayest return again to gaze upon my new formed glory and delight thyself in the brilliancy of my sparkling gems, and substantial fabric of everlasting strength.

IDA. Know too, fair Philomela that naught which come from the forming hand of our Father, shall ever be annihilated. The glorious adorning with which I deck all worlds, although marred and for a time disrobed of beauty, shall yet again spread wide her ever living green, and send her sweetest odors to regale the bright winged messengers, who stop, on the long flight of ages, to admire my gorgeous robes and talk of the endless diversity of the Creator's work.

PHIL. Tell me Icarus, something of the glory thou shalt inherit, thy form, employment and eternal bliss.

ICA. There the universe "without bound, without dimension, where length, and breadth, and height and time and place are lost," shall be spread wide open for our range. There glorified spirits with wings that never tire, speed their flight through infinity, to visit other bright worlds, the mansions of blessedness, clothed in "eternal youth and undying vigor."

PHIL. Shall I too be a bright winged seraph, and roam with you in those golden realms?

(All join hands and leave the stage.)

ICA. Yea! angelic spirits hand in hand shall roam through immensity; and together explore the magnificent scenes of the creation of our God.

April, 1840.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

ITEMS OF FOREIGN ARRIVALS.—The Steam ship Caladonia, arrived at Boston, on Saturday last, having made the passage, from dock to dock, in 13 days and 14 hours; although she lost 20 hours by the fog. The news by this arrival, is not of much importance. The Princess Augusta, lies in a very low state. A duel has been fought between Earl of Cardigan and Lieut. Truett, in which the Lieut. was handsomely "winged," but not dangerously. There was a revolt at the royal Naval School at Greenwich, among the boys of that institution; about 70 of them deserted. Their excuse for rebellion, is, in the insufficiency of the provisions, and the severity of punishment for slight offences. An anti-slavery sugar company has been formed in London. It is stated as a curious fact, that Mehemet Ali, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Duke of Wellington were all born in one year. Thirty-five thousand tons of rails, have been ordered from America, and an advance of 10 shillings on the ton has been demanded. [What a pity it is that this country is destitute of iron!!] The blockade of Alexandria was commenced on the 1st inst. by Admiral Stafford. Several of the Pacha's vessels had been sequestered by the British naval authorities. The Viceroy's fleet (Egyptian and Turkish) was drawn up in order of battle, in the roads of Alexandria. The prospects of a general war, had in some measure subsided. Notwithstanding

the tardy and partial acquiescence of Mehemet Ali in the demands of the four Powers, the Paris papers of the last dates talk quite as warlike as any time since the commencement of the panic on the Eastern question; though if Mehemet has yielded, we scarcely know what they will make a war out of. There had however, been a considerable rise in the funds on Wednesday, say a franc and a half, and every thing except the tone of the newspapers indicates peace. A treaty of commerce is about to be established between France and England, which is only waiting for the signature of M. Thiers the French minister, who is waiting the satisfactory termination of the Eastern question. The Ottoman Porte had despatched a courier to Rome requesting the assistance of the Pope in having the patriarch of Lebanon to exhort the population of Syria, to observe obedience to the Sultan. If the Pope acceded to the request, there would be 60,000 men in arms in Syria. Orders had been received at Bayonne to put that place in a complete state of defence. The emperor of Russia is making active preparation for war, 100,000 troops are concentrated on the Turkish frontier. The Chamber of Peers of France have commenced the trial of Louis Napoleon, who has a large number of counsel to assist him.

THINGS AS THEY SHOULD BE.—It will be a source of felicitation, to the brethren of the I. O. O. F. throughout this State, to be informed, that the differences which have existed for some time past in relation to the location of the Grand Lodge of this Order, has finally resulted in the almost entire return of the disaffected brethren to their duty. This is as it should be. The distinguishing principles of the order, are "Friendship, Love and Truth," and whatever differences of opinion may have heretofore existed as to the merits of the controversy which has been attended with so much evil; one thing is certain, that it is the bounden duty of the minority to submit to the will of the majority, when emphatically expressed through its legally constituted organs. The meeting at Firemen's Lodge, on Tuesday evening last, was unusually large, consisting of a great portion of three of the former Lodges, who have constituted themselves into one body, under the name of the Phoenix Lodge, No. 41. From the good feeling and spirit exhibited on Tuesday, we are satisfied, that the Order will receive a new impetus among us, and illustrate the great principle of the Order, that where "HARMONY" is, there will be "Friendship, Love and Truth," blended with the other Graces.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—It again becomes our lot, to record the destruction of life in its worst and most agonizing form. The steam boat Swiftsure, running between this city and New York, on her passage down, on Monday last, when near Castleton, burst her boiler, and shockingly scalded eight persons connected with the boat. Six of the sufferers have since died, and but faint hopes are entertained of one or two of those who are at present living. The names of the dead, are, Mr. Havens, (engineer.) Robert Graves, John Carney, George White, Henry Yates, and Daniel Hagerman.

LARGE CARGO.—The largest cargo ever shipped a Richmond was taken on Thursday last in the ship Alhembra, of Boston, for London. It consisted of 1927 hhds. and 21 half hhds. of tobacco. Value, \$132,000.

There has been a destructive fire at Quebec, by which property to the amount of \$120,000 has been destroyed.

THE AMISTAD.—This vessel, which has made so much noise in the world, is we learn from the Journal of Commerce, to be sold at New London on the 15th inst. The cargo consists of dry goods, hardware, crockery, &c. The negroes, belonging to this vessel, are still in the charge of the U. S. Marshal. Their case is in the hands of the Supreme Court of the U. S. who meet soon, when if this court sustains the decision of the court below, they will be immediately released.

SMOKING.—The N. Y. Sun relates a fact, which is worthy of a little attention, among our inveterate smokers, and we acknowledge that we come in for a full share. On Thursday of the past week, a gentleman of New York, of wealth and influence, died from a malady which he brought upon himself by excessive smoking; which first produced a prostration of the nervous system, then complete lunacy, and then death.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. A. M. Wilson, who is well known to our citizens as a very clever fellow, as well as a clever actor, has by dint of the most indefatigable exertion and perseverance, at length realised his wishes, in the rebuilding of this stupendous concern. No man could have accomplished this undertaking, under the discouraging circumstances which has followed the footsteps of Wilson, from the laying the first to the last stone, but himself, and his friends, in this and other regions, will offer to him their sincere congratulations, on the successful termination of an effort, believed to have been almost hopeless. The New York Sun says:—

The interior of the house forms a Turkish saloon, and is furnished in the most brilliant manner, carrying out the intent through the drop curtain into the garden of the saloon, from whence is seen entering the females dancing—the three front figures to represent in strong likeness Taglioni, Ellsler, and Celeste. This beautiful establishment has been erected and completed by A. M. Wilson, Esq. who is the sole proprietor and manager of the establishment, and who has by his perseverance, good taste and admirable arrangements, given to the public the best proof for his future success.

☞ We would again repeat to those of our subscribers, who may have lost any No. of the 1st Vol. that if they will apprise us of it without cost, we will forward them, except Nos. 31, 37, 34 and 51. These Nos. have run short.

Wisconsin Tobacco.—The experiment of raising tobacco in Wisconsin Territory has been tried this season, and succeeded beyond expectation.

Eleven hundred dollars has been realised from the dancing of Fanny Ellsler, for one night, at Boston, in aid of the Bunker hill Monument. So Fanny has done one good thing.

THE ROPEWALK at the U. States Navy Yard in Charlestown is said to be the most perfect establishment of the kind in the world. It is 1000 feet long, with granite walls, slate roof, and iron window-shutters. This work is done with an enormous steam engine, by which the hatcheling, dressing, spinning, and almost every other operation in making a rope or cable is done. About one hundred of the spinning, hatcheling and dressing machines are in one room, in operation by steam. By the spinning of hemp in a machine a more even thread, and consequently more perfect rigging and cables are formed. At this ropewalk, we understand, the principal rigging for the navy is or can be made.

Intelligence.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—Extract of a letter dated, Nassau (N. P.) 27th, August, 1840, received in New Orleans via Havana.

"A singular circumstance occurred a few days ago. A large French ship from Hamburg, bound to Havana, was picked up by one of our little wreckers about a fortnight ago, quite deserted. She was afloat with no sail set but the gib—not the least injured—having a very valuable cargo of wines, silks, fruits, &c. and all in good order, and her papers and every thing on board in their proper places. When sounded, three feet water was found in her hold, which was immediately pumped out; and it was discovered that she had no leak. A few poultry and a cat only were found alive. There were a number of cages, with Canary birds, apparently starved to death. I have seen one of the persons who first went on board, and he says that the cabin and state rooms were elegantly furnished and had all the appearance of passengers having just stepped out of them—one in particular had a ladies toilet, combs, brushes, &c., on a settee lay a bonnet, shawl, work-box, needles, thimbles, &c., as if that minute laid down. There are many cases on board addressed to different merchants in Havana, and the vessel by which I am now writing is despatched to gain some information on the subject. She is a large new ship, built this year, and is named the *Rosalie*."

AMERICAN CLAIMS ON CHILI.—The *Globe* of Saturday states that advices have been received from Valparaiso, that our charge d'Affairs has succeeded in obtaining from the Chili Government indemnity for the seizures of American property by Lord Cochrane, when in the service of that power; and that there is a reasonable prospect of an early liquidation of the other American claims.

EXCITING INCIDENT.—We saw a letter, within a few days, written by a young lady who not many weeks since, was journeying from this place to the West. It narrates an exciting occurrence which took place on board the steam boat in which she was a passenger—and of which she was an eye witness. In passing down the Mississippi river, our narrator was summoned from the cabin by alarming shrieks and great commotion on deck. On going up, she found that a young lady had fallen overboard, and the boat in its progress was fast leaving her behind. A gentleman on board immediately divested himself of a part of his clothing, and sprang into the river. He reached the drowning person, and upheld her in the water until a small boat came to the rescue of both. The young lady, thus snatched from sudden death, was the daughter of an elderly gentleman who was on board the boat—foreigners, neither of them could speak English. On reaching the deck, and recovering from the fright, embraced her deliverer and bestowed kiss after kiss upon him, as the only way she could express her gratitude and thankfulness; while the farther rushing from the cabin eagerly proffered him a roll of bank bills. These being refused he ran to his cabin and returned with a bag of gold which he likewise pressed upon his acceptance nor could either father or daughter be made to understand, or feel satisfied why their proffered reward would not be accepted.—*Salem Ob.*

The Murderer of the Boy at Brooklyn is, it is thought, apprehended. A youth went yesterday on board the New Haven steamboat, and was soon remarked, both from the incoherence of his talk and conduct, and from his answering to the description of the person last seen with the murdered boy. Under these circumstances, the captain, on meeting the down boat, transferred the young man to it, and on its arrival here, the Mayor of Brooklyn was notified of the fact that such a person was on board. He immediately came over, and took him in a carriage to the Brooklyn jail. The lad's name is said to be *David Wade*, that he is from *Elizabethtown*, N. J., and apprentice to a shoemaker at *Westfield*. It will be remembered that one of the surgeons said the wound seemed to have been made with a shoemaker's knife, or some similar sharp instrument.

The wretched prisoner appears to be insane, and during the whole of last night, in prison raved about

blond and the Almighty canons against its being shed by man—*American.*

Spontaneous Combustion.—A Mr. Marsh, chemist, connected with the Royal Arsenal, discovered that it is an invariable rule with iron which has remained for a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains, or to an impalpable powder, to become red-hot, and ignite an object with which it may come in contact. This he experienced by scraping some corroded metal from a gun which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact may be useful in accounting for spontaneous fires, the origin of which has never been traced.

Increase.—We are informed, says the *Christian Adv.* by Rev. J. Stinson, just returned from England, that the increase in the Methodist societies under the care of the British conference for the last year is 24,000.

The Proclamation of the Union of the two Canadas is to be issued on the 1st of January, 1841, and the elections under the new constitution will take place on the following month.

Death Warrant.—Gov. Porter has signed the death warrant of Robert McConachy, the wretch who, for the sake of a few dollars, murdered the whole of the Browne family, six in number. He is to be executed on the 6th of November. No sympathy can be felt for such a fiend.

The Census of the city and suburbs of New Orleans being nearly completed, shows a total population of more than 100,000. In 1830 it contained less than 50,000.

Married.

At Bern, Alfred Van Schnack, to Elizabeth Gardner.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. Theodore Olcott cashier of the Canal Bank, to Miss Frances Jenkins.

In Troy, John Mannix, to Johannah Pillman. At Hoosich Falls, Hial K. Parsons, to Harriet H. Robinson. In Westchester, Edmund Cole, of Greenbush, to Miss Mary Redmond, of the former place. At Canajoharie, James T. Easton, of Albany, to Antoinette Burton, of the former place. At New York, Joshua Cornery, to Miss Margaret Kibbe.

DIED.

In this city, Charles B. Fry, of the firm of D. Fry, & Co. aged 26.

Also Richard Hennessy, aged 22.

In this city, Mary, wife of L. P. Hand, aged 25.

Also, Frances Walsh, aged 29.

In New York, Susannah Gage, 66. Arthur Murphy, 48. Wm. P. Chave, 21. Susan Briddle 21.—Johanna Staff, 55. Samuel Alrey, 40.

At Washington, Elias Kane, Navy Agent, formerly of this city, aged 69.

Deaths in New York, the past week, 173—51 men, 23 women, 52 boys, 47 girls.

NOTICES.

We will feel ourselves under particular obligation to those of our subscribers, who may not intend to bind their papers, if any of them will send us by mail, Nos. 31, 36, 37 and 51 of the first Vol. Owing to accident, or carelessness, we are destitute of these numbers.

Those gentlemen who are acting as Agents for us, will oblige us, by being particular in making remittances, to send the name of the subscriber to whom credit is to be given. It will save us much trouble.

Those of our patrons, who intend to render an earnest of substantial patronage, will, we trust, comply with our terms, and either pay their subscriptions to an authorized agent, or hand it to the post master, who is authorized by law to send it free of postage.—Our terms are \$2.50, if not paid within six months, or \$3, at the end of the year.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	West Troy	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Ga.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 103,	Washington, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment,	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 87,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 8	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment,	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters,	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter,	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memph	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memph	2d Tuesday.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840.—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.
State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August, 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that, a Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county.

Three members of Assembly.
A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN C. SPENCER,
Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.
Audubon's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18.
Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait.
Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire plates.
Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London, 8 vols. received.
The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America contrasted.

CORNING & COOK, Book-binders, 87 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane.) Albany. **BLACK BOOKS** of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.
General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.
Rau's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Quizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novel and literary

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE DEFORMED.

Oh urge me not my mother, to join yon group at play—
They'll gaze awhile in pity, then shrink from me away;
I will not mar their joyousness, but listen to them here,
For though I'm sad their merry laugh is music to mine ear.

I'll listen to the humming-bee that roams from flower
to flower

So gayly and contentedly, passing its "little hour,"
And the sweet birds that carol their songs of wildest
glee—

For all—yes all, dear mother are happy here but me.

I love thee dearest mother, yet still I long to die,
Though flowers bloom around me and bright the az-
ure sky—

The gushing streamlet runs beside our little quiet cot,
Crown'd with the modest violet and sweet forget-me-
not—

The moon with soften'd loveliness reminds me oft of
thee;

And all, all, yes all, dear mother are beautiful but me.

Full well I know sweet mother, I have thy tender love;
And I have sought and found the same of him who
dwells above;

Others have nought but pity to e'er bestow upon
Her for whom nature had no gifts—the poor deformed
one;

But I will strive to bear in patience for a while,
Though oft I hear the pitying sigh and see the scorn-
ful smile,

For soon I'll join the throng above in realms all free
from care—

Then mother I'll be beautiful and all will love me
there.

Albany, July, 1840.

FLORA.

THE FAREWELL.

By J. G. Whittier.

Farewell,—I feel that thou and I,
Must part even now, perhaps forever;
I heard last night thy long good bye
And chained, but with a proud endeavour
The smothered tide of tearful feeling—
I could not bear that other eyes
Should smile upon the heart's unsealing
Of all its hidden sympathies.

Oh—was it not a mocking thing
At that last hour of parting sadness
Over the fount of tears to fling
The light and careless smile of gladness!

Yes—sadder eyes were fixed on thee—
And sadder tones bespoke regret:
And trembling hands were proffered free,
And young, fair cheeks with tears were wet;
And I—the saddest one of all—
Returned thy greeting with a smile—
That smile was for the crowded hall—
My heart was with thee all the while;
And burning thoughts were thronging there—
The hopes and fears affection bath
To prompt its still, unuttered prayer,
For blessings on the loved one's path.

They tell me thou wilt choose the one
Of brighter eyes and glossier curls—
Among the "children of the sun"—
The silver-toned Italian girls:
That she will love thee with the glow
And joy of her voluptuous clime;
And whisper music, like the flow
Of soft winds in the summer time:—
That when the moonlight sleepeth on
Gay Venice and her many isles—
And when the gondolier alone
May mark the dalliance hour of smiles,
Thy arm will bear her yielding form—
Thy hand amid her tresses play,
And fervent kisses, soft and warm,
Disturb at times her melting lay.

Alas!—I would believe thee true—
And yet I fear a change will come,
And waste away, like morning dew,
Affection's rich and untold sum.

For thou wilt roam in other lands,
And other eyes will smile on thee,
And thou wilt ask from other hands,
The gifts which I have proffered thee,
For I have seen thee in my dream
Of feverish and unquiet sleeping,
Devoid of all which man should seem
When Love around his path is weeping,
I've seen thee at the altar side,
And listened to the rites which gave
Unto thy arms another bride,
And left forsaken love—a grave!

God grant my dreams may never prove
Their stern reality of wrong;
Nor make the meaning of thy love
A ring—a promise—and a song.
I do believe thou lovest me now—
But will thy boyish dream remain,
When foreign suns have lent thy brow
A darker and a manlier stain?
And wilt thou love my memory, while
Above thee bends the Italian sky?
Or where the Grecian maidens smile—
Or where the Georgian dance goes by?

Farewell!—forgive the doubts which fling
A shadow on our parting hour,—
Nor deem my heart a wayward thing—
A jealous and ungentle dower:
For woman's love is blent with fears—
Her confidence—a trembling one—
Her smile—the harbinger of tears—
Her hope—the change of April's sun!—
Farewell!—and oh! where'er thou art,
Indulge at times a thought of me,
And I will sooth my trembling heart
In one long dream of love and thee.

GENIUS SLUMBERING.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there;
There are who still remember how he bore
Upwards his daring pinions, 'till the air
Seemed living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet around the sightless eye,
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays!
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep forever, but will rise
Fresh to more daring labors—now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gathered slumber leaves its lifted brow,
From his half opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes he will break his sleep—the spell is gone—
The deadly charm departed—see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wings;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer—shall they take,
They, who with feeble pace still kept their way
When he forgets the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal—they may try
To darken and degrade it—it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And when it wakens it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted,
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won.
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath healing,
And its cluster yet may grow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered,
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
To soon for ever shattered!

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for
the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to
receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents,
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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 7.]

MASONIC.

WASHINGTON'S MASONIC CHARACTER.

We copy the following from an old Boston Mirror. Some of our Masonic friends may have seen it before; but we are anxious to place on our files for preservation, and future reference, the sentiments of one whose hallowed name and precepts were called in to aid the desperate efforts of our enemies during the strife of Anti-masonry. Washington's attachment to the Masonic Institution, and the estimation in which he held it, will appear from the subjoined correspondence, which breathes throughout, a spirit of brotherly love and kindness, and we earnestly recommend it to the careful and serious consideration of the reader, whether Mason or not; we wish friend and foe to read these letters of Washington. To each they will afford satisfaction; they cannot fail to strengthen the opinion of the one, nor to allay the doubts and prejudices of the other, if any thing can accomplish an end so desirable.

ADDRESS

Of the Master, Wardens, Brethren of King David's Lodge, to GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States of America.

SIR.—We, the Master, Wardens, and Brethren of King David's Lodge, in Newport Rhode Island, joyfully embrace this opportunity, to greet you as a Brother, and to hail you welcome to Rhode Island.

We exult in the thought, that as Masonry has always been patronised by the wise, the good, and the great, so hath it stood, and ever will stand, as its fixtures are on the immutable pillars of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

With unspeakable pleasure, we congratulate you as filling the Presidential Chair, with the applause of a numerous and enlightened people; whilst, at the same time, we felicitate ourselves in the honor done to the brotherhood, by your many exemplary virtues, and emanations of goodness proceeding from a heart worthy of possessing the ancient mysteries of our craft, being persuaded that the wisdom and grace with which heaven has endowed you, will ever square all your thoughts words and actions, by the eternal laws of honor, equity and truth; so as to promote the advancement of all good works, your own happiness, and that of mankind. Permit us then, illustrious brother, cordially to salute you with three times three, and to add our fervent supplications, that the Supreme Architect of the Universe may always encompass you with his holy protection.

MOSES SEIXAS, Master, } Committee.
HENRY SHERBURNE, Warden, }

By order, WM. LITTLEFIELD, Sec'y.
Newport, August 17, 1790.

THE ANSWER.

To the Master, Wardens, and brethren of King David's Lodge, in Newport, Rhode Island.

Gentlemen,—I receive the Welcome which you give me to Rhode Island, and, with pleasure; and I acknowledge my obligations for the flattering expressions of regard contained in your address, with grateful sincerity. Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interest of the society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother. My best wishes, Gentlemen, are offered for your individual happiness.

G. WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS

Of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons, of Charleston, S. C. to GEN. WASHINGTON, President of the United States.

SIR.—Induced by respect for your private and public character, as well as the relation in which you stand with the brethren of this society, we, the Grand Lodge of the state of South Carolina, Ancient York Masons, beg leave to offer our sincere congratulations, on your arrival in this State.

We felicitate you on the establishment and exercise of a permanent government, whose foundation was laid, under your auspices, by military achievements, upon which have been progressively reared the pillars of the free republic over which you preside, supported by wisdom, strength and beauty, unrivalled among the nations of the world.

The fabric thus raised and committed to your superintendence, we earnestly wish may continue to produce order and harmony, to succeeding ages, and be the asylum of virtue to the oppressed of all parts of the universe.

When we contemplate the distresses of war—the instances of humanity displayed by the Craft afford some relief to the feeling mind; and it gives us the most pleasing sensations to recollect, that amidst the difficulties attendant on your late military stations, you still associated with and patronised the Ancient Fraternity.

Distinguished always by your virtues, more than the exalted stations in which you have moved, we exult in the opportunity you now give us of hailing you brother of our Order, and trust from your knowledge of our institution, to merit your countenance and support.

With fervent zeal for your happiness, we pray that a life so dear to the bosom of this society, and to society in general, may be long, very long preserved; and, when you leave the temporal symbolic lodges of this world, may you be received into the celestial lodge of light and perfection, where the Grand Master Architect of the Universe presides.

Done in behalf of the Grand Lodge.

M. GIST, G. M.

Charleston, 2d May, 1791.

ANSWER

To the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, Ancient York Masons.

Gentlemen,—I am much obliged by the respect which you are so good as to declare for my public and private character. I recognize with pleasure, my relation to the brethren of your society; and I accept with gratitude, your congratulations on my arrival in South Carolina.

Your sentiments on the establishment and exercise of our equal government, are worthy of an association whose principles lead to purity of morals, and are beneficial of action.

The fabric of our freedom is placed on the enduring basis of public virtue, and I will fondly hope, long continue to protect the prosperity of the architects who raised it.

I shall be happy on every occasion to evince my regard for the fraternity. For your prosperity, individually, I offer my best wishes.

G. WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS

Of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to their illustrious brother, GEO. WASHINGTON.

SIR,—Whilst the historian is describing the career of your glory, and the inhabitants of an extensive empire are made happy in your unexampled exertions—whilst some celebrate the Hero, so distinguished in liberating United America, and others the patriot who presides over her Councils,—a band of brothers, hav-

ing always joined the acclamations of their countrymen, now testify their respect for those milder virtues which have ever graced the Man.

Taught by the precepts of our society, that all its members stand upon a level, we venture to assume this station, and to approach you with that freedom, which diminishes our diffidence, without lessening the respect. Desirous to enlarge the boundary of social happiness, and to vindicate the ceremonies of their institution, the Grand Lodge have published "a Book of Constitutions," and a copy for your acceptance accompanies this, which, by discovering the principles that actuate, will speak the eulogy of the society; though they fervently wish the conduct of its members may prove its higher recommendation.

Convinced of his attachment to its cause, and readiness to encourage its benevolent designs, they have taken the liberty to dedicate this work to one, the qualities of whose heart, and the actions of whose life, have contributed to improve personal virtue, and extend throughout the world the most endearing cordialities; and they humbly hope he will pardon this freedom, and accept the tribute of their esteem and homage.

May the Supreme Architect of the Universe protect and bless you, give length of days and increase of felicity in this world, and then receive you to the harmonious and exalted society in heaven.

JOHN CUTLER, Grand Master,

JOSHUA BARTLETT, } Grand Wardens.
MUNGO MACKAY, }

Boston, December, 27, A. L. 5792.

ANSWER

To the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Gentlemen,—Flattering as it may be to the human mind and truly honorable as it is, to receive from our fellow citizens testimonials of approbation for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is not less pleasing to know, that the milder virtues of the heart, are highly respected by a society whose LIBERAL PRINCIPLES ARE FOUNDED ON THE IMMUTABLE LAWS OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

To enlarge the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of the masonic institution, and it is most fervently to be wished, that the conduct of every member of the fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them; may tend to convince mankind that the grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race.

While I beg your acceptance of my thanks for the "Book of Constitutions" which you have sent me, and for the honor you have done me in the dedication permit me to assure you that I feel all those emotions of gratitude which your affectionate address and cordial wishes, are calculated to inspire. And I sincerely pray, that the Great Architect of the Universe may bless you here, and receive you hereafter in his Immortal Temple.

G. WASHINGTON

FROM THE SAME.

The East, the West and the South of the Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free, and Accepted Masons, for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to their most worthy brother GEO. WASHINGTON.

Wishing ever to be foremost in testimonials of respect and admiration of those virtues and services, with which you have so long adorned and benefitted our common country; and not the last nor least to regret the cessation of them in the public councils of the Union; your brethren of this grand lodge embrace the earliest opportunity of greeting you in the calm retirement you have contemplated to yourself.

Though as Citizens, they lose you in the active labors of political life, they hope as Masons to find you

in the pleasing sphere of fraternal engagement. From the cares of state, and the fatigues of public business, our institution opens a recess, affording all the relief of tranquility, the harmony of peace, and the refreshment of pleasure. Of these may you partake in all their purity and satisfaction. And we will assure ourselves that your attachment to this social plan will increase; and that, under the auspices of your encouragement, assistance and patronage, the craft will attain its highest ornament, perfection and praise. And it is our earnest prayer, that when your light shall be no more visible in this earthly temple, you may be raised to the all perfect lodge above, be seated on the right hand of the Supreme Architect of the universe, and receive the refreshment your labors have merited!

In behalf of the Grand Lodge, we subscribe ourselves, with the highest esteem, your affectionate brethren.

PAUL REVERE, Grand Master.
ISAIAH THOMAS, Senior Grand Warden.
JOSEPH LAUGHTON, Junior Grand Warden
DANIEL OLIVER, Grand Secretary.
Boston, March 21, 1797.

THE ANSWER.

[The following answer was received, and communicated to the Grand Lodge, June 12, 1797.]

To the Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Brothers.—It was not until within these few days that I have been favored by the receipt of your affectionate address, dated in Boston, the 21st of March.

For the favorable sentiments you have been pleased to express on the occasion of my past services, and for the regrets with which they are accompanied for the cessation of my public functions, I pray you to accept my best acknowledgements and gratitude.

No pleasure, except that which results from a conscientiousness of having, to the utmost of my abilities discharged the trusts which have been reposed in me by my country, can equal the satisfaction I feel from the unequivocal proofs I continually receive of its approbation of my public conduct; and I beg you to be assured that the evidences thereof, which is exhibited by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, is not among the least pleasing or grateful to my feelings.

In that retirement, which declining years induced me to seek; and which repose, to a mind long employed in public concerns, rendered necessary; my wishes, that bounteous Providence will continue to bless and preserve our country in peace, and in the prosperity it has enjoyed, will be warm and sincere; and my attachment to the society, of which we are members, will dispose me always to contribute, my best endeavors to promote the honor and interest of the Craft.

For the prayer you offered in my behalf, I entreat you to accept the thanks of a grateful heart; with assurances of fraternal regard, and my best wishes for the honor, happiness, and prosperity of all the members of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

G. WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS.

Of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons, in Pennsylvania, to GEO. WASHINGTON, President of the United States.

Sir and Brother.—The Ancient York Masons of the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, for the first time assembled in general communication, to celebrate the feast of St. John the Evangelist, since your election to the Chair of government of the United States, beg leave to approach you with congratulations from the East, and in the pride of fraternal affection, to hail you as the great master-builder (under the Supreme Architect) by whose labors the Temple of Liberty hath been reared in the West; exhibiting to the nations of the earth, a model of beauty, order, and harmony worthy of their imitation and praise.

Your knowledge of the origin and objects of our institution—its tendency to promote the social affections and harmonize the heart, give us a sure pledge that this tribute of our veneration, this effusion of love, will not be ungrateful to you; nor will Heaven reject our prayer that you may be long continued to adorn the bright list of master work-men, which our fraternity produces in the terrestrial Lodge; and that you may

be late removed to that celestial Lodge, where love and harmony reign transcendent and divine; where the Great Architect more immediately presides; and where Cherubim and Seraphim, waiting our congratulations from earth to heaven, shall hail you Brother.

By order and in behalf of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in general communication, assembled in ample form.

J. B. SMITH, G. M.
P. LE BARBIER DU PLESSIS, G. S.

THE ANSWER.

To the Ancient York Masons, of the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen and Brethren.—I received your kind congratulations with the purest sensations of fraternal affection; and from a heart deeply impressed with your generous wishes for my present and future happiness, I beg you to accept my thanks.

At the same time I request you will be assured of my best wishes and earnest prayers for your happiness while you remain in this terrestrial mansion; and that we may hereafter meet as brethren in the eternal temple of the Supreme Architect.

G. WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS

From the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, to Mrs. Washington, occasioned by the death of the General.
Boston, January 11, 1800.

MADAM.—The Grand Lodge of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts have deeply participated in the general grief of their fellow-citizens, on the melancholy occasion of the death of their beloved Washington.

As Americans, they have lamented the loss of the Chief who had led their armies to victory, and their country to glory; but as Masons, they have wept the dissolution of that endearing relation, by which they were enabled to call him their Friend and their Brother. They presume not to offer those consolations which might alleviate the weight of common sorrows, for they are themselves inconsolable. The object of this address is, not to interrupt the sacred offices of grief like yours; but whilst they are mingling tears with each other on the common calamity, to condole with you on the irreparable misfortune which you have individually experienced.

To their expressions of sympathy on this solemn dispensation, the Grand Lodge have subjoined an order, that a Golden Urn be prepared as a deposit for a lock of hair, an invaluable relique of the Hero and the Patriot whom their wishes would immortalize; and that it be preserved with the jewels and regalia of the Society.

Should this favor be granted, Madam, it will be cherished as the most precious jewel in the cabinet of the Lodge, as the memory of his virtues will forever be in the hearts of its members. We have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your most obedient servants,

JOHN WARREN,
PAUL REVERE,
JOSIAH BARLETT.

Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

ANSWER.

Mrs. Washington's reply to the Grand Lodge of Mass.
Mount Vernon, January 27, 1800.

GENTLEMEN.—Mrs. Washington has received with sensibility, your letter of the 14th inst. enclosing a vote of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, requesting a lock of her deceased husband's hair, to be preserved in a Golden Urn, with the jewels and regalia of the G. Lodge.

In complying with this request, by sending the lock of hair, which you will find enclosed, Mrs. Washington begs me to assure you, that she views with gratitude the tribute of respect and affection paid to the memory of her dear deceased husband; and receives with a feeling heart, the expressions of sympathy contained in your letter.

With great respect and esteem, I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant.

TOBIAS LEAR.

JOHN WARREN, PAUL REVERE, JOSIAH BARLETT,
Past Grand Masters.

It gives us pleasure to state that the Urn and lock of hair, are at this time, (1832,) in the possession of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

CONCLUSION.

So long as the Masonic Institution shall continue to merit the approbation of such men as Washington; so long as such testimony as that we here present to the public, can be called up in her defence; so long shall the engines of persecution assail her in vain.—The unhallowed object of her enemies shall never be attained,

"Never till substantial night
His re-asum'd her ancient right;
'Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd
Sink the fabric of the world!"

ODD FELLOWS CALLENDER.

I. O. O. F.

The following Brethren were installed in their respective offices by our District Deputy Grand Master Joseph Blackburn.

Lafayette Lodge, No. 18.

Br. J. M. Goring, N. G. Josiah Faulkner, V. G.
John Smith, W. William Lung, T. D. G. Hastings, Secretary. James Parker, I. G. John Hays, O. G.

POUGHKEEPSIE LODGE No. 21.

Br. Wm. Ostrom, N. G. David Burns, V. G. Joseph Wright, T. P. G. John Hitchcock, Secretary.

The Installation of both Lodges were very numerous and respectfully attended, and perfect harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the imposing ceremony, which speaks well for the prosperity of the Order, in Dutchess county.

MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

A Personal Narrative of Life at sea, pp 483. New York: Harpers and Brothers.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this volume one of the most striking and evidently faithful pictures of 'real life' at sea, that has ever come under our observation. It is literally what it claims to be a 'Voice from the Forecastle,' and narrates, from the notes of a journal kept during the entire period, the events of two years spent as a common sailor before the mast, in the American merchant service. The writer is said to be Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, a son of the well-known author of the 'Buccaneers.' The voyage round Cape Horn from Boston to the western coast of North America, was undertaken from a determination to dispel, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study a complaint which had obliged him to give up his pursuits and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure.

We give the following melancholy scene at length and not without a sense of pleasure that it is embraced in the widely-spread 'Family Library,' and that it is in our power to place before some forty thousand additional readers a record of tyranny that must stamp the character of 'Capt. T——,' of the brig Pilgrim of Boston, with odium, and hand down his name to the merited scorn and contempt of every humane commander and seaman in Christendom:

"The captain was on board all day Friday, and every thing went on hard and disagreeably. 'The more you drive a man, the less he will do,' was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned to, early Saturday morning.—About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:

"You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have got you!" said the captain.—Then came the question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

"I never gave you any Sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half-choked. "That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I have never been, Sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle of you! I'll flog you by G—d."

"I am no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one!" said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate: "Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him! Make a spread eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!"

"The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, Sir?" said John the Swede, to the captain.

"Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John. "I'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force;" and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was seized up, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a lit le raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the hight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother. The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy ten or twelve years of age.—And then there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was, it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought us many more as the man could stand; when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the fore-castle. "Bring that man aft," shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft!—Lay hold of him! I'll sweeten him!" etc., etc. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him;

said he would go aft himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty Sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain, "it is not that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking question."

"Can't a man ask a question here, without being flogged?"

"No!" shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself; and he began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope: 'If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! because I like to do it! It suits me! That's what I do it for!'

"The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common to foreigners than with us: 'Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!'

"Don't call on Jesus Christ!" shouted the captain; "he can't help you. Call on Captain T——. He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!"

"At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away, and leaned over the rail, and looked down into water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once. At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the fore-castle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us: 'You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect! You've been mistaken in me; you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!—I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the bow up! You've got a driver over you! Yes, a slave-driver—a negro-driver! I'll see who'll tell me he is n't a negro slave!' With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it. "No," said the captain, who heard him from below; "tell him to put his shirt on: that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel." He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them "give way! give way!" but finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheets, but during the whole pull—a league or more—not a word was spoken. We landed; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, staid near the boat while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and rinder suffering; and he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened, and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian blood-hounds,

whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them."

"After the day's work was done, we went down into the fore-castle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song—no 'sweethearts and wives.' A gloom was over every thing. The two men lay in their berths groaning with pain, and we all turned in; but for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men, showed they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging lamp of the fore-castle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I thought of our situation, living under a tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then, if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings of whom I then was one."

Now, while all will admit the necessity of discipline on board a ship, and the duty which a captain owes to his station and his employers, yet no one, who is not a brute, in feeling or in practice, will be found to extenuate or defend such acts of wanton and barbarous cruelty as are here described; and we must express the hope that the well-known Boston house of *Bryant, Sturges, and Company*, do not still maintain in their employ so unworthy an officer. Our author in his closing chapter, to the evidences of good character on shore, which are permitted to weigh with a jury, when such sea-tyrants as Capt. T——, are tried for their gross offences against humanity says:

"There are many captains whom I know to be cruel and tyrannical men at sea, who yet, among their friends, and in their families, have never lost the reputation they bore in childhood. The sea captain would be a brute indeed, if, after an absence of months and years, during his short stay, so short that the novelty and excitement of it has hardly time to wear off, and the attentions he receives as a visiter and stranger hardly time to slacken—if, under such circumstances, a townsman or neighbor would be justified in testifying against his correct and peaceable deportment.—With the owners of the vessel, also, to which he is attached, and among merchants and insurers generally, he is a very different man from what he may be at sea, when his own master, and the master of every body and every thing about him."

IRISH WIT.

There is a peculiar ready wit belonging to the Irish national character, unequalled in its originality and electric in its effects. A Dutchman would require four pipes deliberately smoked, an Italian sixteen macaronis, and a Spaniard his whole life to effect one specimen of ready wit; while an Irishman does it instinctively without thinking "at all." We were somewhat amused the other day by a dialogue which was related to us by a friend, between two Irishmen, both of whom had been to London and were anxious to display their knowledge of its localities: the dispute began and ended as follows, viz.

Michael. Spaking of London is that you are after! Devil a bit do ye know how many taverns there are in that same wid the sign of the Bull; ye spalpeen.

Pat. And is'nt it I that tell ye every mother's son o' them its five exactly—the pot o' whiskey of it ye blackguard.

Mich. Done, and jist tell us their names.

Pat. There's the Black Bull—that's one—the Blue Bull, and that's two—the White Bull, and that's three and then there's—there's (scratching his head) there's

Mich. Jist pay over the whiskey and bad luck to ye—did'nt I tell ye that there were but jist four.

Pat. Och murder! I've got it—there's the Brown Cow.

Mich. Murder murder what a bull.

Pat. Yere tight honey—that's five—*tip up the whiskey.*

POPULAR TALES.

THE VIRGIN WIFE.

AN OVER TRUE TALE.

One of the members of a large family always bore the somewhat dubious title of 'Philosopher.' It was not exactly a nick name, for—being given more in compliment than in banter—it was acquiesced in and adopted by father and mother, brothers and sisters, and tolerated with a smile by the titular personage himself. Harry had received the appellation of 'philosopher' from an old woman, whom in his infancy he used to tease with his questions, and amuse by his shrewd observations. From the old woman the name passed into the family, and among the neighbors; from thence it entered school; and, though it began to drop out of familiar usage when Harry was sent to business, it was still recollected, and occasionally applied. He had, indeed, some claim to the title. Fond of books, he was reading when his companions were at play; and among his young fellow-workers, none were so sedulous, so quiet as he. All difficulties were referred to his decision; he was the living dictionary and encyclopedia of the workshop; and if a problem was started too profound for the 'philosopher' to solve, it was generally dismissed as being beyond the range of his companions' capacity.

When Harry was getting into manhood, it became a standing topic of debate between his mother and some neighborhood matrons, whether the 'philosopher' would ever take it into his head to go 'a-courting.'—His mother stoutly maintained the negative—he was too much of a sober-sided, she said, to think of wasting his time with the girls; and when any one taking up the positive side of the argument, would say, 'Wait a bit—let Henry alone, he'll look after the girls, I warrant ye, for all his philosophy!'—the mother generally retreated to her citadel of defence, which was, that Harry was fonder of poring over a dried skull, which he kept in a box under his bed, than in looking in the face of the prettiest girl in the parish.

One day Harry was passing along a narrow footpath bridge, which spanned a romantic stream, when all at once his eyes rested on the soft expressive look of a female, whose form had several former times flitted before him.

She perceived that Harry was gazing; and maiden modesty threw over a somewhat pale face a flush that might have rivalled some of the hues on a summer's eve. She passed on, and Harry turned to look after her. Up to this period he had hardly been conscious of a sentiment or feeling of beauty. Women had hitherto only been distinguished in his mind by being young or old, dark or fair; and his mother was the 'best of the lot.' Now as he gazed after the sylph-like creature who was descending the slope of the arch, he thought he had never seen a more graceful figure; and when she disappeared from his view, he looked over the balustrade, and perceived, what he had never perceived before, that the wooden bridge on which he had stood was exceedingly light and elegant. Then the shadows which chased each other over the ripples of the water assumed the most fantastic and beautiful shape which imagination could conceive; and the whole outline of the river and its banks entered into his heart in a way which was like the imparting of a new sense. Harry moved gently onwards, but still occasionally looking back to where she had disappeared from his view; and he was now conscious of having in his fancy, not the mere impression of two beautiful eyes, but the whole-length portrait of a most lovely creature, whose soul, in looking out from the windows of her arabesque palace, had dispossessed him of his own. That night Harry caught himself trying to make poetry, and threw his pen down, half-angry and half-laughingly.

For about a week, the philosophic bachelor struggled with the fancy which had entered into his heart, and had he left his native place at that particular time, his fancy would have gradually become dim, until it faded away altogether. But ten days afterwards he met his 'fairy' again; and she seemed even more lovely than at first. Harry could not criticise the details of her personal appearance; all he knew was, that somehow or other—though he could not exactly tell why—she was the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen

in his life. Harry's 'philosophy' at last gradually revealed to him that he was in love. His love, however, received a somewhat rude shock before he had contrived to become acquainted with the subject of it.—Passing an open parlor window, through which he caught a glimpse of a large number of young ladies' heads, he saw among them his own 'sweet fancy,' and distinctly heard her exclaim, 'As I live, there's Plum-color!' Harry knew that had been honored with the appellation, and though he had affected to treat 'popular opinion' with a sturdy indifference, the sobriquet of 'Plum-color' had made him change his coat. Still the nick-name stuck to him; and the idea that the first time he ever heard the dame speak about him it should be with a scoff, was deeply mortifying. What! was there, after all, no soul to look through those impressive souls? Was that graceful figure the habitation of a frivolous mind? He went home, and instead of trying to make poetry, or experimenting on his blow-pipe, he sat down, and felt as if he could cry.

Harry, however, was not quit a chicken; and so, like a man, he got over his mortification; and, like a philosopher, resolved to let the ascertaining of facts precede the construction of a theory. For a long time he was in great distress as to how to get introduced—he thought of writing her a sensible letter, and then he thought that was not the sensible way of going about the business; then he wished he had courage to address her personally, and then he was afraid of a repulse; but at last he made a confidant of his sister, and she took up the affair with an energy that was sure to result in success. One or two apparently casual meetings were contrived, during which 'Plum-color' was successful in convincing the fair lady that, though he might be a philosopher, he was not quite a fool; and Harry, on his part, saw that, though the handsome girl laughed heartier and oftener than seemed becoming in the future wife of a philosopher, she yet had a heart, and her beauty was only the setting of a gem.

Eliza required a little time before she could fairly say that the 'philosopher' had won her heart. She had shrewdness enough to remark, long before they became acquainted, that there was something uncommon about 'Plum-color,' and she often had wished to know what kind of a fellow he was, but his supposed boorishness, his somewhat plain appearance, and the ludicrous associations excited by the nick-name in the lively girl's fancy, had all tended to repress any sentiment of what may be termed 'love.' Gradually as their meetings became more frequent, did all these repelling ideas vanish. Greater familiarity enabled Harry to feel less restrained in her company; the desire of pleasing, and the power of pride, came to his assistance, and drew out characteristics hitherto unknown to exist in his disposition; and association with a graceful girl, whose intellect possessed a natural tact, and her manners a natural delicacy, gave a tone to Harry's own manners, which delighted his sisters, and made his mother wonder. He no longer shut himself up, like an ascetic, as if despising all around him; he came out of his cell, and walked abroad. Light-hearted as Eliza seemed, and ready to make the air ring with her merry laugh at the veriest trifle, she yet could pause to listen to her 'philosopher,' when he descanted on higher and graver themes. Greedily she inclined her ear to hear him talk of the wonders in the heaven above and in the earth beneath; and he, delighted with his apt and affectionate pupil, exerted himself till his voice became musical, and his language eloquence. Often and often have they walked under the starry canopy of night, he speaking of the boundless universe of the infinite God, and she listening, as if the spirit of awe had come down to abide in her heart. Often and often have they wandered by the banks of the stream, and talked of their meeting on the bridge; and then she, becoming a more enthusiastic 'philosopher' even than he, would question him about the sun, and light, and heat, and the composition of the water that flowed at their feet, and the growth of the trees which shaded their path. To both a new world was opened; he, rich in the happiness which the love of a confiding girl creates; and she, richer even still in that exquisite joy produced in a pure-mind-heart by reposing on the affection of one who was at once an instructor, a friend and a lover. Yes! there is true, genuine, unalloyed pleasure, in such a courtship as we have been describing; and more of it would

he enjoyed if we were less affected and more trusting—more anxious to establish an affection which will endure for a life, than to snatch a momentary admiration.

Some six months had elapsed since the courtship commenced; and to both the time had been but as a pleasant day. The winter set in; and one night, after attending a crowded meeting, the lovers were foolish enough to walk about till the cold drove them homewards, receiving on their way a drenching from a shower of rain. Eliza caught a cold, which settled into a dry, distressing cough; and after the spring had set in, instead of getting rid of it, as Harry had fondly predicted she would, it seemed rather to acquire greater strength. A roseate tinge began to play over her face; but Harry, with all his science, had not experience enough to enable him to understand the warning which it gave. He called one day; she was very cheerful; her eye had an almost supernatural brilliancy; the crimson of her cheek was of the richest dye of Heaven; and her transparent skin seemed scarcely to conceal the coursing of her 'eloquent blood.' Harry thought he had never seen a more glorious creature in human shape, and he burst out with 'My angel!'

'Hush, Harry,' she said, interrupting him 'why should you talk nonsense; you know I am not an angel, and it does not become a sensible man, like you, to say so.'

'Why, Eliza, I am so glad to see you so much better; I never saw you so charming in your life; I am sure you must be much better.'

'Do not be too sure, Harry, about anything. Come here, Harry, and sit down beside me. There, that will do. Now, Harry, look me steadily in the face.'

Harry laughed, looked her steadily in the face, and then kissed her. 'Now, Eliza, will that do?'

'Yes, that will do; but I want you to be serious.'

'Why, now, that is very good of you. Often have I wished you to be serious, and you have as often laughed in my face.'

'Harry—would you like to lose me?'

He started to his feet, repeating—'Lose you! lose you!—what?'

He paused; and as he gazed on her solemn yet animated aspect, and the truth suddenly flashed upon him; and he beheld the word consumption visible in her lovely countenance.

Harry was at first stupified; but on learning some chance remained by removal to milder air, he set to work to prove that his affection lay in his heart. Assiduous were all his attentions; he accompanied her on her journey, and put his invention to task to render absence as durable as possible. The summer passed away drearily; hope and fear alternately counterblanced each other; now would Eliza write, to say that she felt surprisingly well, and again would the mother send up a desponding message. After some months, homeward came the invalid, for she longed to see home once more, and she said, 'If it is to be, I should like to have Harry beside me when I die.' And when Harry on her arrival, took her in his arms and helped her up stairs, something seemed to whisper to him, 'It is to be;' and so all he could say, to her was 'Eliza—dear Eliza!' and then he sobbed passionately.

Eliza had been dull and miserable in the country; but now that she was home again, and had Harry beside her, she became cheerful, and even lively. 'Harry,' she said to him one day, 'and so, my own philosopher, you are going to lose me!'

'Eliza—Eliza—do not be so cruel. Oh, do not talk in that way.'

'Nay, Harry,' she added, 'do not think I talk in a tone of bravado or affected carelessness. I perfectly feel that death is an awful thing, and I would wish to live, if it were only for you!'

Harry stooped forward and kissed her, and bathed her cheek with a tear.

'Harry,' she again said, 'do you remember that passage which you once repeated and which I repeated after you, without missing a word? Well, now, I will repeat it again, just to show you what a good memory I have—'

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delightful spirit
To bathe in fiery clouds, and to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown, with restless violence, round about
This pendulous world, or to be worse than worst
Of these, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed world's life,
That age, ache, beauty and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death!

There, now, Harry, that is all right, I think. Now, though I certainly have no such fearful ideas of death, fearful as death is, still I so far enter into the spirit of the passage—I know so much of this beautiful world, and so very little of a future state—that I could wish to live, for your sake—just to be your own little wife, Harry! Then, with a quick inclination of the head, she said, "Harry, you are a philosopher—tell me, what is death?"

A death-like paleness overspread Harry's face, but he did not speak.

"Ah! it gives you pain, my dear Harry, to hear me talk in this way. Well, we will change the subject—what is life?"

Still Harry was silent, for "thick crowding fancies," were struggling in his brain.

"Now, Harry," she continued, in a lower tone, "ever since I became acquainted with you, I have lived in a new world. Often, when you have been explaining to me about the sun, and the moon and the stars, and all the wonderful things of this earth, I have longed to be able to sail through the universe to examine everything to understand everything, to be able to comprehend something of the marvellous works of God. Then I have said to myself, 'What a poor stupid thing you are; you don't know anything.' Oh, I wish I were a man. Harry, why did God make us men and women?"

Harry replied, "Nay my dear girl, you will exhaust yourself, if you go on at this rate. You want repose."

"Well, I will take your advice. My body is weak, but I feel as if my mind was wonderfully active. Come tomorrow, Harry, for you have yet much to teach me before I die."

On his way homeward, a dark cloud came over his mind. "What a wonderful creature!" he thought; "noble in body, generous and confiding in disposition, quick in intellect—a rare combination in ordinary life! And yet in all this combination of moral and physical beauty—is this glorious girl about to drop into the dust, and be as if she had never been?" If Harry had no other source of comfort but his knowledge, he might have dropped in despair. But he did as a good man of the olden time did, when he also had a cloud over his mind, when meditating on life and death—he "went into the sanctuary of God;" light pierced his darkness; he returned to Eliza next day, with a lighter step and a cheerfuller heart.

"Oh, Harry, she said, how I have been longing for you to return! I want you to answer my question: why did God make us men and women?"

"It was His pleasure, my dear, to do so, just as he has made the earth a globe, and surrounded it with an atmosphere."

"Yes, yes, I know all that very well. But what I want to know is what you would call the *rationale* of the question. I will put it in another way—what sort of a world would this be, if we had all been merely intellectual beings, without that division by which we are men and women?"

"All I can fancy of it is, that in this case, human beings would have resembled a forest of pine-trees—dull, dark and uniform."

"Why, Harry, why? I want to know the reason why?"

"This division of the human race into men and women may be termed the kaleidoscope of humanity.—It is a comparatively simple matter, and yet it produces that apparently infinite variety which diversifies human existence. The relation of parent and child—the care of the father—the love of the mother—the affection of the child—the attachment of brothers and sisters—family ties—social interests—national concerns—all spring from our being men and women."

"Good, good—go on Harry."

"Then that universe of mind which springs from the attachment of two such minds as we are—human love, given by God to adorn and elevate human existence—and which prevails in its noblest purity and

power where man is most advanced in principle and in civilization."

"Now Harry, I begin to understand. Let me try if I can express myself philosophically, as you would say. The division of mankind into men and women is a great means to a great end is it not?"

"Exactly: the end being the endowing our humanity with moral sentiments—with thought, feeling, hope, effort, love, fear, forbearance, tenderness, &c."

"But Harry, there will be no men and women in a future state of existence?"

"No, Eliza, our Lord has assured us of that."

"Well, then, if there be no parents and children, no husbands and wives, no men and women to love and be loved, what state of existence will it be? There will be no hope, love, fear, as you express it: and what object can our division into men and women serve, when it perishes with this world?"

"Eliza do you remember that passage in which the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, came to our Lord with what they thought a puzzling question. They supposed a case, where according to the Mosaic law, a woman had been married in succession to seven brothers; and then they tauntingly asked whose wife she would be in the resurrection? What reply did our Lord make?"

"I remember. He said, 'Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God! For when they rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven.'"

"Mark the words, Eliza,—'the power of God.' The distinction of sex is the scaffolding of our moral existence: this life is but the first stage of our being; when our characters are built up, the scaffolding will be taken away, and then we enter a nobler and higher state."

"But Harry, what I am afraid of is, that we will not know each other, or that at least we will become quite indifferent to each other."

"Nay, Eliza, nay! I rest perfectly satisfied that in a future state memory will be like night, revealing those innumerable things in our constitution which the light of the present life dims or conceals; that love first created by our connection with an animal existence, will, when dissociated from it, act with a power of which we have no present idea; and that all the intellectual powers, expanding in a body freed from mere animal qualities, will make the human being a wonderful creature—one of the glories of God's universe!"

The vivid flashing of Eliza's eyes showed to Harry that her mind was in a state of peculiar excitement; he therefore, retired, promising to return soon. During his absence, a thought took possession of the girl's fancy.

"Oh," said she to herself, "if memory will be such a powerful reflector in a future state, how I should love to remember that I have been Harry's wife in this world!" Then suddenly blaming herself for being a mere selfish creature, she prayed, while the tears streamed from her eyes, that God would give her affectionate lover a good wife, after she was dead and gone.

But the idea became strong: the thought of being Harry's wife before she parted overcame all idea of singularity or of incongruity: she thought that if she died without bearing the name of "wife" she would depart from this breathing, bustling, working world, without a tie to link her memory even to the grave. She mentioned the idea to her mother, who could not comprehend her meaning, and thought disease had affected her brain. But when her mother mentioned it to Harry, he at once caught and comprehended the spirit of Eliza's wish. "Yes," said he, as he walked into the room, "yes my own girl you shall be Harry's wife before you die!"

One morning a coach drove up to a church—Harry and Eliza, his sister and her mother stepped out, and so elastic were the movements of the bride that a casual spectator never would have imagined that she was already married to death. The proclaiming of the banns had attracted no attention, for it was done in a church, and not a soul beyond the four individuals, was aware of the nature of this singular union. Several other couples were married at the same time; and as they all stood up, Eliza seemed among them a being of another world. She went through the ceremony without evincing symptoms of exhaustion;

though, when she reached home, she fainted repeatedly, as it appeared as if her wedding day was to be her last. Next day she was better; and a momentary delusion came over Harry's mind that she might still live. But the 'wife' felt that it was a delusion; she was done with this world, she said and contented to be done with it—Harry, my own husband—remember me when I am dead!"

Two weeks after the wedding, it appeared evident that her departure was at hand. Harry and her mother sat up during the night, reading at intervals portions of the New Testament. The light of morning had begun to penetrate the window-blinds, when Eliza said in a whispering, but not complaining tone, "Mother, my feet are very cold—oh, mother, I am becoming so cold!" and then the mother whose heart was too dry for tears, made a sign to Harry that Death had of a certainty entered the chamber, and was hovering over the bed.

"Where is Harry?" she murmured, and he took her hand in his. Harry read a verse to me; and he repeated from memory, 'Beloved, now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'

"Ah that is good," she said; "science is very good, Harry, but that is worth all science to me just now. Harry, come near me; I cannot see you—where are you?"

"I am here dear Eliza."

"And mother?"

"Here, my child."

"May God bless you both—Harry, call me 'wife' before I die."

He leaned forward to whisper the affectionate word in her ear, and heard her muttering, "What we know hereafter. Then a few incoherent expressions followed, a gentle sigh, and one or two sobs; and just as rays of the sun illuminated the apartment, the spirit of a noble creature departed.

THE GATHERER.

TURKISH WIVES.

There is a general idea prevalent in this country, that the Turks have a plurality of wives, but such a custom has no existence in reality. It is true that the Koran allows the Sultan seven wives, and every other Mussulman four; but there are few instances in Turkey at the present day, of Turks having more than one wife: and I was assured by a bey, that, with the exception of three or four of the wealthiest pachas, there were not five Turks in Constantinople who had more than one wife. On one occasion I asked an old effendi how many wives he had. He replied, "One is all I can afford." I said it would be almost as cheap to keep four in a house as one, and his answer was, "Probably four English wives might live peaceably in one house, but Turkish wives must have separate houses; and a man must have as many establishments as he has wives, for if they were to live in the same house they would scratch one another's eyes out. I was, however, acquainted with one effendi who, getting tired of his wife, sold her, and bought two black ones with the money he got for her.—*Reid's Turkey and the Turks.*

SINGULAR.

The name Lord, is found 6962 times in the Old Testament. The name of God, is found 2725 times. The name of Jesus, occurs 925 times in the New Testament. The name of Christ, 555 times. The word Selah, is met with 74 times in the Bible. The word Eternity, but once. The double asseveration, Verily, verily, it is to be found 25 times in John's gospel, and nowhere else. There are 314 interrogations (?) in Job. The phrase, And God said, occurs 10 times in the first chapter of Genesis. The name Jesus, and Christ are neither of them in the 3d epistle of John. The word Foreordained, is mentioned but once in the whole Bible, 1 Peter i. 20. The word Perseverances is mentioned but once in the Bible, Eph. vi. 18. The word Atonement, is mentioned but once

in the New Testament. The word Election, but six times in the Scriptures. There is no mention made in the Scriptures of Adam's fall, Original Sin, nor the Covenant of Grace. The words Eternal life, are mentioned but once in the Old Testament, 1 an. xii. 2. The word Predestinate, is mentioned twice; and twice the word Predestinated, is mentioned.—*Boston Palladium.*

BARON TRENCK.

The famous Baron Trenck, it is known, had an amour with the youngest sister of Frederick the Great; and to this the unrelenting barbarity of the king is commonly attributed. He escaped from Galtz, and took service successively with the Russians and Austrians. Many years afterwards in 1754, as he was passing through Dantzick he was treacherously given up to the Prussian government, and was sent to the fortress of Magdeburg. Here he was confined for nearly ten years, with circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty. He was placed in a damp dungeon loaded with irons of sixty-eight pounds weight, almost starved to death, and, finally, tortured by being waked during his slumbers every half hour. This overwhelming misery did not, however break his spirit; assisted by the pity of the soldiers who guarded him, he contrived to send letters to the Princess Amelia, and to others of his friends. By these means he obtained money with which he bribed the soldiers, to procure him files and other tools, as well as lights, pens and paper. His various attempts to escape are very curious, as well as the herculean labors he went through in the progress of them. Suffice it to say, not one of them was successful; but that he was finally released towards the end of the year 1762, partly from the representations to her brother of the Princess Amelia, and partly in consequence of his having succeeded in bribing the imperial minister at Berlin, who demanded his liberty as an officer in the Austrian service. He afterwards passed a turbulent and discontented life, always engaged in law-suits and discussions respecting the succession of his cousin, Francis Trenck; which ought to have descended to him, but was, by treachery and chicanery, usurped by others. He became, at different times, a wine merchant, an editor of a newspaper, and an author of German poetry. At the commencement of the French revolution he came to Paris, where he was guillotined during the reign of terror.—*Lord Dover's Life of Frederick the Second.*

GOOD.—Do you publish matrimonial notices for the subscribers of your paper?" said a gentlemanly looking youth, stepping into our office the other morning. "Certainly sir." "Well then I'll go and get married, for I don't see any other way of getting my name into your paper—since you have rejected all my poetical effusions."

CAUTIONSNESS.—A fellow who had ascended the platform for the purpose of being hung told the hangman that he hoped that the rope was strong enough as if it should break and he fall to the ground he might be so seriously injured as to become a cripple for life. His apprehensions were quieted when the hangman assured him that he might venture on the rope with perfect safety!

POLITENESS.—At one of the German battles, a regiment had orders not to grant quarter: an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the other replied, "I pity your misfortune: and ask any thing else but that, and upon my honor, I will grant your request!"

Mr. Curran, in his last illness, on being told by his physician on a morning visit, that he seemed to cough with much difficulty, replied, "that is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

VERY THIN.—I have just met your old acquaintance Daily," said an Irishman to his friend. "and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE MORMONS.—This Sect, which started up a few years since in the neighborhood of Rochester, and whose extravagant notions of religion, visions, golden bibles, gifts of unknown tongues, &c. excited nothing but ridicule, in our own state, and opposition in others has been finally persecuted into a formidable body, dispersed, not only over our own country, but across the 'big pond.' In this city, one of their preachers "holds forth" on each Sunday, and we are told that his doctrines, and apparent humility, commands a respectful attention. The Cincinnati Chronicle states that their church in England, comprises between 2 and 3000 members, mostly in Lancashire: they have also regularly organized societies in Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Manchester, &c. About 100 Methodist preachers in England have embraced their faith. In this country, there are about 2800 at Nauvoo, Ill., and about 2000 in Lee county, in Iowa; on the opposite side of the Mississippi. They have churches in Quincy, in Springfield, in Jacksonville, and various other parts of Illinois. There is a church of about 100 members at Dayton, Ohio, and they intend to establish one in Cincinnati shortly, eight persons were baptized by them, in the river in front of that city, a short time since. With the exception of Missouri, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, they have regularly organized churches in every State in the Union, those at Philadelphia and New York comprises each about 300 members. They publish a monthly Journal in Manchester, England, and another at Nauvoo, Illinois.—It is a very true remark "that the hardest way to convince a man is to burn him," and the increase of their sect can be accounted for in no other way, than in the barbarous persecution which they have suffered in many of the states. Joe Smith was undoubtedly a hypocrite, and his early followers as credulous a set of fanatics as could well be desired by a cunning leader. But such is the incomprehensible nature of man, that while his religion embraced extravagancies, the belief of which, would almost subject the disciple to a madhouse—no sooner does persecution assail his little band, and martyrdom follow, than the hidden elements of a morbid sympathy is set to work; and what was once the distempered ebullition of downright hypocrisy, or rank fanaticism, unfolds to us "truths," which the greater the absurdity, the more tenacious our belief. We believe such to have been the modus operandi, by which the Mormons have attained their present strength, and it but adds one more lesson to the perfectibility of poor human nature!!!

☞ We have received two complaints this week, that the Register is not received regular. The fault does not lay with us. The Register is regularly mailed to our country subscribers, every Friday evening; so that the fault lies in the transmission, but where, we have yet to learn. We ask for "more light."

CANAL TOLLS.—The amount received on all the canals of this State for the first week of the present month is seventy-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine dollars and four cents.

The Rev. Mr. Holmes, the pastor of the Third Dutch Church in this city, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday last, and takes his departure for Athens, where he had received a call. We cannot but offer our sincere regrets, with those of his congregation in the imperious necessity, which has compelled a separation from a Pastor so deservedly esteemed and respected by them. There are some facts connected with this separation, which should be known, that the responsibility may rest where it belongs.

The Third Dutch Church was erected some six years ago in the south part of the city, on a plot of ground, donated by the late Stephen Van Rensselaer. The church originally cost about eleven thousand dollars, of which four has been paid on it, and mortgages now rest on it for the balance \$7000. Owing to some peculiar circumstances, it now becomes necessary that the mortgages should be paid, or at least, the interest—this the congregation find, themselves unable to do, besides supporting their Pastor, and defraying other current expenses; repeated applications have been made to the sister churches here, who are abundantly able, to remove these embarrassments, but without effect, and the consequence is, that Mr. Holmes, has in justice to himself, been compelled to leave his charge, and the church will be sold, unless means are devised, to satisfy these mortgages. We understand that the ladies of the congregation are about getting up a fair, from necessity, to meet some of the exigencies under which the church is placed. This state of things is discreditable to those who have the power of preventing it; and the "world's people" do not mince the matter when they speak of it.

CONVICTION OF MURDER.—Jacob Ledding, who it will be recollected some time since shot his wife in the town of Bethlehem in this county, was arraigned at the circuit court in this city, on Tuesday last, and found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the 4th of December next. We understand that there are no mitigating points in the prisoner's case, on which to found executive clemency. Ledding was a very dissipated man, and of a brutal disposition. While his unfortunate wife, was every thing the reverse of him.—Before he committed the murderous act, he attempted to decoy her without the house, but failing in this, deliberately presented the gun across the cradle where his sleeping infant lay, and in the presence of several of his children shot her in the thigh. Mrs. Ledding lingered along for some weeks, when amputation became necessary, and death came to her relief. Mrs. L. we understand was the mother of thirteen children, and the principal witness against the inhuman monster, was his own daughter. Throughout the trial, and during the sentence of Judge Cushman, the prisoner exhibited the most sullen indifference to his fate; eating chesnuts while the judge was addressing him. His fate can call forth but little sympathy.

DANCING SCHOOL.—Mr. W. Whale's Dancing-School has now commenced at Stanwix Hall, under very favorable auspices. From Mr. W's experience, and the satisfaction he has given among the Albanians for a series of years, there is no doubt, but that the school will continue to enjoy the high reputation, which has so far followed it. Mr. W. is a practical delineator of the art he professes to teach—a gentleman of fair character and morals, and worthy of the patronage of his fellow citizens. We take pleasure also in stating that he has removed a cause of former complaint—by entirely excluding the use of ardent spirits from the establishment.

PLEASANT EXCURSION.—A company of young men have fitted up a vessel of about 100 tons at Buffalo, for an excursion of pleasure for five years to the upper lakes. They intend spending the winter on Lake Huron, in fishing, hunting, &c. and in the spring they intend to cruise in Lake Superior, the Lake of the Woods, and do many other things.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—The mate of a vessel lying at one of the Philadelphia Wharves, was found dead a few days since in the cabin from the effects of burning charcoal. It is strange that grown up people will thus tamper with that, which every child in the country knows is certain death.

OIL.—During the month of September there arrived at the various ports of the United States ten ships, one barque, four brigs and a schooner, engaged in the whale trade. They brought 12,529 barrels of whale oil. Within the last three months \$240,000 worth of whale oil has been exported from New Bedford, at a good profit to the north of Europe, and \$70,000 worth of sperm oil to Great Britain.

Another Revolutionary Patriot Gone.—Died, in Boston, on Saturday last, Mr. William Pierce, aged 35 years one of the few survivors of the celebrated Boston Tea Party of '75, and a pensioner of the Revolution.

* * The favor of D. M. S. of Talahassee, was duly received, and we will assure him, that his kindness and exertion is one of the best commentaries, on the fraternal affection we profess one to another. We shall send his copy only, until we hear from him.

The interest on the national debt of Great Britain is now a little more than £29,000,000 per annum.

What Next.—At Baltimore, a Mr. Chana has been committed to jail for trial for marrying his step daughter.

Intelligence.

SINGULAR DEATH.—Died in Waltham, Mass. Mr. William Bellis, aged 25 years. His disease was singular and distressing. Several physicians made a post mortem examination, and neither they, nor those in charge of the General Hospital at Boston, where he had been kept for some time, till within three weeks of his death, could name the disorder in any class of known diseases. The whole system, internally and externally, even the brain, liver and heart, were filled with tumors, from the size of a hen's egg to that of a mustard seed.—*Christian Freeman.*

Negroes Executed.—Henry and Don Louis, two slaves belonging to Mr. Augustine Guedry, of the parish of Lafayette, and connected in the late attempt at insurrection, have been apprehended, tried, found guilty and executed.

Joviality in the Highlands.—Every mortal is weary of listening to the accounts of the melancholy festivities which takes place at Highland funerals, but I could not help being amused to hear that when the three Strathpey lairds set out to attend the burial of the late Rothiemurchus, one of them gravely remarked, "How drunk we shall all be at this time to-morrow." At a great chieftain's house where guests used formerly to be over the mast head in claret and champagne but where modern sobriety and decorum have been introduced by the present proprietor; an old Highland laird was heard indignantly muttering to himself as he left the table, "Oich! if this isn't the first time she dined at Castle Grant, and was able to go up the stairs by herself." I was shocked to hear that an old clergyman, well known for his convivial propensities, who

died last year, wishing his funeral to become peculiarly jovial, bequeathed a large stock of claret for his friends to finish on the occasion, and his old boon companions, standing in a circle round the grave, filled their glasses to his memory, and afterwards poured a share of the contents of the earth beneath which he was interred."

Extraordinary Circumstance.—We learn that Mr. John Mackintire, chief engineer of the steamship Britannia, has made three passages across the Atlantic Ocean in less than two months—of which time he remained in port eighteen days. The number of days occupied on the passages was thirty-nine, or about thirteen each. He performed the passage from Boston to Liverpool and returned, after remaining in Liverpool six days (from 13th to 19th Sept) in one month and two days.—*Aurora.*

HORTICULTURE.—Mr. S. B. Williams, late merchant of Albany, but now (with Mr. V. Roth.) in occupancy of the Brewster Farm in German Flats, having this season devoted considerable attention to its Vegetable Garden of about three-fourths of an acre, is estimated to have raised on this small spot 400 bushels of Sugar Beets, and 600 bushels of Carrots, beside a large amount of Cucumbers, Onions, Squashes, &c. too numerous to name. Meanwhile, the regularity and perfect neatness of the plot is of itself an interesting sight to look upon.—*Lit. Falls Enterprise.*

Arithmetic and Pan Cakes.—The Germantown Telegraph states, that an arithmetician in that place, has figured up, and found that not less than five millions five hundred and forty-seven thousand buckwheat cakes were destroyed by the late frost. Bad news for lovers of slap-jacks.

Oliver Ames of West Bridgewater, Mass. commenced life by making a dozen shovels, which he took to market in a wagon. He now owns three extensive factories at Easton, Braintree and West Bridge water—employs sixty workmen, and has four teams to carry his shovels to market. His profits are \$20,000 annually.

CURIOUS BONNET.—A Bonnet is now exhibiting at the Institution in Niblo's Garden; New York, made of Melon seed. It contains 876 seeds and 17,776 stitches, each taken with a needle! This is a monument of both patience and industry.—*Troy Mail.*

Married.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Jeremiah Porter, of Miss Elisabeth Bratt.
On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Sprague, Alphonso Walker, to Miss Jenett Judd.
Also, in this city, by the Rev. Mr. Potter, Wm. A. Guest, of N. Y. to Miss Maria E. Ross, of this city.
Also by the Rev. Mr. Hodge, James Stockwell, to Ann West, of Northampton.
In Westerlo, Albany Co., Daniel G. Filkins, of Bern to Sarah A. Hempstreet.
In Schenectady, Albert Vrooman, to Ann Yates.
Also, James Plank, to Maria Vrooman. Also, Garret M. Clute, of Watervliet, to Miss Sarah Smith, of Clifton Park.

DIED.

In Bern, Wm. Conger, 78.
In New York, Grisella Halden, aged 30. Charles C. Smith, 32. Mrs. Catherine Clans, 73. Edward A. Foster, 32. James W. Seymour, printer, 34. Hannah, wife of John A. Stanbery, 50. Peter M. Halsted 33.

NOTICES.

☞ We will feel ourselves under particular obligation to those of our subscribers, who may not intend to bind their papers, if any of them will send us by mail, Nos. 31, 36, 37 and 51 of the first Vol. Owing to accident, or carelessness, we are destitute of these numbers.

☞ Those gentlemen who are acting as Agents for us, will oblige us, by being particular in making remittances, to send the name of the subscriber to whom credit is to be given. It will save us much trouble.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apoll o Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apoll o Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apoll o Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday every month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	3d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Bardinan, 33 Jones street, New York City.

Tall mags Fairchild, Oxsackie.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Tott, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Bannua.

Blanchard Powers, Cowlesville.

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Francis Moss, Kingston, U. C.

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James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.

G. L. Cope, jr. Savannah.

A. C. Davis, Portsmouth, Ohio.

D. M. Sheffield, Talahassee, Florida.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and County of Albany, August 7, 1840.—**ELECTION NOTICE.**—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.

State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county
Three members of Assembly.

A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

A. Latham's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18.

Letter of Mrs. John A. Lamb, with a memoir and portrait.

Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire plates.

Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London, 8 vols. received.

The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America contrasted.

POETRY.

A SCENE IN A PRIVATE MAD HOUSE

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

"Stay, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know.
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell,
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! gaoler, haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!
He quits the grate! I knelt in vain!
His glum'ring lamp still, I see!
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter, cold—no warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad! no! no! not mad!

'Tis sure some dream! some vision vain!
What! I, the child of rank and wealth:
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart! how burns my head!
But 'tis not mad! no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round my neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child!
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more.
My pretty, pretty little lad
I will be free! unbar the door
I am not mad! I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what mean those dreadful cries!
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes
Help! help!—He's gone! Oh! fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see
My brain! my brain! I know I know,
I am not mad—but soon shall be:

Yes, soon:—For, lo or while I speak—
Hark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He seizes me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror! the reptiles strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth!
Your task is done!—I'm mad! I'm mad!"

ROBIN AND ANNA.

The following beautiful stanza are by Knowles.
She listens—"Tis the wind, she cries,
The moon that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast—she looks, she sighs,
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed. Her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea;
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high—and where is he?

Oh! who would love, Oh! who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to he
A wretched, lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows, when he's at sea.

Not long was Anna wed. One pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore:
The storm comes down! the billows rage!
Its father is not yet on shore!

Oh! who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!

The thunders burst; the lightning falls;
The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.

She doesn't speak; she doesn't sigh;
She gazes on her infant dear—
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
Which dims its mother's with a tear!

Oh! who would be a seaman's wife!
Oh! who would bear a seaman's child;
To tremble for her husband's life!
To weep—because her infant smiled!

Ne'er hast thou borne a seaman's boy—
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore—
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy,
To see—thy Robin at the door!

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again,
To weep the joy thou could'st not speak—
So pleasure's in the debt of pain!

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last—
And not a cloud that night was seen.

O happy pair! the pains you know
Still hand in hand with pleasure come
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home!

A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

Happy the man in times like these,
Who trims his sails to every breeze,
To every gale still veering;
Who to promote his private ends,
Won't scruple to desert his friends,
Still by his interest steering.

O! could I trim with trimming men,
I'd turn and turn again,
With every change still trimming;
Like Bray's fam'd vicar, I would ride
Forever with the strongest side,
Still with the current swimming.

And should intrusive conscience still
In secret goadings thwart the will,
Like him, I'd bravely doff it;
Leave fame and honor far behind,
Though dear to every noble mind,
And barter all for profit.

What's honor's proud and crusty creed,
To him who stands of cash in need,
Or him in search of place?
What's independence to a mind
To wise servility inclin'd,
And fearless of disgrace:

What virtue dwells in empty fame?
And what's the value of a name,
To any but a novice?
What's reputation, friendship, pride,
Compar'd with fortune's flowing tide
With party, power and office?

The pliant Patriot, trimming tribe,
Who wisely take the official bribe
To better their condition:
Now sweeping for the pop'lar gale,

All former friends and creeds assail,
And curse the opposition.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To CLEAN CHIMNEYS.—The top of each chimney should be furnished with a pot somewhat in the shape of a bell, underneath the centre of which should be fixed a pulley, with a chain of sufficient length for both ends to be fastened, when not in use, to nails or pins in the chimney, out of sight, but within reach from below. One or both of these ends should be adapted to the reception of a brush or any appropriate construction; and thus chimneys may be swept as often as desired, by servants, with very little additional trouble.

To preserve furs.—When laying up muffs and tipets for the summer, if a tallow candle be placed on or near them, all danger of caterpillars will be obviated.

To raise water in all situations.—The finest springs may be formed by boring, which is performed in the simplest manner, by the mere use of an iron rod, forced into the earth by a windlass. The workmen in a few days get to a genuine spring of pure water, fit for every purpose. After the water is found, they merely put tin pipes down the aperture, and it preserves a fine stream which sometimes rises from four to five feet high.

To boil potatoes mealy.—Select them of uniform size and pour over them cold water, in an uncovered pot just sufficient to cover them. When this first water nearly boils, pour it off, and replace it with a similar quantity of salted cold water. They will thus be mealy, and not cracked. The prongs of a fork will prove when they are done.

To preserve potatoes.—Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them a minute or two at the utmost. The germ, which is so near to the skin, is thus killed without injuring the potatoe; and in this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content, —Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

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Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1840.

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MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS

Delivered in commemoration of the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on Wednesday, 24th June, A. L. 5840.

Before the Companions and Brethren of Washington Chapter, No. 13, and Memphis Lodge, No. 91.

By J. H. McMahon, Grand Scribe of the State of Tennessee.

Nineteen centuries ago, the eyes of every people in the East were turned with an intent and solemn earnestness towards Palestine, in expectation of events, which in their stupendous nature were to affect, as with the heavings of an earthquake, all the nations of the world. The whisper had spread, as if conveyed upon the subtle wings of the air, that about this time should appear that Mighty Deliverer of the Hebrews, whose coming had been foretold by their inspired Seers whilst yet the sin-blighted earth was in its infancy: the majesty and power of whose Universal Dominion had been the theme of their prophets and poets from the earliest dawn of their existence as a nation;—inspiring them, by the anticipation of His glory and magnificence, with an unearthly fortitude under their adversities—and infusing into their hearts, even amid captivity and bondage, the exultant and undoubting confidence that the day would come, when the sceptre of Judah should be exalted over all lands, and every tongue and kindred under the whole heavens be subject and tributary to the chosen people of God. The time was near at hand for the long-promised redemption; and the failing flame which grew pale with fear on the altars of paganism—and the notes of alarm which were muttered by the heathen oracles over the earth,* told that the generation of that day were upon the verge of the tremendous epoch, so fraught with influences upon the destinies of both Jew and Gentile. The Hebrew shepherd, as he tended his flocks upon the mountains of Zion,—now shrouded in the bondage of the Caesars,—mused over the promises handed down by the gray fathers of his nation to the seed of Abraham, and joyed in the belief that a greater than Moses, or Joshua, or Maccabeus, would arise in his day, under whose victorious banner his people should again wield the sword and the spear and the instruments of death, against the enslavers of his land;—while the imperial, and all-conquering Roman watched, in trembling and in fear, for the coming of that Saviour-Hero of a despised tributary, whose uprising was to be the knell of his glory and power.

While all minds were thus agitated, there appeared in the wilderness of Judea, JOHN THE BAPTIST—a man marked by the strange solemnity of his deportment, and the mysterious earnestness of his language, as a being set apart for the fulfillment of a higher destiny than had yet distinguished any of the dwellers upon earth, even in that land of wonders and of miracles. "His raiment was of camel's hair; a leathern girdle was about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins"—heralding himself as that "Prophet of the Highest," whose voice crying in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight," should usher in the advent of that "Mightier One," the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to stoop down and unloose. And eloquently did the effects produced upon his auditors attest his claim to the sublime character of FORERUNNER to the long promised Messiah, whose coming he announced to be near at hand; for, as if moved by a common impulse of the Spirit from on high, "there went out to him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of

him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins." To the haughty and self-righteous Pharisee and Sadducee, this preacher of a new religion than had yet been promulgated to the world, spoke with the stern authority of one who perceived the hypocrisy and corruption of their hearts with the glance of inspiration, and was constrained by the character of his high and solemn mission, to rebuke and denounce their pride and vain glory. "Think not," said he to these sects, "to say within yourselves that we have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham—bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance!"

To the people he said—"He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." To the publicans—"Exact no more than what is appointed you;" and to the soldiers—"Do violence to no man, neither accuse any one falsely, and be content with your wages."—Such were the efficacy and power of his doctrines—doctrines, novel alike for their unwonted purity when contrasted with the teachings of the synagogue, and for the lofty authority with which they were pronounced—that his hearers mused in their hearts whether he were not the Christ of whom their fathers and the prophets had spoken. But with an unpretending humility, and an honest frankness which rejected the self-deception of his countrymen, he answered them—"I am not the Christ: I indeed have baptized you with water unto repentance; but there cometh One mightier than I after me, who shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Among, but not of the men of his generation,—commanding with them but to instruct them in the mystery of the stupendous event which was about to transpire—he moved forward in the discharge of the high functions of his ministry, with a profound seriousness, which carried upon it the indisputable impress of his divine legation.

At length the fullness of the time was arrived.—"And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them: 'Fear not: for behold I bring ye good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.—For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Ye shall find the babe lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God, saying—

'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace! Good will towards men!'

And the shepherds came with haste even unto Bethlehem, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger."

Let us follow this extraordinary man beyond this miraculous ratification of his claim to a divine mission. His whole life, from his first appearance in the wilderness of Judea to the hour of his death in a dungeon of Gallilee, is a bright and glorious illustration of the pure doctrines which he preached. Calm, and patient, and steadfast in the work of his master, he went about promulgating the sublime mysteries of the New Dispensation—breaking off with the "gavel" of his inspired eloquence the "rough corners" of the Jewish prejudices of his hearers, and fitting them as living materials in that spiritual blessing about to be erected, whose chief corner-stone was to be Christ the blessed Redeemer. With a persevering fixedness of purpose which nothing could shake, and a serene and firm intrepidity of soul which the fiercest persecutions could not intimidate, he held fast to his integrity amidst the gloom of the prison into which he had been cast for his religion's sake. True and faithful, and regardless of the worldly wealth, honors, or power of those he

came to exhort unto repentance, he sacrificed his life by reproving iniquity in high places. Yet such was the power of his goodness, that the proud tetrarch by whom he was imprisoned, respected him, and feared the influence which the purity of his doctrines and the unblameableness of his life had given him over the people. The order for his death was procured by Herodias through artifice, and executed while the bosom of him who gave it—although his enemy and persecutor—was torn with anguish and remorse for the bloody sacrifice her malicious hate demanded.

Such, my respected audience, companions and brethren is an imperfect and hasty sketch of the life, ministry and death of ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST; whose anniversary as an eminent patron of our Order, we have met this day to celebrate. Nor we alone. In the far-off hands of the East, where the broken altars of primitive Christianity have been rebuilt in our day, by the pious hands of self-sacrificing Missionaries of our own country;—upon the very sites where erst stood the gorgeous temples reared to the worship of the pagan gods of Asia;—in the wide dominions of Europe, and upon the parched wastes of Africa;—beneath the shadow of the Cordilleras, and in the Isles which gem the seas: In a word, in every country under heaven, in which has been planted the standard of the Cross, there is this day assembled the "brotherhood of the faithful," to render a grateful tribute of respect to him who was the Morning Star to that Great Light "which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."—On this day is kept, throughout all Christendom, the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist. On this day—perhaps at this very hour—the designs which he has left upon our moral "tresselboard," are being exhibited to the craft in more than ten thousand congregations of our Order. Need I my companions and brethren, exhort you to the contemplation and observance of these designs, or point your attention to each minute department of the work which he has left us to do? I cannot deem it necessary. There is, to the mind of every well-informed companion and brother,—in the symbols and implements with which he is invested,—an abiding and more eloquent exhortation than any words which I could utter. He has learned but little of the spirit and essence of our institution, who has not found every stage of his progress crowded with incitements to the performance of those great duties "to God, to our neighbors and ourselves," which were so well inculcated, both in precept and example, by our ancient patron. From the lambkin which constantly admonishes the novice of that purity of life and conduct which are so essentially necessary to his gaining admittance into the Celestial Lodge above, to the Key-Stone of the Royal Arch which spans the summit of Ancient Freemasonry, the road traveled by the intelligent mason is thickly set with mute preachers of the divine morality of St. John, whose eloquent teachings, I am persuaded, you cannot and will not disregard.

It has been customary, my respected audience, for those who occupy the place to which I have been called on the present occasion, by the kind partiality of my brethren, to say something in regard to the antiquity, nature objects of Freemasonry. I would that I were sufficiently skilled in the work of my profession to answer the expectation which, I doubt not, this usage has created in your minds, as satisfactorily as I could desire. The result of such research, however, as I have been able to give the subject, is submitted to you with much diffidence; in the hope that the imperfections of the effort will receive at your hands, that charitable indulgence which I know will be extended by my companions and brethren.

In attempting to evolve a History of Freemasonry, we are met at the threshold by difficulties, arising out of the very nature of things, which no other historian has to encounter. He who chronicles the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires, has a mine of materials at his command in the written and imperishable re-

*Blackw. Mag. Feb. No. art. "Eisenaz."

cards of the times he would pourtray. Theories, sects and religions, from the aggressive and proselyting spirit which ever animates their disciples, leave an impress upon the times in which they exist, which the lapse of centuries cannot obliterate. All along the highway of the Past, there are thickly strewn the footprints of the things which have been—stamped in the crimson records of desolating war—or chiseled on the storied monument—or traced on the tell-tale parchment—to which the historian may turn for materials, out of which to weave the web of the world's eventful story. It is not so in regard to Freemasonry. Essentially not an intermeddling institution;—receiving none into its communion but those who freely, voluntarily, and without solicitation, ask admission to its benefits and privileges; keeping, through a long succession of ages, no records of its achievements, but the "attentive ears, the silent tongues, and the faithful breasts" of its votaries; transmitting its tenets and its laws from one generation to another, solely through the medium of oral tradition—the archives of nations furnish few or no materials of its existence, save in the persecutions it has endured from the jealousy of tyrannic power, the intolerance of corrupt priestcraft, and the bigotry of bloated superstition. It is not wonderful, therefore, that its early history should be uninitiated as a sealed book; which even the "masters in our Israel" find too feebly illuminated by the dim twilight of Tradition, to read with accuracy and precision.

The earliest period at which we have the authentic evidence of the establishment of masonry in England, is in the 10th century, during the reign of King Athelstane. A record of the society, written in the reign of Edward IV., and preserved by Elias Ashmole, the founder of the Oxford Museum, (copies of which are still extant) after speaking of the encouragement given by King Athelstane to the Craft, goes on to say:—"The said King's brother, Prince Edwin, being taught masonry, and taking upon him the charges of a Master Mason, for the love he had to said craft, and the honorable principles whereon it is grounded, purchased a free charter from King Athelstane, for the masons having a correction among themselves (as it was anciently expressed,) or a freedom and power to regulate themselves, to amend what might happen amiss, and to hold a yearly communication and general assembly. Accordingly," we are told by this old manuscript, "Prince Edwin summoned all the masons in the realm to meet him in a congregation at York, who came and composed a general lodge, of which he was grand master; and having brought with them all the writings and records extant,—some in Greek, some in Latin, some in French, and other languages,—from the contents thereof that assembly did frame the constitution and charges of an English Lodge; made a law to preserve and observe the same in all time coming, and ordained good pay for working masons. And," continues the record from which I have quoted, "he made a book thereof, how the craft was founded; and he himself ordered and commanded that it should be read and told when any mason should be made, and for to give him his charges. And from that day until this time, manners of masons have been kept in that form, as well as men might govern."

However much masonic antiquarians may differ as to the time when masonry was introduced into England, all agree that this congregation at York, under the charter obtained by Prince Edwin from King Athelstane, composed the first Grand Lodge held in England; a jurisdiction to which may be traced back through nine centuries, the unbroken chain of authority from which all the lodges in America, and a large portion of those in Europe, have derived their charters. Hence the significant terms, "*Ancient York Masons*," employed by our Order to designate those who are the true Israelites, from the pretenders of modern origin who have, at various times and in different places, assumed the garb and title of "*Free and Accepted Masons*."

That masonry was known and established in Great Britain, at least as early as the period I have mentioned, is evident from the records of a few centuries later which have been preserved, and are still extant. A Latin register kept by the Prior of Canterbury, bearing date Anno Domini, 1429, informs us—"that in that year, during the minority of Henry VI., a respec-

table Lodge was held at Canterbury, under the patronage of Henry de Beke, the Archbishop; at which were present Thomas Stapleton, the master, John Morris warden, with fellow crafts and three entered apprentices," all of which are particularly named. Another record of that time states—"that the company of masons, being otherwise termed free masons, of ancient standing and good reckoning, by means of affable and kind meeting divers times, and as a loving brotherhood use to do, did frequent this mutual assembly in the time of King Henry VI. in the 12th year of his reign. Anno Domini 1434." The same record says that—"The charges and laws of the freemasons have been seen and approved by our late sovereign king, Henry VI, and by the lords of his most honorable council; who have allowed them, and declared that they be right good and reasonable to be holden, as they have been drawn out and collected from the records of ancient times." The terms "*ancient standing*," and "*ancient times*," employed in these records, evidently point to a period several centuries anterior to the time when they were written; and furnish a strong corroborative proof of the genuineness of the manuscript preserved by Mr. Ashmole. But the most curious and interesting evidence yet to be exhibited, is a manuscript found by the learned John Locke in the Bodleian Library, and sent by that distinguished scholar to the Earl of Pembroke, then, if I mistake not, Grand Master of England. It is an examination of some of the brotherhood before Edward VI, as to the nature and tendency of the institution, and is entitled—"Certain Questions, with answers to the same, concerning the Mysteries of Masonry, written by Henry VI," and purports to be faithfully copied by John Leylande, an antiquarian scholar appointed by Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries, to search for such books and records as were most valuable. In this examination, stripped of its antique, and in some degree obsolete phraseology, masonry is defined by our brethren of King Henry's time to be—"The science of nature, the understanding of the mysteries thereof, and of her sundry operations; the art of numbers, geometry, regulating weights and measures, and the true manner of fashioning all things for man's use, chiefly dwellings and buildings of all kinds, and all other things that make good to man." It is stated to have "begun with the first men of the East, who were before the first men of the West;" and that it traveled westwardly, "bringing along with it, all comforts to the wild and comfortless."

At what precise period, or by what agency masonry was introduced into England, is a question involved in much obscurity. By some its introduction has been ascribed to the association of foreign architects, patronized by the ecclesiastical authorities of Rome during the dark ages; by others to St. Alban, who suffered martyrdom for the christian faith in the year of our Lord 303. Among those who support the last opinion, is the learned Elias Ashmole, already referred to, (a zealous member of our order, and a distinguished Antiquarian of the 17th century,) who collected many facts in regard to the history of Freemasonry; and who, while he admits that the association of foreign architects alluded to were members of the fraternity, denies that they were the first to bring the art into England. Others again, fix the introduction of masonry into Britain at as late a period as the 6th century; and attribute it to St. Austin, who founded the old Cathedral of Canterbury, and that of St. Paul in London. A fourth class of writers refer its introduction to those followers of Pythagoras who emigrated from Italy to France, and from thence to England. These last have in support of their theory, the legendary history which was current among the fraternity in the 15th century. In the examination already quoted from, before King Henry VI, it is stated by the brethren, in answer to his interrogatories, that it was brought to the west by the Phœnicians, "who being great merchants, came first into Phœnicia, for the convenience of their commercial pursuits, both east and west, by the Red and Mediterranean seas;" and that a Grecian named "Peter Gower"—evidently a corruption of the French "*Pythagore*," or Pythagoras,—"travelled for the purpose of gaining knowledge, through Egypt and Syria, and every other land in which the Phœnicians had established masonry; where he was initiated in the mysteries of the art, and was thereby greatly improved in knowledge;"—tha-

this "Peter Gower," or Pythagoras, afterwards went to a Greek colony in Italy and formed a Great Lodge at Crotona, in which he made many masons, some whom removed to France, and there established lodges; from whence, in process of time, the art passed into England." Such is the testimony given to their sovereign, by our brethren of the 15th century. It is evident that their account obtained credence at that period; for it is a matter of history, that Henry VI was so well satisfied of its authenticity, and of the praiseworthy character of the institution, that he united himself with the fraternity,* and from that time forward spared no pains to make himself master of the work. "He," we are told, "perused the ancient charges, revised the constitutions, and honored them with his sanction;"† and this, too, in the face of an un-repealed act of parliament, passed at the instigation of the clergy, during his minority, which suppressed, under heavy penalties, the meetings of the Lodges.—The royal example was followed by many of the nobility; since which time masonry has numbered, among its followers, many of the greatest princes of the earth.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL.

THE DISCOVERY OF HUDSON RIVER.

AND THE VOYAGE OF HENDRICK HUDSON THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

I know of nothing more entertaining than the simple narrative of Hendrick Hudson, describing his discovery of that proud river which bears his name, and is the boast of New Yorkers. It was in the month of Sept., in 1609. Much as he admired its spacious bay, and beautiful scenery, and the abundance of fine mullet which its waters supplied, he was not thrown off his guard by this new and enchanting picture, but had no sooner anchored off the then wood-covered shores of Manna-hata, than he adopted, as it were by the instinctive prudence of an Englishman, all the necessary precautions against the treachery of the savages who came in their canoes to visit him. He was indeed forewarned of the necessity of watching them with the utmost vigilance, by what happened to the boat crew which he sent the day after his arrival, September 5, to explore the passage which led to Hell-gate. Colman, who commanded the boat in that notable excursion, was shot in the throat by an arrow from an Indian canoe, somewhere in the neighborhood of that dangerous strait, and his body brought down and buried with proper ceremonies. They related to Hudson that they had gone as far as the open sea, (Long Island Sound) and that the shores of the (East River) were covered with grass and flowers, and goodly trees; and the air perfumed with the sweet smells which blew from them; that they were regaled with dried currants by the natives, and altogether delighted apparently with the appearance of the country, since so beautifully realized in its picturesque scenery of villages and lawns, and parks, and cultivated fields. The natives came on board the ship with maize or Indian wheat, beans, oysters, &c., and were clothed in mantles of fur of panthers. On the 12th, the ship being still anchored in the bay, twenty-eight canoes full of men, women and children, came alongside. Hendrick with the true spirit of enterprise, did not delay his time here, but soon got under weigh, to follow the course of the great river which he saw leading up by the mountain wall of the Palisadoes, far towards the north, and which he little thought then would bear his name, and be the seat of a great city, and the thoroughfare of the world. He remarked the extraordinary passage through the mountains, and those loftier summits which are seen farther from the river, at what is now known as Catskill. Near this latter place, he was visited by several of what he termed Governour [Sachems] of the different tribes that then occupied the banks of the river, all of whom, with their people, he found of friendly disposition, bringing platters of venison, beaver and other skins, and grapes in return, for knives and hatchets. Two young maidens, of about 17, also came on board, with their fathers, and behaved themselves very modestly. To one of the

*Mans. Cons. 1796, art. Antiquities.

*A. D. 1442—Hardie. {Hardie's Monument.

Sachems they poured out such various liberations of wine aquaviate, [brandy] that he became quite intoxicated, much to the astonishment of his brethren, and was thereby obliged to remain several days in the cabin. Hendrick, in witnessing this naval experiment, did not contemplate how much the god of wine would afterwards be worshipped in this part of the empire of Neptune, in the bar-rooms of steamboats, packets, and skippers. On their return through the Highlands, whose many points, narrow channel, and eddy winds he takes notice of, and where he encounters a stiff gale, an accident occurred of a romantic nature. A canoe with one man in it constantly hanging under the stern of the ship, until at length, by the aid of the ruder, he crept into the cabin window, and stole out several Hendrick's shirts and bandeleers; whereupon the mater's mate, says Henry, shot at him and killed him. The rest in the canoes, through fear, jumped into the water, and after Hendrick's men had recovered the stolen goods, one of the Indians, who swimming, caught hold of the boat, and tried to turn it over, "but our cook took a sword, and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned." The first time that the waters of this limpid river had, by the hand of a white man, drank of the blood of a human victim. Hereafter to be the theatre of many a war exploit, and historical recollection. Its bosom whitened with the canvas of military expedition; its mountain passes echoing to the sound of the bugle, and the roar of artillery the scene of Andre's capture, the storming of Stony Point, &c.

The people of the mountain, says he, came on board wondering at our ships and weapons. But they did not seem to have acquired an adequate notion of the power and advantage which civilized modes of warfare possess over bows and arrows. In the pass of the Highlands, some followed after the ship in canoes, and shot their arrows at her stern, and some hundreds who had collected there, on a point of land, tried their skill at the same exercise, to see what impression they could make upon this strange visitor. "There (says Hendrick) with immitable sang froid I shot a falcon at them, and killed two of them."

Hendrick speaks of the steep precipices of the Highlands conjectured from their bare appearance, that the trees had been blasted, and that they contained metals. It would seem that he thought, in language of alchemy, the chemistry of that day, that the spirit of the metallic substance had "buried," as he expresses it, destroyed the vegetation.

A whitish green color on similar rocks near what is now called Spiten-devil, made him suspect they contained copper and silver. Far above the Highlands, they met with shoals, the overslaugh upon which they several times grounded. Frequently they had wind and rain, though the weather was generally fair and hot, and he observes also that the bottom where they anchored, was often oozy. In the Highlands, they found fine salmon, and somewhere by the town now called after him, they went ashore and gathered chestnuts.

The following account of an attempt, made during the Revolutionary War, to blow up the British vessels of war in New York harbor, may be of interest to most of our readers. It is copied from a New York paper of November, 1821, and is an obituary notice of the gallant soldier who made the daring attempt:

DIED.—At Lyme, (Conn.) on the 29th ult. Captain EZRA LEE, aged 72, a revolutionary officer. When the British fleet lay in the North River, opposite to the city of New-York, and while Gen. Washington had possession of the city, he was desirous to be rid of such neighbors. A Mr. Bushnell, of Saybrook, (Conn.) who had the genius of a Fulton, constructed such a marine machine, of a conical form, bound together with iron bands, within which one person might sit, and with cranks and skulls, could navigate to any depth under water. In the upper part was affixed a vertical screw for the purpose of penetrating ships bottoms, and to this was attached a magazine of powder, within which was a clock, which, on being set to run any given time, would, when run down, spring a gun lock, and an explosion would follow. This Marine Turtle, so called was examined by Gen. Washington, and approved; to preserve secrecy, it was experimented within an in-

closed yard, over twenty to thirty feet water, and kept during day-light locked up in a vessel's hold. The brother of the inventor was to be the person to navigate the machine into action, but in sinking it the first time, he declined the service.

Gen. Washington, unwilling to relinquish the object, requested Major General Parsons to select a person in whom he could confide, voluntarily to engage in the enterprise; the latter being well acquainted with the heroic spirit, the patriotism, and the firm and steady courage of the deceased above mentioned, immediately communicated the plan and the offer, which he accepted, observing that this life was at General Washington's service. After practising the machine, until he understood its powers of balancing and moving under water, a night was fixed upon for the attempt. General Washington and his associates in the secret, took their stations upon the roof of a house in Broadway, anxiously awaiting the result. Morning came and no intelligence could be had of the intrepid submarine navigator, nor could the boat which attended him, give account of him after parting with him the first part of the night.

While these anxious spectators were about to give him up as lost, several barges were seen to start suddenly from Governor's Island, (then in possession of the British) and proceed towards some object near the Asia ship of the line—as suddenly they were seen to put about and steer for the Island with springing oars. In two or three minutes an explosion took place, from the surface of the water, resembling a water spout, which aroused the whole city and region; the enemies ship took the alarm—signals were rapidly given—the ships cut their cables and proceeded to the Hook with all possible despatch, sweeping their bottoms with chains, and with difficulty prevented their affrighted crews from leaping overboard.

During this scene of consternation, the deceased came to the surface, opened the brass head of his aquatic machine; rose and gave a signal for the boat to come to him, but they could not reach him, until he again descended under water, to avoid the enemy's shot from the Island, who had discovered him and commenced firing in his wake. Having forced himself against a strong current under water until without the reach of shot, he was taken in tow and landed at the Battery amidst a great crowd, and reported himself to General Washington, who expressed his entire satisfaction, that the object was effected, without the loss of lives. The deceased was under the Asia's bottom more than two hours, endeavoring to penetrate her copper but in vain. He frequently came up under her stern galleries searching for exposed plank, and could hear the sentinels cry. Once he was discovered by the watch on deck, and heard them speculate upon him, but concluded a drifted log had paid them a visit—he returned to her bottom and examined it fore and aft, and then proceeded to some other ships; but the impossibility of penetrating their copper, for want of resisting power, saved the lives of hundreds. The longest space of time he could remain under water was two hours. For a particular description of the submarine curiosity, see Sillman's Journal of Arts and Sciences.—*Com. Adv.*

CHARACTER.

FAMILY SCENES.

It is not difficult to trace out the true origin of fifty vices, which when full grown, are unceremoniously set down to the account of original sin.

Romping Sally runs against the corner of the table, raises a bump on her head, and of course begins to cry lustily. The mother comes to her assistance.

"Did it hurt its pretty head? What was it hurt my Sally!"

The sobbing child points to the table.

"Was it the table? Beat it well."

Slap! slap on the offending table.

"That will teach it to hurt my Sal another time. Beat the naughty table again. It sha'n't hurt my Sally."

In the meantime Sally's contusion has become less painful, the red eyes are dried, and the child is pacified—at the expense of a practical lesson in revenge.

When Miss Sally, fifteen years afterwards, throws the blame of every mischance or misfortune which her

own clumsiness or folly has caused, upon her companions and dependants, simply because she must still have a table to beat, then her ill humor is most logically attributed to the depravity and innate wickedness of the human heart.

The mother's pet, Tommy, has been playing all the morning with his new toys; has broken up his drum to see what was inside of it, and tost his penny trumpet and his windmill into a corner; and now he comes crying to his parent, tired of his play and playthings, and expects her to spend her time in inventing new amusements for him.

"No, I'm busy. The clothes have just come from the washing, and I must put them away. I can't play with you to day, Tommy; indeed I can't."

But Tommy knows better. He has been told fifty times before, that his mother was busy and could not attend to him, and remembered well, that a little teasing gained him the victory. Like a good general, he tried the same manœuvre again.

"Come and play with me, Ma! I don't know what to do. I can't play alone, and Dick won't be home from school till two o'clock."

A fresh denial provokes a second fit of crying, and Tommy's perseverance triumphs. His mother plays at hare and hound with him, makes a cat's cradle for him, tells him ghost stories, and mends his drum, till the clock strikes two. The father comes home, sees no dinner ready, looks for his wife and finds her at the drapery press. "My dear, how is every thing so late to-day?"

"O that teasing Tommy would have me play with him this whole, live-long morning; and I have not been able to do a thing since breakfast."

Thus a petted child's whims are allowed to derange the economy of a whole family; and the good mother never dreams that she is bringing up her favourite to be a selfish, self-important being; a burden to himself, and a plague to society.

Even the odious vice of lying is most unconsciously but most effectually, inculcated by the weakness and inconsistency of parents.

"Frank, you shall not go outside the garden wall again, to play with these dirty boys in the street. I have told you fifty times I would not have it; and I won't. If you ever go again without my leave I'll never speak to you afterwards. I'll sell you to the gypsies, and they may do what they like with you."

They say man would leap over the wall of a paradise, even though it were surrounded by a desert. At any rate, Frank does not choose to be cooped up; so he leaps the garden wall next day, and is the merriest and the noisiest, amongst his rough companions.

His mother finds him. Does she cease all intercourse with her own child, as she promised? Does she sell him to the gypsies, as she said she would?

Yet she expects him, when he grows up, to consider his word, once given, sacred and inviolable. If she detects him in a lie, she wonders how on earth he learnt such wickedness; and were you to suggest that her own example, (at all times more powerful with children than precept) was the cause 'twould be considered an insult never to be forgiven.

No wonder that a man's word goes for so little in this world, and that we must have oaths and pledges upon all occasions. The best friends the lawyers have are ignorant mothers. They bring the more business than all other causes put together.

Domestic Economy.—Some courtiers were talking of their household affairs, and in particular of the wages they gave their servants. One of them observed he gave his *maitre d'hotel* a hundred pistoles—a second that he allowed his six hundred—"And I," said one, "I go far beyond either of you, for allow mine four thousand francs per annum." At first the whole party were astonished at this exorbitant allowance. At last one of them thought of putting the question do you pay him?" "Oh, no said he.

To separate wax from the impurities of the honey-comb, put the comb into a bag, place it in a kettle of cold water, tying a small stone or other weight to the bag to prevent its floating, and hanging the kettle over a fire. As the water becomes hot, it melts the wax and causes it to rise to the surface, by passing through the pores of the bag, while the impurities remain.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE CLAN MACGREGOR.

The clan Gregor or MacGregor is said to have sprung from Gregor or Gregorious, the third son of Alpin one of the Scottish kings of the eighth century. From this descent their founder, the sect derived their original name of MacAlpine, and they still occasionally receive the appellation of the clan Alpine. From a very ancient period, they appear to have possessed a wide tract of land on the boundary lines of Argyle and Perth shires, around Loch Katrine and the northern end of Loch Lomond. While the strong arm constituted the sole title to property in Scotland, the MacGregors managed matters as well as their neighbors, being sufficiently able and willing to make their hands keep their lands; but when territorial possessions were legally secured by written tenures, the clan imprudently continued to trust to the right of the sword, and thus paved the way for the long train of misfortunes which fell upon them. While they pursued their simple and retired mode of life, the great barons in their vicinity used their court influence to obtain charters over the old MacGregor possessions, and followed up the acquisition of such documentary rights by driving out the true proprietors. The MacGregors habitually and obstinately resisted such encroachments, and their bravery often gained them advantages over their adversaries. But the latter parties had always possession of the royal ear, and what was simply self-defence on the part of the devoted sect, was uniformly misrepresented at court as a headstrong defiance of all proper rule and authority. The natural result of the whole was, that MacGregors became a wild, a lawless, and a broken clan.

This state of things commenced at a very early period. In the reign of Queen Mary, two acts of the Privy Council, dated from Stirling in 1563, gave authority to Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, and other powerful nobles and barons, to pursue the MacGregors with fire and sword; a commission which the parties concerned fulfilled, no doubt, to the utmost of their ability. But the MacGregors were not a people to be safely or easily suppressed. Oppression had made them all that their enemies had at first falsely called them. Robbed of the best portions of their property, they still retained fastnesses, that could yield them shelter, but not food, more especially as their hunted mode of life prevented them from drawing sustenance in a regular way from the earth. Hence they were compelled to depend in a great measure on predatory forays for the very means of living. Their temper, too, had become embittered, and their passions eager and vehement, so that they were too easily roused to the commission of acts of violence and cruelty, which furnished new and successive pleas for the entailment of further miseries on themselves. In the year 1589, a body of the MacGregors seized and murdered John Drummond of Drummond-ernoch, a forester of the royal forest of Glenartney. The circumstances attending this crime were peculiarly horrible.

Placing the head of the victim before them, the clan swore upon it that they would avow and defend the deed in common. Letters of fire and sword for the space of three years were issued anew against the MacGregors, and all men according to the usual tenor of such documents, were forbidden to entertain or assist any of the sect, or to give them, under any plea whatsoever, either a mouthful of food or a scrap of clothing. Under these terrible denunciations, the MacGregors were only saved by their impregnable fastnesses from utter extinction.

Some few years after these last letters of fire and sword had been issued and put in force, an event occurred, which shows that the persecution inflicted on them had merely the effect of exciting their fierceness to a wilder pitch. The Colquhouns of Luss, a sect holding a large possessions on the western shore of Loch Lomond, had long been at feud with the MacGregors, and, about the period under consideration, the breach was widened by an act committed by Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, laird of Luss, and chief of his clan. Two of the MacGregors being benighted on the Colquhoun territory, entered a house belonging to one of the dependents of the laird of Luss, and sought shelter. Their request was sternly refused,

on which they went to a bouthouse, killed a sheep, and made a meal upon the carcass. According to the MacGregor tradition, from which this story derived, the two intruders offered payment for what they had taken. They were seized, however, and carried before Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, who, in the exercise of his power as a feudal baron, condemned them summarily, and executed them. The kindred of the unfortunate men were deeply exasperated by the intelligence of this act, and MacGregor of Glenstrae, the chief of the clan, resolved to revenge their death on the Colquhouns. He assembled a force of nearly four hundred men, and took the way with them to Luss. Before their arrival, the laird of Luss heard of their intention, and hastily collected all the strength at his command. Being joined by parties of the Buchanans, Graham's, and other Lennox men as well as by a band of Dumbarton citizens under the leadership of Tobias Smollett, a magistrate of the town, and ancestor of the famous novelist of the name, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun found himself at the head of a body double the number of the invaders. Glenfruin, or the Vale of Lamentation, situated at a short distance from Luss, was the spot where the two parties met. Had the Colquhouns taken their stand on more favorable ground, the victory would in all probability have fallen to their superior numbers; but the ground was boggy, and a large part of their force consisted of cavalry, which could not act in such a locality with advantage. Hence it was that the MacGregors obtained a decided superiority soon after the contest was begun. The Colquhouns are said to have fought manfully, but they were completely worsted, and a merciless slaughter exercised on them by their adversaries. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun escaped by the activity of his horse. Between two and three hundred of his followers fell on the field or in the flight, while of the MacGregor only a very few were slain.

Besides the ferocity which they are reported to have used to the adversaries who met them fairly hand to hand, a particular and uncalled for act of cruelty was perpetrated by some of the MacGregors at the battle of Glenfruin, if we are to believe the tradition of the country. Near the scene of the contest, a large stone is shown, which receives the appellation of the Lecha-Mhinisteir, the Ministers' Stone. It is said to have derived this name from the murder of a party of students at the spot by one of the MacGregors, a man of great size and strength, named Ciar Mhor, or the Mouse-Coloured. These students had imprudently come to witness the engagement, being most probably on an excursion from Glasgow at the moment. They fell into the hands of the chief of the MacGregors, and were by him committed to the charge of Dugald Ciar Mhor, who savagely butchered them in cold blood. Being afterwards asked by the chief where the youths were, the mouse-coloured barbarian is said to have drawn out his bloody skene-dhu, and exclaimed, "Ask that, and God save me!"—alluding, in the latter words, to the piteous appeals to heaven made by the ill-fated students. Dugald Ciar Mhor's grave is still shown at the church of Fortingal, covered with a large stone. It is but right to say, that another account of the matter frees Dugald Ciar Mhor from the imputation of this crime. He was the immediate and indubitable ancestor of the most celebrated personage who ever bore the name of MacGregor—namely, Rob Roy.

Only one man of note on the side of the Clan Alpine was slain in the Vale of Glenfruin. This was the brother of MacGregor of Glenstrae, whose death-scene is yet marked by a stone, called the Grey Stone of MacGregor. But although the battle was to them almost bloodless, it entailed dire misery otherwise upon the race. Eleven score women, widows of those slain in the engagement on the side of the Colquhouns, attired themselves in deep mourning, and, mounted on white palfreys, appeared before the king, James VI., at Stirling, and demanded vengeance on the heads of the MacGregors. To make the deeper impression on those to whom this supplication was made, each of the petitioners bore on a spear her husband's bloody shirt. Such a spectacle was well calculated to affect the reigning king, who had always shown a heart specially accessible to sights of fear and sorrow. The consequence was, that measures of extreme severity were restored to for the punishment of the MacGregors, in whose favor, no man was found to lift

up his voice. By a Privy Council act of date 1603 (the year following the battle) the very name of MacGregor was abolished, a proceeding which has no parallel in the annals of the country. All those who bore the name were commanded, on pain of death, to adopt other surnames, and all who had been concerned in the battle of Glenfruin and other marauding excursions detailed in the act, were forbidden, under the same penalty, to carry any weapon but a pointless knife to eat their victuals. Death was also denounced against any of the race who should meet in greater numbers than four at a time. From time to time, acts of this kind were issued, keeping up the ban against the unfortunate race of Alpine.

The execution of these statutes was assigned to the Earls of Argyle and Athol and their followers, whose territories almost surrounded those of the doomed sept. The Marquis of Huntly also assisted in the fulfilment of the acts against the MacGregors. Stubbornly did the clan resist for a time the enemies by whom they were hemmed in, but at length their chief, Allaster MacGregor of Glenstrae, saw the necessity of bending before the storm. He surrendered, with some of his principal followers, to Argyle, upon the previously stipulated condition of being allowed to leave the country. The chieftain of Clan Alpine was wretchedly betrayed. The promise made to him was kept to the ear, but broken to the sense. He was sent "out of the country"—that is to say, he was sent under a guard across the English border, but he was immediately brought back again to Edinburgh, and thrown into confinement. On the 20th of January, 1604, he was tried, and condemned to death. The sentence, was soon after carried into execution at the Cross of Edinburgh, where several of his chief followers suffered with him. To mark his rank, the chief of Glenstrae was suspended from a higher gallows than that allotted to his friends. Before his death, the chieftain made a confession, which is still extant and which presents a terrible picture of the life "of sturt and strife" led by the race of MacGregor, from the number of feuds in which the chieftain owns to having borne a part.

Though the MacGregors, out of necessity, submitted ostensibly to the edict commanding them to take other names, they nevertheless held firm hold of the fastnesses which they had formerly occupied, and with exertions could expel them from. Though known as their situation might render convenient, by the names of Campbell, Drummond, Graham, or Stewart, they still retained their individuality as a clan in all but the name. They torayed in unison as formerly, and menaced with the general vengeance all who might injure one of their nameless race. They therefore remained much in the same odour as previously, and Charles I. thought proper to renew all the statutes enacted against them by his father.

"Yet," says Sir Walter Scott "notwithstanding the extreme severities of James VI. and Charles I. against this unfortunate people, who were rendered furious by prescription, and then punished for yielding to the passions which had been wilfully irritated, the MacGregors to a man attached themselves during the civil war to the cause of the latter monarch." This kept the sore-vexed clan still in a mesh of troubles for a long period, but they in some measure got their reward at the Restoration. Charles II., in the first Scottish parliament after his ascension of the throne annulled the various statutes against them, gave them once more a name, and reinstalled them in all the ordinary privileges of leige subjects, expressly on account of the distinguished loyalty they had shown.

Strange to say, without any known cause, or any plea of renewed violence and lawlessness, William III. recalled into force all the original statutes, making the clan once more "nameless and lawless" in the eye of the law. But things were more peaceful generally throughout the country, and excepting when the clan was raised into an unfortunate notoriety by the acts of Rob Roy, who was born about the times of the Revolution, the clan of MacGregor seems to have been but little disturbed in consequence of their unhappy prominence in the Statute-book. The history of the race from this time forth, excepting as far as regards the renowned freebooter just alluded to, presents no particular events worthy of notice. Up to the very close of the eighteenth century, the MacGregors were legally a nameless clan, in as far as the penal acts, against

them still held a place in the Statute-book, though, practically, the law recognised the name, and none of the penal statutes were ever enforced. The British parliament finally abolished all these traces of ancient barbarity. As soon as this boon was conferred on them, the MacGregors showed remaining tokens of a strong feeling of claniship, by acknowledging a head and chief. Eight hundred and twenty-six persons of the name of MacGregor subscribed a deed, admitting John Murry of Lanark, Esq., afterwards Sir John MacGregor, Bart, as lawfully descended of the house of Glenstrae, and the proper and true chieftain of Clan Alpine.

Since this period, the race of MacGregor have bravely served their country by field and flood, and have enjoyed all civil privileges. The present chieftain is Sir Evan John Murry MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart.

THE NATURALIST.

SOCIAL ECONOMY OF A BEE HIVE.

A hive consists of the queen, or mother bee, the workers, varying in number from 10,000 to 20,000, or 30,000 and the males or drones from 700 to double that number.

The queen is the parent of the hive; and her sole province and occupation consists in laying the eggs, from which originate those prodigious multitudes that people a hive, and emigrate from it in the course of one summer. In the height of the season her fertility is truly astonishing, as she lays not fewer than 200 eggs per day, and even more when the season is particularly warm and genial, and flowers are abundant; and this laying continues, though at a gradually diminishing rate, till the approach of cold weather in October.

An opinion has been entertained that the queen is followed in her progress through the hive by a number of her subjects formed in a circle round her, and these, of course, have been regarded as the queen's body guards. The truth is, however, that her bee majesty has no attendants, strictly speaking; but wherever she moves, the workers whom she encounters in her progress instantly and hurriedly clear the way all before, and all turning their heads toward their approaching sovereign, lavish their caresses upon her with much apparent affection, and touch her softly with their antennae; and these circumstances which may be observed every hour in the day, have given rise to the idea of guards. On one occasion we gave her subjects an opportunity of testifying their courage in her defence, as well as their affection and zeal. Observing her laying eggs in the comb next to the glass of the hive, we gently but quickly opened the pane, and endeavored to seize her. But as soon as the removal of the glass afforded room—(while shut it was almost in contact with her back)—and, before we could accomplish our purpose, they threw their bodies upon her to the number of at least a hundred, and formed a cone over her of such magnitude, that she could not be less than two inches distant from any part of the surface. We dispersed the mass with our finger, and got hold of her precious person, and kept looking at her for some minutes before we restored the captive to her alarmed defenders. It is remarkable that this violence was not resented by them; tho' they coursed over our hands in scores, while we kept hold of their mistress, not one individual used its sting. The all engrossing object was the queen.

The mutual aversion of queens is a striking feature in the natural history of this insect. Their mutual enmity may be said to be an inborn disposition with them; for no sooner has the first of the race on a hive about to throw off a second swarm escaped from her own cradle, than she hurries away in search of her rivals, and exerts herself with the utmost eagerness to destroy them.

The workers, to the number of 10,000, 20,000, and even 30,000, constitute the great mass of the population, and on them devolve the whole labor for the establishment. Theirs is the office of searching for and collecting the precious fluid which not only furnishes their daily food, as well as that of their young, and the surplus of which is laid up for winter stores, but also the materials from which they rear their beautiful

combs. In the little basket shaped cavity of their hind legs they bring home the pollen or farinaceous dust of flowers, kneaded by the help of the morning dew into tiny balls, which forms an important ingredient in the nourishment of the brood; and also the propolis or adhesive gum extracted from willows, &c. with which they attach their combs to the upper part and sides of the hive, and stop every crevice that might admit the winter's cold.

The natural term of the worker's existence does not extend, we think, beyond six or eight months.

It is the opinion of Dr. Bevan that all the bees brought into existence at the queen's great laying in spring die before winter. But many never reach that period. Showers of rain, violent blasts of wind, sudden changes of atmosphere, destroy them in hundreds. In the clear, cold mornings and evenings of autumn, their eagerness for foraging, entices them abroad early and late; when lighting on the ground, many are chilled and quickly perish. And should they escape the blighting atmosphere at the close of autumn, a bright sunshine in a winter day, when the ground perhaps is covered with snow, brings them abroad in multitudes, and the half of them never return.

The sole office of the male, or at least the primary one is to pair with the queen. He is father of the hive. Indolent and luxurious, he takes no part in the internal operations of the domicile, and never leaves it with a view of sharing in the labors of the field. When he does venture abroad it is only in the finest weather, and during the warmest part of the day. He is easily distinguished from the workers by his larger size, by his heavy motion in flight, and by his loud humming sound. His life is extremely short.

MISCELLANY.

FECUNDATION OF VEGETABLES.

From the "Object Pleasures, and Advantages of Science."

The lightness of inflammable gas is well known.—When bladders, of any size, are filled with it, they rise upwards, and float in the air. Now, it is a most curious fact ascertained by Mr. Knight, that the fine dust, by means of which plants are impregnated one from another, is composed of very small globules, filled with this gas—in a word, of small air balloons.—These globules thus float from the male plant through the air, and striking against the females, are detained by a glue prepared on purpose to stop them, which no sooner moistens the globules than they explode, and their substance remains, the gas flying off, which enabled them to float. A provision of a very simple kind is also, in some cases, made to prevent the male and female blossoms of the same plant from breeding together, this being found to injure the breed of vegetables, just as breeding in and in does the breed of animals. It is contrived that the dust shall be shed by the male blossoms before the female is ready to be affected by it, so that the impregnation must be performed by the dust of some other plant, and in this way the breed be crossed. The light gas with which the globules are filled is most essential to the operation, as it conveys them to great distances. A plantation of yew trees has been known, in this way, to impregnate another several hundred yards off.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straitlance to his master, a rich Quaker of the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noon-tide meal to day."

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calls Lawyer Foxcraft hath come into thy pantry and stolen it—yea, and hath eaten it."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

Yea, verily I saw it with my eyes, and it was lawyer Foxcraft's dog; even Pinch'em."

Upon what evil times have we fallen!"—sighed the harmless secretary as he wended his way to his neighbors office. "Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into my neighbors pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer."

"Know thou, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and six-pence, which I paid for it in the market this morning."

"O well; then it is my opinion that I must pay for it;" and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity, I have yet farther to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings for advice."

"Then, verily I must pay thee, and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch, and been defiled."

SAM JONSON'S DEFINITION OF POLITICAL PRINCIPLE.—Sam Jonson and Pete Gombo met "promiscuously," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, last evening. After each had touched his beaver in the manner prescribed by etiquette, and gone through a few salutary phrases, Pete Gombo entered at once upon weighty matters.

"Sam," said Pete, "you is de only one in de wide circulation ob my acquaintances what seems to comprehend knowledges and de sciences."

Sam—You pays me a complement dare, Pete, I does'nt desarb, no how; you is now gibin me wat white folks calls de yaller soap. Yaw! yaw! yaw!

Pete—No, Sam, it's right dawn, no mistake; but tell me, dis is de portant question I wants to come at wor's de natur ob dis politereal principler wot white folks be always talkin' bout?

Sam—Well, look hea, Pete, guess you has got dis child at last; de truf is I has gibed dat question a great deal ob consideration, but neber could get de hang of it. I hab come to de conclusion, however, dat politercal principler is kinder ob a sorter ob shin-plaster currency wot dont draw much interest, no how.

Pete—Zackly my 'pinion; your defernition gibs me quite a satisfaction—Pic.

LARGE TREES.

The largest tree in the world is said to be the *Adansonia digitata*, which is found in Senegal, Egypt and Abyssinia. The trunk is from 20 to 30 feet in diameter, and divides into branches of great size, which spread out drooping at the extremities and form a mass of verdure 150 feet in diameter, and 70 feet in height. The wood is light and soft. And the negroes sometimes hollow out chambers in the trunk and deposit their dead within them, where they become mummies, perfectly dried and well preserved.

A rich banker of Paris happened to be present at the representation of Hamlet, in which Talma, as usual, by the fidelity and force of his delineation drew tears from the whole of his numerous audience. Being questioned by a person sitting near him, who was astonished to perceive that he alone remained unaffected during the most pathetic scene, the banker coolly replied, "I do not cry, because, in the first place, none of this is true; and secondly, supposing it to be true, what business is it of mine?"—*La Farel*.

CHARITY SERMON.

Dean Swift, of eccentric memory, once preached a sermon at St. Patrick's church, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his hearers, which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the same error. His text was, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord; that which he hath given will he pay him again." The dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatic tone, added, "Now my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust." It is worthy of remark that the quietness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

TENDENCY OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.
TO PRODUCE LUNACY.

From the London Lunatic Asylum Report.

Of all the causes which, by promoting actions and movements in the living body, disorder the functions of the intellect, the frequent use of intoxicating liquors is the most prolific. It would be well if the law defined the circumstances under which it may be justified to prevent men from effecting their own destruction, and involving their families in misery and ruin. All good legislators have endeavored to oppose the progress of drunkenness. It was proscribed by Solon and Lycurgus at Athens and Lacedæmon. The ancient Saracens, Carthaginians, the Nervii, used no vinous liquor, because it made them effeminate. Amongst the Romans the vice was odious; and the Koran of Mahomet expressly denies wine to the Mussulman. "Wine biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," says Solomon; and our own unequalled bard declares, that "every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil." The immediate effect of wine or spirits on the human frame is to increase the circulation, excite the brain, and, by producing an unusual determination to it, irritate and force it into a series of irregularities. When violent and preternatural accumulation of blood in the vessels of the head keep up this irritation permanently, the intellectual operations become suspended or depraved, and insanity is the final consequence. In constitutions where there is a disposition to insanity or idiotism, the paroxysm will often be brought on by intoxication, and continue for months; remote but certain consequences of the abuse of fermented liquors are the disorder of the stomach and digestive organs, and subsequent disorganization of the liver, and alteration of its secretion. The sympathies of the viscera with affections of the head, and with anxiety of mind, were known to the writers of sacred history, and the remarkable dependence of mental disturbance on a disordered state of the abdominal viscera is now established. A man, about the middle age, who had held respectable situations as a non-commissioned officer, was admitted into the asylum the 13th day of April, 1826; his disorder was of short date, and said to have been produced by frequent intoxication. He was quiet and inoffensive, but thoughtful and dejected; and he asserted that his wife (who had lately died) was always about him, urging him to self-destruction, and requiring him to perform extraordinary acts of expiation for his neglect of her. His case was marked with evident disorder of the digestive organs and hepatic depravity; means were taken to alter and restore these to their healthy action; mercurial purgative and tonic aperients were used with effect, and the recovery of his reason was progressive with the improvement in his abdominal disease. He was discharged from the hospital the 13th of May, perfectly recovered in health and intellect.—When a man is depressed by worldly misfortunes, he will often seek a dissipation of his gloom in the cheering stimulus of wine or spirits, "which carries in its draught the last confusion of thought." To this momentary relief from mental sufferings, a disordered state of the circulation and digestive organs will invariably succeed; which, reacting on the brain, increases the mental agony, and gives it a more severe and acrimonious character. If the practice is persevered in, the weakened digestive faculties cause the permanent disorder of the viscera, and render the determination of blood to the head habitual. The brain becomes more liable to be affected by the stimulus of the mind, and re-acts on it to the aggravation of the original disturbance. Thus common grief, which in health would soon subside, is converted into a compound of cerebral and visceral derangement, aggravated in its progress, frequently uncontrollable by medicine, and which will be likely to terminate in madness.

OTHELLO SAVED FROM SUICIDE.—I was behind Covent Garden stage one evening in my boyhood, when a gentleman made his *debut* in Othello, Mr. Hull played Gratiano. In the last scene, the new actor, naturally bewildered on such an occasion, had neglected to provide himself with a dagger with which to kill himself; and before he recollected this oversight, had got as far, in his concluding speech, as—"I took by the throat the circumcised dog," when almost at his wits end for something to "smite him" with, he looked

round, saw a drawn sword in Mr. Hull's hand, and snatched it by way of substitute for the weapon he ought to have had. It happened to be a true Toledo, and indeed a very sharp one; and Othello's abruptly seizing it, Mr. Hull, in most benevolent terror and agitation, losing sight of his assumed character, and anxious only for the personal safety of the *debutant*, rushed forward, seized the rapier, and exclaimed, in his richly energetic, though somewhat tremulous style of voice—"For God Almighty's sake, dont, sir!—it is a real sword!" and the curtain dropped amidst the convulsed laughter of the whole house.—*T. Dibdin.*

Surprising Property of Oil.—The action of oil, in stopping the violent ebullition of various substances, is truly surprising. It is well known that if a mixture of sugar, honey, or the like, be boiling upon the fire, and in danger of rising over the sides of the vessel, the pouring in of a little oil makes it immediately subside. In many cases the marking a circle round the inside of a vessel, in which a liquor of this kind is to be boiled, with a piece of hard soap, shall, like a magic ring, confine the ebullition to that height, and not to suffer it to stir any further. This is wholly owing to the oil or fat contained in the soap; but there is, besides these, another very important use of oil on a like occasion, which is the pouring a little of it on any metallic solution, while making; this restrains the ascent of the noxious vapors; preserves the operator from danger and at the same time, by keeping down the evaporating matter, gives redoubled strength to the menstruum. Pliny has mentioned an extraordinary effect of oil, in stilling the surface of water when it is agitated with waves and the use made of it, by the divers for this purpose.

A Curious Fact.—The statement of Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, if it be a *fact*, is a curious one. It is well known that almost every one looking down from a great height, feels affected by vertigo—giddiness of the head—and a sensation of sickening insecurity. But he avers, from repeated experience, that this only occurs when the individual is sitting or standing upon something connected with the ground, even if it be only by a rope, or any other slight communication with the earth. But that entirely isolated from the earth, no such feeling or sensation can be experienced.

Mode of Making Sheet Lead in China.—The Chinese, in manufacturing the thin sheet lead in which their teas are imported into this country, conduct the operation in an exceeding simple manner. The laminae are not rolled, as, from their extreme thinness, might be supposed; not even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate, but actually cast at once in the state in which we see them. Two men are employed; one of them is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone standing at his side. His fellow workman stands beside him, with a crucible containing the melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the moveable stone, and placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured on in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed—the process being carried on with singular rapidity.—The rough edges of the plate are then cut off, and they are afterwards soldered together for use. Mr. Waddell, a Scotchman, who witnessed the operation in China, applied a similar method with great success in the formation of thin plates of zinc, for galvanic purposes.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

Swiss Honesty.—A traveller relates that in a town in Switzerland, it is customary for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the church yard; and that there is not an example on record of an article being taken away except by the rightful owner.

A PRESIDENT.—"Pat, do you know what is that they call a President?" "Indade, and dont I sure? It's a fellow that they set up to blackguard and call names, and if he can stand being called a rascal, a fool and tyrant, why then they just put him in President—that's all."

A Spaniard's Idea of the Americans.—A Spaniard was once asked how he liked the Americans. He hesitated a while, but at length declared that he hated them. Upon being urged for his reasons, he answered, "Because they eat vinegar with their veal!"

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCT 24, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

IMPORTANT FOREIGN NEWS.—The steam ship Acadia, Capt. Miller, arrived at Boston, on Sunday last, from Liverpool, bringing important intelligence. Our limits only enable us to give a bird's-eye view of that which appears to be the most interesting:—The question of peace or war, in Europe, is still in doubt.—Military preparations, are progressing on as large a scale as ever, and the public journals, are any thing but pacific. Mehemet Ali had consented to accede to the treaty of July, but his offer was not listened to; and there was no doubt but that the four powers would compel him to accede to their dictation. Beyroot has been reduced to ashes, after a bombardment of nine days, and the Egyptians had evacuated the town, which was in possession of the allies. A firman deposing Mehemet Ali, had been communicated to his Highness, by the Consuls General, of the four powers, who instantly struck their flags, and retired aboard their shipping. Ten thousand additional troops, have been ordered to embark at Constantinople for Cyprus. The Jena, manned with 750, and the Scipio, with 670 men, have sailed for the Levant. These two ships are destined to reinforce the French Mediterranean fleet.—Several other vessels with troops have been despatched on similar errands. From China, the news is important. Intelligence had been received by the way of Calcutta, of the total destruction of the forts of the Boca Tigris, by the English vessels. The expedition was making preparation to raze Canton to the ground. The Princess Augusta, of England, died on the 25th of September, aged 78. There has been a dreadful fire at Davenport, Eng. which resulted in the partial destruction of the Royal Naval Arsenal, and property to the amount of nearly half a million. Many naval relics, of much national pride were destroyed. The flag under which Nelson, fought at Trafalgar, was burnt together with the flag of lord Exmouth, at Algiers.—The trial of Louis Napoleon had been nearly concluded, and the Attorney General had demanded the application of the "Penal Code, which enjoin the punishment of death for such an offence." The young Prince was ably defended, and his fate could not be predicted with any certainty. Madame Laffarge, had been convicted and sentenced to the pillory and hard labor for life. The King of Holland has abdicated his throne in favor of his son. It is said that the cause for laying aside his crown, arises from a wish to retire to private life, and unite himself with one of the ladies of his court in which he has heretofore been strongly opposed. [Very sensible indeed.]

The St. Louis Bulletin says it was reported at Bellevue that a fight had taken place between a band of some 500 Sioux and one or 200 Pottawatamies. One Sioux and two Pottawatamies were killed. The latter performed the scalp dance over the body of the dead Sioux.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The Boston Transcript, relates an extraordinary accident, which has lately happened in Pittsfield. Dr. Davis while lecturing on chemistry, at that place, by some means inhaled some concentrated sulphuric acid. Soon afterwards he was unable to breathe through his mouth or nose, and an incision had to be made into his windpipe; by which means he has been enabled to breathe, although faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. The Dr. is president of the medical school, and professor of chemistry, in the Berkshire school.

The Article on our first page, from our esteemed brother of Memphis, is commended to the attention of the brethren at large, as embracing much historical research, connected with the early origin of the Institution, as well as its practical adaptation to our various wants. We shall conclude it next week.

BRAHAM.—This celebrated vocalist, perhaps the greatest the world ever produced, arrived in the President on Sunday with his family. He was engaged by Placide, in London, to perform at the Park Theatre, to commence early in December.

The cargo of the Spanish bark Rosini, which was picked up by the wreckers under such mysterious circumstances, and taken into Nassau, N. P., is valued at \$190,000. Nothing has as yet transpired to unravel the mystery which surrounds her.

We are much obliged to our "cousin" of the Microscope, for extracting our article in relation to the reconciliation of the order of the I.O.O.F. but we are not obliged to him for the abominable blunder in making us say that we "rejoiced in the almost entire ruin of the disaffected." Such a sentiment would not be very brotherly. "RETURN" would have read better.

LIBERALITY.—The Treasurer of the Bunker Hill Association, acknowledges \$10,000 as a donation, from Amos Lawrence, Esq.

Intelligence.

Daring Robbery.—The store of Mr. E. P. Lescente jeweller, at the southeast corner of Market and Third st., was entered sometime yesterday between the hours of 11 A. M. and 6 P. M. and goods to the amount of \$13,000 stolen therefrom. A boy who sleeps there at night had his suspicions excited when on attempting to get into the store on Sunday afternoon, he found the key-hole obstructed on the inside. He immediately went in search of his employer who, after various attempts at different places, obtained admission by cutting through the floor, when the full extent of the robbery was made evident.—U. S. Gazette.

Fatal Accident.—A young woman, aged 19 years, wife of Mr. James Raymond, of Ponds, in this town came to her death, last Sunday morning under most agonizing circumstances. An acquaintance was in the house at the time, who was requested by Mr. Raymond to examine the lock of a gun which was out of order. He took the gun, being informed that it was not loaded, pointed it to the fire place and snapped it, without its going off; but as he was snapping it a second time, the unfortunate female unknowingly placed herself before the gun to attend to some culinary duty, when the whole contents were discharged into her leg. A surgeon was immediately called, but before he could return to procure his instruments, she bled to death.—Plymouth Rock, Oct. 10.

ASTHMA.—A friend informs us, says the Floridian, that a gentleman of South Carolina has been cured of the Asthma of many years standing, by the use of the

root of the cottonplant, green or black seed. A strong decoction of the root; a tumbler full to be drank three times a day.

Frozen Potatoes.—When potatoes are frozen, soak them for three hours in cold water before cooking them. If they are frozen very hard, dissolve a quarter of an ounce of salt pretre to every peck, add it to the water. Frozen potatoes will yield more flour for starch than fresh ones. That flour, with as much wheat flour, some butter; sugar, yeast, and currants, will make excellent "tea bread," which will keep a month.

Melancholy Accident.—Mr. Simeon Nutting aged 38 years, of Groton, Mass., was suddenly killed under the following circumstances. While looking at the operation of the machinery in Mr. Howe's mills, he lost his balance, was precipitated into the wheel pit, and was immediately killed. He was respected by a numerous circle of relations and friends who mourn his untimely death.—[Lowell Adv.]

Married.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Jas. Hodge, Mr. Grange Sard, to Miss Lucy Ann, daughter of the late Mr. John Cook, all of this city.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Wm. Snyter, of Greenbush, to Miss Mary M. Flansburgh, of New Scotland.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Cordell, Charles Z. Cordell, to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Gray.

Also, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Capt. Wm. Fuller, to Lydia Sweezy, all of Baltimore.

In Fulton co. Harper A. V. D. Van Epps, to Isabella M'Gill, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Christopher Sickles, to Miss Almira Gibbons, both of Coeymans. Also by the same, Mr. Wm. N. Russell, of Bethlehem, to Miss Francis M'Ewen of New Scotland.

At Rochester, Geo. W. Ellis, of this city, to Miss Ann Maria Jones, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday, the 14th inst. James Bennett, aged 26, formerly of Baltimore, Md. [Mr. B. was at the time of his death, M. N. G. of American Lodge of I. O. O. F. in this city, and his remains were interred on Sunday last, by the brethren of that Order, with the usual solemnities.]

In this city, Liberty Johnson, aged 36. At Hudson, on the 13th inst. Miss Elizabeth Wendell, of this city.

On Saturday last, Miss Louisa Britton. In Hudson, Ashbel Stoddard, printer, aged 78.

On Monday, 18th inst. Phebe Bice, wife of John Fenshaw, and daughter of the late Abraham Bice of this city.

NOTICES.

We will feel ourselves under particular obligation to those of our subscribers, who may not intend to bind their papers, if any of them will send us by mail, Nos. 31, 36, 37 and 51 of the first Vol. Owing to accident, or carelessness, we are destitute of these numbers.

Those gentlemen who are acting as Agents for us, will oblige us, by being particular in making remittances, to send the name of the subscriber to whom credit is to be given. It will save us much trouble.

Those of our patrons, who intend to render an earnest of substantial patronage, will, we trust, comply with our terms, and either pay their subscriptions to an authorised agent, or hand it to the post master, who is authorised by law to send it free of postage.—Our terms are \$2.50, if not paid within six months, or \$3, at the end of the year.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840.—Content.—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bulwinkle; Windham; Pultney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runglet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	3d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Wheeling, Va.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101.	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19.	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47.	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 47.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn.	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	3d Tuesday.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840.—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.
State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county

Three members of Assembly.
A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER.

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.

Tallmage Fairchild, Czarokis.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Telf, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.

James Cavanaugh, Watertown.

James M'Kear, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Borodino.

Francis Mills, Kingston, U. C.

Lewis S. Daleplatt, Wheeling, Va.

Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

J. H. M'Mahon, Memphis, Tennessee.

James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.

G. L. Cope, Jr. Savannah.

A. C. Davis, Portsmouth, N. H.

D. M. Sheffield, Tallahassee, Florida.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore. Audubon's Birds of America, coloured plates, No. 18. Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait. Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire.

Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London, vols. received.

The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America, &c., &c.

POETRY.

MASONIC ODE.

TUNE—*Indian philosopher*.—*Quick Time*.

Hail! Masonry, thou craft divine,
Where nature's besutious arts combine—
With sciences to unfold:
The glories and the bliss of heaven,
Th' man whose image God has given—
A form of finest mould.

Atheists may seek the wond'rous cause,
Why craftsmen urg'd by craftsmen's laws—
Oppose all arts in vain;
An architect has form'd a plan,
That reason governs godlike man,
On nature's glorious scene.

Our lodge shall ride on reason's laws,
And reason tell the wond'rous cause—
Why man by God forgiven:
Here various sects as one combine,
Lead captive love in chains divine—
On earth a mason's heaven.

Thus spake the trumpet of the Lord,
And angels with attention heard—
Through heaven's ethereal spheres;
The architect wand for earth
First gave to masonry a birth—
To dry the orphan's tears.

The widow shall not sigh unheard,
But as by oil on Aaron's beard—
Choice blessings were bestow'd;
A mason's love shall soothe her grief,
A mason's hand bestow relief—
The holiest gift of God.

There Eden's blooming garden bow'd,
While in the East the master stood.
Euphrates cease'd to flow:
Havilah's precious bdellium shone,
Her sons brought forth the onyx stone—
As gift of riches glow.

Gihon the land where Moses stood,
Proclaim'd the power of Israel's God—
A mason's rod behold:
Hiddekel spread her eastern charms,
Chose the embrace of masons arms—
And three in one revealed.

Join masons, join in sign and word,
The East is guarded by the sword—
Of flames and cherubims:
Science, her joyous lights reveal,
The cordial every wound shall heal—
We praise the King of kings.

NIGHT.

BY NEALE.

'Tis dark abroad. The majesty of night
Bows down superbly from her utmost height.
Stretches her starless plumes across the world,
And all the banners of the wind are furled.
How heavily we breathe amid such gloom!
As if we slumber'd in creation's tomb.
It is the noon of that tremendous hour,
When life is helpless, and the dead have power.
When solitudes are peopled—when the sky
Is swept by shady wings, that, sailing by,
Proclaim their watch is set; when hidden rills
Are chirping on their course; and all the hills
Are bright with armor; when the starry vests
And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests
Of moon-light sentinels, are sparkling round;
And all the air is one rich, floating sound.
When countless voices in the day unheard,
Are piping from their haunts; and every bird
That loves the leafy wood, and blooming bower,
And echoing cave, is singing to her flower.
When watery tunes are richest—and the call
Of wandering streamlets, as they part and fall

Is foaming melody, is all around—
Like fairy harps beneath enchanted ground.
Sweet, downy, distant music! like the breath
Of airy flutes that blew before an infant's death.
It is that hour of quiet ecstasy,
When every ruffling wind that passes by
The sleeping leaf, makes busiest minstrelsy;
When, all at once! amid the quivering shade,
Millions of diamond sparklers are betrayed!
When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song
Of keen tuned grass, comes piercing along;
When windy pipes are heard—and many a lute
Is touched amid the skies, and then is mute;
When even the foliage on the glittering steep,
Of feathery bloom—is *whispering in its sleep*.
It is that hour when whispering ones will weep,
And know not why—when we would gladly sleep
Our last,—last sleep; and feel no touch of fear
Unconscious where we are, or what is near;
Till we are startled by a falling tear,
That unexpected gathered in our eye,
While we were ranting for you blessed sky;
That hour of gratitude—of whispering prayer,
When we can hear a worship in the air;
When we are lifted from the earth, and feel
Light, fanning wings around us faintly wheel,
And o'er our lids and brow a blessing steal;
And then—as if our sins were all forgiven—
And all our tears were wiped and we in heaven!

THE THINGS THAT CHANGE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Know'st thou that seas are sweeping
Where domes and towers have been?
When the clear wave is sleeping,
Those piles may yet be seen;
Far down below the glossy tide,
Man's dwellings where his voice hath died!

Know'st thou that flocks are feeding
Above the tombs of old,
Which kings, their armies leading,
Have lingered to behold?
A short smooth greenward o'er them spread,
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Know'st thou, that now the token
Of cities once renowned,
Is but some pillar broken,
With grass and wall-flowers crowned;
While the lone serpent rears her young,
Where the triumphant lyre hath rung!

Well, well I know the story
Of ages passed away,
And the mournful wrecks that glory
Hath left to dull decay;
But thou hast yet a tale to learn,
More full of warnings, sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges
Through ruined fane and hall—
Oh! the deep soul hath changes
More sorrowful than all!
Talk not, while these before thee throng,
Of silence in the place of song.

See Scorn, where Love hath perished,
Distrust where Friendship grew;
Pride, where once Nature cherished
All tender thoughts and true;
And shadows of oblivion thrown
O'er every trace of idols gone.

Grieve not for tombs far scattered,
For temples prostrate laid;
In thine own heart lie shattered
The altars it had made!
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear—
Heap up no more its treasures here!

FAREWELL.

By the late Dr. Heber, bishop of Calcutta.
When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,

When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were merey to the pain
Of them that bid farewell!

THE WIDOW.

"But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost:
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit:
And so he'll die."

She said she was alone within the world:—
How could she but be sad!
She whispered something of a lad,
With eyes of blue and light hair sweetly curled—
But the grave had the child!
And yet a voice she heard
When at the lattice, calm and mild,
The mother in the twilight saw the vine-leaves stirred.
"Mother," it seemed to say,
"I love thee;
When thou dost by the side of thy lone willow pray,
My spirit writes the words above thee:—
Mother, I watch o'er thee—I love thee."

Where was the husband of that widowed thing,—
That seraph's earthly sire?
A soldier dares a soldier's fire;
The murderous ball brought death upon its wing,
Beneath a foreign sky.
He fell in sunny Spain;
The wife, in silence, saw him die,
But the blue eyes of the fond boy gave drops like rain.
"Mother," the poor lad cried,
"He's dying!
We are close by thee, father,—at thy bleeding side—
Dost thou not hear thy Arthur crying?
Mother, his lids are closed—he's dying!"

It was a stormy time when the man fell;
And the youth shrunk and pined;
Consumption's worm his pulse entwined—
"Prepare his shroud," rang out the convent bell.
Yet, through his pain he smiled,
To soothe a parent's grief:—
Sad soul! she could not be beguiled:
She saw the bud must quit its guardian leaf!
"Mother," he faintly said,
"Come near me—
Kiss me—and let me in my father's grave be laid—
I've prayed for thee, and God will hear me—
Mother, I'll come again and cheer thee!"

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.
Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 9.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS

Delivered in commemoration of the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on Wednesday, 24th June, A. L. 5840,

Before the Companions and Brethren of Washington Chapter, No. 13, and Memphis Lodge, No. 91.

By J. H. McMahon, Grand Scribe of the State of Tennessee.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 58.]

The theory just presented to your view in regard to the introduction of masonry into England, although not supported by testimony as full and unequivocal as could be desired, appears, nevertheless, to be the most probable. It furnishes, more than any other with which I am acquainted, a chain of masonic history, which reaches back to that prophetic age, and to that angel visited land, from which there is—in the unwritten traditions of our Order, and in the very nature of its frame-work—the strongest internal evidence that it has descended. It is matter of serious regret, that many valuable records were lost during the English Revolution, and that others were destroyed by over-scrupulous brethren, which might have materially elucidated the point under consideration. Assuming, however, the hypothesis that our art was brought to the west of Europe by the disciples of Pythagoras, the task is not difficult to trace a relationship so intimate as to amount to an identity, between them and the builders of the Temple under Solomon; for it is well known by those familiar with the sacred history, that Tyre from whose king Solomon received material assistance in the erection of that magnificent edifice, was the principal city of Phœnicians, among whom Pythagoras is said to have received his masonic knowledge. That it was from them he obtained much of his instruction in the "true manner of fashioning all things for man's use," is most probable; for it was chiefly on account of their superior skill over the servants of Solomon in hewing timber, and other branches of architectural knowledge, that they were employed in the work. There were, besides, as we are told by the sacred record, "strangers in the land," who were also employed in the work of the temple, in bearing burthens, in hewing in the mountains, and in overseeing the work. Now, if it required the "hewers of wood" sent by Hiram of Tyre, to be more skillful than the servants of Solomon as a necessary qualification to their being employed in preparing materials for the Temple, the inference is plain that these "strangers in the land," who were entrusted not only with "hewing in the mountains," but appointed to "oversee the work," must also have been endowed with extraordinary skill and proficiency in that branch of the arts which is embraced in operative masonry.

In a word, that they were a separate and distinct association or class of men, having a superior knowledge of building over the Jews, equal to that of the Phœnicians,—if, indeed, they were not of that race of people,—and composing a branch of that common brotherhood of architects, known to exist at that period in different parts of Asia, the works of whose hands have been the wonder of all after ages. Granting, then, that up to the period of their employment in erecting the Temple, the speculative or religious principle of freemasonry was unknown among them, until infused into their fraternity by Solomon, I would ask—if the account given in the Bible, of the building of this great edifice be true—and I presume there are none in this assembly who will question it—what is more probable than that the men who were engaged to it, and who were eye-witnesses of its awful dedica-

tion to the Most High; who saw its altar lighted by the "fire which came down from Heaven," and who stood beneath the shadow of the "cloud" which veiled the dread Presence of the INVISIBLE I AM;—what I say, is more probable than that these men should have been indoctrinated by their Grand Master, Solomon, in the solemn mysteries of a religion which he had received direct from Heaven, by being constituted a peculiar society of men, whose symbolic rites and ceremonies were to typify and shadow forth, through all time the worship of that true and living God, of whose majesty and power they had had such signal and sublime manifestations? It is most reasonable and probable; so much so, indeed, that the expectation of the establishment of some such permanent memorial, springs up as it were instinctively in the mind, while dwelling upon the supernatural occurrences recorded by the inspired writer. The traditions of our Order give to this reasonable conjecture the character of a well attested fact, preserved and faithfully handed down from generation to generation, until the present time.

When the Temple was completed, and the craftsmen were disbanded, perfected by their seven years apprenticeship under the wisest monarch that has ever lived, it is reasonable to suppose that many of them would search in the adjacent countries for the employment of their skill in architecture—carrying with them of course, and cherishing with peculiar care and affection, the new feature which had been superadded to their profession by the monarch of Israel. Nothing is more natural than that, drawn together by a common remembrance of the pleasant scenes in the Holy City, they should meet together in Lodges in the strange countries in which they were sojourning, to enjoy the delights of fraternal intercourse, and to improve each other in masonic knowledge. Thus masonry was diffused throughout the eastern world;—making it not only probable, but almost certain, that Pythagoras, who at a later period, travelled in search of knowledge "through Egypt and Syria, and the countries where the Phœnicians had established colonies," and made himself acquainted with the occult learning of the East, was also instructed in the arts and precepts practised and inculcated by the builders of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, and their successors.

In support of this view, let us compare the Pythagorean Fraternity established at Crotona—the members of which were instructed in the arts and sciences of the East—with the institution of Ancient Freemasonry. Before any one was received into the order, established by Pythagoras at Crotona, a minute and diligent inquiry was instituted as to his character and temper. If the issue of this inquiry was favorable to the candidate, he bound himself by a solemn engagement, to conceal from the uninitiated the mysteries in which he might be instructed. The doctrine of charity, of universal benevolence, and especially of affection to the order, were warmly recommended to the young disciples; and such, we are told, was the influence they had upon their minds, that discord seemed to have been banished from Italy, and the golden age to have returned. Strangers, of every country, of every religion, and of every rank in life, if properly qualified, were received into the association. They had particular words and signs by which they might distinguish each other and correspond at a distance.—They wore white garments as an emblem of innocence. They had a particular regard for the East. They advanced from one step of knowledge to another. They were forbidden to commit to writing their mysteries, which were preserved solely by oral tradition. The Pythagorean secrets consisted chiefly of the arts and sciences, united with theology and ethics, and were communicated to the initiated in cyphers and symbols. To those who were destitute of acute discernment, these hieroglyphic representations seemed pregnant with absurdity; while others, of more penetration, dis-

cerned in them hidden treasures, calculated to improve the understanding, and purify the heart.* These points of resemblance in every essential feature are so striking, as almost to force the conviction upon the mind, that the Pythagorean Fraternity established in Italy several centuries before the birth of Christ, and the institution of Freemasonry as it appeared in England in the 15th century, were one and the same in spirit and in substance.

It would extend this address far beyond the limits I have assigned to it, and require an unwarrantable draft upon your time and patience, to notice, *in extenso* the several sects and associations which have existed in different countries since the building of Solomon's Temple;—all practising similar rites—inculcating the same precepts—having like objects:—in fine, possessing all the characteristics of Freemasonry. To the curious, the subject is an interesting one; and is eminently worthy of the investigation of every mason, who appreciates as he should, the institution of which he is a member. Enough, I trust, has been exhibited in the imperfect history I have sketched before you, to show, that the assumption that masonry has existed since the building of the Temple, so far from deserving the stigma of absurd credulity which is often cast upon it, is susceptible of almost positive demonstration.

I come now, my respected audience, to speak of the nature, and the objects had in view, by the institution of Freemasonry. In few words, its nature is that of a Social Brotherhood, connected together by certain fixed and unchangeable laws, of universal application; and its object the happiness of the whole human race, without respect to country, rank, or creed. Universal Benevolence is the essential spirit of its being—Charity and Truth the bond and surety of its preservation. Teaching no creed in religion but that of dependence upon, and accountability to, the ONE ETERNAL and ALMIGHTY GOD, it embraces in its communion the "good and true" of all sects and opinions. The Christian, whose humble yet unwavering faith is in the Sacrifice upon the Cross; and the Mahometan, whose hope of paradise is gathered from the shrine of the Prophet at Mecca;—the unbelieving Jew, who still dreams of a Messiah yet to come; and the untutored Indian, who

"Sees God in the clouds, and hears him in the wind,"—all here find an altar at which, unmolested by the logmas of others, they can offer up their devotions to the Grand Architect of the Universe. Men of all creeds in politics here meet together, and find a refuge from the dissensions which too often mar the harmony of social intercourse; and here all ranks, from the monarch who sways the sceptre of empires, to the humblest laborer who toils for his daily bread, meet upon the level of true worth and merit.

But this is not all. If masonry stopped here, admirable in its constitution as it would unquestionably be, it might well be asked what were its claims to the regard of that portion of mankind who do not participate in its rites and mysteries. But the sphere of its benevolence is not confined to the circle of the brotherhood, wide and extended as it has become. In the language of our ancient precepts and charges:—"The mother country of a mason is *The World*; within the circle of his compass is contained every thing that concerns mankind, and every suffering human being has a sacred claim upon his regard. He is not to wait until his ears ring with the lamentations of the miserable; but is affectionately to anticipate the wants of the unfortunate, and inspire them with courage—looking for his reward, not in the vain and loud applause of the multitude, but in the silent and secret testimony of his own heart, and in the sacred pleasure with which he is contemplated by the Deity." His charity is not the mite extorted by a cold sense of duty to the necessities of a suffering brother in indigence;

* Mac. Reg. Vol. I, p. 122—Ed. Freemasonry.

nor even the liberal *donation* to importunate want.—
Far different is the Charity which FREEMASONRY teaches:

"She pauses not, when at her door
A shivering mortal stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands:

Her seraph-voice is ever kind;
She thinketh nothing wrong:
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth trust,—
Hope smileth at her door:
Relieveth first, then softly saith—
'Go brother—SIN NO MORE!'

This principle of charity, alone, did our Order possess no other quality of good report, ought to recommend it to the toleration and favorable regard of mankind. But in addition to the other virtues which it especially inculcates—Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice—it hath trophies of its usefulness, which no other institution, not of divine origin can exhibit.

From the period when the pure Word of the Law was preserved by the devout priests of the Temple, amidst the abominable idolatries of the apostate Israelites, to the revival of learning and the spread of letters—throughout that long night of superstition and ignorance which enveloped the world—masonry hath been the safe repository of a pure system of religion, and the faithful nurse of the useful arts and sciences. To prove this, we need but to refer again to the testimony of our brethren of the 15th century, and the evidence of our ancient charges; from which it will be seen that masons in the "olden time" taught the arts both theoretically and practically, and strenuously enforced the doctrine of accountability to God. The first words in these charges are: "*Ye shall be true men to God, and use no error or heresy by your understandings, or by wise men's teachings.*" And in the examination before Henry VI, in answer to the question—"What arts have the masons taught mankind," they reply:—"They have taught the arts of agriculture, architecture, astronomy, geometry, numbers, music, poetry, chemistry, government and religion." That they taught the art of building practically as well as theoretically, is evident from the second of the old charges, which is as follows: "*Secondly, also, That no master take work, but that he take reasonable pay for it; so that the Lord, [or employer] may be truly served, and the master to live honestly, and to pay his fellows truly. And that no master or fellow supplant others of their work; that is to say, that if he hath taken a work, or else staid master of any work, that he shall not put him out, unless he be unable of cunning to make an end of his work. And no master or fellow shall take an apprentice for less than seven years.*" That they were scrupulous in their morality, to live under a "tongue of good report," is also proven by one more extract which I shall give from these old "landmarks of our Order," for the especial edification of my younger brethren, the entered apprentices and fellow crafts of this Lodge:—"Ninthly, That no fellow go into the town by night, except he have a fellow with him, who may bear him record that he was in an honest place!"—a rule requiring a degree of circumspection in the outward deportment of our ancient brethren, eminently worthy of our emulation in the present day.

I have not, my respected audience, followed in the beaten track of those who have endeavored to remove the thousand and one objections which are urged against our institution. Nor have I endeavored to excuse or defend the inconsistency of those who wear its badges, while they are far from conforming to its precepts. There is nothing on earth so good, but there will be found some one to cavil at it, and no association of men so righteous that a Judas hath not crept into its bosom. Even our Holy Religion is rejected of men in this the 19th century, as an absurd fable; and the bitter and ashy fruits borne by many a tree sheltered in the garden of the Church, afford a mournful evidence that it is not among masons alone, that the frailties and corruptions of our natures have to be sorrowed for. While this is the case, I cannot but re-

gard a labored defence of Freemasonry, as a work of useless supererogation. Upon us, my brethren, in our daily walk and conversation among our fellow men, devolves all the defence which the genius of masonry requires at the hands of her followers and advocates. If we but walk uprightly in the paths in which she would lead us and reverence and obey the laws which she has given us, we may smile at the slanders of the reviler and the jeers of the scorner. But if, on the other hand, we profess that which is good with our lips, and do only evil continually in our lives,—if we who are her children, by our conduct condemn and dishonor her in her own household,—in vain will be the arguments of sophism and the pleadings of eloquence to shield us from the execration with which the single-hearted and the good ever regard the hypocrite or her from the contempt which the world visits upon the false divinities set up by hypocrites for its worship. Actions, not words, constitute the arguments which masonry requires in answer to the objections of her enemies.

Nevertheless, there is one objection, often urged by our female friends, which I feel bound to endeavor to remove, much as I fear I have already taxed your good nature and patience; I mean the exclusion of WOMAN from our Lodge rooms. To the allegation that by the denial to her of a participation in the rites and ceremonies of masonry, disrespect is shown to the sex, we plead, and vehemently too, "Not guilty!" Without going into the graver reasons which might be drawn from the nature and origin of our institution, it is enough to state that masonry is designed to smooth and polish the rough asperities of man's fierce and rugged nature; not to "gild the rainbow" by increasing the gentle loveliness of her character. She needs no such aid, to make her "good and true," and humane, and charitable. Spontaneously the soft tear of pity bedews her cheek at the tale of woe; and her gentle bosom, from the impulse of nature, heaves with tender emotions at the sight of human wretchedness. The adventitious aid of mystical institutions, and the use of symbols, is not necessary to lead her to the practice of the virtues. Her own heart is the Lodge in which these preside; and the dictates of their will is with her a sufficient incentive to action.* But there are other reasons equally or more cogent. Should we admit woman to our Lodge rooms, who would answer for the continuance of that brotherly affection which is the very bond and cement of our institution? Love—that knows no brotherhood, and brooks no fellowship—would enter there; and rivalries would spring up, bringing in their train the monster Jealousy, on whose approach meek-eyed Charity would depart forever, to mourn over the ruined altars and desecrated temples from which she had been driven. Nay more: The presence of woman would undermine the very foundations of the time-honored edifice. Who would perceive the "light against light," which now shines upon our labors, when his soul was illumined by the light of her eyes? Who would give heed to the voice of Wisdom in the East, when his ears were filled with the melody of her voice? Or who would appreciate the Beauty which adorns our Temple, when his heart was swelling with the busy tumult of sweet emotions, conjured up by the spell of her beauty? No, my hearers, the Wisdom which founded masonry, has wisely ordained WOMAN a higher sphere than the "ground floor" of our Temple. To us are assigned the outer courts and workshops of the "checkered pavement;" that we may by patient labor with the implements of our profession, "knock off the rough corners" of our rude nature, so as to be fitted for admittance into that upper chamber—into that hallowed sanctuary, where she presides, and be "received and acknowledged," as worthy brothers, companions, and friends.

But while woman, for wise reasons, is excluded from the Lodge,—not as is often flippantly alledged, because we deem her untrustworthy—masonry by no means withholds from her its benefits. Its hand is ever stretched out to the widow and her orphans, and its sleepless vigilance is her constant defence against the insidious attacks of the vile and unprincipled. Far from its holding derogatory to her sex, I boldly affirm that there is not, in the whole range of mere human institutions, any society of men, which assigns to woman so high a rank in the social scale, or which provides so fully and effectually for her protection and welfare under every contingency in human life. Her

*Dalcho.

dignity, happiness and honor, are the peculiar objects of masonic guardianship; and of him who swerves from his duty in this respect, it may be truly said, that it "were better a mill stone had been hanged around his neck," than to have so offended.

BRETHREN—Entered Apprentices! You have put on the lambskin or white leathern apron, in token of your innocence and the purity of your intentions. It is more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle—more honorable than the Star and Garter, or any other order that could be conferred upon you by king, prince or potentate, unless he be a mason. Let its unspotted whiteness constantly remind you of that purity of life and conduct which is so essentially necessary, not only to the good report of the Lodge of which you are members, but to your admittance into the Celestial Lodge above, where the Great Architect of the Universe presides.

Fellow Crafts! The symbolic implements which have been committed to you, are full of meaning, and deserve your diligent use and study. By them you are admonished to walk uprightly in your several stations before Heaven and man, squaring your actions by the square of virtue, ever keeping in remembrance that you are hastening upon the level of time, to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

Master Masons! You have been invested with a degree which imposes on you high and solemn duties not only towards your brethren of the Order, but towards mankind in general. Universal Benevolence you are always to inculcate, and by the regularity of your own deportment afford the best example for the conduct of others less informed.

Mark Masters! In the enlarged field of masonic knowledge which has been laid open before you, you have abundant food for the contemplative and inquiring mind. Study so to regulate your conduct, that it will stand the test of the Grand Overseer's square, when you shall be offered as materials in the construction of that spiritual building—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Past Masters! On you is devolved, not only the all-important duty of self-government, but also the supervision and government of your brethren. Upon your performance of these duties, I need not admonish you, depends much of the dignity and respectability of the Craft.

Most Excellent Masters! To dispense light and truth to your uninformed brethren, is one of your great duties. To qualify yourselves for its discharge, should be one of your highest pleasures, and the constant occupation of your leisure moments.

Companions of the Royal Arch! You stand upon an elevation to which none should attain but those who have passed the ordeal of the most strict and rigid scrutiny. I need not remind you of the admonition which you have in the color of the badges you wear to be "ferrent in the exercise of your devotions to heaven, and faithful in your endeavors to promote the happiness of man."

COMPANIONS AND BRETHREN! On this day, consecrated to the memory of one whom Christians love, and Masons venerate, it is meet that we should all ponder well the character we bear before the world. Constituting a portion of that great family of a society, more ancient than hoary Tradition herself; and claiming kindred with the long line of worthies which reaches back from the illustrious dead of our own day, thro' the dim mists of ages, to the priests who ministered at the altar when the fire came down from Heaven, and the glory of the Lord filled the house of the first Temple, it is very meet that we should examine well whether we be worthy of our profession, and of a lineage so truly honorable. Forming a part in the tie of Universal Benevolence with which our Order encircles the world, it is especially appropriate on this day to renew and strengthen our determination to make bright the link which we compose in the great chain of "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth"—by keeping it free, alike from the rust of slothful indulgence, and the canker of a spirit of uncharitableness. Let us my companions and brethren, flourish as the tree beside the fountain of waters, and it shall be said of it, by the common voice of mankind, as it was prayed for the Holy City, by the Psalmist of old:

"PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS;
AND PROSPERITY WITHIN THY PALACES!"

VARIETY.

THE HERMIT ROBBER OF SCALA GRECA.

SOME time since, a hermit of reputed sanctity took up his abode in a cavern on the ascent of the Scala Greca near Syracuse, supporting himself, as was supposed by the charity of casual passengers: he inhabited this cave for many years, during which time travellers between Syracuse and Catania were often missing. As Sicily has always had the reputation of abounding in robbers, it was supposed that these persons had fallen in such hands, and had been murdered; some of them were seen, for the last time, in the neighborhood of the Scala Greca, but no one suspected the pious hermit. It happened that a Gentleman riding alone to Syracuse, was in the middle of the pass accosted by the holy father, who asked, as usual, for charity; as these demands from such subjects are never or rarely refused, the horseman stopped to make a donation: he observed that the hermit extended his left hand for the gift, keeping his right crossed upon his breast; this would, perhaps in itself excited suspicion, but an accidental motion, or perhaps a premature attempt, discovered to the astonished traveller that the pious man grasped a formidable stiletto, whilst he kept his eye fixed on him with peculiar earnestness. There was no time to be lost; he dropped his purse as if by accident, and, as the other stooped to pick it up, knocked him down with the butt end of his whip, and putting his horse to full speed, soon arrived in Syracuse, where he told his tale, procured assistance from the magistrates, and returned in search of the hermit, who in the meantime, had effected his escape; but in the cave were found various hiding-places, containing money and goods to a great amount; many of the articles were afterwards recognized as belonging to people who were missing. The robber, who been severely hurt by the blow, was found and brought into Syracuse the same evening by some peasants. He confessed having murdered at different times not less than twenty-five travellers, the remains of several of whom were afterwards dug up in the neighborhood of the cave.

BURSTING OF STOVES.—The Philadelphia Gazette relates an instance of the bursting of a stove from covering up the fires. It was a large common stove in the laboratory of a chemist, and had been partly filled with wet or damp anthracite coal placed on ignited coal, and the whole covered with ashes. In an hour or so afterwards a tremendous explosion occurred, and on entering the laboratory the stove was found blown into pieces, and the pipe split asunder to the ceiling. The phenomenon is attributed to the accumulation of gas in the stove before the fire burst into flame, and when the flame touched it, the explosion followed. The case is mentioned as a warning to housekeepers.

A PICTURE.—A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing with thoughtful brow upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tints her soft cheeks, the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round full lips, the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her as her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes, it must be so; but hush! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eye brightens, her lips part—she speaks—listen—"Jim you nasty fool you! quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell Mar!"

The 29th anniversary of the New Jersey Baptist Association was held at Pemberton, Burlington county, on the 8th and 9th ult. Letters were received from 56 churches, having 33 ordained ministers and 4 licensed preachers, 3800 members; and during the past year 601, and received by 17. The church at Cohansey, founded in 1640, is the oldest of all in the association, being 160 years since its establishment. The association passed resolutions, as we learn by the Bridgeton Chronicle, in recommendation of the Ame-

ican Baptist publication and Sunday school society, Sabbath schools, American and Foreign Bible Society Hamilton literary and theological institution, total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, &c. Several of the churches have adopted the principle and pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a term of communion, and speak of the benefit derived the pledge being made a test of membership among them. M. J. Rhees was appointed to preach the next annual sermon.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

SHOT.—It will be recollected that a daring runaway slave killed one man and dangerously wounded another who attempted to arrest him, in the Third Municipality, some five or six weeks since, and made his escape into the swamp. Capt. Harper got information of his haunt, and accompanied by Commissary Barry and two others, all armed, proceeded on Wednesday night to arrest him. It was far down, in the rear of Dr. Luzenburg's Hospital; when they reached there he was lying under a musquito bar. Hearing their approach, he jumped up and fired at Capt. Harper and those with him, and missed them. The Capt. then fired off one shot from a double barrel gun loaded with buck shot; he fired the contents of the second barrel, which the negro received in his right breast and fell. They then arrested him and brought him to the Second Municipality police prison. He is seriously wounded, and will not, it is thought recover.

He says his name is Nelson Brown, and that he belongs to Charles Archipel or Richenel. He is a mulatto of much muscular strength.—*N. O. Picayune, Oct. 16.*

The Opium Trade of China.—A letter from Macao says—"To prove to you the fact that the Chinese have not themselves the power to put down the opium trade, I must only state that I have ascertained that the quantity of opium (including the quantity that was not delivered to the Chinese in April last, and that sent to Manila by the Portuguese) since the first of June last up till now, has been 19,000 chests. This includes many cargoes that have gone to Manila; but as it is all destined for the Chinese market, I think it but fair to include all as imported to China."

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.—The U. S. Marshall who has just completed the census of Cincinnati, mentions these incidents:

I met a man who had ruined himself by intemperance, and was subsisting on charity, that I knew in Pittsburg in the year 1815, owner of a fine property and store worth \$50,000 at that time. The property alone, I have no doubt, would since have brought \$150,000.

I found in the person of a day laborer in one of our foundries a man who had once owned a large iron establishment in Scotland, on the Carron side. He had become involved with others, and rendered insolvent. My sympathies were the more strongly excited here from the simple dignity which forebore repining or complaint the family manifested in the case.

I found also the widow of a distinguished professor in an Eastern college, who was at the time eating her humble supper with her daughter, under such circumstances of penury, that their very table was formed of a board laid across an old barrel!

I have found in the city two cases of disparity of age between the oldest and youngest brother, worthy of notice. In one instance the oldest brother was 69, the youngest 25. In the other when the father was living, and aged 73 years, one brother was 46 and the other 2.

LOOK OUT.—Counterfeit Fives on the Bank of Warsaw at Genesee, an institution established under the Free Banking Law, are in circulation. They may be easily detected by the vignette which has a representation of cattle, and a man on horseback, and is entirely different from the original. On the right hand side of the bill there is a likeness of Franklin, and on the left, near the bottom, one of Washington.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK.—In Buenos Ayres horses are so plentiful that beggars make their rounds asking alms on horseback, and do not consider that position as diminishing in any degree their claims to sympathy.

A DOG.—The Baltimore Sun states that Mr. Kinght of the Holiday street theatre, while passing along the street the other day accidentally dropped his pocket book, containing \$50. When he had proceeded some distance he discovered his loss, and was about retracing his steps to search for the book when he met his dog running up to him with the pocket book in his mouth. The only reward the sagacious animal demanded was a caress from his master.

New Idea in Economy.—We gather from the Cincinnati Spirit of the Times, that some of the inhabitants of that city have discovered a way to make rag carpets still cheaper than ever. Some of these folks attend political meetings armed with scissors, with which they cut pieces from the coat tails of both whigs and democrats, while they are crowded together to listen to their stump orators. These pieces, excised in the manner aforesaid, are afterwards converted into carpeting, so that from increase in the manufacture the price of the article has fallen. They work together; but we presume they must make a neutral carpet.

Choose Good Company.—Young men are in general but little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep. The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is an evidence that they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with persons of bad character always sinks a young man in the eye of the public.

On Saturday last a woman while walking over the canal bridge on the Worcester railroad, where the track is double, unexpectedly met the train, and probably being confused, and not knowing which track the train was on, she fell, and throwing her arm across the rail, it was cut entirely off by the engine. The engineer used every effort to stop the train, and had nearly succeeded. The woman immediately received every attention which her situation required.

LIBERIA.—Accounts have been received from Liberia, up to the 5th of September. Things were generally prosperous, but great mortality prevailed amongst the new emigrants. Forty-two of the passengers by the Saluda have died. They were located temporarily at Bassa Cove, until Bexley could be gotten ready for them.

FLOUR IN OHIO.—In the month of September, about one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of flour, or its equivalent in wheat, were exported from Cleveland, Ohio. The whole state, according to the Cincinnati Chronicle, will export during the present season, something like one million of barrels of flour, or its equivalent in wheat. Low as the price of flour is, this will bring seasonable aid to the finance of the State.

FROM FLORIDA.—The express rider going west with the mails, was fired upon on the seventh inst. near Fort Holmes. His horse was shot under him, but he seized the mails and fled, but was obliged to drop them in the pursuit. Lieut. McKinstry, of the 5th infantry, started after the Indians. He found the quarter part of the mail. The only letters broken open were those addressed to the commanding general and it is believed that they are in possession of important information relative to the campaign in Florida. Another correspondent writes that Capt. Beal caught an Indian near Fort Fanning—he states he was at the battle of Hanson had, and that eighteen Indians were killed dead on the field and many wounded, and have died since.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Extensive Conflagrations.—The Extensive flouring establishment and plaster mill of Messrs Vail & Hayner, on the Poestenkill, in the eighth ward of this city, took place this morning about 6 o'clock, and about 9 were entirely destroyed. A large quantity of wheat and flour was destroyed. The bridge over the stream and several adjoining buildings took fire, but were saved with little injury. The loss estimated at \$50,000.—Insured by the Troy Mutual Insurance Company, we understand, to one half of that amount.—*Troy Budget of Wednesday.*

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

A little more than twenty years ago, at the time when Britain and the United States of North America had engaged in war, a respectable merchant in Glasgow sustained such pecuniary inconvenience from that event, that he was under the necessity of calling a meeting of his creditors, and declaring his incapacity to meet his engagements. Having always borne a fair character, he met with very lenient treatment from those to whom he stood indebted; and the more so, as the cause of his commercial embarrassments was well known to be one over which had no control. Besides, there was some hope or chance of ultimate indemnification to all parties. In the mean time, however, Mr. Hamilton was subjected to all the ordinary consequences of insolvency. He gave up all he possessed to his creditors, reduced his domestic establishment, and attempted to recommence business on a small scale, with a sum which his creditors were liberal enough to allow him to retain. But being far advanced in years, the evil was in a great measure an irretrievable one to the poor merchant.

Happily, the family dependent on Mr. Hamilton was a small one. He had been twice married, and his second partner was still living; but she had brought him no children, and his only offspring was a girl whom his first wife had presented him with. Elizabeth Hamilton, or Betsy, as she was almost uniformly called, was about sixteen years of age when her father's misfortunes occurred. An eye, uncommonly clear, and of the deepest blue, hair almost of the "lilt white" of the poet, and curling naturally round her well-shaped and finely set head, and a figure light and graceful, made her an object of general admiration. Betsy Hamilton, as has been said, had lost her mother, but she had found a recompense for the loss in the individual who had become her mother's successor. Mrs. Hamilton was a prudent sensible woman, and set the common bye-word at nought, by loving her step-daughter dearly, watching over her happiness unceasingly.

Mrs. Hamilton did her best to comfort her husband under his distresses. She submitted cheerfully to the dismissal of her servants, and to all the other retrenchments which his altered circumstances demanded. She was even the first to suggest many alterations of this nature in their household economy; and among other plans, she suggested that they should endeavor to eke out their income by letting their best room to a lodger. In execution of this proposal, a ticket was hung out at the window, and it had not been there long until it produced the desired effect. A gentleman called, attended by a servant boy, and inquired the price of the lodgings. Mrs. Hamilton thought the lodger was not precisely of the proper description; she would have preferred a quiet elderly gentleman, likely to keep no company, or give much trouble, whereas her present visitor was young, not more, to appearance, than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She therefore asked a high price, thinking the inquirer might thus be deterred from taking the lodgings. But although he remarked that the price was high, the gentleman said, "As the room is neat, and the situation suits me, we shan't part about the money. To-morrow at ten I will be here. My servant will be about me during the day, but he sleeps elsewhere." Mrs. Hamilton could now make no further objections, and accordingly the gentleman came at the appointed time, and was duly installed in his new apartments.

Mr. Salkeld, for so was the lodger named, proved to be a person of uncommonly quiet habits, and of frank open manners and disposition. He was only a visitor to Glasgow, or at least but a temporary resident in it. This much the Hamiltons soon learnt, but their lodger did not communicate any further particulars about himself, although he nightly spent an hour or two in chatting with Mr. Hamilton, and in listening patiently to the honest man's irrepressible grumbings at the Americans, whose hot-headed obstinacy he arraigned as the cause of all his personal troubles. By and by seeing the inconvenience to which Mrs. Hamilton was often put, in consequence of her having no other as-

sistance in the house than that of an old woman who came now and then, Mr. Salkeld proposed to take his meals along with the family, and this was agreed to. The lodger thus became in a measure one of the family; and his manly open bearing, and prepossessing appearance, soon led Mrs. Hamilton to forget that he was not the elderly gentleman whom she had desired as an inmate of her house. Mr. Salkeld's boy was also of great use to her, though he was sometimes sent away by his master, and remained absent for a day or two. At these times, Betsy, who assisted her stepmother in the house as much as the latter would permit, had frequently to attend to Mr. Salkeld's wants and requests. But then he was so plain and unassuming, that it was "more like waiting on a brother than on a stranger," as Mrs. Hamilton used to remark.

After Mr. Salkeld had passed between two or three months in Mrs. Hamilton's lodgings, it chanced that Betsy's grandmother, by the mother's side, paid the debt of nature. She resided at a place in the country, about five miles from the city, and at her death a considerable legacy fell to Betsy Hamilton, consisting partly of personal property or moveables of various kinds, which it was necessary for her to look after in person. It was arranged that she should do this some days after the funeral. When the morning for the visit came, she dressed herself, intending, as the distance was short, to proceed on foot to her late grandmother's residence. "Betsy, my dear said her stepmother, when the young girl came down from her room, "Betsy, surely you are not going *thus* to your grandmother's relations? Where is your black gown? Why have you not put it on?" "You know, mother, it is not really necessary that I should put on mourning," said Betsy; "a white dress, arranged as mine is, is more used now; and I know you think white always becomes me best. Besides, my black gown does not fit me, mother, you know; and so I"— "Yes, Betsy, my dear, I knew all this; but I really wonder to hear you attending to such things on such an occasion. You cannot feel much for the loss of a relative of whom you have seen so little, but I would have expected you to think less about how your gown looks when going where you are." Betsy coloured at the reproof, and hung down her head. "Well, my love," continued Mrs. Hamilton kindly, "I believe it is no great matter after all, and you have not time to change your dress again. It is now half twelve; you must away to be home in good time."

At the close of the same day, when night had begun to set in, Mrs. Hamilton sat in her parlor wondering what could be detaining Betsy so long. Time ran on; eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and she made not her appearance. Mrs. Hamilton fretted much about the circumstance, although her husband, whose temper was more phlegmatic, assured her again and again that Betsy would be staying all night at her aunt's house, and that nothing could be wrong. Mr. Salkeld, too, when he came home for the night, endeavored to back Mr. Hamilton's assurance; but the good lady spent on the whole a very miserable evening, followed by an almost sleepless night. She had a presentiment of evil upon her mind, and, as is very common in such cases, could not tell what it was that alarmed her, or from what quarter she feared evil. Unfortunately, her forebodings proved correct. Betsy Hamilton did not return in the morning, and her father immediately walked off to inquire for her. In about three hours he returned, pale and anxious, and sank into a chair before his wife. "Mr. Hamilton," said she, "for God's sake tell me where is Betsy! Is she ill—is she dead?" The poor woman had to repeat her questions before her husband spoke. "No, my dear," said he, "no, I hope she is not dead; but where she is, God knows. She has not been seen at her aunt's."

Mrs. Hamilton was in greater distress than ever at this information. But she had more activity of mind than her husband, and she soon roused herself to a sense of the propriety and necessity of taking steps for discovering whether any accident had happened to Betsy on her walk to the country, or if she had stopped at the house of any friend. All this was done. Inquiries were made along the whole road, but nobody had seen or heard of such a person as Betsy Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton herself called at the houses of all the acquaintances of the family, but learnt no-

thing from any but one party, who had seen Betsy on the day of her disappearance. Strange to say, she had then been going in a direction quite opposite to that of her aunt's residence. The person who told this could not be in a mistake, as Betsy had spoken a few words to her in passing. Mrs. Hamilton was astonished and alarmed more and more by this communication. On getting home, she urged her husband to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, entreating any person who had seen a young girl of Betsy's appearance within the time in question, to communicate what they knew. Mr. Hamilton did as his wife advised, only omitting the name of the parties concerned. This appeared in the newspapers on the second morning after the poor girl's disappearance, but no information resulted from the step.

Mr. Salkeld participated strongly in the distress of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and often endeavored to speak words of consolation to them, though it was difficult to find any reasonable grounds whereon to build hope. He offered to do any thing that Mrs. Hamilton could think likely to be of use. But after two days passed away, the stepmother, remembering the circumstance of the white dress, became convinced that Betsy had gone away of her own free will, and that whenever they heard of her again, it must be through herself. So she merely thanked Mr. Salkeld, but did not put his offered services in requisition. Besides he was called away from home, and was absent for two days. It was on the fourth day of Betsy's absence that he again returned to his lodgings, and still nothing had been heard of her. Mrs. Hamilton was found by him in a state bordering on distraction. She could do nothing but move restlessly about the house, wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "My poor Betsy! my poor motherless bairn! Villainous hands must they be that can keep you away from your home. My poor misguided lassie!" These and such-like exclamations showed that a suspicion had sprung up in her mind, of Betsy having been induced to leave home by some one, who, notwithstanding her quiet, and indeed remarkably secluded life, had found means to address her, and gain her affections—whether for foul or fair purposes, none could say.

A simple accident gave a totally new turn to Mrs. Hamilton's thoughts on this affair. Passing by the door of Mr. Salkeld's room, about two hours after that gentleman's return home, Mrs. Hamilton heard her lodger speaking in a low voice to his servant lad. But three or four words of the conversation reached her ear. These words were, "Say to her I will be with her in two hours—pointedly." At first Mrs. Hamilton took little notice of what she had thus heard. It was only when, in spite of her distress, a natural feeling of womanly curiosity led her to reflect on these words and to conjecture who the *her* could refer to, that a suspicion for the first time flashed across her mind that Mr. Salkeld might be the actor in Betsy's abduction. "Oh, no," thought she again, "he is so good, so sedate, so honorable; and there never seemed anything between him and Betsy—never. They took little notice of each other, and were never for any length of time together, except going to church. No, no, he cannot, he would not harm her." But again, the fact of his two day's absence came forcibly on the mind of Mrs. Hamilton, and she remembered his having frequently said that he knew no one in the city, not a single family but their own. Reflections of this order gained the way finally, and the stepmother of the lost girl resolved, at least, to set a close watch on Mr. Salkeld's motions. But the poor lady's impatience to be at the truth overpowered her more temperate resolve, and before her lodger left his room, after she had the words just mentioned, Mrs. Hamilton stood in his presence. As soon as she came into the apartment, he exclaimed, "Oh Mrs. Hamilton, I am glad I have seen you just now. I will be obliged to leave home again for a short time—indeed only till some time to-morrow." These words determined the wavering mind of the lady. "Never!" she answered, turning the same time, and locking the door behind her; "never, Mr. Salkeld, shall you quit this house—this room—till I have satisfied me where you have taken Betsy Hamilton! I am convinced you know where she is; I am convinced it is you who have taken her away! Your looks admit it: you cannot—you dare not deny it!" Mr. Salkeld did indeed evince confusion and discomposure, but he said—"You wrong me, Mrs. Hamilton; you do indeed—and must not

think to stop me on such a charge as this!" "Stop you!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, whose feelings were strongly roused. "stop you! If I had my poor deluded motherless child again, whatever you may have made her, I would drive you from my doors! But till I know what has become of her, you shall not go. If you go by force, I will follow you—everywhere—to the world's end, but I will have her from you!" "My dear Mrs. Hamilton, for the love of goodness be quiet," said the gentleman; but his hearer was not in a mood to be thus checked. "Quiet!" she reiterated. "you will tell me to be quiet, and almost confess to what you have done! Oh, man, man! can you hope for mercy at the last day with such sin upon your head as that of destroying a creature so young and so innocent?"

An overpowering flood of tears here came to the relief of the poor woman, and she sank into a chair, and gave way to her grief. Mr. Salkeld thus got an opportunity to speak. He said, "You wrong me, Mrs. Hamilton, cruelly wrong me! I am not the man to do what you accuse me of, and least of all to one whom I would give up my own life to save from ruin. Yes, I confess that Betsy has gone with me; that it is I who have induced her to go from home; but it was to become my wife." These words aroused Mrs. Hamilton, but her suspicions were not allayed. "And why has she not become your wife, if this be true?" said she. "Unforeseen difficulties came in the way, but she is my wife now," said Mr. Salkeld, "and in a few hours she may be here herself to prove it." "Where is she?" returned Mrs. Hamilton, whom the frank and truthful tone of her lodger began to inspire with a joyful hope. "where is she! Oh, if this be true, why such mystery, Mr. Salkeld! You see the misery it has caused." "I have seen it with the utmost distress," was the reply, "but you will find that it was not intended. All will be explained, and Mr. Hamilton, I hope, will forgive all. Shall I go for Betsy now?" "Yes, but I must go with you," said the lady hurriedly. "Well, I will get a carriage, and you too shall go if you will," replied Mr. Salkeld, with a smile. Mrs. Hamilton felt ashamed of her lingering suspicion, and said, "No, I am wronging you. I will stay, and prepare Mr. Hamilton for again seeing his daughter."

Within two hours afterwards, a carriage drove up to the door, and Betsy Hamilton was handed out of it, handsomely or rather richly dressed, and as became a bride. She had another lady with her, a person with whose daughter she had been formerly at boarding-school. When Betsy came into the house of her father again, she besought his pardon on her knees. "I am too happy to see you to be angry, Betsy," said he; "I am more pleased than if I had my fortune again from these Americans." These words made Betsy look a little blank, and she exchanged a glance with her husband. Mr. Salkeld knelt besides his young wife, and said "You will forgive me too, sir—even if I should be an American myself!" "An American!" said Mr. Hamilton. "Yes, my dear father," said Betsy, "that has been the cause of all our distress. Mr. Salkeld was afraid you would not consent on that account." "Yes sir," said Mr. Salkeld, "I am captain and owner of a merchantman now detained in the Clyde. I saw your strong prejudices against us, and persuaded your daughter to become my wife in private. But when told that I was an American, no clergyman here would marry us, and we were ultimately obliged to go to Gretna-Green, and so were absent four days instead of one. Betsy was much fatigued with the journey, besides being so much harassed, during the days of her absence, on your account, that she was unable to come directly back to you along with me, and remained with this lady, who was kind enough to give her a refuge during all our unexpected delays."

The lady alluded to corroborated Mr. Salkeld's words, and described so forcibly the sufferings experienced by Betsy on account of her parents, that the latter were more willing to pardon her, and imprudence had already cost her much. As for the marriage, it was a happy one for all parties. Mr. Hamilton ultimately recovered all his property through his son-in-law's influence. Betsy is now one of the most respected matrons of the Union. Such is a story of real life, told as it occurred. By telling it, we do not regret any approval of some features in it, particularly

the conduct of the heroine, which was not only indecorous, but might have had the most fatal consequences to those interested in her welfare; with this remark, we leave the tale in other respects to the judgment of the reader.

THE LEGENDARY.

NANCY'S HILL.

A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, now celebrated by the painter and the poet, in the bosom of the valley through which the Saco winds, rises a little eminence which was pointed out to me as Nancy's Hill. Nash was a celebrated hunter; the storms of winter, terrible as they were amid the desert of mountains which was his home, and the tempests of the sultry summer, equally terrible and more appalling, were alike indifferent to him. In one of his numerous excursions, he led more for the benefit of the country than all the philosophers before or since his time—for he first explored the wonderful passage, which opened an easy intercourse between the inhabitants east and west of the Gap. Yet he wrote no book on the subject, and never claimed the honor of the discovery. Many people thought he loved hunting merely for the hardships he encountered; for he never grew rich, and often gave away what he had gained by weeks of toil; but he had only himself to provide for, and without a wife or children, and with no object of peculiar interest to engage his attention, he cared little whether he spent the night on the highest peak of Mount Washington, or in one of the valleys, seven or eight thousand feet below it. There was nobody to be anxious about him, or to count the live long hours while he was away, and he often boasted that his home was *everywhere*.

But this could not last always—for Nash was yet but a stripling, and it was not surprising that among his wanderings he should find a girl pretty enough to think it were well for a hunter to have a home. He told strange stories to Nancy, (for that was her name) of what dreadful precipices he had scaled, what chasms he had leaped, what fierce and blood-thirsty animals he had encountered, and she listened, like Desdemona, she lost her heart.

She was the gentlest of human beings, and though only a domestic, had a heart as tender, and a complexion as fair as any-born gentlewoman. It almost overwhelmed her to think of the hardships poor Nash endured, while she enjoyed the comforts of an old-fashioned kitchen corner, with a forest of logs blazing in the chimney, and the privilege of sitting at the table with the conscientious Puritan family, who would have thought it a sin to make a difference on earth, when the Supreme Being made none in heaven. It is not wonderful that when Nash proposed marrying Nancy, and promised to run no more "hair breadth scapes," she should listen to him and consent to become his lawful wife. But it was necessary that he should make another hunting excursion before they were married—he said he must go once more through his favorite gap of mountains, and bring back subsistence for the winter. It was in vain that Nancy assured him she would want nothing—Nash knew better, and after many a kind embrace set off, promising to be back in a very short time. Nancy's idea of time and his did not agree—weeks passed away, and the winter came on with its usual threatening aspect—at length she heard accidentally, that the hunter was about forty miles distant. The strange idea entered her head to go to him—it was wonderful that such a timid gentle being should have thought of such a thing—but she knew that next to herself, Nash loved the chase, and she feared that perhaps he might content himself with hunting bears and wolves all winter. The family tried hard to dissuade her from the wild scheme, but she determined to go—and as poor Nancy belonged to nobody, nobody had a right to control her. She wrapped herself in her cloak, and set off to follow her lover through the gap.

The snow was already deep, and there was not a house for many a long mile. Storm after storm came on—the family with which she had lived became anxious about her; they said, "it was distraction in her to go; it was tempting of Providence, and she must

take the consequences." In the mean time, Nash was unusually successful, and began his course homeward laden with riches. It was just one week after Nancy's departure that he reached the little hill before mentioned. It was late at night; the whole earth was covered with crusted snow—you might walk on the hill top without making any impression. The trees were hung with icicles, and glittered in the moonlight like diamonds. Nash ascended the little hill, when he came into the valley through which the State runs—he loved such scenes and such evenings; he thought of Nancy, and wished she was there—he knew he could wrap her in his moose-skin and keep her warm. He was not apt to be imaginative, and yet all at once he thought he perceived his mistress standing opposite to him and leaning her head against a tree. He strained his eye-balls to look at the object. "Moonlight," said he, "makes strange works of things—my head is always full of her," and he looked another way—but when he turned she still stood there. He approached nearer; the moon never shone brighter, and not an object intercepted its beams—they fell upon the pale unearthly countenance of the maiden—her eyes were closed as if asleep—he took her hand; it was cold and hard like marble. Weary and benumbed, she had reclined against the tree—it was sweet to rest there and dream of her lover! She slept, and woke no more! Her form was slightly inclined forward, and the glittering branches bent over her, and her winding sheet was a robe of ice! Such is the tradition of Nancy's Hill.

THE GATHERER.

COURTSHIP IN "OLD VIRGINNY."

The ladies of Old Virginia have devised a new mode of winning hearts. Archery, that favorite sport of the olden time, has been revived, and Cupid's bow and arrows is no longer a fable tale, but an actual matter of the fact. The Petersburg Va. Intelligencer contains quite a lively account of this novel amusement as recently introduced and practised at Fauquier Springs, Va.

It consisted of "feats of Archery" by sundry gentlemen, arranged in two parties under the titles of the Reds and Blues. The unmarried ladies were divided into two parties of fifteen each; and each young lady selected her champion from among the aspirants for Hymeneal honors. The judges were matrons, aided by Benedicts chosen expressly to discharge the important duty of deciding which party won the prize. Lists were regularly laid out, rules drawn up, and all things done in true formal style. When the battle was once begun, with all the Company looking on, the scene became deeply interesting. The mark, very appropriately was a heart, and, men even being poor bunglers at this business, we may suppose some strange "shot" was exhibited. A champion of the "red" won the prize, and his "ladye faire" crowned him in good old fashioned style, while in the evening she figured as the "Queen of love and Beauty" at a ball.

P. S. We since learn that fatal and unexpected results have ensued from this dangerous sport. Some 15 or 20 matches have been made up—and as many bachelors of course, perfectly annihilated. We drop a tear of sympathy for our unfortunate brethren.—*Hogun's Review*.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

This was a privilege formerly possessed in England by all clergymen, and consisted in their exemption from trial for felony before the civil tribunals: when they were charged with a felonious crime, they were handed over to their own ecclesiastical courts. This privilege was afterwards modified in various ways, and was extended to all persons who could read, and also to women; and, practically, those who were entitled to the benefit of clergy were not punished for any crime, further than suffering a short imprisonment, and, at the discretion of the judge, being branded on the thumb or other words, none were hanged but unlettered persons. The privilege was, however, frequently broken through, and was reduced to little else than a name, by a statute of Queen Anne; it was formally abolished in the reign of George IV., since which event all persons are equal in the eye of the law. The term "benefit of clergy" is now used only in a jocose sense.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCT 31, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. **BACK NUMBERS** at all times furnished.

MASONIC PROSPECTS, &c.—We are indebted to an esteemed correspondent for the particulars of the recent installation of Mixville Lodge, No. — in the co. of Allegany, during the present month. The exercises are described as particularly expressive, and calculated to leave a favorable impression on the minds of the auditory. The installation was well attended, and so solemn and impressive were the proceedings, that many who came avowedly for the purpose of derision, left the house with mellowed feelings, acknowledging that they never had had a correct estimate of the true features of the Institution.

Br. Blanchard Powers as Grand Master, a veteran in the cause, performed his arduous duties to admiration, although now in his seventy-second year.

Br. Ebenezer Mix, delivered the Address, which is written in his clear and perspicuous style, and which does credit both to his head and heart. We shall insert it entire in our next paper.

Our correspondent in noticing the prospects in the "infected district," says, "Olive Branch Lodge, Bethany, is doing a fine business. Most of the applicants are men of years, whose characters are formed, and well known, and who would have joined long since, had it not been for the torpid state in which the institution has so long slumbered. They are all good men and true, possessing unblemished characters. The Batavia, [here is the place where the Morgan difficulties commenced] and Le Roy Chapters, which have long been in a slumbering state, have at length awoke, and will soon resume their labors as usual. Genesee Encampment, at Lockport, continues to do well.—In fact, every thing relative to the institution looks prosperous in this quarter of the vineyard. Brethren, who have lain dormant for years, deeming it impolitic, and even dangerous to buffet the waves of anti-masonry, are now rousing themselves, brushing up and putting on the armour of Faith, Hope and Charity, and there is now more healthy animation, and heartfelt devotion to the institution, manifested by a large number of masons in Western New York, than I ever saw before. Without wishing to flatter, I will say, that the Register has had a happy influence in this region, during the past year; it has awakened the right spirit among us, and I trust it may ever continue to do so, for the interest of the craft, and I hope all your reasonable expectations may be realized. Our Sun which has so long been in the West will ere long again burst forth from the East, with renewed splendor."

EXCHANGE IN BOSTON.—An attempt is being made to erect an exchange in Boston, on the site of the old State Bank, in Chesnut st. The cost is estimated at \$310,000. All of which, except \$65,000, has been subscribed.

Mr. Editor,

Allow me to ask Gov. Seward, when we are to have Thanksgiving. The other Governors are ahead of him, and our folks are fearful that there will be a scarcity of pumpkins and other good things.

UNCLE ZEB.

"TREAT THE DRIVER."—A case has been lately tried in N. Jersey, in which a Mr. Chapman claimed damages from the owners of certain stages for injuries sustained by him, in the upsetting of a stage. It was proved that the plaintiff, had repeatedly "treated the driver," although there was no evidence to show that the injury sustained was from that cause. The judge, however, charged, that "if the plaintiff gave the driver intoxicating drink, so that he became excited, and the driving became careless from that cause, he must take the consequences resulting from it." The jury gave the plaintiff \$50. Passengers, hereafter, must look out, and "treat the driver," very moderately.

We copy in our paper to-day, the protest of the Jurors empanelled in the case of Mrs. Bradstreet.—Had any Juror made use of the same indecorous language, either in or out of court, he would undoubtedly have been committed for a contempt. We did suppose that in this government, there were no privileged order of persons, but we are mistaken. Many of the Jurors in this cause, we believe to be as fully competent to judge of the "mere right" of a question of common sense, as the learned judge himself, and for him to tell an American Jury, unless for cause, that they have "no respect for the court, or for their oath," smacks too strong of a certain Mr. Jeffrey's, of old fashioned memory to sit well on the palates of us plain republicans.

The Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J. at their late meeting, recommended to their brethren the adoption of the gown in the public services.

CANAL TOLLS.—The amount received for tolls on the New York State Canals during the third week in October, is ninety thousand six hundred and forty-one dollars and fifty-two cents.

A number of hogsheads of the new crop of sugar, were received at New Orleans on the 14th inst.

We are requested to state, that Mr. W. Whale's Saturday evening parties, will commence on Saturday, Nov. 7, at Stanwix Hall.

The number of foreigners naturalized in the city of New York, in the months of September and October, are as follows:—Common Pleas 661, Superior 260, Marine 440, U. S. District Court 45. Total, 1406.

DEATH OF A U. S. SENATOR.—The Hon. John S. Spence, U. S. Senator from Maryland, died at his residence in Worcester county, on Thursday, October 22.

DUEL.—The New Orleans papers of the 17th inst., state that on the preceding day a duel was fought with rifles by two citizens of that place, on the Bayou road, in which one of the parties a creole named Spohn, was shot dead on the spot.

A new novel by Cooper has been published in London, and it is very well received. It is entitled Christopher Columbus, on Mercedes of Castile.

The city of Annapolis, Md., has a population of 2795. Richmond, Va. 30,552, The Northern Liberties, of Philadelphia, contains 34,487 inhabitants.

Mr. Michael Lampman, of Canandaigua, was killed a few days since in South Bristol, Ontario county, by the accidental discharge of a musket in the hands of Levi Tillison, while on a hunting excursion.

Intelligence.

FIRE.—A fire broke out a little after 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the extensive range of green and hot houses at Astoria, L. I., belonging to Mr. Geo. C. Thoburn. A strong S. W. wind was blowing at the time, which threatened the total destruction of that fine establishment. The loss is serious, having destroyed the Camellia Japonica Conservatory, in which were eight hundred of these valuable plants many of which were invaluable: also the hot house with its rare collection of Cacti and Aloes, and a Papiflora Alata—the largest plant in the country. The fire proceeded from some unknown cause near the furnace. The whole house had recently been put in complete repair. It would be difficult to replace some of the plants destroyed, on account of their size and rarity.—Loss, \$7000. Insurance, \$4000.—*N. York Journal of Commerce.*

Correspondence of the Boston Mercantile Journal.
THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

BANGOR, Oct. 21, 1840.

Two of the young men who accompanied the boundary commissioners, have arrived in this city. I am informed that the whole ground has been carefully examined, and that the commissioners are on their return. Their report will probably come to us by the way of Washington; and until we get it, we must put up with such information as may casually fall from those connected with the expedition.

I am informed that there is not a doubt upon the minds of the commissioners, that the line claimed by the Americans is the true line; and that no person who makes the examination with the intention of ascertaining the truth, can arrive at any other conclusion.

HORRIBLE CASUALTY FROM SPIRIT GAS.—Mr. Paul Baker an industrious mechanic, was working on his bench at the tailoring business, at his residence, No. 171 Houston street, on the evening of Thursday last when, about 11 o'clock, his lamp, containing spirit gas, was upset, and the gas immediately caught fire. He and his wife, in trying to extinguish the flames, were burnt in horrible manner. Mrs. Baker, after some eight hours of excruciating agony expired. One of their children, was also badly burnt, as were also Mr. Baker's hands, face and legs—but there are hopes he will recover.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Western Pumpkins.—David Hawes, Esq., at Rock Island, (Ill.) raised three pumpkins this season upon one vine, of the respective weights of 120, 125 and 195 lbs.

It is said that the war in Florida is hereafter to be carried on with vigor. A portion of the W. I Squadron has been ordered to hover round the Keys, and will undoubtedly have the effect to drive the Indians elsewhere to perpetrate their depredations.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—A German Pedlar, named Wolf Neiberger, was robbed of \$1900, at Forestburg, Sullivan county, N. Y., a few days since, by two footpads. The money had been drawn a day or two before from the bank, and was the savings of a number of years.

Dreadful Accident.—The barque Daniel Wheeler, while loading at Limas, was recently the scene of a truly awful occurrence. It appears that the stevedore by name Joseph Lerome, having descended into the hold of that vessel, to superintend the lowering of an enormous size log of mahogany, was in the act of stooping for some trivial purpose, when the wynch gave way, and the mass, weighing several tons was precipitated on the unfortunate man, literally crushed him to atoms.—*Belilo Adv.*

EXECUTION IN BOMBAY.—Six Hindoos were hanged in Bombay, in July last, for the murder of Captain Whiffin, of the barque Virginia, on the Malabar coast, in the month of December.

Married.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Cady Darrow, of Schenectady co. to Miss Eleanor Strong, of this city.

Also in this city, by the Rev. Mr. Schneller, Thomas R. Courtney, Esq. to Miss Catharine Robinson.

On the 22d inst. in St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Potter, Abram Groesbeck, to Mary Louisa, daughter of Henry A. Williams, Esq. all of this city.

At Troy, David Orr, of this city, to Miss Julia Ann Pierson of the former place.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Potter, John V. L. Pruyn, to Miss Harriet Corning, daughter of Thomas Turner of Blossburgh.

At New York, Wm. J. Brown, to Jane Kelsy, of Watertown. At Troy, David L. Wells, of Utica, to Caroline Eddy, Also, David V. B. Eaton, to Lucy M. Starks.

On the 23d inst, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Clement M. Davidson, of Saratoga Springs, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of John F. Bacon, esq.

At Auburn, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. John Paige Pepper, Calvin Pepper, jr, esq. of Albany, to Miss Julia Strong, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Cassidy, aged 57 years.

At Coeymans, Philip Sheridan, aged 40.

At Fort Miller, Stephen L. Viole, aged 52. In N. York, Sophia Seaycraft, 23. In Philadelphia, Daniel Ackerman, late of the equestrian and menagerie corps in Trumbull, Ct. Namoni Kent; also her husband, Rev. James Kent. At Middletown, Rev. Benj. Bennett, for many years pastor Baptist Church, at that place, 76.

On Sabbath evening, William, only son of John Vosburgh, aged 10 months and 20 days.

At Staten Island, Richmond co. state of N. York, on the 23d day of October inst. Margaret P. March, daughter of Lewis R. and Ann Marsh aged 19 years.

On the 1st September, at Menin, Mary Sheelluck. She was a native of Ghent, and in March, 1792, entered the 2d Belgian battalion, as a male volunteer.

On November 6th, in that year, she distinguished herself at the battle of Jemappes, and received six wounds. She afterwards entered the 30th demi brigade, (Bavaria,) and made the campaigns of Germany. She was next removed to the 8th Light Infantry, and displayed great bravery at the battle of Austerlitz, in which she received a severe wound in the thigh which led to the discovery of her sex. She, however, continued to follow the regiment, and, at last, she presented a petition with her own hand to Napoleon. The Emperor received her with marked distinction, placed her tenth on the list of lieutenants, and invested her with his own hands, with a cross of the Legion of Honor, which he himself had worn. In 1807, she was granted a pension of 673 fr. Her funeral, which was celebrated in the church of Menin, was attended by every member of the Legion of Honor belonging to the garrison, and an immense concourse of people.

NOTICES.

We will feel ourselves under particular obligation to those of our subscribers, who may not intend to bind their papers, if any of them will send us by mail, Nos. 31, 36, 37 and 51 of the first Vol. Owing to accident, or carelessness, we are destitute of these numbers.

Those gentlemen who are acting as Agents for us, will oblige us, by being particular in making remittances, to send the name of the subscriber to whom credit is to be given. It will save us much trouble.

Those of our patrons, who intend to render an earnest of substantial patronage, will, we trust, comply with our terms, and either pay their subscriptions to an authorised agent, or hand it to the post master, who is authorised by law to send it free of postage. Our terms are \$2.50, if not paid within six months, or at the end of the year.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, recognitors of the grand assize in the case of Martha Bradstreet, demandant against Anson Thomas, tenant,—feeling themselves aggrieved by the unwarrantable charge made against them by Alfred Conkling, Esq. one of the judges of that court, that they had disregarded their oath,—think it due to the cause of public justice, as well as to their own characters, to publish the following statement of the transactions on the said trial so far as they relate to their conduct.

The said trial commenced on Tuesday the 20th inst. at the City Hall in this city, Judge Conkling, presiding, in the absence of the Hon. Smith Thompson, and was concluded on Friday evening, the 23rd inst.—After the evidence on both sides was closed, Judge Conkling stated to the counsel for the defendant, that he would not permit him to make any argument to the court, on any point of law which had been raised on any of the former trials of suits, brought by the said demandant against other tenants under the same claim, and which had been already decided by the said Judge Conkling (and which decision it was said comprehended all the points which could arise in this case, and had been published in a pamphlet some years since;) and the said judge also declared, that, if the grand assize should find a verdict for the demandant, he should feel it to be his duty to set it aside.

The counsel on both sides requested the court to instruct the grand assize in relation to the law applicable to the questions upon which they understood the grand assize would have to deliberate in making up their verdict. The counsel for the tenant first read from a written paper the points upon which he requested the Judge to instruct the grand assize, and the particular instructions which he wished the said judge to give; the counsel for the demandant then, in like manner, read the instructions which he desired to be given to the grand assize upon the several points which he specified. But the judge declined to give any particular instructions to the grand assize and declared his unwillingness to permit the counsel for the demandant to address the grand assize in support of the points upon which he had asked the instructions of the court.

The said judge then charged the grand assize briefly stating that there was no question of fact for them to pass upon, and saying in substance that the whole case resolved itself into a mere question of law, and that all the evidence produced by the demandant, altogether failed to make out any right in her; and that it was the duty of the grand assize to find a verdict for the tenant. After a few moments' delay, and perceiving that the grand assize did not seem inclined to render an instantaneous verdict, Judge Conkling said, "You can retire gentlemen, if you wish it;" and a constable being thereupon sworn to attend them, the grand assize retired about half past four in the afternoon, to deliberate upon the verdict.

After the grand assize had been out about four hours and before they had concluded upon a verdict, two of their number still holding out in their opinion against the rest, Judge Conkling ordered the grand assize to be brought into court about half past eight o'clock in the evening, without any request by them, or any of them, to that effect. Upon their coming into court, Judge Conkling addressed them in substance and to the effect following:

"I understand, gentlemen, that you cannot agree." No answer being immediately returned, he said "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" One of the grand assize answered that they had not. Judge Conkling then asked, "Is there any probability that you will agree?" One of the recognitors answered, "There appears to be no probability." Judge Conkling then said, "You may go home, you are discharged. And I take the occasion to make this remark, with regret, that those of you who have held out this length of time upon a mere question of law, have shown NO RESPECT FOR THE COURT OR FOR YOUR OATH." And the grand assize were thereupon discharged.

The oath which was administered to the grand assize was in the following words:—

"You swear that you will say the truth whether Anson Thomas hath more mere right to hold the tenements which Martha Bradstreet demands against him than her writ of right, or the said Martha Bradstreet to

have them as she demands the same: so help you God."

The undersigned leave it to an impartial public to determine whether their taking four hours to deliberate upon the verdict which they should render in a cause, the trial of which occupied four days, and involved a large amount of property, is any proof that they "paid no respect to their oath;" and whether the true meaning of that oath is as Judge Conkling professes to interpret it, namely: *You swear that you will say whatever the Judge directs you to.*

Albany, October 26th, 1840.

ALEXR. GRAY, B. W. HAND,
PETER SMITH, CHARLES BARTHOLOMEW,
DAVID E. HAWLEY, ABRAM HERRICK,
JOHN OWENS, THOS. HILLSON, JR.
JOHN HURDIS, WM. WHITNEY,
DAVID ST. JOHN, WM. AUSTIN,
WM. ORR, CHAUNCEY WHITNEY.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lausburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Urie Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	21 Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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G. L. Cope, jr Savannah.
A. C. Davis, Portsmouth, Ohio.
D. M. Sheffield, Talahassee, Florida.
A. S. Paister, Columbus, Miss.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore
Audubon's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18.
Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait.
Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire plates.

Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London, 3 vols. received.
The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America contrasted.

CONING & COOK, Book-binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.
Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Mrs Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

POETRY.

From the London Despatch.

"GOOD BYE."

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart—
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath the summer's sky;
But give me the sincere lips that say
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
When'er we grasp the hands of those
We would forever nigh,
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life,
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone
And the world a passing dream;
And the last pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—a last—"Good bye!"

CHANGE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

The wind is sweeping o'er the hill;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wind
Swept over life and flower;
For there was green on every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's lone song;
And by the garden bed, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and sullenly it sweeps;
No rose is opening now—
No music, for the wood dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

Oh, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past;
The likeness is the same with each—
Their summer did not last.
Each mourns above the things it loved—
One o'er a flower and leaf;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.

STANZAS.

By Henry Neele.

Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that Winter's storm's subdued,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is Ocean's lot:
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay!

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Lee-falls rest upon the plain;

The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their boundaries burst
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in nature's veins instils;
Showers, that on the parched meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly was a gentleman,
O, no very good repute;
And he roved in the sunshine all day long.
In his scarlet and purple suit;
And he left his lady-wife at home
In her own secluded bower;
Whilst he, like a bachelor flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir;
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her.
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then;
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray;
Some wild-bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away.
—Then beware, ye Butterflies all beware
If to you such a time should come:
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
You had cherished the lamp at home.

OLD BACHELORS.

BY A LADY.

Old bachelors are hateful things,
Which ought to be despised,
With hearts like broken fiddle-strings,
And just as little prized.

Unguided to love's soft thrilling touch,
No pleasure do they know;
They feel not, and they taste not much
Of happiness below.

The joys of wedlock, which they spurn,
With all its num'rous cares—
E'en for a year should lov's lamp burn,
Are worth an age of theirs.

Was't but for them, the human race
Would soon be swept away;
And even earth, to their disgrace,
Would tumble to decay:

The social bond—that bond so sweet,
Where heart and soul unite;
Where friendship, love, and union meet
Would sink in endless night.

But 'tis in vain for me to prate,
I cannot make them clever,
Old bachelors I always hate,
And must and shall for ever.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

'Tis night;—and, save the wind that shrieks
Through the dark willow, with a sound
Of hollow calmness, silence wrecks
Her gloomy strength on all around;
And in that gloom the bosom feels
A power that spurns the noisy strife
Of truant reason,—that reveals
The speechless Poetry of Life.
And lie hath poetry, unpened—
Untuned—unmeasured—and unsung,—
A minstrelsy too pure to lend
To harps which vulgar hands have strung,
And there are breasts which havenot known

The magic of this minstrelsy,
To whom love is like wine when thrown
Into the bosom of the sea.
Would it were thus with me, for now,
With the calm hour that evening brings,
There comes a strength, that seems to bow
The soul below even earthly things.
Not so in youth,—I felt it shoot
Thrilling from nerve to nerve along,
And some strange impulse checked my foot,
That might disturb the wondering song,
And left me looking on the sky,
While Fancy bore the soul above
Heaven, earth, and seas,—which to the eye
Yet seemed one Paradise of Love.
Oh youth! where is that musing air—
That heavenward look—that speechless tongue—
That ear intense which seemed to share
The themes which angel minstrels sung?
That was the music that could weep
Over the mingled tear and sigh,
Or smile like heaven upon the sleep
That shuts the wearied infant's eye;
But to the aching heart that turns
Away from earth's bewildered press,
It comes down with a strain that burns,—
The dirge of by-gone happiness!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 20th, 23d, and 24th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.

Sale of New York.

Secretary's Office, Albany, 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that at the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty-two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.

A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

au29

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content, —Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Wapole and Contemporaries; Boringhoke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,
Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS—To city subscribers. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars, if paid within 30 days after subscribing; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within 6 months, or Three Dollars, if not paid until the expiration of the year. No subscription received for less term, than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 10.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS

Delivered Oct. 7, 1840, at the public Installation of Mixville Lodge, No. — in the village of Mixville, town of Hume, Allegany county, N. Y. by EBENEZER MIX, and published by the request of the Lodge.

Brethren and Fellow Citizens.

From time immemorial it has been the custom among masons, on all occasions similar to the one, on which we have this day assembled, for some brother to address the audience, announcing the history, portraying the benefits, or defending the character of the order. At this time, the partiality of my brethren, or perhaps the exigencies of the occasion, has imposed that duty on me, and I only lament my inability to do better justice to the cause.

The antiquity of Freemasonry I shall not now attempt to prove, neither is it my present object to trace its history thro' the successive ages it has passed; it is sufficient for my present purpose, to assert that its origin is anterior to the records of man—that its principles, objects and designs—its rites, forms and ceremonies, have been the same in all ages—in all countries, and under all governments—always submitting with due deference to the usages, and even to the follies of the age—to the language and customs of the country, and the edicts and laws of the government, in which it existed—on whose air and soil it subsisted, and by the strength of whose arm it was protected.

Masonry has had its opponents from the first recorded testimony of its existence to the present time, and so has every other institution whether human or divine. This institution is viewed by the uninitiated in various lights; each has given it a character to suit his own jealous disposition—capricious fancy, or rational conviction. One class asserts that it is a powerful, altho' a corrupt, irreligious and dangerous institution. Another that it is altogether an imposition, consisting merely of pageantry and outward show, and too weak and simple to effect either good or harm.—And another class, altho' small, whose minds are a compound of credulity and superstition, who believe that the members possess literally mystical and supernatural powers, but from whence those powers are derived, whether from a good or an evil source they do not attempt to decide. And yet another class who are more candid and enlightened, (would they were more numerous,) who view it in a light far nearer the truth to wit, that it is a social, moral, charitable and religious institution, which can make men no worse, but is well calculated to make them better—that all its powers are exerted over the mind for beneficial purposes and all its mysteries, such only as are calculated to correct the morals—enlighten the understanding and refine the sentiments of man, without any supernatural agency.

I will proceed to specify some of the most prominent accusations brought against the institution by its opponents, which I shall endeavor to reply to, and refute, confining my present remarks to these subjects only.

- 1st That the masonic institution is a secret society.
- 2nd That the institution is dangerous as a political combination.
- 3rd That the institution is aristocratic.
- 4th That the order exercises undue exclusiveness in the admission of members.
- 5th That it is partial in bestowing charity and other benefits.
- 6th and last. That its rites, forms and ceremonies were instituted in the dark ages, and are behind the intelligence of the present age; likewise that they are puerile, insipid and frivolous.

Firstly, That the masonic institution is a secret society, within that meaning of the term to which any odium can be attached I deny. A secret society, properly speaking is a combination of persons, the existence of which is unknown, except to its members.—The masonic institution has been known, acknowledged and declared to exist in all civilized countries for many ages past; and the times and places of its meetings have been published to the world at all times—its principles and designs have been proclaimed by its members from the forum and the pulpit and have been published in gazettes, pamphlets and histories, wherever the art of printing, has been known.

That this institution has its secrets, I will not deny—every government, institution and society have their secrets,—every family has, or ought to have its secrets and it is no evidence of good sense or argument for us to have all that is known, said or done in governments, societies, and families, published or performed in the streets or on the house-tops; and their joys and their sorrows exposed to the envy, hatred and malice of a censorious world. To every reflecting mind it must be apparent that certain kinds of secrets, are the chief ligaments which bind society together, and renders civilized man above the brute creation.

I cannot dismiss this branch of my remarks without referring to the attempt of our opponents to render the institution odious by the falsehood and forgery which has been proclaimed and published for years past, from Louisiana to Maine and from the shores of the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, to wit, That Washington in his farewell address, warned his countrymen, to "BEWARE OF SECRET SOCIETIES."

There is scarce a reader in the United States, but what has often seen these four words printed in staring capitals, included within quotation points, and alleged to be an extract from the farewell address of Washington. If this were true and Washington had reference to the masonic society, it would have tarnished if not entirely eclipsed the lustre of his fair fame, now so bright and held so sacred in every American bosom. What! Washington the adhering member of a dangerous secret society, of which he warns his countrymen to beware, but to which he tenaciously adheres to the day of his death? No, brethren, and fellow-citizens—the whole is a forgery, manufactured and published for the basest of purposes. Neither of the words "Beware" "secret" or "societies" are to be found in the whole address, nor are there any words to be found therein, which can be distorted so as to appear to allude to the masonic society. Those who wish to palliate this foul forgery, point to the following sentence in the farewell address as the one to which the pretended extract refers—hear it—read it—weigh well its import, and I will venture to abide your decision whether it refers to the masonic society or not. It is in these words:

"All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe, the regular deliberation and action of the constitutional authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency: they serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community, and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties to make the public administration, the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of a faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests."

This, brethren and fellow citizens, is the whole amount of the long sounded alarm, said to be given by Washington against masonry. If this has any reference to the masonic society, it equally refers to every moral and religious society in community—but it refers to no such societies. It explicitly alludes to com-

binations and associations which are avowedly formed and maintained for political purposes, and even such associations it does not denounce or reprove, unless their real design is to direct, control, counteract or awe the constituted authorities; and in short unless their designs are treasonable and their aim at the subversion of the government of the nation.

Secondly, That the institution is dangerous as a political combination cannot be entertained for a moment. It is contradicted not only by the fact that all its constitutions, rules and regulations, bye-laws and charges, forbid the members meddling with politics in any manner as a masonic body or as masons. And that the discussion of, or the descanting or lecturing on any political question or subject, in any lodge, or other congregation of masons, as such, is likewise strictly prohibited. But the experience of ages has proved that these rules and regulations have been strictly adhered to, not only according to the letter but according to their spirit. How many individuals of all the different political parties, do we find in the masonic fraternity, and meeting in the same lodge, which in many cases is the only place where they do meet, divested of that political zeal and party rancor, which adds so much alloy to the enjoyment of social intercourse between man and man; at all other times and places, they are strenuously opposed to each other, and meet in collision in pursuit of every political object; but it is with pride I can say, that among all true masons, their zeal and rancor is much softened and controlled on such occasions by the fraternal relation in which they stand to each other. Yet was I a candidate for an elective office, and wished favoritism shewn me on account of belonging to any particular society, I would sooner join some popular religious society and depend on its members for favoritism, than I would ask it, or expect to receive it from the masonic fraternity.

This institution has existed under all civilized governments, and has never interfered with the concerns of any, altho' the most despotic have looked upon it with a jealous eye, on account of its republican or democratic principles. The pope of Rome who in ages past has held the control of, and been the acknowledged umpire between all the crowned heads of Europe, and arbiter of the fate of nations, has issued his bulls, and sent forth his anathemas against the order, and has caused the appalling horrors of the inquisition to be brought in requisition to suppress it.—The despots of several of the nations of that country, have at times used all their arbitrary powers to exterminate it in their respective dominions, and altho' many brethren have fallen martyrs to their faith, under the hands of these ruthless tyrants, the institution has escaped unscathed, and even uncondemned by its most inveterate enemies. Thro' all these persecutions, it has never been made to appear, that the masons, as such, interfered or attempted to interfere with the concerns of the governments under which they resided.—This amounts to almost proof positive, that they have in this matter, strictly adhered to the requirements of the order and to the course they were under obligations to pursue.

Thirdly, It is asserted that the institution is aristocratic.

How or where this idea could have originated, I know not, for a more democratic form of government never was instituted, than that by which all masonic bodies are conducted. Indeed the constitution of the United States appears to have been copied from its general outlines. In the masonic institution, the members of each subordinate lodge, elect their officers by ballot, for stated and short terms; and no brother thinks it derogatory to accept the lowest and most servile office, altho' he had previously filled the highest and most honorable with credit to himself and profit to the institution.

The three highest offices of all the subordinate lodges within a certain territory form the members of a

Grand Lodge, which elects its officers in the same manner and for similar periods as the subordinate lodges. The Grand Lodge grants charters for the establishment of all new lodges within its jurisdiction, and forms rules and regulations for its own government, as well as for the general government of all subordinate lodges of whose principal officers it is composed.—Chapters of Royal Arch Masons and Encampments of Knight Templars, have no connection with each other or, control one over the other or over lodges of master masons, altho' it is requisite that a person should be a master mason before he can become a Royal Arch Mason, and that he should receive the royal arch degree before he can be permitted to receive the orders of knight-hood.

In this institution every brother is literally on a level, and man is equal to his brother man at all times, except that inequality which must be submitted to, while in actual convocations, by the ephemeral elevation of some brethren to the necessary offices, and that inequality, caused by nature or habit of which no body of men can divest themselves, that which is ever marked by the performance of virtuous actions and proficiency in knowledge.

There has been but one proof of the aristocratic spirit and therefore dangerous tendency of the order attempted to be adduced, and of that I have taken no notice, it being too ridiculous to merit a serious refutation, which however is, the high sounding names and exalted titles, appended to some of the officers of the institution. If those names and appellations are really dangerous, a mandate should be immediately issued by the proper authority, that no person should give a child, black or white, the cognomen of Cæsar or Nero, for fear that he will one day or other, usurp the reins of government and become a despot and a tyrant.

Fourthly, Of the unjust exclusiveness of the Order.

To exempt the institution from this charge let me state one fundamental rule which governs all lodges; that is, every man of a sound discerning mind, possessing a good moral character, and believing in a Divine Overruling Power, a God—who shall regularly make application for admission, whether he is rich or poor, high or low, patrician, or plebeian is admitted into the order, all the brethren present, being fully convinced that the applicant possesses the qualifications aforesaid. But I have no doubt many well disposed persons are deceived as to the exclusiveness of the order, because they have not been invited, coaxed, nay dragged into it, as they may have been into other associations. To such I have to state that it is against the rules of the order to induce any particular individual to apply for admission, and no well instructed mason will even insinuate to an uninitiated person altho' it might be his son or brother, that it would be a benefit to him to join. We rely on this general invitation to the worthy—"Ask and ye shall receive,"—"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Under this head, would properly fall the reason for the exclusion of females from our labors and our enjoyments. To explain this peculiar trait in the character of the order, will take me farther back into its history, than I had design'd to extend my researches, but, as an explanation is due to that fairest portion of creation, I will over-step the bounds I had prescribed for my remarks.

From history and from tradition, it is evident that, freemasonry was first instituted by operative mechanics and intended to counter-balance the weight of character of the nobles, and those professing to belong to the higher classes of society, and, bring the mechanic on an equality with them, as to enjoyments, as well as to produce union in asserting their rights. In which case it could not be expected that females would be included. It may be asked why masons among all other mechanics first and exclusively formed a separate society? I answer, that, in the first ages of civilization, a local habitation was the first want that suggested itself to the necessities of mankind. Such tools as are now common for the working of wood, were then unknown and stone was the first object, which presented itself to their conceptions, whereof to construct durable edifices, and in countries where stones were scarce, and rain almost unknown, as in Egypt, clay moulded and dried or baked was used as a substitute; therefore, masonry became the first and paramount of the mechanic arts, and took the lead of all others.

After the lapse of ages, when the benefits of the society, had become apparent to all, and it was viewed with a jealous eye, by the higher ranks of society, who were not artisans—it became what is now styled speculative freemasonry, and kings, princes and nobles joined the order. Altho' the institution had now in a great measure come into the hands of another class of men, so great deference did they pay to its ancient forms and ceremonies that they punctiliously adhered to, and adopted them for the foundation of other degrees and orders, which they created thereon. These latter, formed degrees and orders, either grew out of, or were made to conform to the chivalry of the times, the members were now obligated to defend and protect, the innocent, destitute and helpless, especially of the female sex, and to wield their swords in defence of religion. Of this association, the females could not with propriety be members, for they were the defended, not the defenders, the protected, not the protectors.

Fifthly, Of the partiality of masons, in bestowing charity, &c.

On this subject I have little to say, for the whole is told in a few words. Every mason when he joins a lodge, contributes to a fund, for the assistance and support of the necessitous and worthy brethren, their families, widows and orphan children. This is a trust fund, to which the contributors, their families &c. have a right in preference to all others who are similarly situated, and when this fund is distributed to those who have not such claim, it may well be doubted, whether it is not a dereliction of duty in the trustees; but that such a distribution has often been made under peculiar circumstances, many brethren present, will bear me witness. Few persons unconnected with masonic bodies, know or suspect the extent to which the institution has proceeded in charitable offices, according to a charge of the order where it gives alms, it letteth not its left hand, know what its right hand doeth. And of charity it vaunteth not, neither is it puffed up.

Thus much for the disposition of the funds of the institution by the way of charity. But of the charity of the individual members, the constant charge to them is, "Let your charity extend unto all men, but more especially to the brotherhood," and I will venture to assert without the fear of contradiction, that the masonic brethren, as individuals, (in proportion to their numbers and ability) perform more charitable services and expend more time and means, for charitable purposes, to benefit those not belonging to the order, than any other class of society; and of their charity in the broad sense of the term, which extends to thoughts and words as well as deeds, as manifested by them to mankind generally. I defy the world to produce so good an example in any other sect, society or association, religious or irreligious, as they have ever shewn and at present practice. They make war with no other sect, society or institution, but extend the hand of charity, in its broadest sense to mankind generally, professing whatever creed or belonging to whatever persuasion; and even to their most inveterate but misguided enemies.

Sixthly and Lastly, Of the rites, forms and ceremonies of the institution.

It is asserted that our rites, forms and ceremonies were established in the dark ages of the world and are behind the intelligence of the present. On this subject, our opponents know nothing, but suppose their assertions to be correct, what does it prove? It proves conclusively, that we are determined to adhere to the old land-marks rendered venerable by time and having been passed thro' by the saints and sages—the great and the good of former ages—by our Washington, our Warren, our Franklin, our Jefferson, our Tompkins and our Clinton, together with a host of other worthies of the last. It proves that we are resolved to preserve the purity of the stream, as it first flowed from the fountain, unadulterated by the filthy poisonous and bitter waters, which might contaminate it, if innovations were allowed to be made in the present age.

Again, our opponents assert that our rites, forms and ceremonies are puerile, insipid and frivolous, their ignorance of the whole matter is again boldly asserted but suppose their fancied description of those rites forms and ceremonies is substantially correct, how can they judge of their worth, who have never participated in their application. I ask, what rites, forms, or cere-

monies have been adopted or performed by mankind, either of a moral or religious nature, from the description of which a ridiculous farce could not be made by persons bent on ridicule, to operate on those who had never soberly and feelingly passed through them and participated in their solemnities. I ask you brethren and fellow citizens as a religious and christian congregation, what an absurd and foolish representation, might not be made by an infidel, of the administration of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as practised in most christian churches—for the more sublime, solemn and impressive the original, the more absurd and ridiculous the caricature can be made to appear—But I will not proceed to explain—the theme is too sacred to dwell upon. I will leave it to your own imaginations, to fill out the sacrilegious picture.

Brethren and Fellow Citizens.

How well I have succeeded in replying to, and refuting these charges, you must decide. But I can assure you, that every statement and assertion I have made, has been done in truth and soberness, in plain and simple language, void of sophistry and technical mystification, not wishing to deny or extenuate, any of the frailties of the institution or its members, for I am well aware that all human institutions are more or less subject to the frailties of man, and are liable to include vicious members. Neither have I intended to exaggerate its benefits, I certainly have not portrayed a very seductive picture of it, for the grasp of political ambition, avaricious cupidity or hypocritical sanctity. Far be it from me, to wish to see the masonic institution again, what the world calls a popular society. No moral association or religious sect, however pure in its first organization, can withstand the blighting effects of becoming a popular society and retain its pristine purity: for it will soon be sought after and embraced by the base hypocrite, designing knave, and aspiring demagogue, as a cloak for their unhallowed purposes, and as a stepping-stone, on which to mount to unpermitted preferment—and those leprous branches will more or less affect the whole body.—Such was the state of the masonic institution in this region of country, some fifteen years ago, whereby it received a paralyzing shock, from which however, it is rapidly reviving, and may it never again be required to pass thro' such an ordeal. And my brethren, it is for us to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe in our day—by guarding well the approaches from without, and correcting abuses within—by following strictly, the ancient landmarks, rules and regulations of the order. And finally by causing our light so to shine before man, that they seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

CHARACTER.

No man was ever destined to be great whose disposition and manners change with circumstances. We like to see the grand features of a man's character distinctly marked, and capable of being traced through every period of his life, from boyhood to old age. We do not like to see the plain-hearted, blunt, and sincere boy become a fashionable equivocator when he begins to turn into man. We do not like to see his honest bluntness give way to a sort of amiable, please every body temper, when he mixes with the world and finds it good policy to keep on the right side of all kinds of men and women. That temper and that description of manners which can abide the sun and the storm, great gives character to the man. We like to see the boy who has ways, and manners, and feelings of his own—who cannot be moulded into any shape that silly and hypocritical parents choose to give him for a model. We like to see the young man who will sooner be banished from under the roof of a weak minded father than be moulded in a dull, common place man of business, and be made a traitor to truth and God, for the sake of a reputation among worldlings and Pharisees—*Eglantine*.

Novel Advertising.—On a grave-stone in St. Albans church yard, London, is the following inscription:—Here lies N—, the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands. His inconsolable widow still keeps the fancy shop, No. — Red Lion passage.—*Phil. Sand. Sun.*

MISCELLANY.

[From the Tatler.]

UP AND DOWN—A SKETCH.

In the absence of any matter of interest at the Watch House this morning, we shall trouble the reader with a hasty sketch of a part of the eventful history of a man with whom we had at one time a personal acquaintance. Doubtless hundreds of our readers in this city, will be able to bear testimony to the facts we relate; while in the city of Dublin, where the individual spoken of resides, every person, above the age of childhood, is familiar with them.

George Home, a Scotchman, and our hero, arrived in Dublin some twenty five years ago, and engaged himself as journeyman confit maker to a person named Miller, who kept a very extensive confectionary establishment at No. 3 Grafton street. Home also acted in the capacity of a shopman, and waiter; and for his combined services, received a salary (independent of his board) of about eight shillings sterling, a week. His character was that of an honest, steady, stupid man, and no one suspected him of possessing any talents, or even a fair share of common sense; as, on the contrary, he was to all appearance a very great mope, though a tolerable good confit maker.

The reader may have heard something in his time about the Queen Anne farthings, without perhaps knowing what their celebrity consisted in. The mystery is this; in the reign of Queen Anne, for some reason or other, which has never been thoroughly explained, there were only three farthings coined; and hence, after her death they were regarded as great curiosities, and sought for by the British museum. However, they were not to be had; for one of them was known to be lost at sea—another, had been purchased for the collection of a private curiosity monger and the third was lost sight of. The museum then offered eight hundred pounds sterling for the missing coin; but without any immediate effect; and so matters rested for upwards of an hundred years.

Well, one day George Home observed some coppers lying on Mr. Miller's parlor mantel piece, and among the rest a farthing: this he examined, and put in his pocket taking the precaution, however, to insist upon paying Mrs. Miller a penny for it, which afterwards led to the discovery. This farthing, as the reader will have supposed, was the missing Queen Anne, and before a week had elapsed, Home had presented it to the Directors of the British Museum, and received the eight hundred pounds, as well as the honor of having his picture hung up in the great hall of the establishment as one of its principal patrons.

When Home returned to Dublin, Miller preferred a charge of felony against him for stealing the farthing and he was put in jail; then a baker, named Johnson, who had given the farthing in change to Miller's servant girl, claimed a right to the treasure; and then several others; but when an examination took place they were all non-suited, and Home was discharged from custody with the money in his pocket.

At this time the Dublin post office had been removed from College Green, to Sackville street, and the old building, occupying a large tract of ground in the very heart, and valuable part of the city, was to be let or sold. Home saw it, and the idea immediately struck him of purchasing it, and converting it into an Arcade. Knowing, however, that in the carrying out of such a sublime project, his eight hundred pounds would be only a drop in the bucket, he merely secured the refusal of the ground and buildings for a fortnight, and in the meantime waited on several capitalists with his plan, which seemed so feasible, that a company was at once formed, and the necessary money advanced.

Home then set to work with such diligence that in less than a year from the laying of the first stone the city of Dublin boasted of the most beautiful Arcade in the world. We have neither space or time to describe it particularly, but the reader may form some idea of its magnificence when we inform him, that, up stairs and down, it contained at least an hundred stores besides a splendid hotel, shooting gallery, et hilibian rooms et cetera, et cetera, to the end of the chapter.

The Arcade naturally became all the rage; indeed,

for a long time, no fashionable person thought of purchasing any thing out of it; and until its destruction by fire, about three years ago, it continued to be a great place of business, and the popular resort of the city.

In the formation of the company, Mr. Home had secured to himself the right of purchasing all the shares from the other members on the payment of a certain bonus; and the profits of the concern were so enormous that in less than five years he had it altogether in his own hands, and had now the reputation—and justly so—of making more money than any man in the city.

It need scarcely be said he was no longer the mope he had been, while making confits for Mr. Miller. On the contrary, there was no man in Dublin that could hold a candle to him in activity and business manœuvres. He opened offices here—and stores there. He had elegant confectionary establishments clotted all over the city. He purchased up houses innumerable, loaned money on mortgage to every one—became partner with several merchants. And among his other speculations, began to look up an extinct earldom, which he said pertained to his family in the "Land of Cakes," and which, we understand, was really the fact. In short, there was no end to the iron he had in the fire; and it would seem as if each of them was employed to a good purpose; for the time speedily arrived when public opinion gave him credit for being worth about two millions sterling, or nearly ten millions of dollars.

But withal, Mr. Home didn't think he was making money fast enough; not that by any means a miser, but that it was his ambition to astonish the country by the brilliancy of his speculations. Day and night he thought he would go for a master stroke—a *chef d'œuvre* when the idea came into his mind to erect a hotel, and a public market, in which he might concentrate the business of the whole city.

To this end he bought up several blocks of houses in a beautiful part of the city, bordering on the river Liffey, and called Ushers Island; and here the objects of his desire sprang into existence with almost the rapidity of a couple of Aladin's palaces. They were the largest buildings of the sort in Dublin—perhaps in the world, and in a short time after their completion, promised to realize the anticipations of the proprietor; for the hotel combined elegance and comfort with economy; and the influx of guests to it was so great, that their custom alone, independent of its other resources in an extensive city, would have made the market a tolerable place of business.

Mr. Home now went to all the proprietors of the mail and stage coaches, and proposed to them that all their coaches entering the city, no matter from which side, should drive direct to his hotel, so that the passengers might have the first chance of stopping there. His request some granted, but the major part refused when Mr. Home, in revenge, started opposition coaches on the routes of all those who declined to come into his measures. This, of course, had the effect of filling his hotel to overflowing, all the time—and of bruiting his name throughout the country as the greatest man in it, and every one was of opinion that he was clearing money at the rate of a fortune a day, for besides Arcade stores, sleeping partnerships, market, hotel, &c., he had upwards of a hundred coaches running here and there throughout the country, all doing a large business; for as these were only the auxiliaries to his great city establishment, he was enabled to run for prices that would have been ruin to the opposition.

George Home was now at the pinnacle of his glory—it seemed as if he could convert whatever he touched into gold; he could have almost purchased the city of Dublin on his I O U; and in short, there never was one man besides himself who had become so wealthy and famous, in the way of trade, and by his own exertions, in so short a time, or, in indeed, in any time.

While things were in his state with our hero, we left the city of Dublin; but alas, when we heard from it, about five years afterwards, (about four years ago) how the world had sadly changed with him! Vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself with a vengeance. Arcades, stores, coaches, every thing had passed away like trappings of a dream, and George Home had actually become a waiter in his famous hotel. Under the circumstances, any man but a Scotchman would have committed suicide.

A TURKISH ANECDOTE.

Some years ago, a French frigate being at Boodyroom, the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles of the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him, without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work; and in a short time the frigate returned, bearing the necessary firman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgement of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed. Arrived at the outer gate, "Effendi," said the governor, "the orders of my Imperial master must be implicitly obeyed." "Let me in, then," exclaimed the impatient captain. "Undoubtedly," replied the Turk, "for so I am enjoined to do by the firman: but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this momentary pause, before we shall pass the drawbridge." The French commandant, not choosing to put such hazardous irony to the test, departed.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—Exemplified by various extracts from political papers, which if people don't understand, it is their own fault.

HYPERBOLE.—The country has come at length to its everlasting ruin. Better that our throats had been cut six months ago, than live to see the way that our enemies have obtained a majority in this country. Fellow citizens, you that love your children, tie stones around their necks and drown them in the first mill-dam. Their prospects of earthly happiness have vanished, and it is now mercy and parental tenderness to massacre them as soon as possible.—*Hopewell Honey-suckle.*

PERSONIFICATION.—Ye paving stones that lie in piles where the workmen have been repairing that common sewer, why do ye not rise spontaneously and fly indignantly at the head of that rabid monster whose sole study is to attack the liberties of his country?—Ye hoop-poles standing in bundles at the door of that cooper,—why do you not become the furies of retribution and bang the back of that villain who had sold his birthright for a mess of clam soup.—*Thackeray Speaking Trumpet.*

Advantage of Ignorance.—The following circumstance took place in a neighboring town a short time since. A fellow hearing there was a letter for him in the Post-Office, accordingly went for it. On the Post Master's handing it to him, he frankly confessed he could not read, and requested the Post Master to open it, and let him know the contents, which he very readily did. After getting all the information he wanted, he knowingly shrugged up his shoulders, thanked him for his politeness, and drily observed, "When I have some change I will call for it."

A DEATH BED.

Death is a wonderful reasoner many a proud infidel hath it humbled and refuted without a word, who but a short time before would have defied all the ability of man to shake the foundation of his system.—All is well so long as the curtain is up and the puppet show of life goes on; but when the rapid representation draws to a close, and every hope of longer respite is precluded, things will appear in a very different light. Would to God, I could say, that that great and awful moment was as often distinguished by the dew of repentance, as the groan of despair.

THE FIRE AT SALEM, N. Y.—There appears but little doubt that the fire in this village, of which we published an account last week, was the work of an incendiary. The trustees of the village of Salem have offered a reward of \$250, the highest sum allowed by the charter, for the arrest of the incendiary. The citizens of the town have added \$750 to this sum making the whole amount of the offered reward \$1000. At a meeting of the citizens of the village, a committee of nine was appointed to solicit donations and subscriptions on behalf of the sufferers by the conflagration.

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST. PAUL.

"DO YOU THINK I'D INFORM?"

JAMES HARRIGAN was as fine a specimen of an Irishman as could be met with in our own dear country, where the "human form divine," if not famous for very delicate, is at least celebrated for very strong proportions: he was, moreover, a well-educated, intelligent person: that is to say, he could read and write, keep correct accounts of his buying and selling, and managed his farm, consisting of ten good acres of the best land in a part of Ireland where all is good (the Barony of Forth) so as to secure the approbation of an excellent landlord, and his own prosperity. It was a pleasant sight to see the honest farmer bring out the well-fed horse and the neatly appointed car, every Saturday morning, whereon his pretty daughter Sydney journeyed into Wexford, to dispose of the eggs, butter, and poultry, the sale of which aided her father's exertions.

Sydney was rather an unusual name for a young Irish girl; but her mother had been housekeeper to a noble lady, who selected it for her, though it assimilated strangely with Harrigan. The maiden herself was blithe cheerful, industrious, and of a gentle loving nature; her brown affectionate eyes betokened, as brown eyes always do, more of feeling than of intellect, and her red lips, white teeth, and rich dark hair, entitled her to the claim of rustic beauty. Her mother had been dead about two years, and Sydney, who during her lifetime was somewhat inclined to be vain and thoughtless, had as her father expressed it, "taken altogether a turn for good," and discharged her duties admirably as mistress of James Harrigan's household. She had five brothers, all younger than herself; the two elder were able and willing to assist in the farm, the juniors went regularly to school.

Sorrow for the loss of his wife had both softened and humbled James Harrigan's spirit; and when Sydney, disdaining any assistance, sprang lightly into the car, and seated herself in the midst of her rural treasures, her father's customary prayer, "Good luck to you, Sydney, my darling," was increased by the prayer of "May the Lord bless you, and keep you to me, now, and till the day of my death!"

The car went on, Sydney laughing and nodding to her father while he smiled and returned her salutation, though, when she was fairly out of sight, he passed the back of his rough hand across his eyes, and muttered, "I almost wish she was not so like her mother! When James entered his cottage, he sat by the fire, and, taking down a slate that hung above the settle, began to make thereupon sundry calculations, which I do not profess to understand; how long he might have continued so occupied, I cannot determine, for his cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who was by his side ere he noticed his approach. The usual salutation were exchanged; the best chair dusted, and presented to the stranger; every thing in the house was tendered for his acceptance. "His honor had a long walk, would he have an egg or a rasher for a snack; Sydney was out but Bessy her cousin was above in the lott, and would get it or any thing else in a minute; or maybe he'd have a glass of ale—good it was—Cherry's ale—no better in the kingdom." All Irishmen—and particularly so fine and manly a fellow as James—to be seen to advantage, should be seen in their own houses—Cabins I cannot call such as are tenanted by the warm farmers of this well-cultivated district.

Mr. Herrick, however, could not be tempted; he would not suffer the rasher to be cut, nor the ale to be drawn, and James looked sad because his visitor declined accepting his humble but cheerful hospitality.

"James," said Mr. Herrick, "I am glad I found you at home and alone, for I wanted to speak with you. I have long considered you superior to your neighbors. I do not mean as a farmer—though you have twice received the highest prizes which the Agricultural Society bestow—but as a man."

James looked gratified, and said he was so.

I have found you, James, the first to see improvement, and to adopt it, however much popular prejudice might be against it. You have been ever ready to listen to and act upon the advice of those who your reason told you were qualified to give it; and you have not been irritated or annoyed when faults, national or individual, have been pointed out to you which can be and ought to be remedied."

"I believe what your honor says is true; but sure it's proud and happy we ought to be to have the truth told of us—it is what does not always happen; if it did, poor Ireland would have had more justice done her long ago than ever came to her share yet."

"And that, James, is also true," said Mr. Herrick: "the Irish character has not only its individual differences, which always must be the case, but it has its provincial, its baronial distinctions."

"Indeed, sir," replied Harrigan, "there can be no doubt about that; we should be sorry, civilised as we are here, to be compared to the wild rangers of Connaught, or to the staid, quiet, tradesman-like people of the north."

"The northerners are a fine prudent people," said Mr. Herrick, "notwithstanding your prejudice; but what you have said is only another proof that persons may write very correctly about the north of Ireland, and yet, unless they see the south, form a very limited, or it may be, erroneous idea of the character of the southerners. The Irish are more difficult to understand than people imagine. You are a very unmanageable people, James," added the gentleman, good humouredly.

"Bedad, sir, I suppose you're right; some of us are, I dare say. And now, sir, I suppose there is a reason for that."

"There is," answered his friend. "You are an unmanageable people, because of your prejudices."

"That's your old story against us, Mr. Herrick," said James: "and yet you can't deny but I've been often led by your honor, and for my good, I'll own to that."

"James," continued his friend, "will you answer me one question? Were you, or were you not, at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?"

"James's countenance fell, it positively elongated, at the question. So great was the change, that those who did not know the man might have imagined he had committed a crime, and anticipated immediate punishment. "At Gerald Casey's?" he repeated.

Mr. Herrick drew a letter—a soiled, dirty-looking letter—from his pocket, and slowly repeated the question.

"I was, sir," he answered resting his back against the dresser, and pressing his open palms upon the board, as if the action gave him strength.

"Who was there, James?"

"Is it who was in it, sir? Why there was—Bedad, sir there was—Oh, then, it's the bad head I have at remembering—I forget who was there." And the countenance of James assumed, despite his exertions, a lying expression that was totally unworthy his honest nature.

"James," observed Mr. Herrick, "you used not to have a bad memory. I have heard you speak of many trifling acts of kindness my father showed you when you were a boy twelve years old."

The farmer's face was in a moment diffused with crimson, and he interrupted him with the grateful warmth of an affectionate Irish heart. "Oh, sir, sure you don't think I'm worse than the poor dog that follows night and day at my foot? You don't think I've no heart in my body?"

"I was talking of your memory," said Mr. Herrick, quietly; "and I ask you again to tell me who were at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?"

"I left Gerald Casey's before dusk, sir; and it's what took me in it was—"

"I don't ask you when you left it, or what took you there. I only ask you were present?"

James saw there was no use in equivocating, for that Mr. Herrick would be answered. He was, as I have said an excellent fellow; yet he had in common with his countrymen, a very provoking way of evading a question; but, anxious as he was to evade this, he could not manage it. Mr. Herrick looked him steadfastly in the face, that heslowly answered, "I'd rather not say one way or other who was there or who was

not there. I've an idea, from something I heard this morning, before the little girl went into Wexford, that I know now what your honor's driving at. And sure," and his face deepened in color as he continued—"and sure, Mr. Herrick, do you think I'd inform?"

Mr. Herrick was not astonished at the answer he received. On the contrary, he was quite prepared for it and prepared also to combat a principle that militates so strongly against the comfort and security of those who reside in Ireland.

"Will you," he inquired, "tell me what you mean by the word 'inform'?"

"It's a mean dirty practice, sir," replied Harrigan, "to be repeating every word one hears in a neighbor's house."

"So it is," answered the gentleman; "an evil, mean practice to repeat what is said merely from a love of gossip. But suppose a person, being accidentally one of a party, heard a plot formed against your character, perhaps your life, and not only concealed the circumstance, but absolutely refused to give any clue by which such a conspiracy could be detected—"

"Oh, sir," interrupted Harrigan, "that's nothing here nor there. I couldn't tell in the grey of the evening who went in or out of the place; I had no call to any one, and I don't want any one to have any call to me."

"You must know perfectly well who was there," said Mr. Herrick. "The case is simply this: a gentleman in this neighborhood has received two anonymous letters, attacking the character of a person who has been confidentially employed by him for some years. James Harrigan, you know who wrote those letters; and I ask you, how, as an honest man, you can lay your head upon your pillow and sleep, knowing that an equally honest man may be deprived of the means to support his young family, and be turned adrift upon the world through the positive malice of those who are envious of his prosperity and good name."

James looked very uncomfortable, but did not trust himself to speak.

"I repeat, you know by whom these letters are written."

"As I hope to be saved!" exclaimed James, "I saw no writing—not the scratch of a pen!"

"Harrigan," continued Mr. Herrick, "it would be well for our country if many of its inhabitants were not so quick at invention."

"I have not told a lie, sir."

"No, but you have done worse—you have equivocated. Though you did not see the letter written, you knew it was written; and an equivocation is so cowardly, that I wonder an Irishman would resort to it, a lie is in itself cowardly, but an equivocation is more cowardly still."

Harrigan for a moment looked shilalas and crab-thorns at his friend, for such he had frequently proved himself to be, but made no further observation, simply confining himself to the change and reception of the sentences—"Do you think I'd inform?" "Not one belonging to me ever turned informer."

"Am I then," said Mr. Herrick, rising, "to go away with the conviction that you know an injury has been done to an innocent person, and yet will not do any thing to convict a man guilty of a most assassination?"

"A what, sir?"

"A moral murder."

"Look here, sir; one can't fly in the face of the country. If I was to tell, my life would not be safe either in or out of my own house; you ought to know this. Besides, there is something very mean in an informer."

"It is very sad," replied Mr. Herrick, "that a spirit of combination for evil more than for good destroys the confidence which otherwise the gentry and strangers would be disposed to place in the peasantry of Ireland. As long as a man fears to speak and act like a man, so long as he dare not hear the proud & happy sound of his own voice in condemnation of the wicked, and in praise of the upright—so long, in fact, as an Irishman dare not speak what he knows—so long and no longer, will Ireland be insecure, and its people scorned as cowards!"

"As cowards!" repeated James indignantly.

"Ay," said Mr. Herrick; "there is a moral as well as a physical courage. The man, who in the heat of

battle, faces a cannon ball, or who, in the hurry and excitement of a fair or pattern, exposes his bare head to the rattle of shell and clan-alpines without shrinking from punishment or death, is much inferior to the man who has the superior moral bravery to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and does right while those around him do wrong."

I dare say that's all very true, sir, said James, scratching his head; adding, while most anxious to change the subject, "It's a pity yer honor wasn't a councillor or a magistrate, a priest, minister, or squire itself, then you'd have great sway entirely with your words and your learning."

"Not more than I have at present. Do you think it is a wicked thing to take away the character of an honest man?"

"To be sure I do, sir."

"And yet you become a party to the act."

"How so sir?"

"By refusing to bring, or assist in bringing, to justice those who have endeavored to ruin the father of a large family. Do you believe so many murders and burnings would take place if the truth was spoken?"

"No, sir."

"That's a direct answer from an Irishman for once. If the evil-disposed, the disturbers of the country, knew that truth would be spoken, disturbances would soon cease; you believe this, and yet, by your silence, you shield those whom you know to be bad, and despise with all your heart and soul."

"I don't want to have any call to them one way or other, good, bad, or indifferent," answered James.

"Very well," said Mr. Herrick, thoroughly provoked at the man's obstinacy, and rising to leave the cottage; "you say you wish to have no call to them. But mark me, James Harragan: when the spirit of anonymous letter-writing gets into a neighborhood—when wicked-minded persons can destroy either a man's reputation or his life with equal security, there is no knowing where the evil may stop, or who shall escape its influence. The knowledge of the extent to which these secret conspiracies are carried, deters capitalists from settling amongst us; they may have security for their money, but they have none for their lives; if they offend by taking land, or offering opposition to received opinions, their doom may be fixed; those whom they have trusted will know of that doom, and yet no one will come forward to save them from destruction!"

"Sir," said Harragan, "secret information is sometimes given."

"I would accept no man's secret information," answered Mr. Herrick, for he was an upright man, perhaps too uncompromising for the persons with whom he had to deal; "justice should not only be even-handed, but open-handed; it is a reproach to a country when the law finds it necessary to offer rewards for secret information. I wish I could convince you, James, of the difference which exists between a person who devotes his time to peeping and prying for the purpose of conveying information to serve himself, and him who speaks the truth, from the upright and honorable motive of seeing justice to his fellow-creatures."

"I see the difference clear enough, sir," replied the farmer; "but none of my people ever turned informers. I'll have no call to it, and no use saying any more about the matter; there are plenty of people in the country can tell who was there as well as I—I'll have no call to it. When I went in the place, I little thought of who I'd meet there, and I'll go bail it's long before I'll trouble it again. There's enough said and done now."

"A good deal said, certainly," rejoined Mr. Herrick, "but nothing done. There are parts of the country where I know that my entering into this investigation would endanger my life, but, thank God, that is not the case here. I will pursue my investigation to the uttermost, and do not despair of discovering the delinquent."

"I hope you may with all my heart and soul, sir," replied the farmer.

"Then why not aid me? If you are s'n ere, why not assist?"

And again James Harragan muttered, "Do you think I'd inform?"

"I declare, before heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Herrick "you are the most provoking people under the sun to deal with."

"I ask your honor's pardon," said James, slyly; "but you have not lived long enough in foreign parts to know that."

"Your readiness will not drive me from my purpose. I repeat you are the most provoking people in the world to deal with. Convince an Englishman or a Scotchman, and having convinced his reason you may be certain he will act upon that conviction; but you have never convinced your reason may be, continue to act from the dictates of your prejudice. Remember this, however, James Harragan; you have refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand has planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man—take care that the same invisible power does not aim a shaft against yourself!"

Mr. Herrick quitted the cottage more in sorrow than in anger; and after he was gone, James Harragan thought over what he had said; he was quite ready to confess its truth, but prejudice still maintained its ascendancy. "Aim a shaft against myself," he repeated "I don't think any of them would do that, though I'm sorry to say many as good and better than I, have been forced to fly the country through secret malice, it is bad thing, but times 'ill mend, I hope."

Alas! James Harragan is not the only man in my beloved country who satisfies himself with hoping that times will mend, without endeavoring to mend them. "Aim a shaft against myself," he again repeated. "Well, I'm sure what Mr. Herrick said is true; but, for all that I couldn't inform!"

"The fact was, that, reason as he would, James could not get rid of his prejudice; he could not make the distinction between the man who turns the faults and vices of his fellow-creatures to his own account, and he who for the good of others, simply and unselfishly sneaks the truth."

Time passed on: Mr. Herrick of course, failed in his efforts to discover the author of the anonymous letter; the person against whom it was directed, although protected by his landlord, was ultimately obliged to leave his employment, and seek in other lands the peace and security he could not find in his own; he might, to be sure, have weathered the storm, from his enemies, as will be seen by the following anecdote, had no immediate intention of prosecuting him to the death. A stranger, who bore a strong resemblance to the person obnoxious to those who met at the smith's forge, was attacked while travelling on the outside car in the evening, and in the immediate neighborhood, and beaten most severely before his assailants discovered they had ill-used the wrong man! Nothing could exceed their regret when they discovered their mistake.

"Ah, thin, who are ye at all at all?" inquired one fellow, after having made him stand up, that they might again knock him down more to their satisfaction; sure ye're not within a foot as tall as the boy we're after. Is it crooked in the back ye are purpose? Well, now think o' that!—what call had ye to be on Barney Brian's car, that so often carries him, and with the some surtoo? and why didn't ye say ye wasn't another? Well, it's heart sorry we are for the mistake, and hope it'll never happen to ye again, to be like another man, and he an out-lancer, as a body may say, having received enough notice to quit long ago, if he'd only heed it, which we'll make him do or have his life, after we admonish him onst more, as we've done you by mistake, with a taste of a bating, which we'd ask ye to tell him if you know him; there, we'll lay you on the car, as aisy as if you war in yer mother's lap and ask ye to forgive us, which we hope you'll do, as it was all a mistake! and no help for it!"

The victim of "the mistake, however, who was an Englishman, suffered for more than three months, and cannot comprehend to this day why those who attacked him so furiously were not sought out and brought to justice. He never could understand why an honest man should refuse to criminate a villain. The poor fellow for whom the beating was intended was not slow to discover the fact, and with a heavy heartache bade adieu to his native land, which, but for the sake of his young children, he would hardly have quitted even to preserve his own life.

James Harragan did not note those occurrences, without much sorrow; he saw his daughter Sydney's eyes red for three entire days from weeping the departure of the exile's wife, whom she loved with the affection of a sister; and he had the mortification to see his beloved barony distinguished in the papers as a

"disturbed-district," from the mistake to which we have alluded at the very time when many of the gentry were sleeping with their doors unfastened. James Harragan knew perfectly well that if he had spoken the truth, all this could have been prevented. Still time passed on. Mr. Herrick seldom visited James; and though he admired his crops, and spoke kindly to his children, the farmer felt he had lost a large portion of the esteem he so highly valued.

But when a man goes on in the full tide of worldly prosperity, he does not continue long in trouble upon minor matters. Sydney's eyes were no longer red; nay they were more sparkling than ever for they were brightened by a passion to which she had been hitherto a stranger. And Sydney, though gifted with as much constancy, as most people, if she did not forget, certainly did not think, as frequently as before of her absent friend. Sydney, in fact, was what is called—in love; which, I believe, is acknowledged by all who have been in a similar dilemma, to be a very confusing, perplexing situation. That poor Sydney found it so, was evident, for she became subject to certain flushings of the cheek, and beatings of the heart, accompanied by a confusion of the intellectual faculties, which puzzled her father for a time, quite as much as herself. She would call rabbits chickens, and chickens rabbits, in the public market, and was known to have given forty-two new laid eggs for a shilling, when she ought only to have given thirty-six.

Then in her garden, her own pet garden, she sowed mignonette and hollyhocks together, and wondered how it was that what she fancied sweet pea had come up "love lies bleeding." Dear, warm affectionate Sydney Harragan! She was a model of all that is excellent in simple guileless woman; and when Ralph Furlong drew from her a frank but most modest confession that his love was returned, and that "if her father did not put again it," she would gladly share his cottage and his fortunes, there was not a young disengaged farmer in the county that would not have envied him his "good luck."

Soon after James Harragan's consent had been obtained to a union which he believed would secure the happiness of his darling child, the farmer was returning from the fair of New Ross, where he had been to dispose of some spare farming stock; and as he trotted briskly homeward, passing the well-known mountain, or, as it is called, "Rock of Carrickburn," he was overtaken by a man, to whom he had seldom spoken since the evening when he had seen him and some others at Gerald Casey's forge. Many, many months had elapsed since then. And, truth to say, as the young man had removed to a cottage somewhere on the banks of the blue and gentle river Slaney, James had often hoped that he might never see him again.

"I am glad I overtook you, Mr. Harragan," he said, urging his long, narrow mare, close to the stout well-fed cob of the comfortable farmer. "It's a fine bright evening for the time of year. I intended coming to you next week, having something particular to talk about."

"Nothing that concerns me, I fancy," replied Harragan, stiffly.

"I hope it does, and that it will; times are changed since we last met—with me particularly." Harragan made no reply, and they rode on altogether in silence for some time longer.

"Mr. Harragan, though you are a trustworthy man as ever, steep in shoe leather, I am afraid you hav'n't a good opinion of me."

"Whatever opinion I may have, you know I kept it to myself," replied the farmer.

"Thank you for nothing," was the characteristic reply.

"Ye're welcome," rejoined James, as dryly. Again they trotted silently on their way, until the stranger suddenly exclaimed, reining up his mare at the same moment; I'll tell you what my business would be with you, there's nothing like speaking out of the face at onst."

"You did not always think so," said the farmer.

"Oh, sir, aisy now; let bygones be bygones; the country's none the worse of getting rid of one who was ever and a ways minding other people's business; and you yerself, Mr. Harragan, are none the worse for not having high-bred people ever poking their noses in yer place."

"Say what you have to say at onst," observed James;—

"the evening will soon close in, and the little girl I have at home thinks it long till I return."

"It's about her I want to speak," said the stranger.

"If you'll take the trouble some fine morning early to ride over to where the dark green woods of Castle Boro dip their boughs in the Slaney, ye'd see that I have as tidy a place, as well filled a haggard, and as well managed fields, as any boulder of ten acres of land in the county; besides that, I have my eye on another farm that is out of lease, and if all goes right I'll have it. Now, ye see my sister's married, and my mother's dead, and I've no one to look after things; and for every pound ye'd tell down with ye're daughter, I'd show a pound's worth. And so, Mr. Harrigan, I thought, that of all the girls in the country I'd prefer Sydney; and if we kept company for a while"—he turned his handsome but sinister and impudent countenance towards the astonished farmer, adding—"I don't think she'd refuse me."

"You might be mistaken for all that," replied James, grasping his stout stick still more tightly in his hand, from a very evident desire to knock the fellow down.

"Well now, I don't think, I should," he replied with vulgar confidence; "it's the aiest thing in life to manage a purty girl, if one has the knack, and I've managed so many."

"Ride on!" interrupted the farmer indignantly. "Ride on, before I am tempted to knock ye off the poor starved beast that ye havn't the heart to feed!—You marry my Sydney—you!—a rascal like you!—Why, Stephen Murphy, you must be gone mad—Sydney married with a cowardly backbiter! I'd rather dress her shroud with my own hands. A—ride on I tell you," he continued, almost choked with passion; "there is nothing, I believe, that you would think too bad to do. And, hark ye, take it for your comfort, that she is going to be married to one worthy of her, and I her father say so."

"Oh, very well! very well!" said the bravo; "as you please Mr. Harrigan, as you please; I meant to pay yer family a compliment—a compliment for yer silence ye understand me; not that I should myself over and above obliged for that either. Ye like to take care of yerself, for the sake of yer little girl, I suppose; and he counthry might grow too hot for you, as well as for others, if ye made free with yer tongue. No harm done; but if I had spakin' with the girl for one hour, I'd put any sweetheart in the county, barring myself, out of her head. I'll find out the happy young man, and wish him joy. Oh, maybe I wout wish joy to the boy for whom I'm insulted," he added, inflicting a blow upon the bare ribs of the poor animal he rode, that made her start; "maybe I wout wish him joy, and give him Steve Murphy's blessing. Starved as ye call my baste, there's twice the blood in her that creeps through the flesh of yer overfed cob;" and, sticking the long solitary iron spur which he wore on his right heel into the mare, he flew past James Harrigan, flourishing his stick with a whirl, and shouting so loud, that the mountain echoes of the wild rocks of Carrickturn repeated the words "joy! joy!" as if they had been thrown into their caverns by the fiend of mockery himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Singular Jewish Custom.—Burkhardt in his "Travels through Syria," &c. informs us that at Tiberias, one of the four holy cities of the Talmud, the Jews observe a singular custom in praying. While the Rabbi recites the Psalms of David, or the prayers extracted from them, the congregation frequently imitate by their voices or gestures the meaning of some remarkable passages; for example, when the Rabbi pronounces the words "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," they imitate the trumpet's blast through their closed fists. When "a horrible tempest" occurs they puff and blow to represent a storm; or, should he mention "the cries of the righteous in distress," they all set up a loud screaming; and it not unfrequently happens that while some are still blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous, thus forming a concert which it is difficult for any but a zealous Hebrew to hear with gravity.

Mrs. Trollope and Capt. Marryat are the respective names of a sow and a hog recently imported

from England by a couple of New York gentlemen! It is a shame thus to use the names of the amiable and the valiant.—Sun.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

MASONIC INTERCOURSE.—It gives us great pleasure to announce, that by the arrangements which have been effected recently between the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and the Grand Lodge of HAMBURG, we shall be enabled to furnish our readers with a great deal of interesting information in regard to the progress of our Institution in Germany. A large number of documents have been received lately from the north of Europe, which are now in the hands of the translator, some of which we shall no doubt be enabled to obtain copies of, from the Grand Lodge, and lay before the Craft in this, and other States. Those which relate to the executive departments of the Order, particularly, we shall only refer to occasionally. Amongst other documents, we are much gratified to find that the recent transactions of the Grand Lodge of New York have been translated into German, and circulated amongst the Lodges on the continent. A complete list has been furnished of all the members of the fraternity under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, with a request that should any of them visit this country they may be received with the same kindness and attention, that is promised to the members of our Lodges visiting Germany.

The Worshipful FREDERICK LIESE, past master of Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, has been appointed the representative of the Grand Lodge of HAMBURG in the Grand Lodge of New York. With his commission he received a complete suit of regalia, which he is to wear in his official capacity. Our representative in the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, is the Worshipful AUTON DANIEL PERMOLLER, past master of the Lodge "Ferdinand zum Felsen." We would advise our brethren about to visit Germany to furnish themselves with Certificates from the Grand Lodge, or if they have them of more than three years old, to have them revised by the Grand Secretary, and endorsed by the German representative. This precaution will save Brethren from inconvenience abroad.

FOREIGN.—The steam ship Britannia, arrived at Boston, from Liverpool, on the 20th, making the passage in 13 days and 14 hours. The affairs of the East, remain in about the same state of confusion and alarm, although there had been some demonstrations which look more like a restoration of tranquility.

Trade in England remains in nearly the same gloomy state as by the last advices.

The Marquis of Camden died on the 8th ult., at the advanced age of 81.

The fortifications in the Island of Jersey are ordered to be put in a complete state of defence.

Great indignation has been expressed by the American merchants at Liverpool, as well by the Liverpool and London merchants at the new post office regulations, which it would appear subjects them to great inconvenience.

O'Connel, has again commenced with renewed enthusiasm, his efforts for the repeal of the union.

Father Mathew, is still engaged in the Temperance cause, with decided success.

Another attempt has been made to assassinate, the King of France. The requide's name is Darmes.—The musket was overloaded, which burst, and wounded the assassin very badly. It created great excitement in Paris.

France continues her preparations for war. Eighteen regiments have been ordered formed. All of her forts are to be put in a complete state of defence. The calls for the Marseillaise Hymn in the theatres, have become so general, that the authorities, having in vain endeavored to suppress it, have been obliged to give up to the public will.

Difficulties have sprung up between France and Prussia, in consequence of the latter having stopped 650 horses bought an account of the French Government. Explanations have been demanded and reprisals threatened.

The King of Holland has abdicated his throne, which took place on the 7th ult. His son the Prince of Orange, takes the place of his father, under the name of William II. The old King is 68 years of age, and assigns age and infirmity as the cause of his abdication.

The affairs of Spain, are at present, in a quiet state.

"THE LONG AGONY" is at length over. The people of the United States have cast their votes in the ballot box, and what is to be the result, is for time to disclose. Like the rest of our citizens, we have our predilections, although having nothing to do with party strife in our columns. Whoever is to be King, we are certain to be Subject; and we trust for the peace and prosperity of the country, that it will be a long time before the exciting scenes of 1840, will be re-enacted. The disgusting and revolting scenes of the present contest, is well calculated to bring into question serious doubts of the permanency of our political institutions. We do not intend personality, when we express our conviction that the "rotten boroughs" of England will afford no comparison with the iniquity, which has been carried out during this contest: and we hope in the recent elections for office, that we may find men who will advocate such laws as will as far as is possible, remove some of the mischiefs under which we now labor. Both parties are now we believe satisfied, that one term of presidential service, would be advisable; and we think a registry law, under wholesome regulations would have the tendency of removing many evils which now exist. In fact, we are willing to receive *any thing* which will prove a correction to present abuses.

TO OUR READERS.—The election being now over we cannot but anticipate in a little while a quiet state of things, which will afford us a better quantity of material, wherewith to fill our columns. Although we have an extensive exchange with our brethren of the type, for the last six months, they have been but of little avail; on account of their almost entire devotion to politics. We shall soon have a better state of things.

GRAND LODGE OF TEXAS.—The Grand Lodge of Louisiana, has abandoned the jurisdiction over the Lodges in Texas, & has recognised that body as a regular Grand Lodge, having sole jurisdiction over the Lodges in that young republic..

CAUTION TO BOYS.—A lad in Baltimore, 9 years of age, son of Mr. John Goldsmith, on Saturday irretrievably lost both his eyes by the accidental discharge of a small cannon with which he was playing.

JOHN SITTERLY, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Schenectady, fell down dead on the State street Bridge in that city, yesterday at noon.

Charles Cook, convicted at the last term of court in Schenectady, of the murder of Mrs. Merry in September last, is under sentence to be hanged on the 15th of December next.

Intelligence.

PUNISHMENT OF PARICIDES IN FRANCE.—Two brothers, named Vincent, were brought before the last assizes for the Nièvre, upon an indictment for having as long ago 1828, murdered their own father and mother, and robbed their house at Bruyeres Radon, of £5000 in gold. Although their crime was suspected at the time, they could not be brought to justice, because the witnesses had been afraid to depose as to all they knew. They had at last, however, come forward and delivered their evidence. One of them deposed that, being on the night of the murder seated under the hedge of the garden of the deceased, while tending some horses at pasture, he overheard the brothers plotting the murder, during which one of them said, 'I could very well kill our father, but I should not have courage to kill our mother.' To this the other replied—'Well, for my part, I am ready to kill them both.' This testimony being corroborated by other circumstances, no doubt of their guilt could be entertained, and the jury returned their verdict accordingly, but with extenuating circumstances: and the paricides, instead of receiving capital punishment, were only sentenced to hard labor for life at the hulks. The latter part of the finding, no doubt, arose from the feeling so general in France, against the infliction of the penalty of death in any case however atrocious.

A QUICK WAY TO GET RICH.—A Miss Ingram, of Pontiac, some time since was perusing a Texas paper and observed among the persons that bore a prominent part in the affairs of that government, a man bearing her own name, and jocosely remarked to her companions, that she had found a namesake in Texas, and intended to write to him and claim relationship. This resolution, more from curiosity and a desire of novelty than from any conviction that her hopes would be realized, was carried into effect. She wrote him a respectful letter, giving him a history of her family and parentage, and suggesting that as the name was not as common as most of the names of our country, the probability was strong that a relationship existed between them. She received in reply, a friendly and affectionate letter acknowledging her as a cousin, and expressing an earnest desire that the correspondence might be continued.

This was readily acceded to, and it was carried on agreeably and satisfactorily to both parties, until very recently, when she received intelligence of his death, and information, that in his will had bequeathed her the handsome sum of \$20,000 in gold and silver, leaving his personal property and immense landed estates to his relatives in that country. A few days previous to the reception of this joyful communication, she had connected her fortunes with those of a Methodist clergyman, and should their deed of charity comport with their means, the widow's heart will be filled with joy, and many an orphan live to implore blessings upon the heads of their benefactors, for their deeds of benevolence and generosity.—*Michigan Northern Advocate.*

A DUEL was fought a couple of weeks since at St. Stephens, N. B., between a couple of young sprigs of the law, growing out of a professional dispute. At the first fire one jumped ten feet into the air, the other fell over incontinently to the ground. Both evolutions opposite as they were, were perfectly voluntary, neither being in the slightest degree hurt, but both prodigiously scared. It is more than hinted that there was nothing but powder and wad in their weapons, which were pistols.

Death of Dalton.—The Toronto Commercial Herald of the 26th ult. appears in half mourning, on account of the death of the somewhat celebrated Thomas Dalton, Esq., Editor of the Toronto Patriot, on the 26th ult., from the effects of an attack of paralysis. The paper is to be continued for the benefit of his family.

OUTRAGEOUS.—The Baltimore Clipper states that on Monday, Dr. Jacob Houck rode up to the sixth ward in his sulky, while those who lingered around it were in a high state of excitement. He brought up his horse in the midst of the crowd, and from his known sentiments, became a fair mark for those around him. Several efforts were made to pull him from his seat, on which he drew a dirk, and cut on both sides of him, wounding, as we understand, several persons. A large stone thrown from the crowd, struck him on the right side of his head, and severely wounded him.

POPULATION AND PROPERTY.—The books of several marshals employed to take the late census in this city, present an aggregate of 313,629, of whom 144,324 are white males, and 153,630 are white females. The colored population amounts to 15,675, of whom 6,637 are males, and 9,038 females. The increase since 1835 has been about 43,000. The value of real and personal property in the city assessed this year, is \$187,121,464 real, and \$65,721,699 personal;—total \$252,843,168: being a decrease of \$14,038,267 from last year's valuation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Great Loss of Life.—In Augusta last, M. H. S. Ely, while cruising in the Mozambique channel, fell in with a slaver and drove her ashore. Of her cargo, consisting of 550 negroes, 200 were drowned, and the remainder were taken on board the Lily, and conveyed to Maritius.

ABOMINABLE.—During the late election in Pennsylvania, R. W. Middleton, Esq., editor of the Lancaster Examiner, while at the polls, was attacked by some ruffians who knocked him down, jumped upon him, and cut his face in the most horrible manner; the flesh was cut nearly off both sides of his face, and left his cheek and jaw bones nearly bare!

The Trial of the Bootmakers, at Boston for a conspiracy in forming (with others) what is usually denominated a Trades Union, on Thursday resulted in a general verdict of guilty against all the defendants, seven in number.—No sentence will be passed at present—the counsel of the defendants having taken exceptions to the charge of Judge Thatcher.

The Norfolk Beacon of Monday says:—'We learn that the crew of the ship Sea, Captain Delano, now in Hampton Roads, have refused to do duty for a week past, and that some difficulty is apprehended.'

Cold Weather South.—At Charleston, on Monday last, thermometer fell about 13 degrees, and there was ice the previous evening in the neighborhood of the city. A frost as big as a small snow was visible at Augusta, Geo., on Sunday week.

The Little Rock (Arkansas) Times of the 18th ult. states that John Howard Payne, esq. had reached that place on his route to visit the western Indians, for the purpose of completing investigations of their history and habits. He travels under a special passport from the Secretary of war, and recommendatory letters to all Indian Agencies from the Indian Department.

NOTICES.

We will feel ourselves under particular obligation to those of our subscribers, who may not intend to bind their papers, if any of them will send us by mail, Nos. 31, 36, 37 and 51 of the first Vol. Owing to accident, or carelessness, we are destitute of these numbers.

Those gentlemen who are acting as Agents for us, will oblige us, by being particular in making remittances, to send the name of the subscriber to whom credit is to be given. It will save us much trouble.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle L. ave.) Albany. **Blank books** every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respect fully solicit a share of public patronage. By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore 23 Audubon's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18.

Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait.

Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire.

Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London not received.

The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America contrasted.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.

Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.

Guizot's Civilization of Europe.

Mrs. Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.

Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.

Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.

Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.

Hallam's Literature of Europe.

The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by him."

POETRY.

THE LAMENT OF AN EMIGRANT OVER THE GRAVE OF
HIS YOUNG WIFE.*By the Author of the Collegians, &c.*

The tie is broke, my Irish girl?
That bound thee here to me,
My heart has lost its single pearl—
And thine at last is free—
Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,
Dead as the stone above thee—
Cold as this heart that breaks to say
It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—
—No blush comes o'er thy brow—
Those gentle arms that once caress'd,
Fall round me deadly now—
The smile of love no longer part
Those dead blue lips of thine—
I lay my hand upon thy heart—
'Tis cold, at last, to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven
Within our native land—
A fairer grave to thee were given.
Than this wild bed of sand—
But thou wert single in thy faith
And single in thy worth,
And thou should'st die a lonely death,
And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
My last—last look is given—
The earth is smooth above thy breast.
And mine is yet unruven!—
No mass — no parting rosary—
My perished love can have—
But a husband's sighs embalm her corse,
A husband's tears her grave.

STANZAS.

Tell, spirit of the wilderness!
If Contemplation dwell
Amid gay fashion's proud excess,
Or in the cloistered cell?
Yes! she retires, with modest eye,
To scan in silence o'er
The orbs that gem the azure sky,
Or list the ocean's roar

In her such fadeless beauties bloom
As may not pass away,
From sorrow she dispels the gloom,
And points to brighter day:
Affection bends o'er her loved son,
To catch hope's transient ray,
And when it dies, 'tis she alone
The tear of grief can stay.

Joy may linger, pleasure beam,
Friendship never now decay;
These are but phantasies—a dream,
That leads the mind astray;
Then, Contemplation, be thou mine,
And throw around thy spell,
All spells above that sweetly shine
Unchanged, unchangeable.

WHEN WE ARE YOUNG.

When we are young we often think
Of time and death with fear;
But when we stand upon the brink
Of dread-eternity,—and hear
Our knell in every passing breath
Of the rude wind as it sweeps by,
We pray—if there be peace in death,
O let us quickly die!

When we were young, our lot was bright:
As earthly lot can be,
And youthful fancy shed a light
Even o'er the broad futurity.

Where is it now!—Our sky is dark,
And our life like the sea-boy tost
From all, save his benighted bark,
Which is, but to be lost.

When we were young, the plants of youth
Which round our pastimes knelt
In all the loveliness of truth,
Sprung from the hearts that beat and felt!
—There are new tombstones on the hill
Where our forefathers' rest;
But tombs are warmer than the chill
Of the alienated breast.

When we were young, 'twas bliss to feel
The love that walks abroad
O'er heaven, and earth, and sea,—and zeal,
On angel pinions, flew to God.
Now to the earth our souls are bent,
Or, in the agony of woe,
Lifted to pray the enchantment spent,
That binds the soul below!

BETTER MOMENTS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give eye to me some linament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears.
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at even tide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring.
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty—then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like a myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung,
And when the beauteous spirit there,
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars of night
And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the grey east—when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was forth perchance
As a worn reveller from the dance—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say a voice has thrilled me then,

Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or creeping from the silent glen
Like words from the departing night
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
On the wet grass my fevered brow,
And pouring forth the earliest
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
And yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE DYING DEIST.

I saw him in the bloom of youth.
Ere he had felt affliction's rod;
He spurned the sacred book of truth,
The glorious gospel of our God;
And scorn'd the Almighty Power above.
Whose eye creation's scope may scan;
And read the source of hate or love.
Within the heart of thankless man.

To him a gracious God had given
The gift of genius, to survey
The wondrous works of earth and heaven,
Spread out in beautiful array;
But ah! Creation to his sight,
Was but a wild, a rude romance;
Sprung from the realms of rayless night,
By dark undesigned CHANCE.

He saw the charming seasons change,
And flowers bloom and blush for man,
But in all nature's radiant range.
The Mighty Mind he could not scan.
Each spire of grass, each being born,
Should have convinced a mind so wise;
And yet he even laughed to scorn
A suffering Saviour's sacrifice.

I saw the dying Deist roll
Upon an agonizing bed;
Hell's horrors harrow'd up his soul,
His eye-ball starting from his head;
With streaming eyes I saw him stretch
His impious hands to Heaven, in pray'r:
Save! save! Oh! save! he cried, a wretch,
Whose souls is shrouded in despair!

Death's darkest angel o'er him waved
His gloomy wings, to waft away
The sceptic's spirit, and he raged,
And wept, and prayed for one more day.
Philosophy, thou fool! say, where
Was now thy sweet controlling power?
Where was thy balm for his despair,
In dissolution's awful hour?

I saw him gathered to the grave,
In Christian holiness unborn;
He died cold scepticism's slave,
All unforgiven and forlorn;
With genius worthy Heaven's abode,
But with a hopeless heart of pride;
Rent by the awful wrath of God,
The poor unhappy Deist died.

What madness 'tis in man to mar
The joys which God has kindly given;
And blot out Bethlehem's beauteous star,
Whose light illumines our path to heaven!
'Tis pain to strive—no power may stay
The will and pleasure of our Lord;
Hell's deep dark dungeons must obey,
And heaven and earth receive his Word.

MILFORD BARD.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content.
—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Sta king; British and American
Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries;
Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natu-
ral History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing;
Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in
Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum.
Subscriptions received by

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Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 11.]

MASONIC.

LOUISVILLE—KENTUCKY. OFFICERS

Of the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honorable fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Kentucky.

M. W. Abner Cunningham, G. M.
R. W. Wilkins Tannehill, D. G. M.
W. Thomas J. Welby, S. G. W.
W. Leander M. Cox, J. G. W.
M. R. Caleb W. Cloud, G. C.
Edmund F. Vawter, G. O.
Philip Swigert, G. Secretary.
William Cardwell, G. Treas.
John McCracken, G. S. & T.

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G. Oldzo Montcalm, C. G. Thomas P. Hart, P.
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W. John W. Brite, S. B. Ezra Webb, S. B. Samuel
Griffith, Warder. Philip Tompert, Sentinel.

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F. Colston, C. of H. Thomas P. Hart, P. S. Thom-
as J. Welby, R. A. C. Charles Stienagel, Treasurer.
Isaac Cromie, Sec'y. James Lees, Samuel Griffith,
Olonzo Montcalm, M. V. John W. Brite, Chaplain,
David Heran, Marshal. Philip Tompert, T.

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Eliot, Treas. Thomas P. Hart, S. D. William J.
Beebe, J. D. Philip Tompert, T.

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Charles Stienagel, J. W. John Smidt, Sec'y. A.
Zanone, Treas. G. C. Weber, S. D. James Scott,
J. D. Philip Tompert, T.

MASONRY IN TEXAS.

The Grand Secretary of Texas, has favored us with a list of the Subordinate Lodges of this flourishing Republic, as well as of the recently elected officers of the Grand Lodge, which we take pleasure in publishing, both as regards the interest and information it will impart to the Brethren, as well as the gratifying evidence, of the progress of Masonry in that part of the Viceroyalty. We hope the Grand Secretary will keep us advised of the state of Masonry in that quarter, from time to time.

OFFICERS

Of the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, of Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons, for A. D. 1840.
A. L. 5840.

M. W. Samuel M. Williams, of Galveston, G. M.
R. W. William G. Cooke, of Houston, D. G. M.
" Adolphus Sterne, of Nacogdoches, S. G. W.
" Alexander Russell, of Austin City, J. G. W.

" Thomas G. Western, of Houston, G. Treas.
" Geo. Fisher, of Houston, G. Sec'y.
" James Izod, of Austin City, D. G. Sec'y.
" Thomas J. Rusk, of Nacodoches, G. Marshal.
" Harvey Kendrick, of Matagorda, G. S. B.
" Wm. F. Gray, of Houston, G. P.
Rev. Littleton Fowler, D. D. itinerant, G. C.
W. John H. Walton, of Galveston, G. Lecturer.
" Edward H. Tarrant, of Red River, S. G. D.
" Daniel Rowlett, of Fannin, J. G. D.
" Daniel J. Toler, of Washington, } Grand
" Asa Hoxie, of Independence, } Stewards.
" Herman Ward, of Austin City, G. Tyler.

List of Subordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, Sept. 5840.

NAMES.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
Holland,	Houston,	Harrisburg,
Milam,	Nacodoches,	Nacodoches
McFarlane,	San Augustin	San Augustin
Temple,	Houston	Harrisburg.
St. Johns,	Columbia	Brazoria.
Harmony,	Galveston	Galveston.
Matagorda	Matagorda	Matagorda.
Phoenix	Washington	Washington.
De Kalb	De Kalb	Red-River.
Perfect Union	San Antonio	Bexar.
Milam	Independence	Washington.
Austin	Austin City	Travis.
Constantine	Seat of Justice	Fannin.
Trinity	Swartwout	Liberty.
Gonzales	Gonzales	Gonzales.

Attest.

GEORGE FISHER,

Grand Sec'y. G. L. R. of Texas.

Houston, Sept. 24th, 5840.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

"Are illustrated and explained by the most striking examples and appropriate devices. Indeed, a Masonic lodge affords a most excellent school of instruction. In it, the brotherhood are engaged in the practice of the most useful and important lessons of life. They are impressed, with the necessity of system, order and regularity, in all their pursuits, and are instructed in such principles, as ought to govern them, on entering into the social state. The equality and good will which prevails in the lodge teaches us, to know, that "all men are created equal," that our safety and satisfaction in life, is derived from a mutual willingness and obligation to aid and assist each other, and that merit alone, constitutes the just ground of distinction between man and man. By it, we are convinced that power, to be lawfully exercised, must be fairly and voluntarily delegated, and that laws to be binding, must be enacted by the authority of those for whom they are made. The levelling power of masonry, instead of lessening, greatly increases our respect for those who are entrusted with offices, and it has demonstrated, that men from the most exalted to the humblest stations in life, have derived a heartfelt satisfaction, and have found it to be highly necessary, to meet together and associate with one another as brothers. The rewards of the just, and the punishment of the wicked are historically and practically taught, and the temple which we rear for the reception of a brother, is constructed in such a manner as to impress him with the beauties of *faith, hope and charity*; and to admonish him, of the solidity and strength of that union, which is cemented together by virtue and benevolence and founded upon justice and truth. The use of the senses, and the advantages of the arts and sciences, are also called into requisition; and the mechanical tools are especially necessary in our Masonic labors. These are all designed to enforce and represent various truths; *moral, political and religious*; and being lively and sensible images, are well calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the heart, and fasten themselves upon the memory.

"The light of masonry would have long since ceased to shine, had it not been for the eternal and immutable light which it derives from the Holy Bible. When surrounding that sacred altar we never can forget the book which is constantly before us. The same beacon light, by which the Christian is guided in pursuing his voyage to the haven of everlasting happiness, directs also, the mason's course "on life's troublous ocean," "In the beginning, God said, let there be light, and there was light." The sublimity of this awful fiat of the Almighty must have struck every mason with a peculiar force. We behold, daily, the world passing from light to darkness, and from darkness to light—but the illumination, and the gloom are made gradually to succeed each other, and by its frequency, the sublimity of the change is lost upon our senses.—We can imagine, it is true, an instantaneous change from darkness to light, and can form some adequate idea of the awful spectacle of a world emerging from darkness. But the mason is made especially to feel the abject state of *wretchedness, ignorance and darkness* by which he is surrounded in this sublunary sphere, and is solemnly impressed with the glorious and intense brightness which shines throughout the kingdom of the Most High! And I must say, the heart of that man is callous indeed, who is not struck with the sublimity of "Hieroglyphic bright, which none but craftsmen ever saw," and who feels no sensation at the mention of that name, which fills the good with hope, and the guilty with fear and trembling. It is not the light of day, which the mason beholds in the masonic temple. It is the light of religion, of virtue and of truth—the light of nature, science and philosophy—the light of justice, temperance, prudence and fortitude—the light of mercy, benevolence and charity. These are lights which illuminate the masonic sanctuary. It is the influence which they have, upon the life and conduct of a true mason, which gives dignity and distinction to his character, and calls for the respect of his fellow-men. Thus he is led to delight in his masonic duties—to cherish the warmest affection for the brotherhood—to lock up in his heart the invaluable secrets of the order; and to hold the masonic institution in the highest veneration. It is thus, that the blessings of masonry have descended from generation to generation, pure and undefiled and it is thus, that our society still exists, in the full enjoyment of all its capabilities of mitigating and assuaging the sorrows and afflictions of this vale of tears."—*Fulton*.

CHARITY.

A brother should bear a brother's infirmities.

There is no virtue, in which men are more deficient, than in the exercise of that spirit of charity, "which beareth all things, and hopeth all things." Though we ought never to countenance error, yet ought we to view and reprove with tenderness, the faults of others. The pride of our own hearts, which is ever leading us astray, impels us to detect and expose the errors of our neighbors, and thus triumph in our fancied superiority. We place our own characters as a model, and every difference or deficiency receives our condemnation. Unmindful of the endless diversity of characters; the peculiar constitution of different minds; and the variety of motives which govern human actions, we mark out one path of thought and action for the whole; an attempt as absurd and impracticable as to provide one orbit for all the planets which glitter in the firmament.

Charity does not require us to excuse the vices or overlook the errors of a friend. One of the best proofs of friendship is, that affectionate censorship which watches over the actions of another, marks his errors, and sedulously labors for their correction. But it instructs us to bear, with affectionate sympathy, those eccentricities of character, those fluctuations of temper, and those little excesses, either of gaiety or depression to which all are subject. We should advise a friend with caution and humility, and reprove him with that

meekness which would result from a conviction that we ourselves are fallible, and that we frequently require to-day the admonitions which we so freely imparted yesterday. Another important duty is, to guard and defend the reputation of a friend. The world is prying and captious, and the shafts of calumny fly too thickly to miss even the most spotless character. We need not point out the numerous occasions which present themselves to silence the calumnious hint, and rectify the equivocal remark. As the depository of his sentiments, and the confidant of his secrets, we ought ever to guard the character of a brother—and without excusing or palliating his errors, we may often throw the mantle of protection over his foibles.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

THE SCREW vs PADDLE WHEELS.

A new principle of propulsion in the case of steamers has recently been introduced in England, and subjected to the test of experience. It is the Screw, in lieu of Paddle Wheels. The *Archimedes*, a three masted schooner of 240 tons, is constructed on this principle, and has attracted much attention. It is admitted on all hands that she performs tolerably well, and the inventor and owners appear to think that nothing can surpass her. At any rate, they have challenged any low pressure steamer to run with her a distance of 500 miles on the open sea, for a purse of £1000. A description of the *Archimedes* is thus given in the *Inverness Courier*:

The *Archimedes* is rigged as a smart three masted schooner, with her masts raking; her length is 125 feet, average draft of water 10 feet, capacity 240 tons, power of engines 80 horses. We take from the *Courier* the following description.

The mode of propulsion may be said to be by a portion only of the Archimedian screw. When the vessel was first tried a full turn of that species of screw (like a patent corn screw on a central straight spindle) was employed. The inventor afterwards for the sake of compactness, introduced the double threaded screw, with half a turn of each thread, as more applicable to this vessel, although he rather prefers the other. This is of iron, and is fixed in an opening on the run of the vessel, above the keel, and about 10 feet forward from the rudder. The screw works transversely wth the keel, radiating the water all round, as it turns with a backward movement. Its diameter is five feet nine inches, and the length fore and aft about five feet. It almost appears incredible that so small a portion of machinery could propel a vessel of such length, but the hold it takes of the water, and the velocity with which it turns, are the elements of its power. It is quite under the surface, and is therefore invisible by spectators, either on board or on shore. It is worked by a spindle forming its axle, which runs fore and aft, and is connected with the steam engine, the velocity being acquired by a combination of spur wheels and pinions. Each revolution of the larger wheel turned by the cranks of the engines, gives, by the multiplied power, five and one-third revolutions of screw, which consequently revolves at the rate of from 130 to 150 turns in a minute, according to the speed of the engine. In consequence of the powerful stream thus propelled against the rudder, the ship is actually found to obey the helm much more readily, and to be therefore more under command in steering, than either a common steam or sailing vessel; so that she can easily turn round in one quarter or one half of her own length, while it is well known that an ordinary steamer cannot do so with the paddle in less than six times her length. The shafts of the steam engine work fore and aft, the cranks turning transversely, so as to communicate the power directly, by cog wheels, to the screw; and there is one considerable advantage arising from this arrangement of the machinery, namely, that the cylinders, and in fact the whole weight of the engine, rest immediately over the keel, where the vessel is the least liable to straining or twisting from the effects of undue pressure. The larger wheel is toothed or cogged with horn-beam (timber.)

The action of the screw is different from the operation of "sculling," in the particular that in sculling there are but two motions, the chief force being derived from the lateral; whereas the screw exerts an

equal degree of power for every part of its surface towards the periphery in the direction of the radii. The successive columns of water as fast as presented, are forced away by the act of rotation, pretty much as the earth is turned away from the mould board of a plough. The action of the screw may be said to bear the same relation to "sculling," which the use of paddle-wheels does to the ordinary mode of propulsion by oars.

The *Archimedes* has made several trips, and works well. Her speed is not quite so great as that of first rate steamboats in calm water. But this is believed to result from the fact, that her engines being on a new principle, and made by an inexperienced engineer, the full power of the boat is not developed. The nominal power of the engines is 80 horse power, but in reality they do not work up to more than sixty.

One of the greatest advantages of this invention, as applicable to all descriptions of shipping, is in the circumstance that the screw may be thrown out of gear in two minutes, and the vessel be put under sail alone. The screw is then turned by the motion of the vessel; but the drag is not more than a half mile in ten. Even the drag itself admits of being removed, as provision is made for totally unslipping the screw and bringing it upon deck.

The advantage of the screw over paddle wheels in ocean steamers, it will be readily seen, must be very great. The leaning over of the ship often throws one of the paddle wheels out of the water, and immerses the other too deeply. The screw is always in the water. The saving of fuel will be considerable, as the fires may be extinguished on board a ship propelled by the screw, and the vessel used as a sailing ship when the wind is full and fair. As a vessel of war the advantages would be palpable. The opinion has been expressed by officers of the royal navy, who have witnessed the performance of the *Archimedes*. When it is recollected that this invention is yet in its infancy, and the *Archimedes* is the first vessel on a large principle, we may readily infer that the introduction of the screw in the construction of steamers, is destined to work an important change in one of the most essential features of naval architecture.

MISCELLANY.

MAJ. ANDRE—AGAIN.

The *Army and Navy Magazine*, in the course of some gratifying comments upon the September number of the *Knickerbocker*, and especially of the revolutionary paper entitled 'The Robinson House,' observes: Familiar as are the main features of the Arnold plot to American readers, every new dress in which it appears, displays some additional incident, gathered from tradition or contemporary actors. The patriotism and love of virtue so inherent in the American people, have long since stamped the memory of the traitor with detestation, while that of his chivalrous victim is always viewed with sympathetic regret. From many communications to which the article in question has given rise, we select the subjoined 'Sequel to the "Robinson House,"' from the pen of an infrequent contributor, once made illustrious by Galt, our old friend 'Laurie Todd': 'Mr. Editor: In your number for September, is a very interesting, beautiful and correct history of the capture of Major Andre.—Permit me to add my mite to that history. I think it was in the month of September, 1800, that I made one of a company that was following the corpse of a friend departed, to the house appointed for all living. It was at Fairytown; and on our way to the grave, we paused on the spot where Andre was first hailed and stopped. My companion in the line informed me of the fact, and added 'Isaac Van Wart, one of the captors is now in our company.' At the conclusion of the funeral service, I was introduced to Mr. Van Wart; and on our way back, I desired him to lead me to the spot among the trees and brush wood, at that time unaltered, where the search and important discovery were made. He very kindly complied; and while I pressed the ground where stood the feet of Andre, he related the story as your correspondent has done, with this small addition, viz: that when Andre found he was discovered, and a prisoner, he offered successively his gold watch and a purse of gold for his liberty. This being refused, he tendered an order on the British commissary in New-York for any amount in goods

and money which his captors might name; 'and for security of the payment,' he added, 'let one of you go to New-York and receive the sum. I will remain here a hostage with the other two, until your comrade returns. If the contract is not fulfilled, I am still your prisoner.' Here I interrupted Mr. Van Wart. I said: 'Sir, you were three poor young men; it was a great temptation. Did none of you hesitate?' 'Not one!' he answered: 'each stood firm, as appeared in the sequel.' Now, Mr. Knickerbocker, in the days of Rome an action like this would have been blazoned to posterity in letters of gold: it would have lived on the canvass of the painter, and in the marble of the sculptor. But poor was the reward, and small the thanks, which these brave and patriotic men received from their country. Four or five winters ago, if my memory serves me, an application was made to Congress from one of the surviving captors of Andre, for some sort of compensation. My impression is that it was refused.—Certain I am, it was warmly opposed, and especially by a member from our own state. They were branded as 'cow-thieves,' etc. Perhaps they were cow-thieves; but at that period, the most honorable men, both whigs and Tories, living between the lines, were cow-thieves. The British soldiers and American Tories stole cows from the whigs: the whigs had no remedy but to steal them back again. It is very probable that the British and Tories had driven off the whole stock belonging to the widowed mother of these boys; for if fame speaks true, neither of the three were of age; and according to the usages of war, they were justified in a recapture. It is evident they were not thieves for gain; else they would have taken the price which Andre offered for his ransom, which was more than would have sufficed to purchase the whole stock of cows, sheep and oxen, which belonged to Job, when he resided in the land of Uz. In my humble opinion Mr. Editor, (in which as a native Knickerbocker, I am sure you will join,) every New-Yorker should be proud that he was born in the state which produced three such men; and the fact of their being boys, and poor boys, adds very much to the glory of the act. Had this deed been done by a Van Cortlandt, a Phillips, a Van Rensselaer, or any three of the 'lords of the manor,' on the Hudson river, the act would have been engraved on the rocks with the point of a diamond. But it was done by three cow-herd-boys; and there is not a stone to mark the spot where this important event took place. In 1821, when the remains of Major Andre were placed on board the British sloop of war which had been sent to convey them to England, and while she lay in the North river awaiting a wind, I had an ardent desire to handle the skull that had once contained such mighty projects. I obtained an order from the British Consul, and repaired on board, taking with me a handsome myrtle plant, which I placed on the lid of the sarcophagus. This plant was carried to London in good condition, and many of the 'grandeens' obtained cuttings from it, which grew and multiplied under the name of 'Andre's Myrtle.' When I was in London in 1833, I saw several of these myrtles. I remember that when I held Andre's skull in my hand, I observed that the root of a cedar tree had struck thro' the bone of the right side, and came out at the left where it remained.—*Knickerbocker for Nov.*

A REMINISCENCE.

The original Declaration of Independence in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington, has elicited from the veteran Mr. B. O. Tyler, an interesting relative to that document. It had been kept in a tin case, and when the Capitol was burned by the British during the late war, Mr. King took the declaration, all the Treaties and as many other valuable papers as he could carry, and fled with them to the Montgomery Court House, Maryland—thereby preserving them from the general destruction. When J. Q. Adams came into the State Department, he had the Declaration taken out of its tin case, elegantly framed, enclosed it in a mahogany case, and hung it up in the Secretary's room—the case being provided with a door by opening which, any one can see the original. The splendid full length portrait of Washington, by Stewart, owes its preservation from a conflagration to Mrs. Madison. When that heroine saw the Capitol in flames, she took her carving knife, and cut the portrait out of the frame in which it hung, rolled it up, got

in to her carriage, and drove with it to Montgomery Court House, where it, with the public documents, was preserved.—*Baltimore Clipper*.

Now that the Election is over and people begin to come to their senses, we suppose our readers will not accuse us of violating our neutrality, nor torture every good joke into "political capital," although it may perhaps have a little *squinting to our side*—which like every body's side, is the *right side*, although it may not be on the reader's side. Nature has given us a round face, which is not our fault, but her's, and we have always had a stronger propensity to laugh than to cry.—Consequently, we can never see a good thing—or a good fellow, but we are at all times ready to take it or him by the hand; always excepting an *unrepenting anti-mason*: The following piece of humor, is from the New Orleans Picayune.

RECORDER'S COURT.

SECOND MUNICIPALITY.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Frank Smith and Thomas Reddin were up before Recorder Baldwin on Sunday morning. They were arrested for being noisy and intoxicated.

"Smith," said the Recorder, "about what did you and Reddin quarrel?"

"Vy, about the old thing, your honor," said Smith.

"What do you call the old thing?" said the Recorder.

"Vy, this here election," said Smith.

"O, you differ in it, do you," said the Recorder.

"Certainly we do," said Smith—"he is a *rabbit* Loco Foco and I is a *vig*."

"A what?" said the Recorder.

"A violent politician and in favor of Wan Buren," said Smith: "But I'll tell your honor as how it is. Ve both lives in the same yard, and venever I passes him he says there goes Hard Cider; there is von of the party wot aint got no principles; there's a supporter of the man wot's been made brave by certificates and not by his sword; and he goes on in that ere vay vich no good vig can stand. Ven he finds the other vige out, what live in the yard and the Loco Focos at home, he is sure to take the wote and then he calls it a Wan Buren victory and a sign of the times, and all that. The fact is, your honor, if the feller vassn't looking out for an office I dosen't thing he'd be half as patriotic as he is."

"Reddin," said the Recorder, "is your conduct such as Smith describes it?"

"Not a bit on it,"—if I was to be let alone i'd never do nothing to nobody, but he's heterally talking politics. Ven my old woman locks the door and goes out, he makes a fox on it vith chalk and writes underneath it, 'this here is sly Reynard from kinderhook, vot vos for some time in the London Zoological Gardens, but now in the Menagerie at Vashington; he's the most cunning hanimal vots known to naturalists.' This is not all, your honor. Ven I wants to sleep at night I'm blowed if I can get a wink, he kicks up such a rumpus, singing Harrison songs the whole time and crowing like a reg'lar rooster, I have challenged him over and over again, but I never gets him to toe the mark, no how."

"Do you know," said the Recorder, "that by challenging him you have been guilty of inciting to a breach of the peace?"

"I dosen't mean a duel, your honor," said Redden, "but to a discussion of principles; but I'm blaped if I don't believe he haint got any."

"But can't you both retain your respective political opinions without quarrelling?" said the Recorder.

"Vell, then," said Redden, "your honor must bind him over not to sing Arason songs between the hours of ten o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning, and not to be frightening my children out of bed by firing off that old rusty musket in celebration of victories when he haint gained none. Yes, and prevent im, your honor," continued Redden, "from making his big dog stand on his hind legs in my presence, and

saying, as he points to him, 'here is von of Wan Buren's present standing army; nor I won't stand no more from him about negro testimony, cause it's all gammon.'"

On the part of Smith it was provided that Redden, was not to call him a hard cider cask nor a worshipper of log cabins, any more. They made mutual promises to act with more forbearance towards one another in future, and to display a greater degree of political charity than they have evinced heretofore and were discharged.

DEATH NOT A PAINFUL PROCESS.

It has been observed that many commit suicide from a notion that death from natural causes, is attended with considerable agony. This is the generally received notion, but it is an erroneous one. Those who have often witnessed the act of dying allow that it is not a painful process. In some delicate and irritable persons, a kind of struggle is indeed sometimes excited when respiration becomes difficult, but more frequently the dying obviously suffer nothing and express no uneasiness. Those who die of chronic diseases the graduation is slow and distinct. Consumptive patients are sometimes in a dying state for several days; they appear at times to suffer little, but to languish for complete dissolution; nay, we have known them to express great uneasiness when they have been recalled from the commencement of insensibility by the cries of their friends, or the efforts of the attendants to alleviate pain. In observing persons in this situation, we have always been impressed with an idea that the approach of natural death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep. The disturbance of respiration is the only apparent source of uneasiness to the dying: and sensibility seems to be just in proportion to the decrease of that function.—Besides, both the impression of present objects and those recalled by memory are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient whose wish is for absolute rest.—We could never see the close of life under these circumstances without recollecting those beautiful lines of Spencer:

"Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas; Ease after war; death after life, doth greatly please."—*The Anatomy of Suicide*.

BETTING.—The following article on this subject, from the Pennsylvanian, embraces a great deal of good common sense, which however nobody will follow.

One of the worst results of the protracted political excitement which follows the Presidential election, is the enormous amount of gambling it has given rise to. Both parties, wild with uncertainty, seem to think that their chance of success is increased in proportion to the sums they are willing to risk on the result. This is greatly to be deplored. Betting is gaming in one of its most reprehensive forms, and political gambling—that which treats an election as if it were a horse race or a cock fight—cannot be too severely condemned. We trust that no more may be heard of it. Multitudes have already risked what they can ill afford to lose, and it is a poor way of manifesting confidence or party attachment to impoverish one's self, or to gain a taste for winning, for a species of "sport," as it is called, which is too often a destroyer both of soul and body. Gentlemen partisans—Harrisonians and Democrats—keep your cash in your pockets, do not go stumping people lest in the end you yourself be stumped—for stumped somebody must be, that's a clear case.

An Irishman, who was committed to Knatsford (Eng.) tread-wheel for the space of a month, observed at the expiration of his task, "What a great deal of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor creatures if the they had invented it to go by steam like all other water mills; for d—l burn me if I have not been going up stairs four weeks, but never could reach the chamber door at all, at all."

GOOD.—A person said, in our hearing, the other day that editors for the most part, were a thin, pale-faced set. A lad standing near, made this witty observation to his chum:—"There, Bob, I told you I had often read about the editorial corpses."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

Important Fact.—The sum annually expended on bread by the population of the three kingdoms amounts to about twenty-five millions of money, while that expended in strong drink amounts to upwards of fifty millions sterling per annum. The money spent in gin only would supply the population of the kingdom with bread for half a year.—*Boston Free Press*.

Religious Statistics.—The following is from information collected by the Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts: Christians, 260,000,000; Jews, 4,000,000; Mahometans, 6,000,000; idolaters of all sorts, 500,000,000. Total population of the world, 860,000,000.

Weaving Glass with Silk.—The most ingenious invention of weaving glass with silk is proceeding with great success. The patterns wove are beautiful in the extreme, and have induced many of the nobility to select them for curtains and other ornamental furniture.

New Invention.—An invention is in progress to supersede the necessity of using horse-hair for stuffing chairs, sofas, &c. The substitute (for which a patent is taken out,) is cork cut in the minutes particles, which is found upon trial to be superior to horse-hair in every respect, and the saving is considered at about 200 per cent. An extensive factory is fast progressing, and a large fortune appears likely to reward the inventor.

A Railroad Wonder.—The Great Western Railway has run 29,200,000 miles and carried 1,520,000 passengers, without any accident fatal to a passenger, from its opening, two years and three months.

Ashes of Napoleon.—While Louis Napoleon is, as it were, buried in the fortress of Ham, preparations are making on the grandest scale for entombing the remains of his illustrious ancestor at the Invalides. The ashes, after arriving at Havre, will be conveyed up the Seine as far as Courbevoi, near Paris, where an arch of triumph will be erected, and other arrangements made to receive with becoming pomp the remains of the Emperor. A procession will be formed there, which will enter Paris by the Champs-Elysees. Some trees are to be cut down in the vicinity of the Invalides, in order to form an approach worthy of the illustrious deposit about to be consigned to it. A temporary bridge is to be thrown over the Seine, and the spacious court yard of the Invalides is to be converted into an illuminated chapel, the ground of which is to be covered with violet-colored velvet of the richest description. The hearse is to be drawn by twenty-four milk-white horses, which are to be imported expressly from Germany.

An Important Verdict.—In the important case of the Marquis De Aycinena vs. the estate of James Yard, esq. deceased, which has been under trial before Judge Pettit, at Philadelphia, for the last two weeks, the jury, on Wednesday, gave a verdict for the plaintiff of forty three thousand six hundred dollars and eighty cents.

COMING CLOSE.—It is stated in a St. John, N. B. paper of the 7th inst., that the Government is about to erect barracks at Woodstock, on the upper part of the river St. John, twelve miles from the post at present held by the Americans at Holton.

FROM FLORIDA.—We learn from the Apalachicola Advertiser of the 24th the following paragraph. It has been long suspected that there were white men connected with the Indian operations in Florida, and this seems to be the first clue to their discovery.

There is a rumor here, for the truth of which we do not vouch, that two or three, or one or two white persons have been arrested at Tallahassee, on suspicion of being connected with the Indians.

The name of one is said to be Johnson Cook, a man well known to many of our citizens, who was endeavoring to purchase a keg of gunpowder. This man resided with the Indians previous to the commencement of hostilities, and is supposed to have been with them ever since. When taken, he is said to have displayed indications of having been recently painted after the manner of the savages. Every inducement will be made to elicit information concerning the lurking places of the enemy.

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST. PAUL.

"DO YOU THINK I'D INFORM?"

[CONCLUDED.]

Instantly James urged his stout horse forward, crying at the top of his voice to Murphy to stop; but either the animal was tired, or the most endowed with supernatural swiftness, for he soon lost sight even of the skirts of Murphy's coat, which floated loosely behind him. "The scoundrel!" he muttered to himself, while the gallop of his steed subsided into a heavy, but tolerably rapid trot; "I wanted to tell him to take care how he meddled with me or mine. Sydney!—Sydney, indeed! And the rascal's assurance!—he never spoke three words to my girl in his life! It's a good thing we're rid of him here any way, I hope he's not a near neighbor of any of Furlong's people, that's all; his impudence—to me who knew him so well! Serve me right," he thought within himself, when his mutterings had subsided; "serve me right to keep the secret of such a fellow. I suffered those who war innocent to leave the country—and he to talk of paying my family a compliment! Mr. Herrick said it would come home to me, and so it has. I'm sure Murphy must have been overtaken,* or he'd never dare to propose such a thing. But, then, if he was, why, the devil takes the weight off a tipsy man's tongue, and then all's out."

It was night before Harragan arrived at his farm, and there the warm smiles and bright eyes of his Sydney were ready to greet his descent from the back of his stout steed, and the bridegroom elect was ready to hold the horse; and his sons, now growing up readily to manhood, crowded around him; and his dog, far more respectable in appearance than the generality of Irish cottage dogs, leaped to lick his hand; and the cat, with tail erect, purred at the door; the very magic, that Sydney loved for its love of mischief, stretched its neck through its prison bars to greet the farmer's return to his cottage home.

"There's no use in talking," said James Harragan, after the conclusion of a meal which few small farmers are able to indulge in—I mean supper. "There's no use in talking, Sydney—but I can't spare you—it's a certain fact I cannot spare you. Furlong must find a farm near us, and live here; why, wanting my little girl, I should be like a sky without a sun."

"Farms are not to be had here—they are too invaluable to be easily obtained, as you well know," replied the young man; but sure she'll not be a day's ride from you, sir, unless, indeed, my brother should have the luck to get a farm for me that he's after but the Slaney a little on the other side of the ferry of Mount Garrett; but that is such a bit of ground as is hard to be met with." The father hardly noticed Furlong's reply, for his eyes and thoughts were fixed upon his child, until the word "Slaney" struck upon his ear, and bro't back Murphy, his proposal, his threat, and his flying horse, at once to his remembrance.

"What did you say of a farm on the Slaney?" he inquired, hastily.

"That I have the chance, the more than chance, of a purty bit of land with a house, a slated house upon it, on the banks of the Silver Slaney, as ever was turned for wheat or barley—to say nothing of green crops, that would bate the world for quality or quantity. My brother has known the cows there yield fourteen or sixteen quarts. I did not like to say any thing about it before, for I was afraid I should never have the luck of it, but he wrote me to-day to say that he was almost sure of it, though some black-hearted villain had written letters without a name to the landlord, and agent, and steward against us. Think of that now! We that never did a hard turn to man, woman, or child, in the country."

James Harragan absolutely shuddered: and passing his arm round Sydney's neck, drew her towards him with a sort of instinctive affection, like a bird that shelters its nestling beneath its wing, when it hears the wild hawk's scream upon the breeze.

* T. p.

"Sydney shall never go there," said Harragan. "Not go to the banks of the Slaney!" exclaimed her eldest brother. "Why, father, you don't know what a place it is—you don't know what you say. Besides, an hour and a half would take you quite easy to where Furlong means. You make a great deal too much fuss about the girl." And having so said, he stooped down and kissed her cheek, adding, "Never mind, father, I'll bring you home a daughter that 'ill be twice as good as Sydney. I'll just take one more summer out of myself, that's all, and then I'll marry; maybe I won't show a pattern wife to the country!" And then the youth was rated on the subject of bachelors' wives. And he retaliated; and his sister threatened to box his ears, and was not slow in putting the threat into execution; and soon afterwards Furlong rose to return home; and Sydney remembered she had forgotten to see to the health and comforts of a delicate calf; and though the servant and her brothers all offered to go, she would attend to it herself; and, five minutes after, her father went to the door, heard her light laugh and low murmuring voice, and saw her standing with her lover in the moonlight—he outside, and she inside the garden-gate, her hand clasped within his, and resting on the little pier that was clustered round with woodbine.—She looked so lovely in that clear pure light, that her father's heart ached from very anguish at the possibility of any harm happening to one so dear. He longed to ask Furlong if he knew Murphy, but a choking sensation to his throat prevented him. And when Sydney returned, he caught her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of such violent tears, as strong men seldom shed.

The poisoned chalice was approaching his own lips. What would he not have given at that moment that he had acceded to Mr. Herrick's proposal!—for had Murphy's villany become public, he must have quitted the country. How did he, even then, repent that he had not yielded to his reason, instead of his prejudice!

Young Furlong was at a loss to account for the steady determination with which, at their next meeting his intended father-in-law opposed his taking a farm in every way so advantageous; James hardly dared acknowledge to himself, much less impart to another, the dread he entertained of Steve Murphy's machinations; this was increased tenfold when he found that he was the person who not only desired, but had offered for that identical farm a heavier rent than he would ever have been able to pay for it. The landlord, well aware of this fact, and knowing that a rack-rent destroys first the land, secondly the tenant, and ultimately the landlord's property, had decided on bestowing his pet farm as a reward to the superior skill and industry of a young man whose enemies were too cowardly to attempt to substantiate their base charges against him.

I can only repeat my often expressed desire, that every other Irish landlord acted in the same manner. It would be impossible to convey an idea of how continually James Harragan's mind dwelt upon Steve Murphy's threat; at first he tried if Sydney's love towards Furlong was to be shaken, but that he found impossible.

"If you withdraw your consent, father," she said, "after having given it, and perfectly unable to find a single fault with him, I can only say I will not disobey you; but father, I will never marry—I will never take to any as I took to him, nor you need not expect it, you shall not make me disobedient, father, but you may break my heart." Sydney, resigned and suffering, pained her father more than Sydney remonstrating against injustice. She had before shown him how hard it was, not only after encouraging, but actually accepting Furlong, to dismiss him without reason, and had reproached him in an agony of bitter feeling for his inconsistency. When this did not produce the desired effect, her cheek grew pale, her step languid, her eyes lost their gentle brightness, and her eldest brother ventured to tell his father "that he was digging his daughter's grave!" The disappointment of the young man beggars description; he declared he would enlist go to sea, "quit the country," break his heart, shoot any one who put "betwixt them," and, after many prayers, used every possible and impossible threat, except the one which the Irish so rarely either threaten or execute, that of self-destruction, to induce James to alter his resolution; and James, unable to stand a-

gainst this domestic storm, did of course retract; and the consequence was, that he lost by this changing mood the confidence of his children, who had ever till then regarded him with the deepest affection. He dared not communicate the reason of his first change for doing so would have betrayed the foolish and unfortunate secret he had persevered in keeping, in opposition to common sense, and the estrangement of an old and valuable friend: he could not witness the returned happiness of his children without foreboding that something was to occur that would completely destroy it; and the joyous laughter of his daughter, at one time the sweet music of his household, was sure to send him forth with an aching heart.

Nor was young Furlong without his anxieties; he received more than one anonymous letter, threatening that if he did not immediately give up all thoughts of the farm, he would suffer for it; the notices were couched in the usual terms, which, in truth, I care not to repeat; it is quite enough to say that they differed in no respect from others of a similar kind, and with a like intention. However inclined the young man might feel to despise such hints, the experience of the country unfortunately proved that they ought not to be disregarded; but his brother, stronger of heart, and spirit, argued that their faction was too powerful, their friends too numerous, to leave for fear that their own country was (as it really is) particularly quiet; and that, as Mr. Harragan was "so humorous," the best way would be to say nothing at all about it; that it was evident those who had tried to set the landlord against them, having failed in their design, resolved to try the effect of personal intimidation; concluding by observing, "that it was a safe way to go on easy," and "never heeding," the lease was signed, and the wedding over, and they'd "see about it." However consistent this mode of reasoning might be with Irish feeling, it was very sad to perceive how ready the Furlongs were to trust to the strong arm of the people, instead of appealing to the strong arm of the law. I wish the peasantry and their friends could perceive how they degrade themselves in the scale of civilized society by such a course; it is this perpetual taking of all laws, but particularly the law of revenge, into their own hands, that keeps up the hue and cry against them throughout England. I confess the time has been when there was one law for the rich and another for the poor, but it is so no longer; and humane lawgivers and administrators of law grow sick at heart when they perceive that they labor in vain for the domestic peace in Ireland.

A few days before the appointed time arrived when Sydney Harragan should become Sydney Furlong, she received a written declaration of love, combined with an offer of marriage, from Murphy. He watched secretly about the neighborhood, until an opportunity arrived for him to deliver it himself. Sydney, to whom he was almost unknown, at first gave a civil yet firm refusal; but when he persevered she became indignant, and said one or two bitter words, which he swore never to forget. She hardly knew why she concealed from her father the circumstance, which, upon consideration, she was almost tempted to believe a jest; but she did not even mention it to her brothers, fearing it might cause a quarrel, and every Irish woman knows how much easier it is commenced than quelled. Moreover, one mystery is sure to beget another.

At last the eventful day arrived—Sydney all hopes and blushes, her brothers full of frolic and fun, the bride's maids arrayed in their best, and busied in setting the house in order for the ceremony, which, according to ancient Catholic custom, was to take place in the afternoon at the dwelling of the bride.

"Did ye ever see such a frown over the face of a man in yet born days?" whispered Essy Hays to her sister-maid. "Do but just look at the masher, and see how his eyes are set on his daughter, and she reading her prayers like a good Christain, with one eye out of the window and the other on her book. Well, she a purty girl, and it's no wonder so few chances were going to others, and she to the fore."

"Speak for yourself!" exclaimed Jane Temple, tossing her fair ringlets back from her blue eyes. "She is purty for a dark-skinned girl there's no denying it."

"Dark haired, not darked skinned!" said Essy indignantly; "the darlint! She's the very moral of an angel. I wish to my heart the masher would not look

at her so melancholy. *May be he's thinking how like her poor dead mother she is!* My! if here isn't his reverence (I know the cut of the grey mare, so smoothly jogging over the hill), and Mither Furlong not come! He went to his brother across the Ferry Carrig yesterday, and was to sleep at his aunt's in Wexford last night; I think he might have been here by this! Well if it was me, I would be affronted; it is not very late to be sure, only for a bridegroom!"

"Whisht, Essy, will you," returned Jane, "for fear she'd hear you; I never saw so young a bride take so early to the prayers; it seems as if something hung over her and her father for trouble!"

"I wonder ye're not ashamed of yerself, Jane," exclaimed the warm-hearted Essy, "to be raising trouble at such a time. Whisht! if there isn't the bridegroom's brother trotting up to the priest. What a handsome bow he makes his reverence, his hat right off his head with the flourish of a new shillala; but good luck to us all what ails the masher now!"

James Harragan also had seen the bridegroom's brother as he rode up the hill which fronted their dwelling, and sprang to his feet in an instant. When the heart is fully and entirely occupied by a beloved object, and that object is absent, alarm for its safety is like an electric shock, commencing one hardly knows how, but startling in its effects. Sydney looked in her father's face and screamed, while he, dreading that she had read the half-formed thoughts which were born of fear within his bosom at the sight of the bridesman without the bridegroom, uttered an imperfect assurance that "all was well—Ralph had waited for his aunt—and, no doubt, they would arrive together." With this assurance he hastened to the door to meet the priest and his companion, and his heart resumed its usual beatings when he observed the jovial expression of the old priest's face, and the *rollicking* air with which the bridesman bowed to the bride, who crouched behind her father, anxious to hear the earliest news, and yet held back by that sweet modesty which enshrines the hearts of my gentle countrywomen.

"Where's Ralph?" inquired the farmer, while holding the stirrup for his reverence to dismount.

"That's a *nate* question to be sure," answered his brother. "Where should he be? And so, Miss Sydney, you asked Mr. Herrick to come to the wedding, and never told any one of it, by way of a surprise to us—that *was* very purty of you—and that's the top of his new beaver coming along the hedge. Well, it's quite time Ralph showed himself, I think, and we in waiting."

"Don't be foolish, Harry Furlong!" exclaimed the farmer hastily. "You know very well that Ralph is not here."

"Well, that's done to the life," said the light-hearted fellow; "that's not bad for a very big—I mustn't say before the bride; but it's as bold-faced a story as ever I heard. Not here! then where is he?"

"With his aunt, I dare say, if you don't know," answered Essy.

"Oh, you're in the mischief too, are you, bright-eyed one? Why, you know he's hid here on the sly to surprise us. Aunt indeed! To be sure he's with his ould Aunt Bell and his bride alone! What a mighty quare Irishman he must be! I'll advise him not to come to you for a character, whatever I may do; eh, Essy?"

"Will you give over bothering?" she said, "Look at the color Sydney's turned, and see to the masher, the Lord be betwixt us and harm, none of your nonsense, but tell us *where* is Ralph?"

The aspect of things changed in an instant. Harry saw that his brother was not there, concealed as he had supposed him to be in mere playfulness, and *knew* that he had parted from him the night before at the other side of Ferry Carrig; that he was then on his way to Wexford, where he had promised to meet him in the morning; that he had been to their aunt's to keep his tryste, but that he had felt no uneasiness on finding Ralph not there, concluding, that instead of going to the town, he had gone to his bride's house in the country, for which he had intended mirthfully to reproach him when they met. Now seriously alarmed, his anxiety to prevent Sydney from partaking of his feelings almost deprived him of the power of speech; but he had said enough, and, just as Mr. Herrick crossed the threshold, the bride fainted at his feet.

Nothing could be more appalling than the change effected in a few moments in the expression of the farmer's face. While each was engaged in imparting to the other hopes for the bridegroom's reappearance and reasons for his delay, Harragan having put forth every other assistance, was bending over his insensible child, on the very bed from which she had that morning risen in the fullness of almost certain happiness for years to come. Alas! how little can we tell upon what of all we cherish in this changing world, each rising sun may set!

"If she's not dead," he muttered to himself, "she will die soon. May the Lord deliver me!—the Lord deliver me!" he continued, while chafing her temples; "I saw it all along, like a shroud above me, to fall round her—I did—I did. 'Who's that?' he inquired, fiercely, as the door gently opened, and Mr. Herrick entered within its sanctuary; 'oh, it's you, sir, is it? you may come in; I thought it was some of them light-hearted who don't know trouble. Shut them out; my trouble's heavy, sir; look at her Mither Herrick; and this was the wedding my little girl asked you to, out of friendliness to her father. Her father! why, the Holy Father who is above us all knows, that as sure as the beams of the blessed sun are shining on her deathly cheek, so sure am I Ralph Furlong's murderer! You need not draw back, Mr. Herrick, I *know* he's murdered; I felt struck with the knowledge of his death, and I *could* not help it, the minute his brother, (God help him!) laughed in my face. Don't raise up her head, sir; she'll come too soon enough—too soon, like a spirit that comes the earth but to leave it. I'm not mad, Mr. Herrick, though maybe I look so. Be it by fire or water, or steele or bullet, Ralph Furlong's a corpse, and *I'll* inform this time. I've heard tell the man that betrayed Christ wept after. What good *was* his tears? What good my informing now? but I will—I will. I'll make a clean breast for onst. I'll do the right thing now, if all the devils of hell tear me into pieces! I tell you sir, Steve Murphy did it!—black-hearted, cunning-headed, and bloody-handed he was, from the time his mother begged with him from door to door for what she did want, and taught him lies by every hedgerow and green bank through the country. I'm punished. Mr. Herrick, I'm punished. If I'd informed—but I'll not call it informing—if *I'd* told the *truth*, when you wanted me about the letters of the forge, he would not been in the country to commit murder. She's coming too, now, sir; she's coming to."

Gradually poor Sydney revived, but only to suffer more than she had as yet gone through. The people were greatly astonished at the conviction which rested on the farmer's mind that the young man had been murdered, a belief which extended itself to his daughter; for, from the moment she heard that Ralph was not with his aunt, it appeared as if every vestige of hope had vanished from her mind. The men of the company set forward an immediate inquiry; the neighborhood poured forth, every cottage was emptied of its inmates, the women flocking to the farmer's house to pour consolation and hope into the bosom of the bereaved bride, and the men to assist in a search, which at the noon-day hour, was a very uncommon occurrence. It is very rarely, indeed, that the Irish peasantry seek assistance either from the police or military force;—though they are fond of going to law, they detest those connected with the law. But Mr. Herrick promptly rode into Wexford, and having made the necessary inquiries, ascertained that young Furlong had not been seen at the town, he informed the proper authorities of his mysterious disappearance, and then turned his horse towards Ferry Carrig, to ascertain from the gate-keeper who had passed over the bridge the preceding evening.

Ferry Carrig is one of the picturesque spots which are not so frequently seen by those who journey thro' my native country. On one side of the Slaney, here a river of glorious width, rises boldly, and wildly, a conical hill, upon the summit of which stands out, in frowning ruins, one of the boldest of the square towers, of which so many were erected by the enterprising Fitz-Stepher. The opposite side of the bridge is guarded by a rock, not so steep or so magnificent as its neighbor, but not less picturesque, though its character is different; the one is absolutely garlanded with heaths, wild flowers, and the golden-blossoming furze; while the other affording barely a spot for vegetation,

seems planted for eternity—so stern, and fixed, and rugged, that nothing save the destruction of the universe could shake its foundation.

The bridge erected across this beautiful water is of singular construction, and partakes of the wildness of the scene; the planks are not fastened at either end, and motion has a startling effect to one not accustomed to such modes of transit. When Mr. Herrick arrived at the toll-house, he learned that many inquiries had already been made, and that all the toll-keeper could say was, "that positively Ralph Furlong, whom he knew as well as his own son, had not crossed the bridge the preceding evening, although he had been on the look-out for him." The elder Furlong had accompanied his brother to within a mile of the Ennis-corthy side of the bridge, so his disappearance must have occurred between the spot where they separated and the Bride of Ferry Carrig. Nothing could exceed the energy and exertion to discover the lost bridegroom: every inquiry was made, every break explored, the rivers dragged, but no trace of Ralph Furlong was obtained. Mr. Herrick returned to the farm, and it was heart-breaking to observe the totally hopeless expression of Sydney's beautiful face.

"There is no knowing," said the kind gentleman, with a cheerfulness that he but imperfectly assumed; "there is no knowing—he *may* have left the country."

"No," was her reply; "he *would* never have deserted me!" Thus did her trust in her lover's fidelity outlive all hope of meeting him alive in this changing world.

In the meantime, James Harragan had proceeded alone to Steve Murphy's cottage. The sun had set when he found him sitting by his fire, not alone, for his sister was seated on the opposite side.

Harragan entered with a determined air of a desperate man, and neither gave salutation, nor returned that which was given.

"I come," said he, "to ask you where you have hid Ralph Furlong." The man started and changed color and then assuming a bold and determined air of defiance, hesitated not to inquire what the farmer meant, who, in reply, as boldly taxed him with the murder. Hard and desperate words succeeded, and the screams of the accused man's sister most likely prevented death for the farmer, a tall powerful man, had grasped Murphy so tightly by the throat, that a few minutes must have terminated his existence. Although by no means a weakling, he was as a green willow wand in the hands of his assailant.

In vain did this terrified sister declare that her brother was at home early in the evening, and went to bed before she did. Harragan persisted in his charge;—and had it not been for the force of superior numbers, he would have succeeded in dragging him to the next police station; but Irish assistance is much more easily procured *against* the law, than for it, though I confess, in this instance it was hard for those who did not know all the circumstances, to determine whose part to take, for Harragan was under the influence of such strong excitement, that he acted more like a maniac than a man in the possession of his senses.

Having failed in his first object, that of dragging Steve Murphy to justice himself, he mounted his horse, and laid before the nearest magistrate sufficient reason why Steve should be arrested, and detained until further inquiries were made, but when the police force sought for him, he was gone!—vanished! as delinquents vanish in Ireland, where hundreds of sober honest men will absolutely *know* where a villain is concealed, and yet suffer him to escape and commit more crimes, because their prejudices will not suffer them to *inform*.

Great was the excitement throughout the country, occasioned by this mysterious event. James Harragan lived but for one object, that of bringing the murderer to justice. This all-engrossing desire seemed to have absorbed even his affection for his child, that is to say, he would stroke her hair, or press her now colorless cheek to his bosom, and then, turning away with a deep sigh, go on laying down some new plan for the discovery of poor Ralph's murderer. Every body said that Sydney was dying, but her father did not seem to observe that *her* summer had ceased, when its sun was at the hottest, and its days are the longest, and that the rose was dropping leaf by leaf to the earth. Once Sydney attempted take the produce of her dairy, which her kind

friend Essy tended with more care than her own to the market.

"If they don't notice me," she said. "I'll do bravely; you'll tell them, Essy, to never heed me." And so Essy did, but it would not do. No prudent motive yet was ever sufficiently strong to restrain the sympathy of the genuine Irish. Twenty stout arms were extended when her car stopped at the corner of the market-place to lift the pale girl off. There was not a woman in the square that did not leave her standing, and crowd round the widowed bride. It would have been as easy to turn the fertilising waters of the Nile, as to turn that torrent of affection. The young girls sobbed, and could not speak for tears; but those tears fell upon Sydney's hands, and moistened her cheeks; it was refreshing to them, for she herself had long ceased to weep; hers were the only dry eyes in the crowd. The mothers prayed that God might bless her, and "raise her up again to be the flower of the country."

"Never heed, Sydney darlint; sure you've the prayers of the country."

"And the double prayers of the poor," exclaimed a knot of beggars, who had abated their vocations to put up their petitions in her favor.

Sydney could have borne coldness or neglect, but kindness overpowered her, and she was obliged to return, leaving her small merchandise to Essy's care.

Every one said that Sydney was hastening to her grave but still her father heeded it not; no bloodhound ever toiled or panted more eagerly to recover the scent which he had lost, than did the farmer to trace Steve Murphy's flight; it was still his absorbing idea, both by day and night. Had it not been for the exertions of his sons, his well-cultivated farm would have gone to ruin. His health was suffering from this monomania; the flesh shrank daily from his bones; and the healthy jocund farmer was changing into gantic skeleton. The priest talked to him, Mr. Herrick reasoned with him, but all to no purpose.

Time passed, and James Harragan entered his cottage as the sun was setting. He had stood for the last hour leaning against the post of his gate, apparently engaged in watching the sparrows flying in and out of their old dwelling-places in the thatch. His sons had prepared his supper, and he sat down mechanically in his old place; the two lads whispered for some time together at the window, when suddenly Harragan inquired "what they muttered for?" the youths hesitated to reply.

"Let me know what it was!" he exclaimed. "I'll have no whispering, no coohing, no hiding and seeking in my house. Boys, there's a hell at this moment burning in yer father's breast! Look, I never could kill one of them small birds that destroy the roof above our heads, without feeling I took from the innocent things the life I couldn't give; and yet, what does that signify? Isn't my hand red at this time of speaking with that boys blood; Red—it's red hot, hissing red with the blood of Ralph Furlong! It is as much so as if I did it! And why?—because I hold on at the mystery that shades the guilty, and hurries on the innocent to destruction—because I wouldn't inform! Now, mind me, boys, I'll hear nothing but out speaking; no whispering; where there is that sort of secrecy, there's sin and the curse. Why are you whispering?" he added, in a voice of thunder.

"We war only saying, sir," replied the eldest "that we wonder Sydney and Essy ain't back."

"Back! Why, where is my little girl?"

"She took a thought this morning and she answered, 'and we don't like to say against her, that she'd walk from Ferry Carrig Bridge to where he parted from his brother, and took Essy with her on the car as far as the bridge; it's a notion she had.'"

"My colleen—my pride!—my darlint!" he ejaculated, much moved, "and I not know this! Yer mother little thought when she made ye over to me before death, made her over to the holy angels, what would happen. And ye didn't tell me, because ye thought I didn't care! Well, I forgive ye—I forgive ye boys! I didn't neglect her though, for all that; my heart was set on another matter. There is but one thing she can spake on, one thing I can spake on—and it is better we shouldn't—but, and when she does look at me, though my little girl strives to keep it under, there is in her eyes what says, 'If he had spoken the truth

long ago, it's a happy wife I'd be now instead of—' Oh, God! oh, God!" he exclaimed passionately. "that I should have suffered such a snake to fatten on the land, when I could have crushed him under my heel! I'd have rest in my grave if I could see him in his. I'll go meet her, boys. You should have gone before." And the farmer stalked forth, and, silently, mounting his cob, proceeded on the road to Ferry Carrig.

There are mysteries around us, both night and day, for which it would be difficult indeed to account; and the impulse that drew Sydney that morning to the banks of the Slaney, was, and ever must be, unaccountable.

"Nurses," she said to her faithful friend Essy, after they had crossed the bridge, and, quitting the coach-road, made unto themselves a path along the bank; "nurses like you, Essy, may be called the brides' maids of death, and you have been my nurse all thro' this sickness. Essy afterwards said she did not know what there was in those words to make her cry, but she could not answer for weeping. The two girls wandered on, Sydney every now and then to look into the depths and shallows of the river, and prying beneath every broad green leaf and clump of trees that overhung its banks. More than once did Essy propose their return, but Sydney went on, as if she had not spoken. At last they came to species of deep drain, almost overgrown with strong, tall leafy water plants, that was always filled when the tide was full in. Essy sprang lightly over it, and then turning a little way up to where it was narrower, she extended her hand to her feeble friend. Although the gulf was narrow, it was very deep: the root of a tree formed a natural dam across it, so that much water was retained. As Sydney was about to cross, she cast her eyes beneath, started, and held back. She did not speak, but, with her hand pointed downwards, Essy's shriek rang thro' the air—the face of Ralph Furlong stared at them from the bottom of the silent pond!

Had she not removed the broad leaves of a huge dock that shaded the water, so that Sydney's footing might be sure, the unconscious girl would have stepped without knowing it over his liquid grave. Essy was so overwhelmed with horror, that she ran shrieking towards the highway; several minutes elapsed before she returned with assistance; and then where was Sydney! The faithful girl in endeavoring to draw his body from the waters, had fallen in; her head was literally resting on his bosom, and her long beautiful hair floating like a pall above them!

They were buried in the same grave!

When Murphy's cottage was searched by the police, the only weapon, if so it could be called, which they discovered was a broken reaping-hook; this James Harragan had taken to his own house, and in the folds of poor Ralph's coat, those who prepared him for his earthly grave discovered the missing portion. The farmer was seen to shed no tear over his daughter, but registered an oath in heaven that he would never take rest upon his bed until he had brought the murderer to justice. Within a week after, he relinquished his farm to his sons, and it is believed he has journeyed to foreign lands in pursuit of one, who in the first instance, escaped justice through James Harragan's own weak and almost wicked perseverance in a wrong cause. Years passed since the melancholly event occurred, and no tidings has reached the country relative to Harragan or the murderer. Well, indeed, may he remember Mr. Herrick's warning. The farmer had, by withholding his information refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand had planted in the bosom of an industrious man, and the same power had been employed to overthrow his happiness for ever!

ANTIQUE.—A colored man, named Thos. Prince, who lived at No. 82 East Broadway, aged 111 years, died yesterday at his house. He was a very smart old man, and no longer ago than Thursday walked down town and back with ease, and about as quick as a man in the prime of life. He died about 2 o'clock yesterday, suddenly, but undoubtedly from old age.—Sun.

The population of New Orleans is said to be about 100,000. In 1830 it was 50,000 having doubled in ten years.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in a lvanee—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

MASONRY IN KENTUCKY.—The Grand Lodge of the State of Kentucky, held its annual meeting in the city of Louisville, on the last Monday in August last, 1840. We have been favored with a copy of its proceedings, from which we make such extracts, as we believe will be of interest, to the brethren of this, and other States.

During the past year dispensations have been granted to form new Lodges at Ottawa, Illinois; Flemingsburgh, Somerset, Hopkinsville, Hawesville, Crab Orchard, Danville, Louisville, Minerva, &c. Contrasting the present, with the proceedings of the past year, we are gratified to perceive an evident increase in the business of the Grand Lodge of that State, which looks well. There have been *three hundred and twenty-seven initiations during the past year* in the various lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge, which affords gratifying evidence that Masonry is any thing but dead in our land.

Brother Pilcher, from the Committee on Foreign Communications, made the following report, which was read and concurred in:—

"It is perceived that the schism between the Lodges of New-York is still unsettled, while your committee regrets its continuance, they deem no action on it necessary.

The Grand Lodge of New York suggests a mode of intercommunication between the several Grand Lodges of the Union, by the appointment of resident representatives by each Grand Lodge at every other—this plan your committee find is disapproved by other G. Lodges in correspondence with this Grand Lodge—and they think it will not succeed.

The Grand Lodge of Alabama suggests a General convention of one from each Grand Lodge in the United States, to be held at Washington City, on the 1st Monday in March, 1842. This plan is also disapproved by your committee.

The Grand Lodge of New York calls attention to the propriety of communing with Masons, using the French and Scottish titles—and upon it your committee would report that the notice taken of it by other Grand Lodges is favorable to the communion—and your committee are aware of no good reason against it.

The Grand Lodges of Mississippi and Missouri, hold it to be the true Masonic doctrine, that all work of Subordinate Lodges should be done in the third degree—and that E. A. and F. C. Masons should not be regarded as members. The practice and rules of the Lodges subordinate to the Grand Lodges of Kentucky, has heretofore been different, and being part of the Constitution of the Order in this State, will not be lightly disturbed.

Your committee would congratulate the Fraternity on the acknowledged increasing prosperity of Masonry in the United States, as shown by the various communications they have examined."

During the Grand Communication, the following preamble and resolutions were offered, which were read and adopted. The object is a noble one, and much good cannot help but flow from it.

"Whereas, The brethren of the Masonic Order in

the State of Kentucky, are deeply impressed with the salutary advantage of the Institution to its members; and desire to give to it a more diffusive and lasting value, by impressing its benefit on the whole community by acts of public benevolence consonant with the true spirit of its liberal and enlightened principles—Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five brethren viz: — be, and they are hereby appointed, whose duty it shall be to enquire into the expediency of establishing and endowing, at the expense of this Grand Lodge, aided by such donations of Masons as their ability and willingness shall contribute, a Seminary of learning, at some suitable point in Kentucky, to be selected by said committee, on the labor principle—to be called the Kentucky Masonic Orphan's Asylum—where the orphans of Masons shall be reared, educated, and taught to practice healthy labor in agriculture, and such mechanic arts as such an institution can properly and easily afford; in addition to the useful branches of a mathematical and English education.

Resolved, That the site so selected shall be healthy and adapted for the purpose, and shall be a tract of good land, containing not less than 200 acres—and that said committee shall report the advantages and disadvantages of the site, the cost of the land, its distance from market, and the most suitable avocations of labor in which the pupils can be employed with most health and greatest profits.

Resolved, That said committee enquire and report the kind, and probable cost of suitable buildings for the accommodation of pupils, not exceeding 100 males and 50 females, capable of being enlarged as circumstances may hereafter require.

Resolved, That the said committee, enquire and report the number of the teachers or overseers required to conduct said establishment and the probable salary of each.

Resolved, That said committee prepare from the best lights they may procure or possess, a system of police for the government of said institution by this Grand Lodge, and for the internal regulation of said institution, fixing the times of labor and study in such manner as each duty will not interfere with the other, and which shall render it both easy and agreeable to the pupils.

Resolved, That the said committee be authorized to receive donations from private Masons to aid the object, and that the Master and Wardens of each subordinate Lodge in the State, be requested to open a subscription for, and receive donations from their members and other Masons in their vicinity, so as to show this Grand Lodge how much money can be raised in that way, previous to any further action on the subject by this Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That said committee report to the next annual Convention of this Grand Lodge, all the matters hereby confided to them respectively, and that said committee report all and any further information as they in their discretion shall deem useful on the subject, to the Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That the publication of the minutes of this Grand Lodge shall be sufficient notice to the said Master and Wardens of the subordinate Lodges, hereby appointed committees, and they are hereby requested forthwith to enter upon the duties hereby enjoined upon them.

Whereupon, Brothers Pilcher, Turpin, Breckenridge, Allen, and McCullough, were appointed said committee."

During the communication of the Grand Lodge a procession was formed by the fraternity, which moved

to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where an Address was delivered by Br. Burch, upon the principles of Masonry—which was followed by some appropriate remarks from the Rev. Br. Wm. Holeman. The Procession then returned to the Hall, and were dismissed.

EARLY NOMINATION.—The last Westchester Democrat places the name of Richard M. Johnson, at the head of the column, as the next candidate for President. This beats the almanac makers all hollow.

THE STEAM SHIP PRESIDENT, which sailed from New York on Monday the 2d inst. has been compelled to return on account of the stress of weather and a lack of fuel. This unlooked-for delay will no doubt occasion much anxiety on the other side of the water, for those friends expected in her.

A NUISANCE.—Will the Keeper of the Exchange, oblige those citizens who resort to the post office (and particularly females) by driving from it the vagabond newsboys and other pedlars, who line the hall. The foul and disgusting language which is constantly used there, and which females are compelled to hear, is disgraceful, and deserves a horsewhip well laid on.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."—The editor of the New York Standard is determined not to cry "enough" notwithstanding the reverses of the party. The Van Buren colors still fly on his "Standard,"—the magical letters of O. K. are not reversed—and the "Gentleman Hen," still struts as large as life at the head of the column, apparently without a feather disturbed.—Mumford is a game chicken—he is no crying philosopher. The following paragraph closes an editorial article, of Tuesday:

"We do not mean to be bragged down—crowded down—or laughed down. They may lie us down—but we won't lie as they do, when we are down. They may lay us out, but that won't make us lie. If they will lie on, why, let them lie still. They are more liable than reliable. Crow, Chapman, crow—S. O. K." [Silly Old Korrekt.]

THANKSGIVING.—Governor Seward has recommended Thursday, the Seventeenth day of December next, to be observed as a day of Praise, Thanksgiving and Prayer in this State.

The Executive mansion, purchased by the people of this State, for the use of the governor, about which our readers have heard so much, was sold on Tuesday last, to Mr. Erastus Corning, for the sum of \$14,250.

ACCIDENT.—A young woman, by the name of Taylor, living in the employment of Mr. Talcott, of this city, was burnt to death, a few days since, in consequence of her clothes taking fire.

THE ELECTIONS, throughout the country have proved adverse to Mr. VAN BUREN. In this state, the Harrison Electoral ticket is elected from 10 to 12,000. The whig governor by about 6000, a whig Assembly from four to six majority, the congressional ticket nearly balanced, and the 8 senatorial districts have elected 4 democrats and 4 whigs.

In Pennsylvania, there still remains uncertainty although the whigs claim the state by 186 votes. The Evening Journal puts down the following states as having gone for Gen. Harrison, which gives him 185 votes in the Electoral college:—New-York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Maine, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky,

Michigan, Massachusetts. Both parties, we believe, claim Virginia.

The Galveston Gazette states, that a man named John Tyler, had been sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment in Bermuda by the British Government, for having kidnapped negroes from The British Islands and sold them in Texas.

HORSE ECLIPSE.—The celebrated horse Eclipse is to be kept in Alabama next season. He will be twenty-six years old in May next.

A blacksmith of Cleveland, named Raiorden, was kicked on the head while shoeing a horse, on Monday last, and killed. A wife and three children mourn the sudden bereavement.

There is a traditionary prophecy among the Chinese, that they are to be conquered by white people from the west, clothed from head to foot.

EXPULSION.

At a stated meeting of Louisville Encampment, No. 1, held at their Temple, on the evening of 24th October, inst. Robert Storey of Louisville, and late of Cincinnati Encampment of Knights Templars, was expelled from all the rights, benefits and privileges of the Orders of Knighthood, for gross unmasonic conduct

Attest

ISAAC CROMIE, Recorder.
Louisville, Ky, Oct. 28th, 5840.

Married.

In New York, John Ogden Dey, of this city, to Miss Margaret Brooks.

At Greenbush, Andrew C. Getty, to Cornelia T. Hale.

In New Scotland, James Slingerland, to Hester Slingerland.

In Troy, Alex. Morrison, to Mary Ann Landon.—Also, Peter Oakley, to Hepsabeth Paddock. Also, David Y. Castle, to Ruth M. Stevens.

DIED.

In this city, John, infant son of John and Maria Gray aged five months.

Also in this city, Howard son of John Pemerton. Also, Alida, daughter of David Prest, aged 2 years.

On the 18th inst, Nancy widow of Thomas Gray, aged 49.

At New York, Hester Walgrove, 78. Wm. F. Braxton, of Va. 27. In Troy, Wm. P. Bowers, 28. In Westfield, Mass. Miss Mary E. Pease, 19. At Milledgeville, Geo. R. Clayton, At Hinsdale, Mass, Oct. 17, Lydia, wife of James Wing, aged 79, and on Oct. 25, Lydia, wife of Wm. Hinsdale, aged 50, mother and sister of Dr. Joel A Wing, of this city.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content, —Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Staking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Boinebroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore 23
Audubon's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18.
Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait.
Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire.
Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London 8 vols. received.
The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America contrasted.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.
Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.
General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

THE BLIND HARPER.

He stood beside his silent harp,
That poor and sightless man;
And muteless o'er the slumbering chords,
His wasted fingers ran.

There was a tear upon his cheek,
Fall'n from his mindless eye:
The quenching of the visual ray,
Leaves not that fountain dry.

Some by-gone sorrow stirr'd the font,
Some mem'ry of the dead:
Some fitting harmony which spoke,
Of days of promise fled.

That chord has touched an answering chord,
And memory's hand portrays
Upon the mental retina,
"The light of other days."

Alas for thee! has all been dark,
In this fair world of ours?
Its hills, its dales, its woods and wilds—
Its sunshine and its flowers.

Its birds and butterflies that flit,
With bright and beautiful wings,
The broad blue vault, the depthless sea,
With all its thousand living things.

The many fair young forms which pass,
Where'er the eye can roam,
Which shed such love and loveliness,
On many a joyous home.

The bright and deep tinged eye of jet,
The blue's more melting ray;
The wreathes of curls about the brow,
Where mind and music play.

The smile upon her lip, the glance
Which kindest thoughts bespeak;
The lilies of the forehead fair,
The roses of the cheek.

A blank to thee! poor sightless man—
Then surely those who see:
Should spare the something from the store
Of gifts, denied to thee.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

BRING WINE, &c.

Bring wine! but not for the festal board—
The wretch sits not where the song is pour'd!
Not where the lamps of the banquet blaze,
Falleth the gleam of his wandering gaze!
He hath gone apart, in the rayless night
Of his fierce thoughts, and scorns the light;
He hath gone apart, in his mute despair—
Bring wine! to cheer the dark man there,

Bring wine!—nor yet for the lip of youth;
There needs no flush for its glow of truth;
The man of years!—he hath turned aside,
The cursing moan and the tear to hide;
His foot hath crossed life's rugged steep,
And the valley opens for his dreamless sleep—
Sleep, that shall pain and grief assuage!
Bring wine, rich wine! for the sleep of age.

Bring wine, bring wine!—O'er the bridal bower,
That bloomed and blushed in the morning hour,
The night hath passed with its chilling breath,
And the rose-strewn couch is to the bier of death.
The guest sits there, and his cold still eye,
Looks where the forms of the bridal lie—
The guest!—with no wreath his brow is clad!
Bring wine! for the dead-watch—his soul is sad.

Yet, yet, bring wine! with floods of cheer,
To wash the stain of the mourner's tear!
The mother's grief, and the sister's woe,
The father's moan for his son laid low—
Mid his clanging arms, with stride of might,
He strode the morn—and is this his night?
The bowed are there, with the sigh and wail,

Bring wine, bring wine!—for their lips grow pale!

Bring wine!—vain,—vain! It hath nought of
power,
The cheer of wine, in the souls darkest hour!
The cup is hurled from the wretch's rage,
It falls from the palsied hand of age!
The wine shines not where the dead have lain,
For the thirst of grief 'tis outpoured in vain;
It is vain, for the cheer of the glowing bowl—
Bring wine no more, for the darkened soul.

Bring wine no more, and awake no song
The bowed heart and the sad among!
But come with whispers of heaven and peace,
And the promised rest—the moan shall cease.
The tear shall fade from the mourner's eye,
And the grief weighed spirit mount on high;
Come where the plaint and the sigh is heard—
Yet bring no wine, but the Savior's word.

INEZ.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY MRS. HALL.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep
Weighs down his sunken eyes;
The rigid slumber is too deep,
The calm too-breathless lies.
Shrunk are the wandering veins that streak
The fixed and marble brow,
There is no life-flush on the cheek—
Death! Death! I know thee now.

Pale king of terrors, thou art here
In all thy dark array;
But 'tis the living weep and fear
Beneath thy iron sway:
Bring flowers, and crown the Early Dead,
The hour of bondage's past;
But wo, for those who mourn and dread
And linger to the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
And morn its glorious light,
But still, a shadow from the tomb,
A sadness and a blight,
Are ever on earth's loveliest things:
The breath of change is there,
And death his dusky banner flings
O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
Should man his home prepare;
The spirit feels its heavenly birth,
And spurns at mortal care.
Even when young Worth and Genius die,
Let no vain tears be shed,
But bring bright wreaths of victory,
And crown the early Dead.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Meekly he sunk into the arms of death,
And days and nights had seen his last deep sleep,
And they who loved him, with a breaking heart,
Had laid the lifeless form in its low grave;
And felt that nature in her smiles is dark,
And earth with all its joys, is comfortless
To those who mourn the dead. And there was One
In human form, the Lord of life, who took,
That man might be redeemed from the grave's power,
The weakness and sorrows of our nature.
And he, in friendship's pure devotedness,
Was bound to him who rested in the tomb;
And in the tenderness of mortal grief,
Was come to that low cave, and stood and wept.
The angels, bending from their bright abode,
Wondered at the strange love.

The Saviour stood,
And at his side were seen the grief bowed forms
Of those who wept in the deep silent woe
Of woman's heart, when woman's heart is broken.
And many witnessing that wordless grief,
Wondering that love so tender and so strong—
Love which had given light to sightless eyes,
Could not have stayed the wasting of disease
And saved the gentle-victim from the grave.

"Take ye the stone away," the Saviour said,
At his command, they took away the stone
From the dark chamber where the dead was laid,
And watched in their deep silence. All was hushed!
And Jesus raised his eyes to the pure heaven,
His home of glory ere the worlds were made,
And strong in faith unwavering, held, as man,
Sublime communion with the Source of Being.
Then he the Resurrection and the Life,
Spoke to the lifeless clay, 'Lazarus, come forth!
Death heard that mighty voice! The dead came forth
A living man.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	21 Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrann Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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A. S. Pfister, Columbus.
Jacob Nichols, Wellaburgh, Va.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore
Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 12.]

MASONIC.

From the Bunker Hill Aurora.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the public installation of officers of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December, 27, A. L. 5837, by JOHN CHRISTIE, Past Master of said Lodge.

Respected Friends and Brethren.—It is a trite remark, but therefore not less true, that man is a social being.

If we were not in the possession of the divine declaration, "that it is not good for man to be alone," still all history, observation, and experience, furnish abundant evidence to establish the fact, that man was designed by the Creator for society.

God, in his infinite goodness, has implanted in the human mind, the germs of the most wonderful capacities, and enabling virtues; but it is only in the social state, that these can vegetate and be developed. Society alone furnishes opportunities for exhibiting all their beauty and loveliness, those tender affections and charities, which adorn and beautify the mind of man.

It is in social life only, that the nature of man can be displayed in its full dimensions and glory. It is in this condition alone, that we are to look for the evidences of the exalted nature of man. The progress of society has been gradual. It commenced with the most interesting of all relations, that of husband and wife; to these were added those of parent and child, then followed, in regular succession, the various relations that subsist between the individuals composing families, tribes, kingdoms, and nations.

As civilization has extended her benign and amelioration influences over the human race, so in the same rating, has knowledge progressed, and the various arts and sciences have advanced towards perfection; as man has emerged from the darkness of barbarism, so has his mental nature become purified and he has shaken off the debasing effects of modes of living for their chief object, the preservation and continuance of the health and life of the earthly tabernacle, with which infinite Wisdom has seen fit to connect the human mind, in the first stage of its existence.

It is in civilized society only, that the powers and endowments of man as an intellectual and moral being can, in any good degree, be discovered and brought into useful operation; but, for the full development of the moral and mental abilities of man, we must look onward to that stage of human existence, when the bright, pure, and life-giving beams of the glorious Sun of Righteousness, shall irradiate with light divine the dark recesses of the soul, and wake into active existence all the latent powers, capacities, affections, and graces, with which the Omnipotent has enriched our moral and intellectual natures. It is in that state alone that the human mind will become the "garden of the Lord;" that the true relations which exist between man and his Maker, between man and his fellow beings will be fully known, appreciated and acted upon.—This knowledge and moral action, we doubt not will result in the enjoyment of that holiness, and happiness, for which God has designed his offspring.

In the bosom of the grand divisions of the human race into empires and nations, numerous associations have at different times, and for various purposes, been organized and put in operation. Some have been formed for the advancement of the various arts whose productions are necessary for convenience, comfort and pleasure of man; others have been established for the promotion of sciences; others, for the diffusion of knowledge; and others for feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, relieving the distressed, and improving the moral and religious condition of our race. In no age of the world has the principle of association

been so largely developed, and carried into operation so extensively as in our own day.

The present time is proverbial for the multifarious associations and institutions which are in operation for numberless objects having relation to the advancement of the arts, sciences, knowledge, morals and religion among men.

Amdst the variety of associations, the most prominent station is held by the Masonic Institution. This society has many peculiar and striking characteristics. It has existed from time immemorial, as there is abundant evidence to prove; it has spread over almost the whole habitable earth; it has witnessed the rise and fall of empires; it has beheld kingdom after kingdom, and nation after nation, rise to the zenith of earthly grandeur and fame, and fall into decay and ruin. Generation after generation have appeared upon the world's wide stage; have performed their parts in the great drama of human life, and sunk into their primeval dust. Year after year, century after century, have rolled away into the boundless and unfathomable ocean of eternity. Societies and associations of varied character have been organized in our world; have flourished, and at last, dwindled away into nonentity. And during this long series of changes, Freemasonry has existed. Nor has our society constantly enjoyed the sunshine of prosperity. No! "many times and oft," has the tempest cloud of adversity hung over it and darted its bolts in fury upon it; often have the raging waves of cruel persecution beaten against it, and the winds of foul calumny and reproach, blown their pestiferous blasts; but all in vain; the rain descended, the floods came, the winds blew, and beat upon it, but Masonry fell not; it stood—it still stands—and we believe with undoubting confidence, that it will stand, firm and steadfast, until the noontide blaze of the Millennial day, shall burst in glory upon our darkened and sinful world.

The question now arises, wherein does the strength of the Masonic Institution lie? from what source has proceeded that sustaining influence, which has borne it safely over the tide of time; that has preserved it amid the destruction of nations; that has shielded it from the storm of adversity; and rendered the efforts of power to effect its overthrow, impotent and vain? I reply—the strength of Masonry is to be found in its *doctrines and principles*; these are its very life-blood: take from our Institution its principles, and nought would remain but a useless skeleton.

My friends, I have to ask your indulgence, while attempting, in my simple manner, to present to your view a faint picture of the doctrines and principles of the Masonic Institution: these are, *faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity or love to all mankind.*

The atheist cannot knowingly be permitted to tread the courts, or even pass the threshold of the temple of Masonry; on those walls, in every apartment, from foundation to capstone, is inscribed in characters of living light, "THERE IS A GOD."

"But Masonry does not rest satisfied with admitting the abstract proposition that God exists. We, as Masons, believe in God as the architect of universal nature as a moral governor of the universe, who has established and promulgated laws, for the government of his moral creation; in one word, we believe in God as he has made himself known to man in the Holy Writings. This great light in Masonry, whose sacred pages are now lying open in our midst, we regard as the inestimable gift of God to man, and take as the man of our counsel, and the guide and directory of our faith.

Masonry views man as a being designed for immortality, and possessing attributes and powers which eternity alone can fully develop; and therefore, it is his intellectual and moral constitution that she values.—With her, the *mind is the man*, and it is in accordance with this principle, that she acts. Wealth, power, rank, and the many puerile senseless distinctions that poor deluded man is too apt to consider as constituting the

very summit of greatness and glory, Masonry values only as they are made instrumental in promoting the good of our race, and increasing the sum of human happiness. She looks not at the temporal circumstances in which man may, by the providence of God, be placed. Moral virtue is the test, by which Masonry tries those who seek a participation in her privileges and pleasures. The man who acts constantly with reference to his high parentage, who makes the will of God his standard of duty, though he may be the tenant of a hovel or clothed in rags, Masonry regards as exalted in the scale of true greatness infinitely above the despot, elevated on a throne, and surrounded with all the "pomp and circumstance" of real grandeur, who with proud arrogance, looks upon his fellow-creatures but as the mere tools of ambition, and created solely for the purpose of administering to his wants, and gratifying his unholy passions and appetites. With such views of man, Freemasonry holds no communion.

Another of our doctrines is universal charity or love. Viewing the human race as constituting but one great family, whose dwelling-place is the earth, whose father is God, we are constrained to regard all, as proper objects of our love and good will. Our Institution teaches us that we are all members one of another; that the high and low, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, being the offspring of the same infinite parent, are bound by the most sacred ties to aid each other in all lawful undertakings, to exert their best powers in promoting each other's happiness, and in protecting each other as far possible, from danger and difficulty. On this broad basis, the Masonic superstructure is erected; and in conformity to this principle, men of every sect, opinion and country, are found among the members of the brotherhood. Kings and subjects, nobles and peasants, rulers and people, mingle together in Masonic assemblies on one common level and recognize in each other a friend and brother. In the Lodge, all earthly distinctions are lost, and differences of opinion are suffered to sleep. You see, my friends, in the circle of Masons here assembled, men attached to the different political parties into which our population is divided; men, too, who are zealous supporters of their peculiar views of public matters and measures. Notwithstanding these differences, we here meet as brethren, and interchange feelings of kindness and good fellowship. I would here remark, that in a country possessing a government like our own, where political struggles are maintained with such feeling and zeal, where the waves of party spirit sometimes roll over the land, threatening ruin and destruction to all we hold dear; it is beyond human power, to estimate the good that results from the Masonic Institution, in softening and subduing the angry passions; in quenching the kindling flames of hatred and discord, which too often appear in our political contests; and in allaying the feverish excitement incident to political life. Again, with reference to religious matters, similar effects are visible. In the Lodge are seen, members of the various denominations into which the Christian world is divided, divested of their distinctive badges, meeting each other as the children of the same Parent and offering their prayers and thanksgivings at the same altar. Said a deceased brother, (an Unitarian clergyman in a neighboring State,) "I bless God that there is one place on earth where men of different and opposing sentiments can meet as brethren. Yes, I am received with the cordial grasp of friendship when I enter the Lodge, by the Swedenborgian, the Episcopalian, the Methodist, the Calvinist, the Baptist, and the Universalist. All feelings of pity or compassion on account of each other's error are banished from our bosom. All hearts seem to be filled with brotherly love; and (he continues) if the Christian Church would exhibit a similar specimen of union and affection, it would represent more fully the kingdom of heaven."

When we consider this peculiar trait in the character of the Masonic Institution, we have great cause for thankfulness. There seems to be in the human

heart, a strong tendency to nourish feelings of suspicion and jealousy towards those, who happen to disagree with us in opinions and sentiments; and unless these dispositions are neutralized and their baleful influence counteracted, they will at last break out in open dislike and hatred. But let the liberal and generous sentiment inculcated in the Masonic Lodges be felt in every bosom, and the time would soon arrive, when peace and love would pervade the earth "as the waters cover the sea."

With reference to the generous sentiments which Masons cherish towards each other, notwithstanding their differences of opinion in religion and politics, I would observe, that, in indulging these feelings there is no compromising of one particle of principle, no relinquishing of a single item in our religious or political creeds. Masonry recognizes the right of private judgment, and requires her votaries to think and act on all subjects, as *duty and conscience* shall direct.—Holding such doctrines, and supporting such principles certain duties become obligatory upon the Mason, from the performance of which, he cannot innocently release himself. At the head of the list stands our duty to God.

The consistent and true Mason, at all times and in every place, will never take the name of the Omnipotent upon his lips but with that reverence and awe becoming a creature produced by his power, and continued in being by his beneficence and mercy. In all his lawful undertakings, the good Mason looks to God in filial confidence, for his blessing and aid. When prosperity showers upon him in bountiful profusion, blessings and happiness, he forgets not the hand whence all blessings flow, the source whence all comfort springs. In adversity, he bows submission and resignation to the stroke of Providence, feeling assured that Omniscience cannot err, that Infinite Justice can do no wrong, that Boundless Love cannot wound, but for a benevolent purpose. In every event of life, he sees the finger of God.

As Masons we are bound to regard every human being as a proper object of our kindness and good offices. Our charity should be as extensive as the universe. Wherever misery exists, there should the Mason be found like the good Samaritan pouring oil and wine into the wounded, lacerated bosom. Wherever haggard want shows its emaciated features, there will the true Mason be seen, tendering his timely aid; feeding and clothing the hungry, freeing orphan, whom an inscrutable Providence has seen fit to deprive of its earthly protectors, and causing the heart of her who has been left alone to buffet the waves of poverty, to sing for joy. In a word, wherever sickness, distress and unhappiness are found, there is the proper place for the Mason to work.

In the State, the consistent Mason will always be the good citizen, the firm unshrinking supporter of law, of order, of right. He will never be found engaged in conspiracies or plots for the purpose of overturning and subverting a government based upon the principles of liberty and equal rights. He will not be the aider or abettor of those whose designs and objects are destructive to the public welfare and happiness, and inimical to those rights and immunities, which God has bestowed upon man. He will not, he cannot be the promoter of anarchy, licentiousness, or lawless violence.

In his religious character, the Mason, who knows, and acts under the influence of Masonic principles, will not be found in the ranks of the bigot; his hands will not be seen kindling the fires of persecution, neither will he be heard saying to his fellow, "stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou;" and why?—because he has, in the school of Masonry, been taught the great truths that man is accountable alone to his conscience and his God, for his opinions—that God possesses the prerogative of judging, as he alone reads the hearts of men, and knows the circumstances, causes, and motives under whose influence, man thinks and acts.

In all his dealings with his fellow-beings, the golden rule, "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them," is as obligatory upon the Mason as the Christian; and in all the varied relation and duties of life, the same laws that point out the course of the Christian should regulate the conduct of the Mason. Again the Mason owes certain duties to himself, and a due attention to these is made binding upon him by his profession. He should be ever conscious that he is

not his own, but the property of his God, and that it is his bounden duty to cultivate and improve as far as possible, the numerous powers and faculties with which he is blessed, for his own advancement in virtue, and the advantage of all with whom he is connected. He will, therefore, be watched, and endeavor to keep every passion within its proper bounds; he will restrain every improper desire, curb his wayward propensities, and nature and cultivate every good disposition and affection of the soul. Every day's observation convinces us that intemperance is the prolific source of a great proportion of the suffering, misery, degradation and crime, with which our world is cursed. This dreadful vice debases the intellect, and prevents its noble powers; horrible marts and disfigures the image in which man was created; extinguishes the light of reason, "the candle of the Lord;" and spreads confusion and chaos over the mind. It sinks man, possessing powers and affections, which if properly cultivated and richly employed, would fit him for the society of angels, even below the level of the brute.

The wings of every breeze bear to our ears the deep sighs of the broken-hearted wife, whose hopes have been crushed, whose fond anticipations have been blasted—the cry of the little one perishing with hunger and cold—and the wail of poverty and despair.—Such are some of the horrible consequences of intemperance.

Would to God that the community would arise as one man, and exert every power it possesses in driving from the earth, the *infernal demon* of intemperance.—The good Mason will avoid intemperance and excess of every description, as he would deadly poison, knowing that their consequences are of the most deplorable character, destructive alike to the health and soundness of body and mind: he will ever be on his guard against every approach of the tempter in whatever form he may appear. And this course he is bound to pursue, as the friend of his race, as the lover of moral order and virtue.

Our principles are presented to the mind, and their observance is enforced, in various ways. One of the most beautiful, interesting, and impressive means employed in the school of Masonry for imparting instruction, is the adoption of a variety of sensible objects, as mementoes and emblems of valuable and important moral truths. It is unnecessary to enter into a discussion (even if I possessed the ability) of the utility and advantages of adopting symbols for the inculcation of truth, as their use is justified by the fact, that the Sacred Writings abound with instances of the sort, from the adoption of the rainbow as a token of the covenant which God made with Noah, to the last supper of the Saviour of the world, when he selected the elements of bread and wine, as emblems of his body and blood, then about to be broken and shed for sinful, and fallen man. Of the advantages of symbols and emblems it would seem every one must be aware. When the bow in the cloud meets the physical organ, there is instantaneously presented to the mental vision, a view of God's mercy and forbearance towards his rebellious creatures. And so with the Christian—when the bread and wine are offered to his bodily senses, the awful scenes of Calvary are vividly brought before the mind; he sees the body of his Master, nailed to the cross; he beholds the blood gushing from his mangled hands, feet and side; he hears his dying groans: in a word, the whole of the stupendous tragedy is presented to the mental eye, and all the soul subduing manifestations and evidences of that love which was stronger than death, are exhibited to the soul through the medium of the simple emblems of bread and wine, with a power and force infinitely greater than can be experienced by a mere perusal of a written and printed account of that momentous transaction.

Presuming it may not be uninteresting to those not conversant with Masonic writings, I will now offer some specimens of our symbolic language.

The *Plumb*, an instrument used by operative Masons to erect perpendiculars, "admonishes us to walk uprightly" in our several stations before God and man." The *Square*, that our actions should be regulated "by the square of virtue." The *Level*, reminds us "that we are travelling upon the level of time, to that undiscovered country, from whose borne no traveller returns." The *Compasses* teach us "to circumscribe our desires and keep our passions within due bounds." The *Common Gavel* is an instrument made use of by oper-

tive Masons to break off the corners of rough stones, the better to fit them for the builder's use;" it teaches us to divest "our hearts and consciences of all vices and superfluities of life; thereby fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The *Trowel*, which is used by the operative workmen "to spread the cement which unites a building into one common mass, we, as free and accepted Masons, are taught to make use of, for the more noble and glorious purpose of spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection; that cement which unites us into one sacred band, or society of friends and brothers, among whom is no contention, or rather emulation, but of who can best work or best agree."

My brethren, professing such principles, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

Let our own hearts answer. And here, brethren, let us pause for a moment, and inquire. Have we not often acted contrary to the high profession we have made as Masons? Have we not, by our conduct, given the world too much cause to think lightly of our Institution? Has our zeal in the cause of virtue been commensurate with our opportunities for doing good? Are we not justly chargeable with gross negligence of our Masonic duties to God, our fellow-men and ourselves?

What replies do our consciences make to these interrogatories? Brethren, if our hearts condemn us not, happy are we; but, if we are conscious that we have wandered from a path of duty, let us now resolve, *solemnly and sincerely resolve*, that we will hereafter act more in conformity to the requisitions of our order. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things which [we] have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen, [let us] do: and the God of peace shall be with [us]." For we cannot expect that Providence will smile upon us as Masons, unless we *feel, and love, and act*, as Masons should do. It is *only* in the performance of duty, that we must look for prosperity and happiness.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY,

From the "Objects, Pleasure, and Advantages of Science."

The size and motions, and distances of the heavenly bodies are such to exceed the power of ordinary imagination, from any comparison with the smaller things we see around us. The earth's diameter is nearly 8,000 miles in length; but the sun's is above 88,000 miles, and the bulk of the sun is above 1,300,000 times greater than that of the earth. The planet Jupiter, which looks like a mere speck, from his vast distance, is nearly 1,300 times larger than the earth. Our distance from the sun is above 95 millions of miles; but Jupiter is 490 millions, and Saturn 900 millions of miles distant from the sun. The rate at which the earth moves round the sun is 68,000 miles an hour, or 140 times swifter than the motion of a cannon ball; and the planet Mercury, the nearest to the sun, moves still quicker, nearly 110 miles an hour. We, upon the earth's surface, besides being carried round the sun, move round the earth's axis by the rotatory or spinning motion which it has; so that every 24 hours we move in this manner near 14,000 miles, besides moving round the sun above 1,600,000 miles. These motions and distances, however, prodigious as they are, seem nothing compared to those of the comets, one of which, when furthest from the sun, is 11,200 millions of miles from him; and when nearest the sun, flies at the amazing rate of 880,000 miles an hour. Sir I. Newton calculated its heat at 2,000 times that of red hot iron; and that it would take thousands of years to cool. But the distance of the fixed stars is yet more; they have been supposed to be 400,000 times further from us than we are from the sun, that is 38 millions of millions of miles; so that a cannon-ball would take between four and five millions of years to reach one of them, supposing there was nothing to hinder it from pursuing its course thither.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

From the same.

Experiments of a simple and decisive nature show the amount of the pressure of the air to be between 14 and 15 lbs. on every square inch; but, like all other fluids, it presses equally in every direction; so that, though on our hand there is a pressure downwards of above 250 lbs., yet this is exactly balanced by an equal pressure upwards, from the air pressing round and getting below. If, however, the air be removed below, the whole pressure from above acts unbalanced: hence the ascent of water in pumps, which suck out of the air from a barrel, and allow the pressure upon the water to force it up 32 or 33 feet, that body of water being equal to the weight of the atmosphere; hence the ascent of the mercury in the barometer, but only 28 or 29 inches, mercury being between 13 and 14 times heavier than water. Hence, too, the motion of the steam-engine; the piston of which, until the direct force of steam was applied, used to be pressed downwards by the weight the atmosphere from above, all air being removed below it by first filling it with steam and then suddenly cooling and converting that steam into water. Hence, too, the power which some animals possess of walking along the perpendicular surfaces of walls, and even the ceilings of rooms, by squeezing out the air between the inside of their feet and the surface of the wall, and thus being supported by the pressure of the air against the outside of their feet.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

Prepared for the American Masonic Register.

Peach stones, burnt in a close vessel, produce a charcoal, which, when ground on porphyry is employed in painting to give an old grey.

To make ivory and bone black.—Put into a crucible surrounded by burning coals, fragments or turnings of ivory, or of the osseous parts of animals, and cover it closely. The ivory or bones, by exposure to the heat, will be reduced to charcoal. When no more smoke is seen to pass through the joining of the cover, leave the crucible over the fire for half an hour longer, of until it has completely cooled. There will then be found in it a hard carbonaceous matter, which, when pounded and ground on porphyry with water, is washed on a filter with warm water, and then dried.—Before it is used it must be again subjected to the matter.

Black furnished by bones is reddish. That produced by ivory is more beautiful. It is brighter than black obtained from peach stones. When mixed in a proper dose, with white oxide of lead, it forms a beautiful pearl grey. Ivory black is richer. The Ologae and Cassel black, are formed from ivory.

To make economical white house paint.—Skim milk, 2 quarts, fresh slaked lime, 8 oz. linseed oil, 6 oz. white burgundy pitch, 2 oz. Spanish white, three pounds.

The lime to be slaked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in about one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added, a little at a time; then the rest of the milk; and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for 27 square yards, two coats, and the expense not more than ten pence.

To make cheap beautiful green paint.—The cost of this paint is less than one-fourth of oil color, and the beauty far superior. Take 4 lbs of Roman vitriol, and pour on it a tea-kettle full of boiling water; when dissolved, add 2 lbs of pearl ash, and stir the mixture well with a stick, until the effervescence ceases; then add a quarter of a pound of pulverised yellow arsenic and stir the whole together. Lay it on with a paint brush, and if the wall has not been painted before, two or three coats will be requisite. To paint a common sized room with this color, will not cost more than 5 or 6 dollars. If a pea green is required put in less, and if an apple-green more, of the yellow arsenic.

To prepare Carmine.—This kind of fecula, so fertile in gradations of tone by the effect of mixtures, and so grateful to the eye in all its shades, so useful to the painter, and so agreeable to the delicate beauty, is on-

ly the coloring part of a kind of dried insect known under the name of cochineal.

A mixture of 36 grains of chosen seed, 18 grains of autour bark, and as much alum thrown into a decoction of 5 grains of pulverised cochineal, and 5 pounds of water, gives, at the end of from five to ten days, a red fecula, which when dried weighs from 40 to 58 grains. This fecula is carmine. The remaining decoction, which is still highly colored, is reserved for the preparation of carminated lakes.

To make lake of Brazil wood.—Boil 4 oz. of the raspings of Brazil wood in 15 pints of pure water, till the liquor is reduced to 2 pints. It will be of a dark red color, inclining to violet; but the addition of 4 or 5 oz. of alum will give it a hue inclining to rose-color. When the liquor has been strained through a piece of linen cloth, if 4 oz. of the carbonate of soda be added with caution, on account of the effervescence which takes place, the color, which by this addition is deprived of its mordant, will resume its former tint, and deposit a lake, which, when washed and properly dried, has an exceedingly rich and mellow-violet red color.

To make a yellow lake.—Take a pound of turmeric root, in fine powder, 3 pints of water, and an ounce of salt of tartar; put all into a glazed earthen vessel, and boil them together over a clear gentle fire, till the water appears highly impregnated and stains a paper to a beautiful yellow. Filter this liquor, and gradually add to it a strong solution of roche alum, in water, till the yellow matter is all curdled and precipitated. After this, pour the whole into a filter of paper, and the water will run off, and leave the yellow matter behind.—Wash it with fresh water, till the water comes off insipid, and then is obtained the beautiful yellow called *laque of turmeric*.

In this manner make a lake of any of the substances that are of a strong texture as madder, logwood, &c. but it will not succeed in the more tender species, as the flowers of roses, violets, &c. as it destroys the nice arrangement of parts in those subjects, on which the color depends.

THE GATHERER.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Lord Tyrawley, a little before his death, was visited by several Englishmen, who came with a pretence of asking how he did, but in reality to see if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old general, who comprehended their motives for being so solicitous about him, gave them the following answer: "Gentlemen, I know your reasons for inquiring after my health; I have but two things worth having, my regiment and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot: I'll tell you how they will be disposed of; a Scotchman will get the one, and an Irishman the other."

The other day, as a countryman was passing the back of a gaol, he recognised an old acquaintance among some of the inmates who stood at one of the upper windows, and through the grating of which, although denied the enjoyments of mountain air, he was at the moment contriving to supply himself with a pleasant substitute in the form of "mountain dew." "Ah, safe us, Saunders," said the countryman, who did not observe what was going on, "that's an awsome doxie hole, for such a cheery mairland bird as you to spend sic bonnie simmer days in: how do you manage to keep up your spirits, man?" "Brawley, as ye may see, Tam," replied the other, "when we feel our spirits down, we pull them up wi' a lang string."

At a public levee at the court of St James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield—"pray, my lord, who is that tall awkward woman yonder?"—"That lady sir," replied Lord Chesterfield, "is my sister." The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out—"no, no my lord, I beg your pardon: I meant that very nely woman, who stands next to the Queen."—"That lady sir," answered Lord Chesterfield calmly—"that lady, sir, is—my wife."

A JOKE AND THE AFTER-CLAP.—One day within the last week, says the Philadelphia Chronicle, a lady of Southwark who had conceived some cause of dislike for a certain physician of that quarter, and being disposed to wound his feelings, and mortify his professional dignity hit on the following expedient for so doing. She sent for the doctor intimating in her message that a sick person stood in need of his services. The doctor arrived, entered the apartment where the lady sat with two female acquaintance, and was directed to a cradle, in which he expected to find a sick child. On removing the quilt, he discovered a large tom cat, fitted up with a baby's cap, &c., and at the moment of making this discovery he heard a half-suppressed titer proceeding from the corner of the room. The doctor, no wise daunted, changed not a muscle of his countenance, but with all the gravity becoming a physician, felt the pulse of the quadruped, took out his pencil, wrote a prescription, took up his hat and cane, bade the ladies good afternoon and departed. As soon as he was out of hearing, Mrs.——— and her companion gave a full hurst to their merriment and laughed over the trick for an hour when their mirth was somewhat damped by the entrance of a young man who presented the doctor's bill, wherein was charged the maximum price for a visit. Nothing could be said against the justice of the demand, and the money was paid with evident vexation. So the doctor had his joke as well as the woman.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

The following anecdote, which we extract, is not without its application.

When Holt was Lord Chief Justice, he committed some enthusiasts to prison; the next day one Lacey, who was of the same persuasion, went to his house, and asked to speak with him; the porter answered that his lordship was not well, and could not be seen: Lacey insisted that he must speak him, for he was sent to him by the Lord. When this message was delivered he obtained admittance. "I come," said he "from the Lord, commanding thee to grant a *nolle prosequi*, to his faithful servants whom thou hast unjustly committed to prison." "Thou canst not certainly have come from the Lord," replied Holt, "for he would have sent thee to the Attorney-General, knowing very well that it is not in my power to grant thy demand; therefore thou art a false prophet, and shalt go and keep company with thy friends in prison."

A story somewhat similar has been told of a notorious infidel writer, whose orgies were one evening interrupted by an old woman in a red cloak, who delivered him a message which she said the Lord had commanded her to give him. "Get away, old woman," said he, "for you are an impostor; the Lord would never have sent to me on so serious a matter at a time of night when he knows that I am always drunk and unfit for business."

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

During a theatrical season in Providence, R. I., when Edmund Forrest was playing Damon and Pythias, in the most interesting of all scenes, when Damon rushes breathless on the stage, exclaiming to Dionysius, "Give me my daughter," when not a long breath was drawn and every eye was fixed on the actor, with the most intense anxiety—the ebony door keeper with nothing to be seen above the railing of the gallery but the white of his eye, and black face, exclaimed, "officer come up, here is a row." In an instant the audience burst into a roar of laughter, and Forrest seemed translated from "glory to gloom," for during the whole performance after, "Richard was not himself again."

A DEAR WIFE.—Lord W——r was looking very sour and blue at a long bill from Madame Caradan Carson, enlarged, not contracted by her ladyship, "W——r my love," said she in a tone of bewitching softness, "are you angry with me, that you look so very cross?" "Far from it my dear," replied his lordship "I feel at this moment you are dearer to me than ever."

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

THE TWIN CHIEFS—A TALE OF THE SABINE.

The river Sabine is the boundary between the United States and Texas. It empties itself into the Sabine Bay, which opens into the Gulf of Mexico, and is surrounded by low marshy lands, which form an extensive uninhabitable district, the haunt of innumerable flocks of swans, wild geese, ducks, pelicans, cranes, and every species of water fowl. At the mouth of the bay, as the traveller enters from the gulf, the sides of the river have their bottom covered with mud several feet deep, rendering it dangerous to attempt to land, although it is the only part where any bluff offers a landing-place; it may be accomplished, however, at high water, in small flat-bottomed skiffs.—Here you have an extensive view of swamp, covered with coarse grass and rushes, unbroken by woodland of any description. The tide flows over it, and it would require a coat of mail to venture on an investigation of its peculiarities, for the musquitos are insufferable; and after in vain attempting to battle them off from your face and hands, you return to your boat covered as thickly as if a swarm of bees had settled on you, nor will you find common cloth garments a sufficient protection against them.

About a hundred miles up the river, there is a small Indian village, where the remnants of a large tribe have settled. They date the commencement of their fall from the first arrival of the white man, and will tell you that their race have become degenerate in every respect since that period. They have diminished in their size, as well as numbers. They were strong as the hard oak, erect as the cypress, as numerous as the leaves of the forest; now they are weak as woman, bent like old age, and few as the stars at summer's twilight. They were a race of warriors, who set even the Camanches at defiance, and whose ancestors slept in their graves unmolested; they are no longer fit for war, and the crow follows the white man's ploughshare, croaking with delight as it devours the worms that have fattened on the dead bodies of their forefathers.

Dilka, the chief's wife, had twin sons, who were so equal in their skill, and so equally beloved, that at their father's death it was difficult to determine which should succeed him; nor were they willing to submit to the decision of their tribe, but each declined in favor of his brother. It was therefore decided that they should act together with equal authority—an arrangement which was rendered highly advantageous from the great number of their people—both in war and peace. Their hunting-grounds extended from the seacoast to the Rocky Mountains, and the feats of Dilka's sons were whispered by their foes with dread—were sung by the friendly tribes with praise. They were seldom seen apart unless their duty required it nor was an angry word ever known to have passed between them; when they practised with the bow together, none would express more delight or warmer eulogies than the defeated brother.

It would be useless for me to make any comment on the perfect symmetry of the form in which nature had moulded these sons of the forest. But it was a sight truly beautiful to see them standing alone beneath some lofty pine, offering up their thoughts to the great spirit. One day, when they had descended with a party to fish at the lower part of the river, where the lake was visible, they saw a white object afloat upon its bosom, and long they stood gazing as it increased in size. It was unlike a bird, or any thing they had seen before. The blast of surprise was given from the horn of the buffalo, and party after party came hurrying down the river in their canoes, gathering around their chiefs with the spear, the war-club, tomahawk, and bow. A thrilling anxiety filled the bosoms of all, as their attention was drawn to the object. Not a word was spoken; and as the vessel approached, for it was a schooner, they prepared for an attack, readily perceiving that, although the thing was not alive, there were living beings on it. Offers of peace were offered by the strangers, who came with glittering presents in their hands. The gaudy display of red and yellow cloth, of blankets, beads,

and gilded ornaments, attracted the notice of the less wary, who, with uncontrollable delight, disguised their well proportioned limbs in useless trumpery, strutting with vain conceit. Hitherto the deer-skin, prepared by themselves, and much better calculated for their pursuits, much more durable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought them the luxuries of their own country, but they also at the same time brought their vices. The chiefs became friendly with the captain, returned his presents a hundred-fold visited his wigwam on the big waters, displayed their own exploits, and saw with wonder the sailors spring from rope to rope; lost their natural courage at the sound of the fusée, and felt the condescension in one to them possessing the power of a god becoming familiar with them. They tasted their different preparations of food, and cooked for them the buffalo and venison, which they do in a peculiar manner. They likewise tasted the sweet wines and ardent spirits. At first, like children, they refused the draught, but soon they yielded to persuasion and example. They tasted and their love of it increased, with what they took.—Next came drunkenness, and all the wild insanity of the maniac. Then followed, as the fatal draught was more eagerly consumed, strange nausea, desperate confusion, and an unmanly cry as the earth seemed receding, whirling, sinking beneath them. At length nature relieved the stomach of its unwholesome burthen, and sound senseless sleep came on. How could the wary Indian now protect himself against a foe? The morning came, and with it, as they awoke, a parching thirst, a nervous dread, a cowardice they never yet had felt, a dejected spirit, and a downcast look—a combination, too, of such miseries as make the very heart shudder within the breast—such as no single one, nor all the natural diseases, if, combined, ever could produce. The captain, well accustomed to such feelings, soon gave them relief, by inducing them to take fresh stimulants; thus establishing, as a habit, what perhaps would never have of itself returned, a constant desire for intoxicating drinks. In such times as these, the brothers would begin to feel a jealousy if the captain did not bestow his favors and attention equally on them. It was then that selfishness overcame the nobler feelings of the heart. They were induced, not with any ill intent, but to amuse their friends, to try their strength against each other, and a severe trial it was. Two such athletic forms, so equally matched in strength and skill, could not well contend without great danger. A fist-fight between two boys is not likely to prove of a very serious nature, while one blow from the pugilist will readily terminate the life of his opponent; and in this instance both were severely hurt, without any decision being possible as to their superiority. Formerly, the regret of each would have been that he had hurt the other, now, this feeling was reversed. They struggled against each other as if they had been struggling against a deadly foe. And when, at length exhausted, they joined their friends; the glass went round again and again, until the same mad feeling rendered their passions ungovernable. Each boasted of his superiority over the other, and many attempts they made to get together, but were separated by the captain, who tried to reconcile them in vain, until they became helpless from excess.

The vessel left them, having previously disposed of all the wine and spirits they could spare, or rather were willing to part with, together with a fusée, some ammunition, and several trifling things. The greater number of the Indians had been sent up to their head quarters with the different presents as they were made to them, and the chieftains, after parting with the white men reluctantly, commenced the indulgence of their dissipation. One soon fell from his seat senseless from taking larger draughts, now that they were alone, and without the restraint imposed by the presence of strangers. The other became by degrees more furious as he drank. He called up every point of their previous contention, declared that the tribe should have but one chief as they had but one gun, that he was stronger and braver than his brother, that he could beat him; and in this manner working himself into a frenzy, at last fell upon his brother as he lay sleepless, and murdered him, lacerating his throat dreadfully with a knife which he had received from the captain. This was effected before any interference could be offered by those around, who fled instantly from fear on seeing it ac-

complished, and runners started to communicate the fact to the elders. The rapidity with which they travel, and the distance they can go at one journey, are almost incredible. After the perpetration of his crime, the chieftain rose and drank deeply from a jug of pure rum that stood near him. Then observing that all the Indians had left him, he tried to blow his horn; this he found himself unable to do; he shouted, he tried to raise the warwhoop, but the echo from the opposite bank mocked his vain attempt. Taking his gun and as much spirits with him as he could carry, he wandered he knew not where.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribe should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled. A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen; and while some were sent in search of him, others set themselves to decide upon his punishment. They had laws for almost every offence, but they always considered twins as sacred; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was a still greater crime, and of a more revolting nature, besides betraying his tribe to the enemy, for they looked upon the prophecy as certain. After two days the council broke up; the criminal had been discovered and brought in.

He was found sitting amongst the rushes with a haggard countenance, his eyes bloodshot and swollen; the mud and water covered his legs, the gun and vessel of spirits lay beside him. He was singing, shouting, and throwing his arms about in a wild distracted manner; the blood of his victim had dried upon his breast and shoulder. As they approached him, he pointed the gun at them; it had been too long in the water, and would not go off; he threw it down, and erecting himself with difficulty, commenced giving his orders in a tone of authority. Seeing no one inclined to obey him, he stooped down, took up the vessel, and was in the act of finishing its contents, when he was in a moment surrounded and secured. They dragged him to the spot where his murdered brother lay, but he had become by this time insensible; the sentence of the council was nevertheless put into immediate execution. The trunk of a large tree was fixed deep in the earth, on the very spot where the murder was committed; to this he was fastened naked, with the dead body of his victim bound to his side; his arm around its waist, its hand upon his breast, their heads secured cheek to cheek; and thus for four-and-twenty days, he was condemned to be kept. Not a single thing was allowed to be removed from the place, nor any alterations more than were necessary to put the trunk in the ground. Two sentinels were placed to watch him, in such a position that he could not see them, and these were twice in the day to give him water. For many hours he remained unconscious of his situation; nor was it until, from the burning sunbeams falling on his head, his fever increased, and the salivary glands, exhausted by the poisonous liquor, which caused the stomach to require an extra quantity in its own defence refused to yield one single drop to moisten his parched tongue and throat, that he opened his eyes in search of water, asking for it at the same time; finding himself confined, he struggled to be set at liberty, and called on his brother to assist him. The water was held to his lips; and as it refreshed him, while looking down, his eye fell upon the ghastly wound that rested on his shoulder. The truth with all its horrors burst upon him. The violent struggle that he made against his bonds forced the blood from his nostrils; no cry of terror could escape his lips, and the next moment he fainted. When he recovered, the effects of intoxication had completely ceased, and he sent forth loud cries for assistance; shout after shout rang through the air, until his voice became feeble and hoarse; he could not move his eye from the horrid spectacle, but kept it involuntarily fixed on it, like one who watches the movements of a foe while standing face to face with him. The turkey buzzards now hovered over them, attracted by the smell of the dead body; and, oh! how he welcomed their appearance! They, like all other carrion birds, commence with the eye, and it would indeed be a blessing for him to lose his sight. Just as

the welcome bird was venturing near, an invidious arrow pierced its body, and it fell near enough to them to be a warning to others. The lake that brought the cause of all this tragic scene, lay smooth and wide before him: what heavy curses fell from his lips against the white man! Had the captain been chained there instead of his brother, he could have borne it with delight. Again his eye fell on his victim, and another loud, long, piercing, straining scream was followed by the wild laugh of an idiot; then came tears and fiendish execrations, convulsive shudders, and spasmodic gasps for breath, mixed with hysteric sobs, as he struggled in vain; the body moving as he moved, the hand pressing more closely on his breast the more he strove to liberate himself, while the wound, as the body decayed, became distended more and more from his violent efforts.

Three days he remained in this situation, when the sentinels, who had already tasted the pernicious beverage, were unable longer to withstand the temptation; for every thing had been left as it was when the murder was committed. The war-cry had gone through the land, and the remainder of the tribe had left the spot; the sentinels, to whose integrity the whole nation might have been entrusted, had been tainted by the vices, subsequent to the abuse of the luxuries of life; they broached the spirits, and soon became intoxicated in this state they liberated the criminal, and fell immediately beneath his hand.

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear, the weather mild, the surface of the lake but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun as she approached her former moorings. This is strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fires, which had directed him on a former occasion, but now no smoke was visible. We surely were expected, he muttered to himself.

He was expected.

When the vessel was brought to anchor, seeing no canoes come out to welcome him, he conceived the Indians to have changed their fishing ground to some other spot, and determined to go on shore to ascertain if any traces of them might be left. He took two men and the mate with him in the boat, and, landing at the accustomed place, proceeded to the camp. He saw, to his astonishment, every thing as he had left it, but the trunk of the dead tree in the centre. As he approached nearer, he discovered a skeleton fastened to it so as to be swinging to and fro in the breeze; two other skeletons lay upon the ground, beside which a tall grey-headed Indian. In his hand he held part of a raw-fish, which he was devouring, without apparently noticing their approach. His eye was glassy and wild. When the captain spoke, he made no answer, nor even turned his gaze away from some object which it seemed fixed. But when the captain approached within a couple of yards, at one bound the man sprang upon him with the cry of a hyena, and his teeth and fingers firm in his throat, forced him to the ground. In vain the men tried to remove him; it was the iron grasp of death. When they succeeded in tearing them apart, both were dead, and then discovered in the features of the grey-headed Indian their once friendly chief, who seemed to have passed a miserable life, merely sustained by an Indian revenge.

Mer traders soon contrived to visit the village of the Indians in the interior, and to introduce, with other luxuries of civilization, the use of ardent spirits. The ancient and virtuous habits of the Indians were now departed; they were unable to compete with their enemies, returned from their hunting expeditions in disgust, and as their feeble remnant now tell you the nation is no more.

CULTIVATED ACRE.

Mr. editor of the Maine Cultivator, "improves a single acre of ground with such good husbandry, that he is sufficient for his own family, of bread stuff or produce to buy it with, every kind of garden vegetables and fruits for home consumption, the wheat to fatten his own pork, and the beans to make w; potatoes, pumpkins, cabbages, &c. com-

prising useful articles too many to enumerate, and, by exchanging onions for hay, keeps a cow and makes his own butter. All this he accomplishes by his own labor, on a single acre of ground. He puts on to it eighteen cords of manure, and obtains annually in return thirty or forty bushels of sound corn, sixty or seventy of onions, and other vegetables, and plenty of fruit &c., as before hinted. Such is the production of a small farm well tilled.

MISCELLANY.

AN AFFECTING PICTURE.

The following extract from one of the last numbers of Master Humphrey's Clock is remarkable for its simplicity and its pathos. Nelly and her aged grandfather, in their wanderings, were hospitably entertained at the domicile of a village schoolmaster, who was in great distress on account of the illness of a little boy, his best scholar—one for whom he seems to have entertained a more than parental affection. He gives his pupils a half holiday—and leading little Nell by the hand, proceeds to the humble dwelling, where his little favorite lay on a bed of sickness:

"They stopped at a cottage door; and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They entered a room where a little group of women were gathered about, one older than the rest, who was crying very bitterly, and sat wringing her hands, and rocking herself to and fro.

"Oh, dame!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?"

"He's going fast," cried the old woman; "my grandson's dying. It's all owing to you. You should'n't see him now, but for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. Oh dear, dear, what can I do?"

"Do not say that I am in fault," urged the gentle schoolmaster. "I am not hurt, dame. No no. You are in great distress of mind, and do not mean what you say. I am sure you don't."

"I do," returned the old woman. "I mean it all. If he had not been poring over his books out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now. I know he would."

The schoolmaster looked around upon the other women, as if to entreat some one among to say a kind word for him, but they shook their heads and murmured to each other that they never thought there was much good in learning, and that this convinced them. Without saying a word in reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him (and who had now rejoined them) into another room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay stretched on the bed.

He was a very young boy, quite a little child. His hair hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time. You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be.—You will come soon, my dear, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips up, but no sound came from them—no, not a sound.

In the silence that caused the hum of distant voices

borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle ball that lay with slate and book and other boyish property, upon a table in the room.—And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of the dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down."

HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE.

A correspondent of the Madras Herald gives the following account of an adventure with a *cobra di capello*, which occurred to a gentleman who was reposing under a tamarind tree alone, after a day of shooting:

"I was aroused by the furious baying of my dogs; on turning round, I beheld a snake of the cobra di capello species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very close to my position. In an instant I was on my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology it boldly brought to; with expanded head, eyes sparkling, neck beautifully arched, by the head raised nearly two feet from the ground, and oscillating from side to side, in a manner plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized a short bamboo, left by one of the bearers, and hurled it at my opponent's head. I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell from his imposing attitude, and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection, I seized it a little below the head, hauling it beneath the shelter of the tree, and very coolly sat down to examine the mouth for the poisoned fangs of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stalk, I felt the head sliding thro' my hand; and to my utter astonishment became aware that I had now to contend against the most deadly of reptiles in its full strength and vigor. Indeed I was in a moment convinced of it, for as I tightened my hold of its throat, its body became wreathed around my neck and arm. I raised myself from my sitting position to one knee; my right arm, to enable me to exert my strength, was extended. I must in such an attitude appeared horrified enough to represent a deity in the Hindoo mythology, such as we so rudely emblazoned on the portals of their native temples. It now became a matter of self defence. To retain my hold it required my utmost strength to prevent the head from escaping, as my neck became a purchase for the animal to pull upon. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the cobra di capello is held throughout India, and the almost certain death which inevitably follows its bite, he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at that moment; a shudder, a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the cold clammy fold of the reptile's body tightening round my neck. To attempt any delineation of my sensations, would be absurd: let it suffice, they were most horrible. I had now almost resolved to resign my hold. Had I done so, this tale would never have been written; as no doubt the head would have been brought to the extreme circumvolution to inflict the deadly wound.

"Even in the agony of such a moment, I could picture to myself the fierce glowing of the eyes, and the intimidating expansion of the head ere it fastened its venomous and fatal hold upon my face and neck.

To hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the firmness with which I held it—my hand was gloved. Finding, in defiance of all my efforts, that my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, I was anxiously considering how to act in this horrible dilemma, when an idea struck me, that if it was in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs, should he escape my hold. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared to be the very thing required which with some difficulty I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right arm was now trembling from over exertion—my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I suddenly let go my hold of the throat and seized the rod with both hands, at the same time bringing them over my head with a sudden jerk, discharging the fold from my neck, which had latterly become almost tight enough to produce strangulation. There was then little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately throwing the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighboring stream to lave my neck, hands and face in its cooling water, was my first act after despatching my formidable enemy."

A YANKEE TRICK:

A friend has furnished us with the following narrative. Time, 27.—Location, Albany county, New York. Parties, a Dutchman and a Yankee. Jonathan had tired of sweating for his father, because, to use his own words, he "didn't git nothin but cabbage and homespun," and as for honors, he might once have been promoted to the rank of corporal if his sire had not utterly refused to loan him his cast off regimentals. But, for all disappointed hopes, Jonathan was a shrewd personage, ready to "gum the flats" whenever occasion offered, and exceedingly ambitious of boarding shiners which he could call his own. His pockets however never had felt the weight of a single flip which did not somehow or other find its way into the family locker. He therefore broke his allegiance with "the old man," begged three and sixpence from his grandmother, and journeyed westward. Fortune adopted him as her own, and he soon fell in with a Dutchman, whose inner-man borrowed its vivacity from his outer, which ranged somewhere between the Falstaff and Turtle-soup fashions, inclining as years multiplied to the former and indicating absence of thought in proportion to his corporeal rotundity. Michael Van Higginbeck girted precisely 8 feet Flemish. His words were few, and emphatic, his movements deliberate to a charm, and he made it his chief boast, that he never had been cheated.

Jonathan learned at an inn, that Michael had a snug but untenanted farm in a distant county, and, after making sundry inquiries touching Myneer, repaired to his homestead and offered to take the untenanted farm "at the halves." To this proposition Michael agreed, adding a condition, that he should have the tops, and Jonathan the bottoms of all that was raised.—Jonathan retired to his new abode to make the best of his bargain, and Michael to his pipe, chuckling at his adroitness in overreaching the Yankee. Time brought the harvest and with it Michael to demand his rent.—The season had been propitious, and Jonathan gathered in abundance. Will you take your half now, Sir? Yaw, replied Michael. Jonathan pointed to a huge pile of tops—the bottoms were—potatoes. The truth suddenly flashed upon Michael's understanding, but it was too late to grumble—there was the bargain and there were his tops. Thinking still to come round the Yankee, he rented his farm to him a second year, conditioning at its expiration for all the bottoms.—Another year elapsed and Michael appeared to claim the bottoms, but Jonathan had planned nothing but wheat. "Mine Got," exclaimed myneer, "te tan Yankee gets te tops and te bottoms, put I will have tem both mineself next year." At the close of the next year came Michael with his teams, but Jonathan had decamped with the corn, leaving behind him according to agreement all the tops and bottoms for his landlord.

The following *unutterably* curious sentence is frequently used in schools for the correction of Stammering—

"Theopolis Thistle the thistle sifter sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles, and if Theopolis Thistle the thistle sifter sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles, where's the sieve full of sifted thistles that Theopolis Thistle the thistle sifter sifted!"

It is hardly equal to the following from the famous Ben Johnson, "If a twister, a-twisting, doth twist him a twist, and one twisted twist of the twister while twisting, untwists; then the twister, who twisting, untwisted the twist, the untwisted twist must re-twist."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE LADIES FAIR.—We would earnestly call the attention of our readers, and particularly the female portion of them, to the Card of the Ladies of the 3d D. Church, in another column. The peculiar situation, in which this church is at present placed, commends its claims to all classes of citizens, and particularly to the Christian public. It seems that unless immediate means can be devised to extricate the Society from at least some of its present embarrassment, the church will have to be sold. The Ladies are making strenuous efforts on their part, and we trust they will be duly supported.

AVALANCHE.—A large portion of Mount Ida, in Troy, loosened by the late rains, came down on Saturday last, destroying a small tenement occupied by colored persons; and on Monday another slice came off, carrying with it part of an orchard. Providentially no one was injured. From this spot, some years since, there was an avalanche, which destroyed several lives.

NICHOLS' AMPHITHEATRE.—This establishment is nearly completed, and will we understand, be opened about the 1st of December. Mr. Nichols has the most extensive equestrian corps in the United States, and this establishment, which is built in a neat and durable manner is designed as the winter quarters of the company. We have no amusements now among us; and there is no doubt if the proprietor will make his concern a respectable place, but that the public will appreciate it, and extend to him a respectable support. He must make it a becoming place for females, and the men will of course follow. Mr. N. and his company at present are deservedly popular among us, and he can retain their good opinion; but it must be done by uncompromising hostility to every thing out of order.

MARYLAND—OFFICIAL.—The official return of the Maryland Electoral Election is 33,531 for Harrison, and 28,769 for Van Buren. Harrison's majority 4772.

The shock of an earthquake was felt at Philadelphia on Saturday night last during a tremendous storm.—The buildings trembled for several seconds, and the water of the Delaware were agitated by an unusual swell.

The population of the State of Connecticut is, according to recent census, 210,131. Increase in ten years, 12,420.

A regular packet line has been established between Philadelphia and Matagorda, Texas.

A white man was recently sold, in North Carolina in conformity to a law of that state, for bastardy, and his wife bought him in for one dollar. The papers say she got cheated at that.

THE CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY.—The movement of the Catholics to obtain a portion of the school fund for sectarian purposes was again on Monday evening the subject of discussion in the Board of Aldermen, and occupied the time of the Board till midnight. The result was the appointment of a committee, consisting of Ald. Chamberlain, Jones and Rich, to visit and examine the schools under the charge of the Public School Society, and inviting a committee of the Catholic petitioners to accompany that committee in the examination. The object of this joint examination appears to be some amicable arrangement in relation to the public schools which will satisfy in a measure the objections now made by the Catholics to their present management. The consummation sought will, we apprehend, be very difficult to accomplish."

We cut the above from the New-York Sun; and we agree with the editor in his opinion of the "Consummation." We hope the authorities will make such concessions as will place our Catholic citizens in the full enjoyment of all the privileges of other sects. But when any sect asks for the public money for a sectarian purpose, we much mistake the public sentiments, if such sect will not find themselves "behind the intelligence of the age." If the school books are objectionable, burn them up, and print more.

HONORABLE TESTIMONIAL OF AN OPPONENT.—The following just tribute is from the pen of a Mr. Cist; who has been recently engaged in taking the census of Cincinnati.

"One fact I have ascertained in my travels, which I record as of general interest. Much of the suffering and privation which exist at all times, and especially in the winter season here, I find are relieved by the Masonic Fraternity, whose liberality provides for the wants not only of the destitute among their own members and families, but alleviates, as I have reason to know, many cases of distress in persons who cannot make this plea for assistance. Doubtless in this way, much must be saved for the benefit of others in our public provisions for charity. An important difference too is, that in these cases the individual is not compelled to attend publicly as an applicant for relief, but the sons and daughters of want are sought out and relieved at their humble dwellings. I bear the testimony the more willingly, having myself denied, and publicly, that the order was a charitable institution on the principle that its charity began and ended at home."

PROHIBITED MARRIAGES.—The New York Churchman states that at the last general convention, a committee, consisting of Bishops H. U. Onderdonk, Moor and Brownell, was appointed to report at the next general convention, a canon prohibiting marriages with certain degrees of consanguinity and affinity. In its report, which will be one of much importance, the act of marrying a deceased wife's sister will be of necessity prominent. A pamphlet has been published in England advocating the repeal of the law in that country, which prohibits marriage within the degrees of affinity just mentioned. A circular soliciting three-penny signatures from amongst the clergy, and the measure is said to receive the countenance and active co-operation of the Archbishop of Dublin, and the bishop of Landaff.

MONOPOLY.—A gentleman in London has just concluded a contract for the exclusive navigation of steamers up the Amazon for forty-five years. The same person is now in negotiation for the establishment of a line of steamers between England and Brazil.

Intelligence.

EXECUTION OF ROBERT M'CONANY. *the murderer of Brown's family.*—This wretched man suffered the awful penalty of the law at Huntingdon, Pa. on the 6th inst. He was executed in the gaol yard a few minutes before 3 o'clock P. M.

The closing circumstances of his guilty and miserable career were peculiar; down to the hour of his execution, nay to the very moment the drop fell, he stubbornly persisted in asserting his innocence. All hope of his making any acknowledgement was entirely removed by his dogged conduct. He was taken upon the scaffold—every thing adjusted—the moment arrived—the drop fell—and not a word confessed. But the rope broke and instead of hanging, very much to his astonishment we suppose, he found himself upon the ground under the gallows. He thought he was "clear;" but the illusion was present with him but a moment. He was immediately taken up on the gallows again—every thing made ready—the drop about to fall—when he begged for "time to talk a little," and proceeded "to make a full and detailed confession of his crimes to the clergymen present. Mr. Brown and Mr. Peebles, who reduced it to writing in his own words, as he made it," and who will cause it to be published for the benefit of his wife and children. His confession it is said, casts deeper and darker shades of cruelty over the bloody affair.

He had scarcely concluded his confession when the last moment execution could be delayed arrived, and he was again swung off, and paid his life a forfeiture of his crimes.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A man, named Mason, was so much injured by some of the machinery of the locomotive engine near Trenton, N. J., on Friday, that he expired on Saturday afternoon. The engine ran over a cow on the track of the rail road, and so bent some of the apparatus of the locomotive, as to retard its progress. While Mr. Mason was attempting to straighten the bent iron, it suddenly broke, and he fell upon the broken shaft, which so injured him as to throw him into convulsions, which continued until he died.

Son against Father.—At the recent election in Massachusetts, Henry W. Cushman, of Bernardstown, a candidate for the Legislature, was opposed and beaten by his own father. This is right—if any beating is to be done, the father should always beat the son.—*N. Y. Standard.*

BARON ARDEN, of Arden (Eng) recently deceased, left personal property to the amount of \$3,840,000.—The Registership of the high Court of Admiralty became vacant when he was an infant of six months old, and it was actually retained for him until he was capable of officiating; the duties being performed by deputy. In the time of war his emoluments from this office amounted to between \$336,000 and 384,000.

There is a place we believe in New Hampshire, where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who are so lucky as to escape, pay a bonus to the miserable fellow who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

ACCIDENT.—A young man named Lewis Penfield, was accidentally shot in the shoulder on Friday last, at a turkey shoot near this city. Another young man had taken aim with his piece cocked, when the turkey fell, and Mr Penfield went to replace it. While doing so the piece went off, and lodged the bullet in his shoulder.—*Utica Dem.*

The *D'Huaveville* case, which has occupied so much attention in Philadelphia, has been finally decided in favor of the mother's claim to the guardianship of the child. This decision is in direct contradiction with that recently made in this state, in the somewhat analogous case of *Barry*. The point in both cases was, whether the father or the mother—the parties not living together—should have the guardianship of the child. New York decides, in conformity with what

we supposed to be well settled law; in favor of the father—Pennsylvania, in favor of the mother.—*N. Y. Amer.*

A jury at Richmond, V., in the case of a horse thief, was ten days in confinement without being able to agree on a verdict. On Thursday last they were liberated. One of the jurors was to have been married on Thursday evening to a lady fifty miles off.

Scott, the American diver, has repeated his performance of jumping from a height of 140 feet into the water, from the Chain pier, several times during the week. He continues to attract numerous spectators. *Brighton Gazette.*

George R. T. Hewes, the last of the Boston tea party, died at German Flatts on the 5th inst., at the advanced age of 106 years. His remains were sent to Richfield, Otsego county, for interment, where he had resided for many years.

A FEMALE SAILOR.—A female named Mary Perkins was sentenced to two months in the House of Correction at Boston last week for larceny. When arrested she was attired in a sailor's habit. She represented herself to be twenty years of age, and had been steward six months on board a brig on regular trips from Lucbe to New York.

Horrible Death.—M. Crevassal a merchant tailor of St. Louis, Mo., was found dead on the 20th inst., half buried in a marsh into which he had gone for the purpose of getting some game—He had been missed two days.

LEARNED IN THE LAW.—A young girl, aged 12 years, has recovered twelve hundred dollars, for a breach of promise of marriage, in the Maryland court at Frederick. She may be considered "smart of her age."

A CARD.

Ladies Fair.—The Ladies of the 3d Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in Ferry-st. give notice that they propose holding a fair for the benefit of the Church on Wednesday and Thursday the 9th and 10th of December ensuing, when such a variety of useful articles will be presented to their friends and the public, as they trust will meet with their approbation and support. Donations for this object, will be thankfully received at Mrs. H. H. Hickcox's, 119, Green-st.

Married.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Geo. Lisher to Miss Sally Vanderpool, all of Bethlehem.
By the same, Mr. John Reed of this city, to Miss Lydia D. Carpenter, of Hudson.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday evening last, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Minerva wife of Geo. Wait aged 25 years.

In this city, on Monday evening, Cornelia Kip, wife of Lawrence L. Schuyler, aged 33 years.

On the 15th inst. John S. Godley, aged 33 years. At Livingston Heights, very suddenly, Miss Maria L. Willard, daughter of the late Dr. Elias Willard of this city.

On Wednesday, Catharine, infant daughter of John Lacy.

At Sag Harbor, Capt. Henry Parker, 63. In New York, John Richard, 71. Also, Clara, wife of Geo. Lewis, 37. Also, John Batchelor, 60. Also, Crowell Evans, 27. In Texas, Sophronia, wife of Hon. Wm. Pierpont, formerly of Vernon, Oneida co. 42. At Newark, N. J. Mrs. Jemima Monroe, 58. In Catskill Philip A. Pinckney, 24. Also, Mary, wife of Charles Rogers, 68. At Jamaica, Queens co. Rev. Elias W. Crane. At Washington, Col. C. R. Broom, 46,

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Ten ple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content, —Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Putney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore 23 Audubon's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18. Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait. Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman Empire. Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London vols. received. The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain and America contrasted.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul. Shakpeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake. Guizot's Civilization of Europe. Mrs Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch. Madame de Staël's Italy, in French. Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d. Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks. Hallam's Literature of Europe. The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

POETRY

From the Boston Magazine.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my good mother was a girl—
Say thirty years ago,
Young ladies *then* knew how to knit,
As well as how to sew.

Young ladies *then* could spin and weave,
Could bake, and brew, and sweep;
Could sing and play, could dance and paint,
And could a secret keep.

Young ladies *then* were beautiful
As any beauties now,—
Yet they could rake the new mown hay,
Or milk the "brindled cow."

Young ladies *then* wore bonnets too,
And with them their own hair;
They made them from their own good straw,
And pretty, too, they were.

Young ladies *then* wore gowns with sleeves
Which would hold just their arms;
And did not have as many yards
As acres in their farms.

Young ladies *then* oft fell in love,
And married too, the men;
While men, with willing hearts and true
Loved them all back again.

Young ladies *now* can knit and sew,
Or read a pretty book,—
Can sing, and paint, and joke, and quiz,
But cannot bear to cook.

Young ladies *now* can blithely spin
Of "street yarn" many a spool;
And weave a web of scandal too
And dye it in the wool.

Young ladies *now* can bake their hair,
Can brew their own cologne;
In borrowed plumage often shine,
While they neglect their own.

And as to secrets, who would think
Fidelity—a pearl?
None but a modest little miss,
Perchance a country girl.

Young ladies *now* wear lovely curls,
—What pity they should buy them:
And then their bonnets—heavens! they fright
The beau that ventures nigh them.

Then as to gowns, I've heard it said
They'll hold a dozen men;
And if you once get in their sleeves
You'll ne'er get out again.

E'en Love is changed from what it was,—
Although true love is known:
'Tis wealth adds lustre to the cheek,
And melts the heart of stone.

Thus Time works wonders;—young and old
Confess his magic power.
Beauty will fade; but Virtue proves
Pure gold in man's last hour!

[The following beautiful lines are extracted from an embryo volume, entitled *Peter Cornelis, a Tale with Songs and other Poems*, by a Scottish peasant, named Rodger. It is said, the author has a wife and nine children, whom he has supported for the last ten years, upon wages which have not, on an average, exceeded twelve shillings sterling a week.]

"DINNA FORGET."

AIR—"When Adam at first was created."

Here put on thy finger this ring, love;
And, when thou art far o'er the sea,

Perhaps to thy mind it will bring, love,
Some thought—some remembrance—of me;
Our moments of rapture and bliss, love,
The haunts where so oft we have met,
These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,
It tells thee—O, "dinna forget!"

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,
Oft gazed on by us with delight,
And think of each other alone, love,
At one sacred hour every night:
But ah! ere she'd rise to thy view, love,
To me she long, long would be set;
Then look to this token more true, love,
On thy finger—and "dinna forget!"

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,
And charms more attractive than mine;
Be moved by a more winning air, love,
Or struck by a figure more fine:
But, should'st thou a brighter eye see, love,
Or ringlets of more glossy jet,
Let this still thy talisman be, love,
Look on it, and "dinna forget!"

And, oh! when thou writest to me, love,
The seal impress with this ring;
And that a sweet earnest will be, love,
To which, with fond hope I will cling;
That thou to thy vows wilt be true, love—
That happiness waiteth us yet:
One parting embrace—now adieu, love—
This moment I'll never forget!

THE SUM OF LIFE.

Searcher of Gold, whose days and nights
All waste away in anxious care,
Estranged from all life's pure delights,
Unlearned in all that is most fair—
Who sailest not with easy glide,
But delvest in the death of tide,
And struggles in the foam—
Oh come and view this land of graves—
Death's northern sea of frozen waves—
And mark thee out thy home.

Lover of Woman, whose sad heart
Wastes like a fountain in the sun,
Clings most where most its pain does start,
Dies by the light it lives upon—
Come to the land of graves, for here
Are beauty's smile and beauty's tear,
Gathered in holy trust;
Here slumbers forms as fair as those
Whose cheeks, now living shame the rose—
Their glory turned to dust.

Lover of Fame, whose foolish thought
Steals onward from the wave of time—
Tell me, what goodness hath it brought,
Atoning for that restless crime?
The spirit-mansion desolate,
That opens to thy storms of fate,
The absent soul of fear—
Bring home the thoughts, and come with me,
And see where all thy pride must be;
Searcher of fame, look here!

And Warrior, with thy sunny plume,
That goest to the hugh's call—
Come and look down—this lonely tomb
Shall hold thee and thy glorious all—
The haughty brow—the manly frame—
The daring deed—the sounding fame—
Are trophies but for death!
And millions who have toiled like thee,
Are stayed, and here they sleep, and see,
Does glory lend them breath?

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY F. O. RICHARDSON.

Hark! hark! mid the busy stir of life
And the crowded city's hum,
I hear the thrilling tone of the fife,
And the roll of the distant drum!

But their altered tones chime sad and slow
To the mourner's silent tread;

For they breathe the hallowed dirge of wo,
The solemn march of the dead!

And looks of manliest grief are there,
And stern eyes drop a tear;
And soldiers falter as they bear,
The youthful warrior's bier!

And see, as that bier comes nigh—it brings
Bright arms—a useless show!
For he hath no need of those gaudy things
Who sleeps in the coffin below!

For the voice that gave the stern command
Hath sighed its latest breath!
And an infant now may snatch the brand
From his dull cold grasp of death!

And the breast so true, and the brow so proud,
Are cold and senseless all;
He hath changed for the coat of mail—the shroud;
For the warrior's cloak—the pall.

He would have hailed the dart that sped
His soul to a warrior's doom;
But a slow and sickly couch was spread,
To wait him to the tomb!

They have borne him to the sacred porch—
They have borne him to the grave;
And the last sad rites of the holy church
Are paid to the young and the brave!

They have breathed the funeral prayer and hymn—
They have fired the soldier's knell;
But it reached not, alas! the ear of him
Who sleeps in the narrow cell!

They have lowered the coffin dark and deep
In the lone grave's hollow womb;
And the lady he loved may come to weep
This eve o'er her soldier's tomb.

THE FORSAKEN: A FRAGMENT.

One evening, sooner than her wont, she sought
Her solitary chamber. There she sate
Beside the open window, where the rose,
With jessamine linked, and woodbine, twined
Around the casement. The night breeze came
Freshly and sweetly through the leafy blinds,
And kissed her burning cheek and faded lip.
She slumbered—but not long: the evening wind
Shook from the boughs that trough the casement crept
A shower of rose-leaves: on her ivory neck
They fell, and waked her from her sleep; and then
She raised her head, and saw his portrait lie
Beside her: she pressed it to her fevered lips,
And slept again.

Next morning she was dead!
The sunlight streaming through the tremulous leaves
Fell on her neck in quivering light and shade:
Her face was pillowed on her fair white arms,
That rested by the lattice: her dark hair,
Stirred by the morning breeze, was all that moved.
They called her by her name—she answered not!
They raised her head—and then they saw her face
Was deadly pale and chill!—her marble lips
Were pressed against the portrait: she had died
Embracing it!

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 13.]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

M. W. William J. Reese, of Lancaster, G. M.
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R. W. Isaac C. Copelin, of Cincinnati, G. S. W.
R. W. John M. Batiere, of Hillsborough J. G. W.
R. W. George Myres, of Lancaster, G. Treasurer.
R. W. J. D. Caldwell, of Chillicothe, G. Secretary.
Rev. Jos. A. Roof, of Circleville, G. Chaplain.
R. W. John Barney, G. Lecturer.

Our correspondent, from whom we receive the above, says, "I have just returned, from the Grand Lodge, which held its communication in Lancaster, on the third Tuesday of October last. We had quite a refreshing time: about forty five Lodges sent up their representations, and a number of Lodges who have lain dormant for a number of years, also sent representatives, with petitions, praying the indulgence of the Grand Lodge, and asking permission to resume their labors under their old charters, with a strong assurance of persevering in the good cause. Masonry is flourishing in our part of the country, perhaps better than it has at any former period. It is patronized by the pious of all denominations, and such will ever be its destiny when it is conducted in a proper manner, with zeal and spirit. * * * I sincerely hope your paper may get an extensive circulation throughout the country, as I have no doubt it will be the instrument in dispelling some of those dark clouds which have been thrown over it by the ignorance of our enemies, and in some respects by the folly of our friends."

[Will the G. Secretary, please send us a copy of proceedings of G. L. when printed.]

[We make the following extracts from an address delivered by DE WITT CLINTON, before Holland Lodge at the time of his installation as Master, in 1793—47 years ago.]

It must be obvious to a mind of the least reflection, that were masonry to prescribe particular tenets and opinions in religion for her votaries, that it would be utterly incompatible with the universality of the order. For this, and the seasons before mentioned, she has wisely avoided an explicit patronage of any theological creed. The great fundamentals of natural religion she venerates and adores; an atheist can find no admission within the walls of a lodge. She well knows that in taking the religion of nature, as the ground work of her faith, she not only rests upon the immutable foundations of truth, but that she adopts a language in which the wise and the virtuous of all nations, countries, and languages agree—that those systems of artificial theology which have either flourished on the soil of popular delusion and imposture, or been immediately communicated from the Great First Cause, always count the assistance, and coincide with the principles of natural religion. Masonry, therefore, opens her arms to the followers of all systems of religion. The Mahometan, the Jew, the Christian, and the Theist, throwing aside the madness of religious hatred, meet under her protection as friends and brothers. As Christian masons, acknowledging the divinity of Christ, we have introduced the Bible into our lodges to manifest our belief in our doctrines which it inculcates. In like manner, the followers of Moses, Mahomet, and Brama, may introduce into their masonic assemblies, their Pentateuch, their Alcoran, and their Vedam; and yet the unity of masonry would remain—the essential princi-

ples on which she moves would be the same—she would still declare to her votaries, 'I regard not to what sect you attach yourselves; venerate the popular religions of your respective countries: follow the light of your own understandings; forget not, however, the doctrines of a religion of nature; adore the great architect of the universe; acknowledge the immortal soul, and look forward to a state of future retribution, when the virtuous of all religions and countries shall meet together and enjoy never-fading bliss.'

We learn from sacred history, that all the inhabitants of the earth are descended from the same stock. The ancestors of us all were once linked together by the ties of consanguinity, and the duties of such a near relation were incumbent upon them. One principle branch of the morality of our order, consists in restoring that tender connection among men, which the infinite diversities of family, tribe, and nation, had nearly reduced to nothing. It inculcates upon its members in their conduct to each other, the reciprocal right and duties of brethren that this artificial contiguity shall operate with as much force and effect, as the natural relationship of blood. A man is bound to consult the happiness, to promote the interests of his brother; to abstain from reproach, censure, and unjust suspicions; to warn him of the machinations of his enemies; to apprise him of his errors; to protect the chastity of his house; to defend his life, his property, and, what is dearer to a man of honor, his character, against unjust attacks; to relieve his wants and distresses; to instill into his mind proper ideas of conduct in the department of life which he is called to fill; and let me add, to foster his schemes of interest and promotion, if compatible with the paramount duties owing to the community. If such are the obligations which a man owes to his brother, they are precisely the duties which one Free Mason ought to perform to another. Our order enjoins them as rules, from which nothing can justify a deviation, and considers their infraction a violation of honor, conscience, and religion; a prostitution of all that is deemed sacred and venerable among men.

But Masonry does not confine the benignity of her precepts to her followers; she rises higher in the scale of moral excellence, and enjoins the observance of her honor, honesty and good faith to all men; she espouses the cause of universal benevolence and virtue; she declares, as unworthy of her patronage, those who violate the laws of rectitude; and her votaries exemplify in their lives, the truth of the remark, that although there be vicious men in the fraternity, yet that they are better than they would be if they were not masons. Of all the virtues which adorn our institution, heaven-born Charity stands pre-eminent in rank. It is not, however, that restricted beneficence which is confined to the administration of pecuniary relief: it comprises all the benevolent affections which one rational being can entertain for another; it teaches us to think, to speak, and to act, in the most favorable and friendly manner, with regard to our fellow creatures. Those who have mixed in a small degree in the world, must have often witnessed the distorted views in which a man's conduct has been represented. Some have a native propensity to discolor the excellencies, and to exaggerate the failings of others—the least fault is magnified into an inexpiable vice; the defects of nature become the subject of shameless ridicule, and the most innocent actions are attributed to the worst of motives. There are others who, ambitious of shining in the walks of wit, make unfriendly observations when the heart harbors no malignity; and who, for the sake of exciting a momentary pleasure in their companions, often rack the feelings of a worthy friend. Masonic charity explodes such improper practices. The faults of a fellow creature are to be scanned with a brother's eye; the imperfections of humanity are not to be ranked in the catalogue of his vices; and if glaring defects are seen in his conduct and character, we are not to trumpet them forth to the world, and

commit to the eagle wings of immortal scandal, those failings which should be buried in our benevolent sensibilities.

The numberless ills to which humanity stand exposed, render the tear of consolation and the hand of relief necessary to make existence supportable. There is a fund of comfort in unbosoming our distresses to a sympathetic friend, and alluring his sensibility on the side of our misfortunes. A generous mind will cheerfully lend its assistance administering all the consolation to be derived from a friendly communication of grief. But, alas, more than words and tears is often requisite to arrest the arrows of affliction, and to smooth the rugged paths of life. How many of our fellow men are destitute of the common necessities of existence; shut up in the dreary walls of prisons, and deprived of the light of heaven: languishing in the midst of helpless families of children, without clothes to screen them from the wintry blast, or food to protect them from the voracious famine: no better prospect before them than misery; hope, the last refuge of the wretched, nearly converted into despair, and the retrospect of past days serving as an *ignis fatuus*, to bewilder them deeper in affliction, and upon its disappearance to increase the 'darkness visible' of their misery. How glorious, how godlike, to step forth to the relief of such distress; to arrest the tear of sorrow; to disarm affliction of its darts; to smooth the pillow of declining age; to rescue from the fangs of vice, the helpless infant, and to diffuse the most lively joys over a whole family of rational, immortal creatures. And how often has our institution done all this and more! How often has it showered down its golden gifts into the seemingly inaccessible dungeons of misery! How often has it irradiated with its beneficent rays, the glooms of affliction, and converted the horrors of despair into the meridian splendor of unexpected joy! How often has it, with its philanthropic voice, recalled the unhappy wanderer into the paths of felicity, and with its powerful arm, protected from the grasp of malice and oppression, the forlorn outcast of society! Let the widow, the orphan, the prisoner, the debtor, the unfortunate, witness its beneficent deeds, and in a symphony of gratitude declare, that on the flight of all the other virtues, charity, as well as hope, remained to bless mankind.

EXTRACTS

From an Address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Ohio, by Bro. HUGH H. WAIT.

Masonry has been judged and condemned, in violation of every rule and dictate of justice. By this, we mean, that false accusations have been made, and inconclusive arguments of their truth have been admitted against us. The faults of Masons, have been charged to Masonry, and from thence a system of argument and insinuation have followed as unjust as injurious.

The world is entirely indebted to ourselves for all its knowledge of our institution; consequently, unless we have pronounced our own condemnation, it could never in justice have condemned us. Our doors open only to the touch of the initiated no listening ear has ever heard, no watching eye has ever seen the transactions of our Lodges. But society was doubtless entitled to an assurance and evidence that the principles and designs of our institution were in perfect accordance with its interest, peace and happiness. This assurance and this evidence have been given. We profess to be at peace with Christ and his altars, with kings and their thrones, to inculcate and promote union, harmony and love, between man and man; that our motto and the cornerstone of our institution is "good will toward men."

Not only have these assurances, but likewise, conclusive evidence of their truth and sincerity been given. Ask the sons of Washington whether there be in Masonry anything to corrupt the patriot's heart,

or unnerve the soldier's arm? Ask the numerous professors of any and every denomination among us, whether Masonry sets at naught the counsels of their Redeemer? Is not our act this day, in commemoration of the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, conclusive evidence of our cordial reception of the book of God? *If pure religion, and undefiled, before God be, to visit the widows and orphans in their affliction, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to open our doors to the wanderer, then, indeed, are the lessons of Masonry the lessons of Religion itself.*

The secrecy, as it is termed, of our Institution, has likewise been a subject of suspicion and censure. It has been asked, "if Masonry indeed be innocent in its design, and beneficial in its influence, why shroud it in the veil of mystery? why not reveal it to the world, and thus at once, silence every accuser?" Masonry is not a secret Institution, and Masons have done wrong in ever, for one moment, admitting this charge to be true. Can an Institution justly be called secret because it has its own way, and that of necessity too, of communicating its knowledge? Our secrets are our knowledge, and we ever have been and ever will be willing, freely to communicate this to every one worthy of the sacred trust; and surely you will not censure us for withholding it from the unworthy; if you do see and acknowledge your own inconsistency. Here often have you censured us for admitting them among us and used it as an argument against us. The reason why the secrets of Masonry have ever been confined to Masons is simply this; the very moment they are communicated, they make the recipient a Mason. Thus, should the whole world become a Lodge, the knowledge of Masonry would still be confined to Masons.

Who is he that charges us with secrecy—of keeping our knowledge locked up among ourselves to the exclusion of every one else? Is he sufficiently virtuous suitable to employ, if entrusted with them, the means of doing and receiving good? Let him come to our Lodge, and we will make him a Mason. So far from denying him, we sincerely desire freely to communicate to him our secrets. Such an one is entitled to and should have them. Yea, and they are worthy of his reception, for they may do him the utmost good. They have stayed the Indian tomahawk, and quenched his torturing fires; in distant and hostile lands, they have whispered in the ear of the native that a Mason was there, the token has brought him beside the bed of affliction, to wipe away the tear of sorrow, and cheer the lonely heart in a stranger's land. You cannot, then, justly charge us with secrecy, though you may object to our method of communicating our knowledge; but this, would be like the pupil dictating to his preceptor the method of instruction.

But if such be the value of our secrets, and they be the just reward of virtue, what argument can justify withholding them from the female sex? We answer—her native gentleness, the tender sensibilities of the female heart make her already a Mason. She needs not a Masonic sign to call her to the bed of affliction; better than man, she needs not the stimulus of Masonry to prompt her to do good. Her heart is already the Lodge of every Masonic virtue, and though she be excluded from our Lodges yet she is remembered and protected there.

The exclusion of females from our Lodges is an evidence of our regard for, and promotion of, their own peace and happiness, and that of the domestic circle. Would the denouncing enemy of Masonry trust his wife, his daughter, or his sister among us? Would it not introduce monster Jealousy, into many a domestic circle, where it has never yet shown its hideous form?

If the virtuous female desires to view the interior of a worthy and well regulated Lodge, let her look into her own heart; if she wishes to learn a Masonic sign of distress, let her analyze the sympathetic feeling of her heart at the sight of human woe.

Dr. Johnson very beautifully remarks, that "when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliation for every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impressions—a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed—and wish for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

MISCELLANY.

FIRE EATERS.

BY BENSON E. HILL, AUTHOR OF "PLAYING ABOUT, ETC."

Public attention has of late been occupied by the accounts of duels, suggesting to one's memory the truism that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, prompt and proper interference would prevent men, under a mistaken notion of wounded honor, from placing the lives of their adversaries and their own in peril, besides involving not only the friends selected to accompany them, but the surgeon, whose attendance, in the event of mischief, would be at the service of either party.

That the causes of such meetings are often ridiculously disproportionate to their probable effects, two instances may show:

Captain Johnson, and his two subalterns, Frank Townley and Jarret Morris, were seated together one evening enjoying the most brotherly and social intercourse. The Captain had seen much service, and gained golden opinions from his commanders; his senior lieutenant had distinguished himself in the field, was a light-heart, well-tempered fellow, a keen sportsman, and as fond of a bit of innocent fun as a man need be. Morris's age had not afforded him an opportunity of showing his mettle; but his old playmates at Marlow had often witnessed his victories over bigger boys than himself, and with what thorough good humor he now and then submitted to a thorough good thrashing from one of superior thews and sinews, who had taken lessons in the art of self-defence.

The trio thus briefly described were at supper.—Townley was relating some occurrence to his captain, connected with recent exploits, and was fast arriving at the very climax of his narrative, when Jarret, who cared much less for log, gun or rod, than for the cold beef before him, broke in upon the speaker with an application for the mustard. Frank seized the small brown jug which contained it, and in passing it across to the beef-eater, lifted the silver lid, so that, part of the pungent emulsion ran over his fingers. He started back, and, forgetting in an instant the terms of familiar friendship which had long existed between himself and the sportsman, exclaimed in a thundering rage—

"—— it, Townley, what do you mean by that? See, sir," he said holding out his soiled fingers, "what you have done!"

"Well," replied Frank, in a careless tone, "you wanted some mustard, and 'you've got what you asked for,' and he could not resist laughing at the air of offended dignity which Morris's face displayed.

"This is no subject for mirth, sir," retorted Jarret; "you have insulted me and you must apologize."

"Eat your beef, man," said Johnson, "and let Frank finish his adventure, 'tis you who ought to apologize for having cut him short in the very best part of his story."

"Well, sir," said Morris, drawing up to his full height, "since you please to support Mr. Townley in his rudeness, I shall seek other means of redress;" and away went the youth, boiling over with rage.

But not a word of his exit speech reached his companions. Frank had arrived at a ludicrous incident, the good captain and himself was relishing it so absorbingly, that poor Morris's wrongs were unheeded.

Some minutes passed; Johnson expressed his wonder that Jarret did not return to finish his repast, adding, that he was a long while employed in washing his hands. The supper tray was kept on table in expectation of his re-appearance. Drawing towards the fire, the two friends lit their cigars, and having made themselves some grog, were chatting over divers matters, quite unprepared for coming events. Presently the Captain's servant entered with a note, which he handed to Townley, saying, that it had been given him by Mr. Morris's man. This instantly aroused Johnson's attention, who desiring the domestic to withdraw, said—

"I must see that epistle."

"Nay dear, sir, it's only an intimation that Jarret does not rejoin us to night."

"But he shall do so, you may be sure. I insist on seeing his note."

With some reluctance Frank handed it to his commanding officer. It was indeed a challenge, and referring his antagonist to a friend, who would arrange a hostile meeting. Johnson sent, desiring to see Morris immediately. The messenger returned, saying, that he had retired for the evening.

"Go back and tell him that, as he is officer on duty for the week, I require his presence."

Frank, sadly annoyed at the turn affairs had taken, remained silent, and would have left the quarters but that his commanding officer had laid his orders upon him to remain. A short time elapsed, and Morris, dressed as though for parade, with sash, sword, &c., entered the apartment, his countenance betraying considerable emotion. Captain Johnson thus addressed him—

"Mr. Morris, it is not my intention to take serious notice of what has just occurred; I shall not, therefore, place you in a close arrest, but as your friend, point out the very ridiculous position in which you have placed yourself. You fancy an insult offered you where none was intended. You leave the table, and pen a deadly challenge as the only means of healing your wounded feelings. Suppose I had not learned your intention, Townley would no doubt, have suffered you to shoot at him. Doubtless, you are a shot; of your coolness and bravery there can be no doubt; there ye are matches. You might be fallen, or you might have deprived the service of an efficient officer and yourself of a pleasant companion. You would have been wretched for the rest of your life; nor would regret alone have been the consequence of your intemperance—you would have been a marked man.—People would have pointed at you and said—'Do you, see that fellow? Would you believe it—he shot a brother officer because his friend dipped the duellist's fingers in a mustard pot. If the unfortunate gentleman had subjected his foe to any unsavory contact, there had been some excuse, but Mr. Morris, though no coward, could, as the nursery rhyme says, eat a pound of mustard. Was it worth while to immerse his hands in blood because they had incurred such an innocent stain? It was so babyish an affront for which to kill a man. Who ever before heard of death in the mustard pot?'"

The conclusion of this harangue awakened such ludicrous association of ideas, that Townley, tried in vain to hide his merriment. Morris, almost equally tickled, colored to his temples, and hastily said—"Frank, I feel that I have played the fool—you will forgive me?"

Townley eagerly caught his hand, and gave it a hearty shake. Johnson, clapping Morris on the back, called him "a good boy," made him finish his beef, and, soon after, the would-be-fire-eater was sitting between his friends, smoking an Havana, endeavoring to persuade himself that what had passed within the last hour was but a grotesque dream.

Another unlooked for termination to an intended tragedy occurred some years ago, at Portsmouth.—Captain Adamson was constantly complaining that his subaltern did not treat him with sufficient respect; but the more he pointed out the necessity for his being accosted with the deference due to his age and superior rank, the more waggishly familiar would Ridley's language and manner become. Adamson for a considerable portion of his life held some post at an isolated corner of one of our West India Islands, and being the "head buckra" while there, acquired an idea of his own importance, with which, on his revisiting Britain, he was reluctant to part. He was in the main, however, a kindly-disposed person, but very illiterate, and not overblest with natural sagacity; yet, despite the constant freedoms of Ridley, the captain was never so happy as when in his sub's society.

One day, nevertheless, the superior opined that his lieutenant had carried the joke too far. The head and front of his offending was that of having called Adamson "Jimmy," in the presence of some ladies, at whose house the captain flattered himself he was a welcome guest, not only for his amusing conversation, but from his rank in the army.

"If ever you presume to call me so again, I shall take serious notice of it," he spluttered; "James would

be quite bad enough, young sir, but Jimmy—it is not to be borne—and I'll show you that I could, if I liked, bring you to a court martial for using language to your superior unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman."

"Court martial, indeed?" replied Ridley; "try it my jolly old boy; why you are known *only* by the name of Jimmy, and hang me but I think you were christened Jimmy."

"I shall not bear this insolence; you shall hear from me."

A friend of the captain's waited on Ridley, informing him that his presence was expected on South-sea Common, at the hour of eight, on the following morning.

Before the clock struck, Adamson, his second, and a surgeon, to show that the bold challenger was determined to bring matters to a sanguinary issue, were seen on the ground. The morning was raw and cold, a heavy sea mist came rolling over the flat much to the discomfort of one who had resided long in the tropics. The trio remained at their post for an hour, yet Ridley came not; then Adamson, apologizing for having given his companions such unnecessary trouble, took leave of them, and made his way to the barracks, breathing vows of vengeance against the man whose conduct had forced him to seek the only means of insuring future respect, yet who had shrunk from giving him any satisfaction: instead of which the air and exercise had given him a ferocious appetite, and his inward man betokened by certain grumblings that he required his morning meal with as little delay as possible.

On entering his room, he found to his disagreeable surprise that no preparations had been made for his breakfast, his grate was empty, all looked cheerless and uncomfortable.

"What is the reason of this shameful neglect, sir?" he demanded of his servant.

"Why, please sir, Mr. Ridley's man came and said as how I wasn't to get breakfast ready, but when you came in from your walk, I was to give you this."

Adamson glanced at the note presented; it was in Ridley's hand. Some new insult doubtless; he dared not open it while even the eye of the servant was upon him. Desiring the man to quit the room, he broke the seal, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR JIMMY.—How could you think I should be such a fool as to leave my warm bed to go out in the damp for the purpose of shooting at you? Lord love your dear stupid head! Did I establish my character in Spain for nothing? Ask any man in the service who knows me, whether I can't afford to refuse fighting with my James. I hope the sea breezes have cooled your fever and made you hungry. I have a capital breakfast ready for you—tea, coffee, hot rolls, broiled ham, eggs, and what I know you dote on—a red herring, stuffed with bird's eye peppers. Come along at once, for by the god of war, I shan't wait for you half as long as you were fool enough to cool your heels expecting me—likely. What! fire at my own captain? my dear friend Jimmy? Impossible!

Yours as ever,

"FRED RIDLEY.

"P. S.—If you don't make haste, your West Indian favorite will be overdone."

Perfectly astonished at this epistle, half dying with emptiness, and really feeling a strong regard for the offender, Adamson did not think it necessary to deliberate, but went directly to his subaltern's room, the savoury steam of the viands urging his steps; he tapped at the door.

"Come in, old boy!" was shouted by his tormentor, who seizing him by the hand, placed him in a chair close by the fire.

"Mr. Ridley," attempted Adamson, "this is very extraordinary—"

"Warm yourself, Jimmy."

"I really ought to be offended, but—"

"Eat Jimmy."

"You are so fond of a joke that—"

"Drink, Jimmy."

He interrupted the captain's every speech by plying him with good things, and when he saw that the cravings of nature were satisfied, said to him in a tone of mock gravity—

"Now, my dear Jimmy, take my advice; keep this

little piece of folly of yours entirely to yourself, or you will be laughed at more than ever."

The butt did *not* take this counsel. It was to his unwisely detailing the particulars that the garrison owed the diversion occasion by the story of this defeated due!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Luke Able was one of the oddest looking men arranged. Luke Able was able to hear *nothing*, to see *nothing*, or to say *nothing certain*. To every question put by the Recorder it was *non my reco do*. He came from some of the Western States, could not remember which, did not recollect the year, but believes it was since the battle of New Orleans; does not know his own age, but from what he heard his mother say, is of opinion that his birth occurred since the war of the Revolution; has no idea of what the population of the United States is but thinks it must be considerable; he never had any fears about the yellow fever, always found brandy and water an antidote for it; never gave himself any trouble about the election, because he thought he had no chance of being President himself. He thinks with a sufficient force of men and dogs, the Florida Indians may be conquered, and that it is possible to settle North-Eastern Boundary question without going to war. He looks on the Mississippi as a river not to be sneezed at for its size, but thinks in point of grandeur and startling sublimity, the falls of Niagara goes ahead of it. He cannot distinctly state who was first President of the United States, but believes he's right in saying it was not Arnold.

"As Mr. Able was able to remember *nothing* and to tell less, the Recorder sent him down to the calaboose, for thirty days, by way of refreshing his memory."

A CLINCHER.—In the coffee room of the Bush Tavern, at Bristol, the conversation of the company a short time since, turning upon the mermaids, one of the party declared he himself had seen several in the North Sea, at different times, with long black hair and their young ones hanging to their breasts. This bold assertion naturally treated some doubt no one presumed to be so rude as to call in question the veracity of the relator. This however, the worthy and facetious host of the Bush contrived to effect in the following manner:—

"Sir,—Captain—of the ***** informed me that one Sunday morning a merman suddenly appeared to his men, with his hair frizzled, and powdered as white as a cauliflower, and demanded if the captain were on board. The Captain came on deck, when the merman politely addressed him—"Sir, I shall feel particularly obliged if you will give orders for your anchor to be taken up; 'it lies again my street door and prevents my family from going to church!'"

DIET.—Baglivi, the celebrated Roman physician, mentions, that during Lent, an unusually large proportion of the sick in Italy recover their health. An English reviewer suggests, that if the season was strictly observed throughout England, the fashionable physician would lose his employment. It is indisputable, that the fashionable classes, in England and this country, suffer from the effects of high living; but we apprehend that a more generally pernicious evil, and one that fosters and increases the other, is the want of proper occupation. It is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall human beings, to live without an aim, to have no noble object constantly to draw forth the powers of the mind, and the exertions of the body. Religion supplies such an aim, such an object; and the glory of it is, that the higher attainments in piety we may make, and the wider the sphere of usefulness we may occupy, there is still more to do on earth, and in heaven there is to be enjoyed felicity more exulting, more complete, more durable, than imagination can conceive or hope anticipate.—*Bap. Advocate*.

An Excuse.—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "Ho is this," required Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you is not employed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

Asiatric Cholera.—An English Physician in Bombay has discovered the following remedy for the above frightful disease, which is said to prove effectual in 14 cases out of 15.

"An emetic and copious drafts of hot water are given, after which, every twenty minutes, pills composed as follows: aloes, 260 grs.; colocynth, scammony, gamboge, 75 grs. The above powdered fine, and beat up with 12 I-8 grs. hard soap. Add equal quantities of oil of cloves and cadjuput to soften the whole. Divide it into 50 pills, which must be kept in close phials. One pill at a time for adults; for children smaller quantities, ground down in syrup."

An unexpected Proposal.—A young lady came from a great distance "to be cured," and when asked the nature of her complaint, she replied, "as to the matter, I believe there is not a single complaint under the sun which I have not." Here was a fine catalogue of disorders! I asked if she was married or single? "Single," was the answer. I then told her that so many complaints as she seemed to have, could only be cured by a husband! At which observation she was exceedingly exasperated, but her anger terminated in a proposal to marry me. I never was more surprised in my life, and looked quite stupid.—*Hardy's Travels in Mexico*.

Egyptian Title Deeds.—A few years ago, the Swedish Consul at Alexandria obtained an original MS deed written in the Greek language, on papyrus. It is in good preservation, though it is 1944 or 1946 years old or more than 100 years before Christ. A perfect fac-simile was obtained by Gen. Minutoli, and transmitted to the Academy of Science at Berlin, where it was engraved and published. In the last number of the North American Review, is a fac-simile from the Berlin, engraving, made (without being drawn anew,) by the new and admirable process in lithography, called Dixon's transferring process from the name of an ingenious mechanic, Mr. Joseph Dixon, of Taunton, Mass. The manuscript is an original instrument of sale of a piece of land in the city of Thebes, and by one Nechutes. The document is interesting as a memorial, in the history of the written language of Egypt. We have never had so ancient an authentic monument of the cursive or running hand. By an extraordinary coincidence, another papyrus has been found, containing the record of a law-suit in which reference is made to title deeds by which Nechutes, the purchaser in the deed just explained, bought the land which was in litigation.

The Greek women of Smyrna, are famous for their charms. Their dress is singularly picturesque, being the same costume as the better class of the Turkish women. It consists of loose, large trousers, falling to the ankle, and vests of velvet, bound round the waist by rich embroidered zones, confined with claps of gold or silver. Their black tresses wave unconfined over their shoulders, or are bound round the head intertwined with roses. The stature of the greek woman of Smyrna is rather below than above the ordinary height. Their beauty lies in the Grecian fane, the coal black eyes, which sparkle like diamonds set in a field of vermilion, and the combined expression of classically moulded features, fresh colors, and the soft, languid air, which the climate gives to the form and countenance.—*U. S. Gazette*.

A Fancy Fairing.—The Hon. Mrs.—, while mistress of a stall, at a fancy fair, observed a gentleman was particularly staring at her. "What is it you please to want?" she inquired. His answer was, "I am pleased to look at you." "That costs a guinea!" she informed him. He paid the money, and demanded, "How much for a kiss?" The honorable lady quickly replied, "Two guineas!" It was bought, and honorably passed across the counter.—*London Courier*.

Printed Reply.—A singing master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor, observing that this chorister pitched the notes a little low, said, "Sir, do you not use a pipe?"—"No, sir," with admirable gravity replied Semibreve, "I do not."

HISTORICAL.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BORDER TALES.'

THE WAR-BELT.

In the year 1786, there stood upon the margin of the Ohio, near the mouth of the Miami, a small fortress, over which waved the flag of the United States. The banner was that of a confederacy which had just emerged from a successful struggle with one of the most powerful nations of the world, and over which the illustrious WASHINGTON presided as Chief Magistrate. In the eye of a military engineer, the fort would not have deserved that name, as it was a temporary structure, intended only to protect its small garrison against a sudden attack by an Indian force. It was composed of a series of log houses, opening upon an interior area, while the outer sides, closely connected, formed a quadrangular rampart, without apertures, except a single entrance, and a few loop-holes from which to discharge fire-arms. The whole presented the appearance of a single edifice, receiving light from the centre, and forming barracks for the garrison, as well as breast-works against the foe. The forest was cleared away for some hundreds of yards around, leaving an open vista, which extended to the water's edge; and a few acres inclosed in a rude fence, and planted with corn and vegetables, for the use of the soldiers, exhibited the first attempt at agriculture in that wild and beautiful region.

It will be recollected, that when the shores of the Ohio were first explored by the adventurous pioneers, no villages were found upon them; not a solitary lodge was seen along its secluded waters. The numerous and warlike tribes, whose battle-cry was often heard on the frontier, inhabited the tributary branches of the Ohio, leaving the immediate shores of that river an untenanted wilderness, rich in the glorious productions of nature, and animated only by the brute and the wild bird, by the lurking hunter and the stealthy war party. It seemed as if man had been expelled from this blooming paradise, and only invaded its flowery precincts at intervals, to war upon his fellow-man, or to ravage the pastures of the deer and the buffalo. Historians are not agreed as to the reasons of this curious arrangement; but we suppose that the Manitou of the Red man had reserved this loveliest of valleys to be the happy hunting-ground of the blessed and that though living forms were seldom seen within it, the spirits of warriors lingered here, to mourn the destiny of their race, and curse the coming of the white man.

A few adventurous pioneers from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North-Carolina, had crossed the Alleghanies, and settled at different places, far distant from each other; but these also were inland as respected the great river; the civilized man avoiding its dangerous shores on the one side, from an instinct similar to that which induced the Indian to shun a residence upon them on the other.

All the tribes inhabiting the country north of the Ohio, were at that time hostile to the American people, and beheld with great jealousy these migrations into the west, that indicated an intention to plant a civilized population on this side of the mountains.—The agents also of a foreign power, which saw with dissatisfaction the growing prosperity of the United States, deemed this a favorable moment to unite the savage tribes against our young republic, and they were accordingly instructed to address such arguments to the chiefs as would be likely to effect that object.—Councils were accordingly held, at which inflammatory speeches were made, and arms and trinkets distributed by those unprincipled emissaries. In consequence of these efforts, the hostile feeling of the savages, already sufficiently bitter, became greatly excited; and at the period of which we write, a war with the combined forces of the north-western tribes seemed inevitable.

The policy of the American government was pacific. They did not aim at conquest. They desired to extend to the savages within their borders the same justice by which their foreign relations were intended to

be governed. Difficult as this proposition might seem, it was not impracticable. That the enterprising and intelligent population of the United States would spread out from the sea-board over the wilderness; that the savage must retire before the civilised man; that the desert must be reclaimed from a state of nature, and be subjected to the hand of art, were propositions too evident to be concealed or denied. Had the government been disposed to perpetuate the reign of barbarism over the fairest portion of our country, it could not have enforced its decree for a purpose so inconsistent with the interests of the people, and the spirit of the age. But it was never intended that the Indian should be driven from his hunting grounds by violence; and while a necessity, strong as the law of nature, decreed the expulsion of the mere hunter, and gave dominion to art, industry, and religion, it was always proposed that the savage should be removed by negotiation, and a just price given for the relinquishment of his possessory title.

Had these counsels prevailed, humanity would have been spared the anguish and humiliation of blushing for acts of deception, and weeping over scenes of bloodshed. They did not prevail: the magnanimous policy of the government remained unaltered; but many individuals have committed deep wrongs against the savage, while the latter, misled to their ruin by foreign interference, spurned at the offers of conciliation, the acceptance of which would have insured to them the strong protection of the nation.

Such was the posture of affairs, when the little fortress alluded to was established, at the outlet of the fertile valley of the Miami, and near the track by which the war parties approached the Ohio, in their incursions into Kentucky. The position was also that selected by Judge Symmes and others, the purchasers from Congress of a large tract of country, as the site of a future city; though a trivial accident afterward changed the locality, and placed the Queen City of the West at a point twenty miles farther up the Ohio. The fort was garrisoned by a small party of soldiers, commanded by a captain, who was almost as much insulated from the rest of the world, as Alexander Selkirk, when in the island of Juan Fernandez.

At this sequestered spot, a treaty was to be held by commissioners appointed by the President, with the Shawanoes, a migratory and gallant nation, which had fought from South Carolina to Pennsylvania, along the whole line of the western frontier, and whose eventful history, unless it has been lately collected by an ingenious writer who is about to publish a life of Tecumthe, remains to be written. It is enough to say of them here, that no western tribes has produced so many distinguished individuals, or carried on so constant a series of daring enterprises.

For several days previous to that appointed for holding the council, parties of Indian warriors were seen arriving, and erecting their temporary lodges at a short distance from the fort. An unwonted bustle disturbed the silence which usually reigned at this retired spot. Groups of savages, surrounding their camp-fires, passed the hours in conversation and in feasting; the tramp of horses and the barking of dogs were heard in every direction. The number of Indians assembled was much greater than was necessary, or was expected; and their disposition seemed to be any thing but pacific. Irritated by recent events, and puffed up by delusive promises of support, they wore an offended and insolent air. Their glances were vindictive, and their thirst for vengeance scarcely concealed. No one acquainted with the savage character could doubt their intentions, or hesitate for a moment to believe that they only waited to ripen their plan of treachery, and at a moment which should be most favorable to their purpose, to butcher every white man in their power.

The situation of the garrison was very precarious. The fort was a slight work, which might be readily set on fire, and the number of Americans was too small to afford the slightest chance of success in open fight against the numerous force of the Shawanoes. The only hope for safety was in keeping them at a distance; but this was inconsistent with the purpose of meeting them in council, to treat for peace.

Both parties held separate councils on the day previous to that appointed for the treaty. That of the Indians was declamatory and boisterous. The caution

with which they usually feel their way, and the secrecy that attends all their measures, seem to have been abandoned. They had probably decided on their course, and deeming their enemy too weak to oppose any serious opposition, were declaiming upon their wrongs, for the purpose of lashing each other into that state of fury which would give relish for the horrid banquet at hand, by whetting the appetite for blood.—The American commissioners saw with gloomy foreboding these inauspicious movements, and hesitated as to the proper course to be pursued. To treat with savages thus numerically superior, bent on treachery, and intoxicated with an expected triumph, seemed to be madness. To meet them in council, would be to place themselves at the mercy of ruthless barbarians, whose system of warfare justified and inculcated every species of stratagem, however disingenuous. To close the gate of the fortress, and break up the negotiation, would be at the same time a declaration of war, and an acknowledgment of weakness, which would produce immediate hostilities. In either case, this little band of Americans stood alone, dependent on their own courage and sagacity only, and cut off from all hope of support. They were far beyond the reach of communication with any American post or settlement.—Under these circumstances, it was proposed to postpone the treaty, upon some plausible pretence, and to endeavor to amuse the Indians, while the utmost diligence should be used in preparing the fort for a siege: and in this opinion all concurred, save one, and happily, that one was a master spirit, the Promethean fire of whose genius seldom failed to kindle up in other bosoms the courage that glowed in his own. That man was Colonel GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

Clarke was a Virginian, of high spirit, and of consummate skill as a military leader. A series of daring exploits, evincing a brilliant genius in their conception, executed with accuracy and energy, and terminating in successful results, had placed his name in the first class of our revolutionary heroes. It was said of him, by one who had followed him in battle, "He was the bravest man I ever knew; his courage was governed by a wisdom that bore him through whatever he undertook, in security and triumph; and one could only see after the event, that it partook not of rashness nor presumption, although it bore that appearance." The truth was, that this remarkable man to the gallant spirit that belonged to him as a native of Virginia, added a knowledge of human nature, that enabled him to read, and control the minds around him, and a promptness and energy of purpose, that no ordinary obstacle could obstruct.

Whatever might have been the real opinion of Colonel Clarke on this occasion, he treated the idea of danger with ridicule, and insisted calmly, cheerfully, even playfully, and in a way that disarmed all opposition from his colleagues, that the negotiation should go forward.

An apartment in the fort was prepared as a council-room, and at the appointed hour the doors were thrown open. At the head of the table sat Clarke, a soldier-like and majestic man, whose complexion, eyes, and hair, all indicated a sanguine and mercurial temperament. The brow was high and capacious, the features were prominent and manly; and the expression, which was keen, reflective, and ordinarily cheerful and agreeable, was now grave, almost to sternness.

The Indians, being a military people, have a deep respect for martial virtue. To other estimable or shining qualities they turn a careless eye, or pay at best but a passing tribute, while they bow in profound veneration before a successful warrior. The name of Clarke was familiar to them: several brilliant expeditions into their country had spread the terror of his arms throughout their villages, and carried the fame of his exploits to every council-fire in the West.—Their high appreciation of his character was exemplified in a striking as well as an amusing manner, on another occasion, when a council was held with several tribes. The celebrated Delaware Chief, Buckingahelas, on entering the council-room, without noticing any other person, walked up to Colonel Clark, and as he shook hands cordially with him, exclaimed, "It is a happy day when two such men

as Colonel Clarke and Buckingham meet together!"

Such was the remarkable man who now presided at the council table. On his right hand sat Colonel Richard Butler, a brave officer of the revolution, who soon after fell, with the rank of brigadier-general, in the disastrous campaign of Saint Clair. On the other side was Samuel H. Parsons, a lawyer from New-England, who afterward became a judge in the north-western territory. At the same table sat the secretaries, while the interpreters, several officers, and a few soldiers, stood around.

An Indian council is usually one of the most imposing spectacles in savage life. It is one of the few occasions in which the warrior exercises his right of suffrage, his influence, and his talents, in a civil capacity, and the meeting is conducted with all the gravity and all the ceremonious ostentation, with which it is possible to invest it. The matter to be considered, as well as all the details, are well digested before hand, so that the utmost decorum shall prevail, and the decision be unanimous. The chiefs and sages—the leaders and orators—occupy the most conspicuous seats: behind them are arranged the younger braves, and still farther in the rear appear the women and youth, as spectators. All are equally attentive. A dead silence reigns throughout the assemblage. The great pipe, gaudily adorned with paint and feathers, is lighted, and passed from mouth to mouth, commencing with the chief highest in rank, and proceeding by regular gradation to the inferior order of braves. If two or more nations be represented, the pipe is passed from one party to the other, and salutations are courteously exchanged, before the business of the council is opened by the respective speakers. Whatever jealousy or party spirit may exist in the tribe, it is carefully excluded from this dignified assemblage, whose orderly conduct and close attention to the proper subject before them, might be imitated with profit by some of the most enlightened bodies in Christendom.

It was an alarming evidence of the temper now prevailing among them, and of the brooding storm that filled their minds, that no propriety of demeanor marked the entrance of the savages into the council room. The usual formalities were forgotten or purposely dispensed with, and an insulting levity substituted in their place. The chiefs and braves stalked in, with an appearance of light regard, and seated themselves promiscuously on the floor, in front of the commissioners. An air of insolence was marked in all their movements, and showed an intention to dictate terms, or to fix a quarrel upon the Americans.

A dread silence rested over the group: it was the silence of dread, distrust, and watchfulness—not that of respect. The eyes of the savage band gloated upon the banquet of blood that seemed already spread out before them; the pillage of the fort, and the bleeding scalps of the Americans, were almost within their grasp; while that gallant band saw the portentous nature of the crisis, and stood ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The commissioners, without noticing the disorderly conduct of the other party, or appearing to have discovered their meditated treachery, opened the council in due form. They lighted the peace-pipe, and after drawing a few whiffs, passed it to the chiefs, who received it. Colonel Clark then arose, to explain the purpose for which the treaty was ordered. With the unembarrassed air, with a tone of one accustomed to command, and the easy assurance of perfect security and self-possession, he stated that the commissioners had been sent to offer peace to the Shawanoes; that the President had no wish to continue the war; he had no resentment to gratify; and that if the red men desired peace, they could have it on liberal terms. "If such be the will of the Shawanoes," he concluded, "let some of their wise men speak."

A chief arose, drew up his tall person to its full height, and assuming a haughty attitude, threw his eye contemptuously over the commissioners and their small retinue, as if to measure their insignificance in comparison with his own numerous train, and then stalking up to the table, threw upon it two belts of wampum, of different colors—the war and the peace belt.

"We come here," he exclaimed to offer you two

pieces of wampum: they are of different colors; you know what they mean: you can take which you like!" And turning upon his heel, he resumed his seat.

The chiefs drew themselves up, in the consciousness of having hurled defiance in the teeth of the white men. They had offered an insult to the renowned leader of the Long Knives, to which they knew it would be hard for him to submit, while they did not suppose he would dare to resent it. The council-pipe was laid aside, and those fierce wild men gazed intently on Clarke. The Americans saw that the crisis had arrived: they could no longer doubt that the Indians understood the advantage they possessed, and were disposed to use it; and a common sense of danger caused each eye to be turned on the leading commissioner. He sat undisturbed, and apparently careless, until the chief who had thrown the belt on the table had taken his seat: then, with a small cane which he held in his hand, he reached, as if playfully, toward the war-belt, entangled the end of the stick in it, drew it toward him, and then with a twitch of the cane, threw the belt into the midst of the chiefs. The effect was electric. Every man in council, of each party, sprang to his feet; the savages, with a loud exclamation of astonishment, "Hugh!" the Americans in expectation of a hopeless conflict, against overwhelming numbers. Every hand grasped a weapon.

Clarke alone was unawed. The expression of his countenance changed to a ferocious sternness, and his eye flashed, but otherwise he was unmoved. A bitter smile was slightly perceptible upon his compressed lips, as he gazed upon that savage band, whose hundred eyes were bent fiercely and in horrid exultation upon him, as they stood like a pack of wolves at bay, thirsting for blood, and ready to rush upon him, whenever one holder than the rest should commence the attack. It was one of those moments of indecision, when the slightest weight thrown into either scale will make it preponderate; a moment in which a bold man conversant with the secret springs of human action, may seize upon the minds of all around him, and sway them at his will. Such a man was the intrepid Virginian. He spoke, and there was no man bold enough to gainsay him—none that could return the fierce glance of his eye. Raising his arm, and waving his hand towards the door, he exclaimed: "Dogs! you may go!" The Indians hesitated for a moment, and then rushed tumultuously out of the council-room.

The decision of Clarke, on that occasion, saved himself and his companions from massacre. The plan of the savages had been artfully laid: he had read it in their features and conduct, as plainly as if it had been written upon a scroll before him. He met it in a manner which was unexpected: the crisis was brought on sooner than was intended; and upon a principle similar to that by which, when a line of battle is broken, the dismayed troops fly, before order can be restored, the new and sudden turn given to these proceedings by the energy of Clarke, confounded the Indians, and before the broken thread of their scheme of treachery could be re-united, they were panic-struck. They had come prepared to brow-beat, to humble, and then to destroy: they looked for remonstrance, and altercation; for the luxury of drawing the toils gradually around their victims; of beholding their agony and degradation, and of bringing on the final catastrophe by an appointed signal, when the scheme should be ripe. They expected to see on our part great caution, a skilful playing off, and an unwillingness to take offence, which were to be gradually goaded into alarm, irritation, and submission. The cool contempt with which their first insult was thrown back in their teeth surprised them, and they were foiled by the self-possession of one man. They had no Tecumseh among them, no master-spirit, to change the plan so as to adapt it to a new exigency; and those braves, who in many a battle had shown themselves to be men of true valor, quailed before the moral superiority, which assumed the vantage ground of a position they could not comprehend, and therefore feared to assail.

The Indians met immediately around their own council-fire, and engaged in an animated discussion. Accustomed to a cautious warfare, they did not suppose a man of Colonel Clarke's known sagacity would

venture upon a display of mere gasconade, or assume any ground that he was not able to maintain; and they therefore attributed his conduct to a consciousness of strength. They knew him to be a consummate warrior; gave him the credit of having judiciously measured his own power with that of his adversary; and suspected that a powerful reinforcement was at hand.—Perhaps at that moment, when intent upon their own scheme, and thrown off their guard by imagined security, they had neglected the ordinary precautions that form a prominent feature in their system of tactics: they might be surrounded by a concealed force, ready to rush upon them at a signal from the fort.—In their eagerness to entrap a foe, they might have blindly become entangled in a snare set for themselves. So fully were they convinced that such was the relative position of the two parties, and so urgent did they consider the necessity for immediate conciliation, that they appointed a delegation to wait on Clarke, and express their willingness to accept peace on his own terms. The council re-assembled, and a treaty was signed, under the dictation of the American commissioners. Such was the remarkable result of the intrepidity and presence of mind of GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

THE LÉGENDAIRY.

CATHERINE GREY.

The really affecting history of Catherine Grey and her husband the Earl of Hertford, forms the tale to which her name is assigned. Queen Elizabeth is here described to be enamoured of the earl; and after the discovery of his connexion with Catherine, her jealousy vents itself in confining them in the Tower.—We pass over the imaginary interview between the queen and Catherine, and shall commence our extracts with the resolution taken by Elizabeth, who is supposed to be residing in the Tower at the time, to visit Seymour, at the moment when the lieutenant of the fortress has permitted his prisoners to meet, notwithstanding her majesty's express command to the contrary:

The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the queen's address.

"How now, master lieutenant!" asked Elizabeth; "what mean this? My resolution, is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one; but surely there is nothing in it so appalling that it should banish the blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say."

"Gracious madam!" said Warner, "pause a moment ere you take this step."

"Not an instant, Sir Edward," said the queen—"How! do you dispute the commands of your sovereign?"

"Then, most dread sovereign," said the lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the queen's feet, "pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your majesty's subjects."

"Ha!" said the queen, using the favorite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkening brow; "what dost thou mean?"

"The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon."

"What, escaped! Traitor—slave, hast thou suffered him to escape?"

"Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, "He is in the Lady Catherine's apartment."

"What, ho there!" shouted the queen, as the white foam gathered on her lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger—"Guards, seize the traitor!"

Several yeomen of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms, behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The queen acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Grey, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward

Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Grey in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the queen.

The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seem as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the queen; "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

The guards immediately surrounded the Earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, pity, gracious queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great queen, not yet!" said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe, "Can nought save him?"

"Nought, save my death," said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

Catherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, "Thy death or mine, O queen? Then thus!" she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft—"thus may his life be spared!"

A cry of "treason! treason!" pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten; but, ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, O queen!" she said, as she sunk to the earth, whilst the blood poured in a torrent from her wound; "Catherine Grey no longer disturbs thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour."

Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Grey was released from all its sorrows.

The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her tire woman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that time, released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful, he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the only child of that ill-fated union.

Courage, tall 'uns!—The Cahawba (Alabama) Democrat states that there is a man in those diggings so tall that he has escaped the fever and ague, merely by carrying his head above the miasmatic region of the atmosphere. This is an advantage of long legs that cannot be too highly appreciated.

An elderly maiden, meeting a newly married man, who had once been her servant, carrying home a cradle, exclaimed, "Ah, John, these are the fruits of marriage." "No madam," replied John, "this is only the fruit basket."

THE GATHERER.

Depth of the Ocean.—The sea was recently sounded by lead and line, in latitude 57 degrees south, and 85 degrees 7 minutes west longitude from Paris, by the officers of the French ship *Venus*, during the voyage of discovery, at a depth of 3,470 yards or 2½ miles, no bottom was found. The weather was very serene, and it is said that hauling in the lead took sixty sailors upwards of two hours. In another place in the Pacific ocean, no bottom was found at the depth of 4,140 yards.

We have heard that when a Scotch dutchess, once "the admired of all observers," was questioning the children at one of her charity schools, the teacher asked, "What is the wife of a King called?" A Queen, bawled out one of the philosophers. "The wife of an Emperor?" "An Empress," was replied with equal readiness. "Then what is the wife of a duke called?" "A *drake*," exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title *duke* for the biped *duck*, which they pronounced the same.—*Richmond Star*.

A School of Whales.—What do whales want of a school, papa?

To learn to spout! They are the greatest spouters in the world—except, perhaps, some of our noisy Congress men.

An old man who had been *henpecked* all his life, was visited on his bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the person endeavored to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors! I've been living six and thirty years with the Queen of them, and the King canna be muckle waur."

Take care of your Baggage.—Travellers should be careful to deliver their baggage to proper persons, as a gentleman, a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and has not heard of her since.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

TO OUR AGENTS.—Those gentlemen who have kindly acted as Agents for us, will greatly oblige us, by reminding our subscribers in their respective neighborhoods, that we are embarrassed for the means of meeting the current weekly expenses of the Register, by a non compliance with our terms. To those subscribers not residing in the vicinity of an Agent, we cannot urge too strongly the necessity of punctuality on their part. We have none of the advantages which usually belong to other newspapers—AN ADVERTISING PATRONAGE, and hence, an additional necessity for promptness on the part of our friends. We will still receive the \$2 in payment for the year, although the time has passed, if it is done immediately. ☞ Money can be sent through a post master, free of postage.

"THE UNIQUE BOAT CLUB."—This is the title of an association of young men, who have formed themselves together recently, for the purpose of spending their hours of relaxation in innocent pleasantry and recreation. The club are making active preparations for a Ball which is to come off at Knickerbocker Hall on Wednesday next. From the preparation and taste displayed, there is no doubt but it will be an *Unique* affair throughout. Their splendid boat, above 32 feet in length, "bran new," from the brush of Burley, will be an attractive appendage to the room.

CANAJOHARIE, has been visited by a very destructive fire. Upwards of \$100,000, has been destroyed. Among the sufferers, is Mr. Levi Backus, the worthy proprietor and editor of the Canajoharie Radii. Mr. B. was absent at the time, and every article of his furniture was destroyed as well as his printing office. Mr. B's. case is a peculiarly hard one. Both he and his wife are *deaf and dumb*; yet with this almost insuperable obstacle to the acquiring of a profession, Mr. B. regularly served an apprenticeship to the printing business, acquired the art, and became the editor of a newspaper, which we can bear testimony was conducted with a degree of talent, *far above* mediocrity. In one brief hour he has lost the labor of years of the most unremitting industry. Is it not then the duty of us all and particularly those who are blest in their Store, by a kind and gracious Providence, to assist this worthy and distressed fellow being, whose natural afflictions, (with all our kindness) commenced with his birth, and can only end with the grave. Any donations sent to Jared L. Rathbone, Mayor of this city, will be thankfully received, and applied to the benefit of Mr. Backus.

Nota Bene.—We suppose our friend of the Westchester Democrat, is aware, that almanac makers do not usually prognosticate beyond the year in which they, as *veritable* chroniclers, manufacture our snowstorms, etc. hence by the *token and sign* at the Democrat's mast head, Mr. John Beers is beat "all hollow," by at least three years, some months, and several days, which by way of liberality, we will throw in. Is this "*light*" enough?

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—We have received the first No. of the Saratoga Sentinel, and Waterford Champion, united under the title of the Champion, and Sentinel, published at Saratoga Springs, under the editorial supervision of Hiram Wilbur, Esq. Mr. W. is a downright clever fellow, and we sincerely wish him a larger share of *quoin* (coin) than either he or ourselves, are likely to realize from a printer's "bank," however large the emission of our bills may be.

"THE HEIGHT OF CRUELTY."—The Evening Journal of Tuesday, in speaking of the Election in Ohio, says, "The official result of the Presidential election has not been ascertained. Enough is known, however, to enable us to say that the *Van Buren* ticket, is considerably ahead of the *Birney* ticket." These *salt river* flings are very cruel to us of the "used-up community."

ACCIDENT.—Two boys belonging to Hyde Park, were run down a few nights since while in a sail boat, by the steamer Dewitt Clinton, and one of them drowned.

Philadelphia Theatricals.—The Arch street Theatre is about to be opened in Philadelphia on an extremely low scale of prices, namely, 25 cents for the boxes, and 12½ cents for the pit.

Short Weight in Tobacco.—It is asserted by the shippers of this article, that Tobacco which is weighed in the spring, and then lies until fall, will shrink in weight forty or fifty pounds per hogshead.

Resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature of Georgia, now in session, instructing the Senators in Congress from that State to vote for a repeal of the Sub-Treasury act, or resign.

THE MORMONS.—held a Semi-annual conference at Hancock county, Illinois, on the third of last month. About 5000 members were present including elders and preachers, and about one hundred new converts were baptised. They have recently had a large addition to their community from England! Wonders will never cease.

MRS. KINNEY.—The grand jury of Boston, have found a true bill against Mrs. Kinney, for poisoning her husband, Geo. T. Kinney. She was arraigned and pleaded not guilty.

CUSICK, a chief of the Tuscarora tribe, who served faithfully for six years under Washington, died a few days since. They are fast fading away.

The last Natchez papers received state that Gen. Jackson is quite ill, so much so as to be confined to his bed.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—An order has been issued in Canada and other English Colonies, to the effect that all the Lodges shall go in mourning for the late Earl of Durham, for the term of six months from the time of his disease, Lord Durham was Pro. Grand Master of England.

Intelligence.

LAMENTABLE CATASTROPHE—LAST LESSON.—On Saturday afternoon, of last week, the widow Coit's family, distant one mile from this village, was visited with deep affliction. Gurdon, a son about 4 years of age, while carelessly handling a musket, shot his youngest sister, who was about 10 years of age. It appears that the boy went across the road to the house where his brother lives, and procured the gun supposing that it was not loaded, and when he came back his little sister was in the back stoop, mixing up some indian bread, and without doubt, with an intention of frightening her, he pointed the gun at her, when it went off, discharging the whole contents into the right side of her neck, severing the main artery, and nearly carrying away one of her hands. Of course she died almost instantaneously. The mother went to the door, but only to see her daughter a mutilated corpse; she clasped her child in her arms, and with feelings which can better be imagined than described, carried her into the house and laid her on the bed. Mrs. Coit was alone at the time, and was perfectly frantic.—*Ellicottville (Cattaraugus) Rep.*

Exchange on New-York.—We learn that the State Bank of Illinois, through its agency in this city, is drawing sight checks in New York for bills of the institution at 4 per cent discount. This will be quite a relief to our community; yet we trust exchanges will soon be down to the old mark, from 1½ to 2 per cent.—*Chicago Democrat.*

Duel at Natchez.—"An affair of honor" took place on Natchez Island on Thursday, between Mr. H. B. Barbour, a lawyer, and Dr. G. C. McWhorter, both of Vidalia, in this State. At the first fire, Mr. Barbour received the ball of his antagonist in his body, which resulted in his death in 20 hours. Thus has another victim paid the forfeit of his life to a false notion of honor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

TEXAS.—Galveston dates are to the 7th November. The President of the Republic was at that time dangerously ill, and unable to attend to his official duties.

Two expeditions were fitting out against the Indians who had returned into winter quarters.

The Houston Star mentions a rumor that the Federalists were defeated and flying back into Texas—that the success they obtained was merely over the rear guard of Arista, but on the coming up of his main body, they were cut to pieces. The intelligence is also confirmed by news from Matagorda.

LOOK OUT.—Five dollar notes of the old broken down Commercial Bank of Millington, altered so as to read "Commercial Bank, of New York," are in circulation. Look out for them.

Whales in the Gulph of Mexico.—A Martinique letter states that, on the 20th June, 50 cachalot whales were driven on shore during a stiff gale near the Basae Points. The inhabitants hastened to make as much oil as they could from their carcasses, before the heat of the climate rendered them putrid. The appearance of whales in these regions is not of usual occurrence.

Emmigration to Jamaica.—The Northampton Courier says:—"A large company of gentlemen started from this place on Monday morning for Jamaica, West Indies. Most of them are mechanics who are employed by the Governor of this Island to erect necessary buildings for the purpose of making Silk, which he intends to make a staple commodity."

RACE BETWEEN "BOSTON" AND "GANO."—The four mile match race between the celebrated horses "Boston" and "Gano" will take place at Augusta, Georgia, on the 7th of December. The stakes are \$10,000 a side, half forfeit, with an inside bet of \$5,000.

TEXAS AND GREAT BRITAIN.—It is reported by the Great Western that Gen. Hamilton, the Ambassador of Texas, has agreed with Lord Palmerston upon the terms of a treaty between these two high contracting parties, by which Great Britain consents to acknowledge the independence of Texas, and use her endeavors to obtain the same recognition on the part of Mexico. It is included in the report that this treaty with Great Britain would probably enable Gen. Hamilton to consummate his arrangements for a loan. Of course the loan had not been made when announced some weeks ago by several of our contemporaries.—*Jour. Com.*

A LARGE UMBRELLA.—The Birmingham Journal gives a description of the largest umbrella that was ever made in that place. Its height is eighteen feet, mounted with a balloon; its diameter is seventeen feet taking sixty-two yards of crimson damask to cover it. The brass work weighs fifty pounds; the total weight is four hundred and a half. The price about two hundred and fifty dollars. It has been made to the order of a sea captain and intended as a present to an African prince.—*N. Y. Standard*

Married.

In this city on the 2nd inst. by the Rev. Stephen R. Smith, John S. Perry, to Miss Rebecca Grant, both of Troy.

At Troy, Mr. Joseph Papin, to Mrs. Eunice Wolcott. Also Mr. James R. Fonda, to Miss Elizabeth Watson.

At Sackets Harbor, Capt. J. A. Philips, to Miss M. A. Dewey. At Stillwater, Mr. Henry J. Smith to Miss Abigail S. Nelson.

DIED.

In this city Jane E. wife of Henry H. Little, aged 24.

In this city, of apoplexy, Alvin F. Baldwin, formerly of Massachusetts, aged 45 years.

In this city, Mrs. Lucy Snow, aged 60. Yesterday afternoon, David A. Kerker, in the 28th year of his age.

Yesterday Charles Sears, aged 72 years.

In New York, Gerrit Lansing, G. Pursuivant of the Grand Lodge of this state, 57. Mrs. Ann Boggs, formerly of N. Jersey 42. Amos March 28, formerly of Oneida. Caleb P. Seer 43. Joseph W. Discrow, 21. John Moir 76. James K. Lowry, 23. Arnold Voorhees 66. Margaret, wife Wm. Dickson, 48. Eliza, wife of Solomon Pancoast, 43.

At Waterbury, Ct. Dr. Edward Field. At Quincy, Ill. Horatio Page, formerly of Con.

At Troy, on the 22d Mathias Vanderheyden, aged 52. At Enfly, Onondaga, Mrs. Francis H. wife of Daniel K. Minor, aged 50.

A CARD.

Ladies Fair.—The Ladies of the 3d Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in Ferry-st. give notice that they propose holding a fair for the benefit of the Church on Wednesday and Thursday the 9th and 10th of December ensuing, when such a variety of useful articles will be presented to their friends and the public, as they trust will meet with their approbation and support. Donations for this object will be thankfully received at Mrs. H. H. Hickcox's, 119, Green-st.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

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THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840.—Content—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by
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POETRY.

From the Masonic Olive Branch.

DEDICATION HYMN.

To thee, this Lodge we dedicate,
With praise aloud proclaim,
While we as brethren celebrate
Thy virtues and thy fame.

Though we possess the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
Our fondest words, our loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

Oh, brethren, then, while on this earth
Let brotherly love abound,
As heirs of our inheritance,
On each our friendships crown.

While we shall feel a brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part,
Let sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

May love in one delightful stream
Through all our bosom flow,
And union, sweet with fond esteem,
In all our actions glow.

Let discord, odious child of hell,
Be banished far away,
While we in sweetest friendship dwell,
And our great Architect obey.

O then, as brethren here below,
Let us resemble those above,
Where streams of friendship ever flow
With joy, and peace, and love.

For ties of love, ye "rocks and hills,
Your lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues"
With loudest praises speak.

Staunton, July 22, 1837.

[From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

The Colonel of the Boston Post is a man of inexhaustible resource. He was knocked down flat by the overwhelming defeat of his party, but it was only for a moment; he jumped up in a twinkling, and has been telling the world ever since that he don't care, in a succession of witty and good humoured paragraphs. Now, lest these should tire, he vents his *insouciance* in metre. Hear him.

THANKSGIVING.

BY A FINGERER.

"What number shall this be?"
"Four!" "I'm dished!"

Election times are over now,
And sober times are coming;
No more our ringing ears will crack
With that infernal drumming;
No more the life inciting fears
Of murd'rous midnight slaughters,
Will shriek upon the startled rest
Of anxious wives and daughters;
God bless 'em! they can snuggle now
Beneath the sheet and blanket,
Or, if the baby need a spank,
Why, venture out and spank it!

Once more at welcome breakfast time,
While moping o'er our coffee,
We hail the smoking newspaper,
Spread out to dry by Sophy,
And hope to find some pleasant jest
To drive away the vapors,—
Not yard by yard, consecutive,
Of stupid "Glentworth papers;"
The "claret colored coat" once gave
Me fits of epilepsay, or
The cramp, I have forgotten which,
And Glentworth the dyspepsia!

No more the bunting, spread by wags
Who know not what remorse is,

Will fly to tickle idle boys,
And frighten skittish horses;
No more the victors' lungs will swell
Like forty thousand STENTORS;
No more the stout election lies
Return "to plague th' inventors;"
And when we meet hereafter, let
No politics be brought on,
But BUCK take snuff with JOSSELYN,
GREENE *nig gerec* with HAUGHTON!*

As ever after thunder squalls
The atmosphere is purer;
As ever after lover's spats
Their passion is the surer;
As shines of "gentlemen in black,"
Feel better after aching.
So may we all the better be
For this tremendous shaking;
Then, victims, pony up your bets,
Remember luck's a rover;
And, Doctor, take those boots, and be—
Right glad election's over.

THE FUNERAL OF A MOTHER.

I saw the soul's big tear in manhood's eye,
O'er youth's fair cheek the shade of filial woe,
And heard sad echoing to the clouded sky,
The mournful knell in dirge-like measures flow,

And there *She* lay, for whom such grief awoke,
Rent from the world while all around was fair,—
Ere from her brow the flush of health had broke,
Or wasting years had worn their trace of care.

Oh, God! if 'tis a bitter thing to die,
To creeping age, neglected and forlorn,
What must it be where every tender tie
Is fresh and clustering in its balmy morn?

Yes,—there she lay! and round her coffin bed
Burst forth the piercing wail of infant woes;
While "Mother!—Mother!"—filled the ear with
dread,

As from those nurslings' ruby lips it rose.

And was there aught amid that hearsed gloom,
In youth's fond tear, or manhood's deeper groan,
In smitten beauty, or the yawning tomb,
That smote the soul like their wild, wailing tone?

For who to them the hearts deep void shall fill,
Watch o'er their cradle couch with sleepless care,
Lure the first lisp,—and soothe the fancied ill,
Check the young fault, and bless the trembling pray-
er?

A Mother's love!—Go ask the buds that live
By heaven's pure dew on yonder parching hill,—
Ask the pale flower that summer suns revive,
For some faint emblem of that holy thrill;—

The fickle dews may shun the plant that pines,
The lofty Sun force the flowery glen,—
A Mother's love with death alone declines.
And say ye white robed angels,—dies it then?

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON,

"Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him;
but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall
return no more, nor see his native country."—*Jerem-
iah*.

Weep not for him that dieth—
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast;
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore—
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth—
For friends are round his bed,

*Greene the Colonel—Niggerer, synonymous with li-
quor, or liquerize; Anglice, take a drink—Maughton, the
Major, alias, the At las; Green's Antipodes in politics.

And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care
When the groan his faint heart giveth,
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth—
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flieth
Is a world of misery:
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain,
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth—
For he hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years:
But weep for him that weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth—
Weep for the dead no more!

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest;
Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in springing;
Those, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize,
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light forever flying.

AN EPIGRAM.

A skeptic to a censor said
"I have no soul about me;"
The latter mildly thus replied,
"I have no cause to doubt thee:
For if, within thy narrow case,
There's any soul at all,
A gross upon a needle's point
Would dance—they are so small!"

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore,
Audubon's Birds of America, colored plates, No. 18.
Letters of Mrs. John Adams, with a memoir and portrait.
Turkey and the Turks, the present state of the Ottoman E
plates.
Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, now publishing in London p
vols. received.
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Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakspeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

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Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1840.]

[VOL. II—NO. 14.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ORATION ON THE

Origin, Design, and Duties of Free-Masonry; pronounced at the Second Street Presbyterian Church, in the city of Troy, on the 24th of June, 1840.

By the R. W. JAMES HERRING,

Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York.

*Of all lands upon the broad surface of the earth, Palestine offers to our study the most extraordinary history; and of all cities, Jerusalem is the most remarkable for its antique associations, and its many transitions from splendor to misery, from glory to abasement, from power to desolation. Founded, unquestionably, soon after the flood, it has been by turns the object of strife amongst the professors of all religions, and has by turns been possessed by all. From the royal Priest Melchisedec, the "King of peace," and the "Priest of the most high God," who dwelt there while in all probability it was but a little village, it fell into the hands of the worshippers of Ashteroth and Dagon; of the descendants of Isaac and Ishmael; the fire worshippers of Persia, the Idolaters of Rome, the Saracens, the Turk and the Christian. The fame of that city has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth. Princes and people have congregated there from distant regions to gaze upon its gorgeous palaces or to worship on its sacred soil. Kings, and warriors, and poets, and holy men were born there, whose wisdom, prowess, genius and piety have shone, and continue to shine, with undiminished lustre, though surrounded by bright and lustrous names which have illuminated the world thirty centuries. There has wealth abounded, and delicacy and refinement and the arts of peace; there too have war and pestilence and famine displayed their power with cruelty, misery and destitution in their train; and the land that once, in the expressive language of the East, "flowed with milk and honey," has become waste and sterile and the city, of which it was once said, "thou shalt not swear by Jerusalem for it is the city of the great King"—is now in captivity.

"Rest of thy sons, amid the foes forlorn.
Mourn widowed Queen, forgotten Zion mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, thus thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling
And way worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which Kings with envy view-
ed?"

Where now thy might which all these Kings subdued
No martial myriads muster in thy gates;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and mongre Want is there;
And the quick-darting eye of less Fear;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark Wing beneath the ivy shade?"

HERR.

But the history, the marvellous history, of that land of promise, and of that city of vicissitudes has not yet closed; its past eventful existence is even now struggling with the future. Even now, events long foretold appear to be enacting for its delivery once more from captivity, and the eyes of both the Jew and the Christian are turned thitherward with equal intentness, both believing that that city's future history will not be less extraordinary than the past.

Our attention, however, on this occasion is due only to the past, though I may be permitted to say, that as Masons we shall take as deep an interest in

the liberation of that land and city as any class of people at the present day on the face of the earth.

There was our order founded, thence was it diffused over the civilized world, and there at various periods have our fraternity assembled to restore freedom to the land promised to the father of the faithful; where our first Grand Master by the hands of the craft erected a temple to the true and living God; where the book of the law was preserved by the fraternity, "when Judah was made desolate by the Chaldees;" and where, when the daily offering and oblation had ceased, the blessed Redeemer gave himself as a ransom for the redemption of mankind.

I have said that at Jerusalem, our order was founded: I shall now proceed to shew why it was organized, and that when it was accomplished, it was one of the most important movements ever devised by the wisdom of man, and worthy of the wisest of Kings, for the promotion of Science, for the diffusion of religious truth, and for the cultivation of those moral and social duties, which at that time were neither generally practiced nor understood in the world, but which have since been so universally approved that they now constitute the grand characteristics of civilized nations.

The Jews were a peculiar people. Of the seed of Abraham through Isaac, they were kept separate from other families for the purpose of preserving the purity of that line, in which all the nations of the earth should be blessed, according to the promise of God to the Patriarch. Through all the severe trial and vicissitudes of nearly five centuries, until their establishment with an independent government in the land of Canaan, they preserved, the faith of their great progenitor, while the nations which had been established throughout the earth after the flood, had fallen into Idolatry. Here and there, probably, a family might have been found, like that of Jethro, in which the worship of the most high had been preserved; and in some countries, particularly in Egypt and Greece, the unity of the Godhead and the immortality of the soul were taught, in contradiction to the popular religion, but with accompanying circumstances of mysterious ceremonies, and severe trials of integrity. With such exceptions, the whole world had fallen away from the knowledge of the one living and true God, and had made unto themselves Gods in the likeness of men, beasts, fishes and reptiles: others worshipped the Sun the Moon and the host of heaven. Baal and Baal Zebub, Moloch and Rephan, Ashteroth and Dagon, Jupiter and Diana and a countless multitude of Idols had usurped the altars of the Creator and father of Men. Sensuality had become a constituent of religious worship, and when the Israelites had escaped from their Egyptian bondage, it proved a wearisome and difficult task for Moses and the leaders of the tribes, to bring back the mass of the people to that purity of faith and worship, which their high destiny demanded. The sacred history abounds with the evidences of the blindness and perversity of that people during their forty years sojourn in the wilderness. Still the up-raises of their God were accomplished, and they were at length, as the people of God, brought into collision with the idolatrous inhabitants of the promised land, whom they drove out, destroyed, or brought to subjection. For a long series of years however, there was no peace nor rest in the land. By the sword they had taken possession, and by the sword they had to maintain it. Between them and their neighbors there was continual strife, and not unfrequently civil dissensions led to bitter contests and much bloodshed. It was not until David came to the throne of Israel, after having been seven years King of Judah, that the undivided powers of the whole people could be brought to bear upon their enemies. The King's first effort was to capture the strong hold of the Jebusites, which was Jerusalem. The city was carried by assault and immediately became the seat of government and the residence of the King.

Hiram, who had but recently become the King of Tyre and Sidon, sent Ambassadors to David to congratulate him, and with them a present of Cedar trees, with Carpenters and other artificers to assist him in his buildings. By their assistance, a royal palace was erected, and when the King took possession, the thought came to his mind, that the Ark of the Lord was kept under a tent, and that he ought to provide a temple for the services of religion. This design he communicated to Nathan the prophet, who at first encouraged him to proceed, but the following night was commanded to forbid it, with the assurance that God accepted his sincere intentions, praised that his Son should build a temple, and that his posterity should reign for many generations. David was a man of war, and as he was not permitted to erect the house of the Lord, he thought himself bound to subdue his enemies on every side, that when his Son came to the throne he might have the advantage of peace through all his borders. Towards the latter part of the King's life that result was attained. An immense amount of rich spoil was accumulated, and dedicated to the service of the Sanctuary.

About two years before the death of David, he committed an offence in the pride of his heart against the Lord, by causing a census of Israel to be taken. It was followed by a pestilence, which in three days swept off seventy thousand men. David humbled himself before God, and being instructed by the prophet Gad, he purchased the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, where he erected an altar, and offered sacrifices, and called upon the name of the Lord, who heard his prayer and stayed the plague. The spot whereon this altar was erected was on the hill Moriah, near to the city of Jerusalem, though probably not at that time within the walls. David afterwards purchased the whole crown of the hill as the site of the Temple. It was a place of great sanctity as the spot where Abraham had laid his son upon the altar for sacrifice. During the remainder of the King's life he made not only the necessary preparations for the erection of the house of the Lord, but in settling the number of the offices, and the manner of the daily service of those who were to attend it, and in the arrangement of all military and civil affairs of the Kingdom. He then nominated Solomon as his successor, and caused him to be inaugurated and proclaimed as King. He gave him also the plans of the temple and all its parts, gold, and silver, and brass, and iron, and wood, and marble, onyx stones, and polished stones of divers colors. Finally he gave him his admonition and advice and commended him to the congregation of Israel. And when he saw that the whole people from the chief of the fathers and the princes, to those who held meanest offices, and whosoever possessed any thing of value gave with a willing heart, David rejoiced with great joy, and blessed the Lord in language, that, as a summary of the national faith, must be noted particularly in connexion with the present argument.

"And David said, Blessed be thou Lord God of Israel our father for ever and ever."

Thine O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty for all that is in heaven and in the earth is thine; Thine is the kingdom O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.

Both riches and honor came of thee, and thou reignest over all, and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

When Solomon became King, Jerusalem had been the seat of government thirty three years, and peace and tranquillity was over all the land. All enemies had been subdued, and all the neighboring nations either paid tribute, or were on friendly terms. His rule extended to the border of Egypt to the Euphrates, his dominion surpassed that of all other men, and for his wisdom and severance in the acquisition and diffu-

Of wealth he had abundance, his commerce was extensive, he was in the bloom of manhood, and he applied himself to the increase of the glory of his Kingdom, and especially to the great work which had been committed to him by God and his father David. The wisdom of the King, and the happy state of the country shed an unprecedented joy throughout the land: his reputation soon spread into remote regions, where distance gave license to the wild imaginations of a wonder loving race, who ascribed to him not only all human knowledge but superhuman power over nature, and genii, and the spirits of the world unknown.

"And he the kingly sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wandered unconfin'd,
Who every bird and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew,
To him were known—so Ilagar's offspring tell—
The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus and Syrian Balbec rose.
Yet 'e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclined, [ears]
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.
Such the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell,
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!"

It will be remembered that when David was about to erect his palace at Jerusalem, Carpenters were sent to him from Tyre. If he had had Architects of his own people this would have been rather an insult than a favor and compliment. Tyre, was at that time celebrated for the perfection of her manufactories. Homer frequently alludes to the skill of Tyrian artists, but there were others at that time in Asia, far more skilful in the Science of Architecture than the Tyrians, and I consider it more than probable, that thirty years afterward, David secured the services of those Architects, who at that time had spread themselves in companies over Syria, Persia and India. In his last charge to Solomon, after enumerating the materials he had prepared, he added, "moreover, there are workmen with thee in abundance, hewers and workers of stone and timber, and all manner of cunning men for every manner of work." That these persons were not Israelites is evident. Solomon numbered all the strangers that were in the land, and found they amounted to 153,600; and he set 70,000 to be bearers of burdens 80,000 to be hewers in the mountain, and three thousand and six hundred overseers to set the people to work. These were the remnants and descendants of the former inhabitants of the land, who were held as bondmen; and the scriptures expressly declare, that "of the children of Israel did Solomon make no servants for his work, but they were men of war, and chiefs of his captains, and captains of his Chariots and horsemen." There is no evidence that Architecture as a science had ever been cultivated in Judea, and yet here was a work to be carried on which required the exercise both of science and skill of the highest class.—And the building itself, as has been illustrated by Villalpandus and other learned Architects was constructed upon the most correct principles of the Corinthian order, varied in its details and ornaments.* I therefore think it clear that the Architects were included in David's enumeration of the "cunning men"—

In a work entitled, "The whole holy of ancient and modern Architecture," by the celebrated John Evelyn, dated 1663, may be seen the engraved illustration of the order, and the following remarks: "Behold here a kind of particular Order, but of an excellent composition, which, though I dare not affirm to have been precisely the same profile with that of Solomon's temple, (the model of which I propose to myself) yet as near as one can approach to that divine idea from its description in the bible, and some other famous histories mentioned in the great work of VILLALPANDUS, where all the ornaments and principal proportions of each member are specified, I conceive it to be sufficiently conformable. The composition is perfect Corinthian, though the foliage of the Capital and its Cavities, or branches, are of Palms, and the frieze of the Entablature have borrowed the Doric ornaments which are the Triglyphs, whose solidly bear, but little conformity with the tenderness of the Corinthian; but by whatever name you will call this order, (notwithstanding that Josephus affirms it to have been the Corinthian,) certain it is that it was never any more perfect." He afterwards calls it "the flower of Architecture, and the Order of Orders."

men of knowledge—"for every manner of work,"—whom he had provided. It must not be forgotten that amongst other things, he gave to Solomon the plans and designs of the whole building. The plan of Sanctuary and of the holy vessels had been given by Moses. But the manner in which the parts of the building were brought together and adjusted proved not only that the general plan of elevation had been prepared, but the most exact working plans, so that each stone and piece of timber without the sound of axe, hammer or any iron tool fitted into the place for which it had been prepared.

It is rather remarkable that with the exception of one name of distinguished eminence, no certain light is thrown on this subject in the Scriptures. The names of the civil and military chiefs, and of the officers of the household from the highest to the lowest are recorded—being Jews—but the foreigners, with one exception, are not named. Who then were the Architects, who were thus suddenly provided for the erection of a succession of public buildings which required twenty years to complete, and in a country where hitherto there had been no rest allowed for the cultivation of the peaceful arts? The Architects I have before mentioned as having spread themselves in Asia are known in profane history as Dionysian Architects, who emigrated from Greece to Asia Minor about the time of Saul. The arts had at that time been cultivated in Greece about 500 years, and the class referred to were men of science who carried with them wherever they went the Mysteries of Dionysius or Bacchus, supposed to have been a corruption of other Mysteries which had been introduced into Greece from Egypt. In addition to the services of this or of some such class of scientific men, Solomon added the force of 153,600 men from his own dominions, and an unenumerated auxiliary force obtained by treaty with the King of Tyre, who were engaged in cutting and rafting timber from Lebanon to Joppa. The King of Tyre also sent to Solomon at his request a man of most extraordinary genius and skill, whom he describes as "Hiram of our fathers, a cunning man endowed with understanding. The son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father was a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out any device which may be put to him with thy cunning men, and with the cunning men of David thy father." Here I understand the distinction to be particularly noted, between the men of genius amongst the servants of Solomon, and those whom David his father had introduced into the country for the sake of their science, and this HIRAM is recommended by the Tyrian King as equal to any of them, and able and worthy to conduct any part of the work which Solomon might entrust to him.

I am aware that these details are somewhat tedious and that they may not be in themselves particularly interesting, but I have considered them essential to my argument and could not well abridge them. In relation to the progress of the work I can add nothing to the Scripture history, which is in every body's hands, without encroaching on the traditions of our order.—The craftsmen were organized and the work went on, and it was during the erection of the Temple that King Solomon instituted the Mysteries of Masonry.—There was a lively sense of religious duty throughout the land, and a zeal to make proselytes, which, indeed prevailed long after the people had become exceedingly corrupt and the spirit of their religion was almost extinct. But at a time when the King and the whole nation were full of enthusiasm, in the cause of their religious faith and worship, it is not to be doubted that all means were used to enlighten the strangers who were engaged in the erection of the house of the Lord, and it would be unreasonable to believe, that, contrary to the natural and invincible power of truth upon the minds of intelligent men, they should have been employed seven years upon that great work, hearing daily the evidences of the dealings of God with his people and not abandon their false and idolatrous worship and believe with their whole hearts in the ever living and true God. To seal the work of conversion from Paganism to the simple faith of the Israelite, a bond of fraternity was instituted and a series of rites and ceremonies established, founded upon the science of Geometry and Architecture in which the great and funda-

mental principles of religion and moral duty were to be taught to whoever was found worthy wheresoever that fraternity might wander on the face of the whole earth, in the practice of their profession. The rites and ceremonies then established, with their practical results remain unchanged in any essential particular to the present day in charge of our fraternity, and are as they ever have been the great bond of union and friendship amongst enlightened men of every clime, and of every political opinion, and religious creed, in which that fundamental principle of religion is recognised, *there is but one true and living GOD*, who made all things, and to whom all men are accountable.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

HISTORICAL.

THE MURDER OF DARNLEY.

When Mary left him, Darnley called Crawford to him, and informing him fully of all that had passed at the interview, bade him communicate it to his father, the Earl of Lennox. He then asked him what he thought of the Queen's taking him to Craigmiller? She treats your Majesty, said Crawford, too like a prisoner. Why should you not be taken to one of your own houses in Edinburg? It struck me much the same way, answered Darnley, and I have fears enough, but may God judge between us, I have her promise only to trust to; but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her though she should murder me. It is from Crawford's evidence, taken on oath, which was afterwards produced, and still exists, endorsed by Cecil, that we learn these minute particulars, nor have I been able to discover any sufficient ground to doubt its truth. Soon after this interview, the Queen carried her husband, by slow journeys, from Glasgow to Edinburg, where she arrived on the last day of January. It had been at first intended, as we have seen, that Darnley should have taken up his residence at Craigmiller, but this purpose was changed, and as the Palace of Holyrood was judged from its low situation to be unhealthy, and little fitted for an invalid, the King was brought to a suburb called the Kirk of Field, a more remote and airy site, occupied by the town residence of the Duke of Chagtelherault, and other buildings and gardens. On their arrival here the royal attendants were about to proceed to the Dukes lodging, as it was called, but on alighting, Mary informed them that the King's apartments were to be in an adjoining house, which stood beside the town wall, not far from a ruinous Dominican monastery, called Black Friars. To this place she led Darnley, and making every allowance for the rudeness of the domestic accommodations of these times, it appears to have been an insecure and confined mansion. Its proprietor was Robert Balfour, a brother of Sir James Balfour, whom we have already known as a deviser of a bond for the murder, which was drawn up at Craigmiller, and then a dependent of Bothwell's. This Earl, whose influence was now nearly supreme at Court, had recently returned from Liddesdale; and when he understood that Mary and the King were on the road from Glasgow, he met them with his attendants, a short way from the capital, and accompanied the party to the Kirk of Field. At this moment the reconciliation between the Queen and her husband appeared to be complete. She assiduously superintended every little detail which could add to his comfort. She treated him not only with attention but tenderness, passed much of the day in his society, and had a chamber prepared for herself immediately below his, where she slept.

On Sunday, the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner belonging to the household of the Queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was of her favorite women, and Mary, to honor their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the king. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms, and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the Queen were engaged in conversation, that Mary of Talloo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians, whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the King's and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gun powder in bags. They then

laid a train, which was connected with a "lunt," or slow match, and placed every thing in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch, and in the meantime Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian's wedding and taking a farewell of Darnley, embraced him and left the house with her suite. Soon after the king retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to be a great change in him. He had become more thoughtful, and sorrow and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented there were few near him whom he could trust, and at times he would say, that he should be slain, complaining that he was hardly dealt with, but from these thoughts he had sought refuge in religion; and it was remarked that on this night, his last in this world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotion he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose, but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment, and rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavored to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house: the page was also strangled and their bodies carried into a small orchard, without the garden wall, where they were found, the king in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side. Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rested on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the king's apartment with the Queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from which about midnight he stole away, changed his rich dress, and rejoined the murderers who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted but burnt too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it, when it took effect. A loud noise, like the bursting of a thundercloud, awoke the sleeping city—the king's house was torn in pieces and cast into the air, and the assassins, hurrying from the spot, under the cover of darkness, regained the palace.—*Tyler's Scotland.*

MISCELLANY.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

Two months after death of Ferdinand VII. the Queen Regent became acquainted with the *garde du corps* Munoz, who came to the palace with his comrade Nicolas Franco, who carried on an intrigue with Donna Teresa Valcarel, the milliner, and confidential favorite of the Queen. Munoz was the son of a shop-keeper at Tarazona, and had narrowly escaped being dismissed from his regiment in 1832, on suspicion of being a Carlist. Christina did not dare at once to disclose her passions for Munoz, but planned a romantic journey for that purpose. She resolved to take advantage of the week that Munoz was on duty at the palace, and to visit her country house at Quita Pesares. On the 17th December 1833, during a most severe season, she sat out at day-light, but was obliged to return her carriage having broken down in the mountains, in consequence of the snow, which rendered the road impassible. That night she sent laborers to clean the road, and on the morning of the 18th, she set out again to the great astonishment of her household, none of the ladies in waiting having been permitted to accompany her. She was accompanied by Don Francisco Palafox, Aide-de-Camp General of the Guard, her Gentleman Usher Carbonelle, and Munoz.—When the Queen arrived at Quita Pesares, she walked in the gardens with Palafox and Munoz, but she sent Palafox to execute a commission, and remained alone with the latter. This no doubt, was the opportunity sought for making the declaration, as appears from what followed. The same day the Queen returned to Madrid, and the favor enjoyed by the *garde du corps* Munoz, became manifest to every one. He was

appointed Gentleman of the Interior, an office created by the late king, and which did not appear necessary for a Queen. The favorite was presented with a house magnificently furnished, and a splendid equipage, by the Queen's orders. In a few days after he was seen to wear the diamond ornaments of Ferdinand VII, and an apartment in the palace was allotted to him. He died with the Queen; he accompanied her every where and attended her alone in her carriage. They even went together to review the National Guard at the Prado. This increased the scandal which was already public, and allusion was made to it in the public journals. The *Chronique* of the 4th of February, 1834, the 40th day of the royal amours, inserted the following paragraph: "Yesterday her Majesty took an airing in an open *char a-banc*, driven by one of her servants. The Duke of Alagon, Captain of the Guards, attended her." This paragraph was read with avidity by her attendants at the Palace, because the servant alluded to was Munoz.

The Queen demanded satisfaction for this insult, and having a cringing minister, like Martinez de la Rosa, and the chief of police, like Latra, journal was despotically suppressed, and the two editors exiled. The Queen's love for her new favorite was reproved by religion, and after some days, she signified her intention to Munoz to marry him. Munoz thought it was a dream, but when he found how fortune smiled on him he set about realizing the Queen's wish. He had but few acquaintances, but it happened that an obscure priest from his town happened to be at that moment at Madrid. Munoz applied to him, and offered to procure him advancement if he would marry him to the Queen, who could not trust any of the clergymen of the royal chapel. How to enable him to procure, a license was then the difficulty. The patriarch refused to grant one and so did the Bishop of Cuenca.—The Queen then applied to Cardinal Tiberi, who granted the license on receiving an autograph letter from the Royal bride. At 7 o'clock in the morning of 28th of December, ten days after they became acquainted, the marriage of Donna Maria Christina de Bourbon, with Don Fernand Munoz, was celebrated by the priest Don Marcos Antonio Gonzales, and in the presence of the witnesses Don Minguet Lopez Acabado, and the Marquis of Hereros. The Queen opened the Cortes on the 24th of June. On the 16th of November, 1834, she was delivered of an infant, which was baptized Gertrude Magna Victoria, and her recovery was so rapid that in nine days after, she reviewed the 2d squadron of the Guards, which was going to fight in Navarre for her eldest daughter. The same night the infant was conveyed from the palace by the physician and placed under the care of trusty servants at Segovia. The year following the same acts and the same scenes were repeated.

On the 17th of May, 1835, a royal ordinance was issued, dispensing with the ceremony of kissing hands through condescension, it was said, for those persons who were presented at court. At the palace it was understood to mean something else. The Queen and Munoz went every evening to the country house at Quita Pesares, and at the same time the infant was brought from Segovia. This daily interview, and the expensive train of Victoria's nurse, rendered the royal maternity so notorious that the very children used to call Victoria the Queen's daughter. The same autumn the Queen gave birth to a male infant, which was conveyed with its sister to Paris. During the events which took place at La Granja, in 1836, Munoz was, with difficulty, saved from the hands of the populace, by concealing him in some private cellars.—Since that time Munoz has not been seen in public with the Queen. Such constant intimacy could not be concealed, and the ministers thought it their duty to address the Queen on the subject, but Garelley and Zareo del Valle, who made some overtures on the reports circulated were quickly dismissed. The marriage of the Queen with Munoz has caused incredible injury to the Spanish nation. The innocent Isabella neither knows how to read or write, and the society which surrounded her was of the most improper description. The marriage of Ferdinand's widow once proved, it is evident that she is no longer competent to act as guardian to the Queen Isabella. The laws have declared that the mother who marries a second time cannot retain the guardianship of the children of her first husband.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

St. Mathew.—This apostle and evangelist is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Etheopia.

St. Mark.—This evangelist was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired.

St. Luke.—This evangelist was hanged upon an Olive tree in Greece.

St. John.—This apostle and evangelist was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, Asia.

St. Peter.—This apostle was crucified at Rome, with his head downwards, by his own request, thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner as his blessed master.

St. James, the Great.—This apostle was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James, the less.—This apostle was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Phillip.—This apostle was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholemew.—This apostle was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew.—This apostle was bound to a cross whence he preached to the people until he expired.

St. Thomas.—This apostle was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude.—This apostle was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon—Zealot.—This apostle was crucified in Persia.

St. Mathias.—This apostle was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas.—This apostle of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews, at Solonia.

St. Paul.—This apostle was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.—*Frederic Visitor.*

THE SILK WORM.—How does the moth of the silk worm get out of the cocoon? This question has been frequently asked, and some have supposed that the little miller, as it is sometimes called, eats its way out; but it is utterly without truth, having no other mouth than a very slender bill, like that of other butterflies. Naturalists now tell us, that immediately at the mouth of the insect there is a small sack, into which it secretes one drop of very sharp and corrosive acid. At the time for the escape of the little animal, this sack bursts, and the acid destroys the fibre of all the silk which it touches, and thus makes a hole, through which the moth creeps into the open air. Is this arrangement the effect of mere chance?—*New Orleans Crescent.*

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—In Genoa there are marriage brokers, who have pocket books filled with names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent, upon the portion.—Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of his defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

A NEW DRINK.—"Mr. Guzzlefunk, I have discovered a new drink for you. Suppose you try a little."

"Well, I don't care if I do [drinks.] It hasn't got a very bad taste to it; and if my memory serves me right, it is what they call water. I recollect drinking some of the stuff when I was a lad."—*Louisville Journal.*

Admission of Florida.—The Tallahassee Floridian of the 4th ult., says Florida will probably be admitted into the Union at the coming session of Congress.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST. PAUL.

TOO EARLY WED!

"It's what I wanted to spake to yer honor about," said Sandy Donovan, who had entered my cousin's breakfast-room, and made her his best bow; "it's what I wanted, my lady, is the lend of a loan of two-and-sixpence, if it would be plasing to ye; and I'll work it out in any way convenient—either in going messages to the squire, or any where else in the three kingdoms at a moment's notice; or taking a hand at the knives, when Mither Langan, or Mike, or the footboy himself, has no mind to be dirting their hands wid their work and yer honor wanting them to be clane before the quality; or driving the cows home, if the ould cow-boy would be sick, or 'overtaken,' which will happen to any, let alone a boy of his years; or—but to be sure," added Sandy, after a pause, as if to give weight to some peculiarly onerous service he was about to proffer—"to be sure, yer honor nor the mather are never in trouble, that way, like yer neighbors—if you war, bedad! there isn't a boy in the barony would bate the bailiffs wid grater joy than myself!"—and Sandy's eyes brightened, and his hand grasped more firmly the handle of his good shillala: he looked what he really was, a fine handsome gay-hearted "boy" of about nineteen—certainly not twenty.

"Well, Sandy" replied my cousin, smiling. "I will lend you the half-crown and you shall repay it me, not in labor—for I require my servants to do their own work—but in money."

"Och, ma'am dear, that's hard upon me entirely. I'd rather work it out."

"But isn't your time your money? Cannot you sell that time to some other person, and discharge your debt out of the produce?"

"I'm no scholar, my lady," he replied, twisting his shoulders, "but I'd rather work it out."

"We will speak of that by and bye," said my cousin; "you must pay me twopence a week, and tell me what you want with the half-crown."

"Well, God bless you, my lady, I'm a made man: I'll pay it at the twopence, though I'd rather work it out, supposing even it came to the double."

My cousin smiled at me significantly, for we had often talked of the impossibility of making an Irishman consider time as a commodity of value; and then she asked him, "Well, Sandy, and now tell me what you want with it?"

Sandy Donovan twirled his hat between his thumbs looked down upon the carpet, and hemmed twice. I perceived at once the state of the case, for he blushed deeply. With the natural quickness of an Irishman, he saw I understood the matter; and turning to me, said, "if you please, my lady, tell the mistress, for I see you're insensed into it already."

"Sandy's in love!"

"I have known that for some time," answered my cousin, "and with the gate-keeper's daughter. But what has that to do with the half-crown?"

My cousin is one of those amiable, excellent persons who born, though not brought up in the country, loving it also with the warmth of Irish love, can no more comprehend an Irishman's nature, than can those who having paid a visit of two weeks to Dublin, and the county Wicklow, return with a self-satisfied conviction that they are fully acquainted with the habits, manners, and feelings of the Irish nation.

"Is it what has it to do with the half-crown, my lady?" repeated poor Sandy, to my infinite amusement; "why, thin, just every thing in life sure; it's to help pay Father Garratty for marrying us, my lady! We've made up the money all to that, mistress dear, and we didn't, that's I didn't, know what to do at all about it, until I thought I'd make bould with you, madam, that can feel for us."

"Me feel for you!" exclaimed my cousin indignantly; "how could you fancy that?"

"Just, ma'am, the remembrance of your own young

days, that to be sure you don't look past yet, long life to you, and the mather's too, when, as I have heard tell, you thought the great battle of Waterloo put betwixt you both for ever, and he kilt at it, though he's so hearty now; and sure if the want of the half-crown put betwixt me and Lucy Hackett, it would be as bad to us as the battle of Waterloo."

I never asked my cousin which of the two topics Sandy touched upon had softened her most—the sly compliment to her youthful looks, or the allusion to the "great battle" where her beloved husband had played a distinguished part. Certainly her after-observation had lost all asperity.

"Well, but, Sandy, what provision have you made for this new state of matrimony?"

"Provision is it my lady?" answered Sandy, with another turn of his hat; "we've lots of love, mistress dear; it'll hold out till the grave shuts over us, I'll go bail for that."

"But, Sandy, you can't live on love?"

"It's cruel, poor living without it—that I know, ma'am, any way," he replied right readily.

"But there will be two to feed instead of one at your father's; for Lucy cannot long continue at the lodge."

"Nor doesn't want, ma'am—I've built her a cabin off the corner of my father's three acres, and there's a few sticks in it already. She's no great eater, and the pratees are cheap enough, thank God!"

"But by and bye, you will have more than two to feed."

"Plase God," was Sandy's quiet reply.

"Sandy," I said, "I am sure your choice is a good one; Lucy is a pretty, cheerful, industrious little girl, not yet eighteen, I think—too young to take the heavy cares of peasant life upon her. I will not say she will change, because that is what Irish women seldom do; but I must say you are laying the foundation of certain misery, both for herself and yourself, by not waiting until you have something begin life with."

"Ah, thin, ma'am dear, it's a shame for ye to be evenin' sorrow to a bridegroom."

"You even it, as you call it, to yourself, Sandy; look there!" I pointed from the window to a beggar woman who was coming up the lawn, followed by a troop of children. "Look there! how would you like to bring the light-hearted fond girl you love to a fate like that? And yet such are the effects of very early marriages, combined with, or rather the first step to imprudence. You are both young; labor in your several vocations for five or six years; you have much to love and labor for; and at the end of that period, by God's blessing on your industry, you'll have something to begin with—enough to furnish a cabin comfortably, and a short purse to defray first expenses."

"But, ma'am dear, sure we can work as well together, and get the comfortable cabin and the short purse aither."

"No—you will not have the same motives; circumstances will bend you down. If Lucy becomes the mother of children at so early an age, her exertions will be cramped."

"She'd work the better," interrupted Sandy.

"She would be, as all Irish women are, the most affectionate mother in the world; but, marrying so young, old age will come upon her prematurely. Her eyes will grow dim, and her hair turn grey before her time; her bodily strength must fail; and what woman can knit or spin, or sew for hire, with a tribe of little half-starved children round her feet? It is not too late to change your resolution. I will see Lucy; I will reason with her; I know she will wait for you. Work on singly a little longer. She will be your reward; and, believe me, such a prudential course will render your future life prosperous and happy."

"What can a young man save out of tinpence or a shilling a-day, my lady?" said Sandy.

"What could he spare at that rate for the support of a wife, what for the support of a family of children?"

"Bedad!" answered Sandy, twisting his shoulders, his invariable practice when in a hobble, "Bedad! I don't know; only they all does the same, and sure we'll be no worse off than our neighbors."

"But Lucy, poor pretty Lucy, who has been more tenderly brought up than her neighbours; surely,

Sandy, you would not wish to bring her into trouble?"

"Poverty I may bring her to:—God help us ma'am there's none of us made up against that; but I'll work my fingers to the bone to keep her from trouble. I'll own she's too good for me; though that's not her own thought. But I'll say this: sorra a boy in the town land will make a better husband, let the other be who he may. Sure, ma'am, there's nothing in the poverty you think of, to frighten us. We've been looking at it ever since we were born more or less. We get used to it, in these parts."

"You bring it on ourselves. Nothing keeps down either young man or woman so much as a tribe of infants before there is any thing to give them."

"Bedad, so it does," replied the young man, with the most perfect composure; "but how can we help it?—the craythurs ax nothing but pratees and salt, and grow up fine men and women on it, that flog the world for beauty."

In fact, in no shape could we place poverty so as to render her aspect more hideous than he knew it to be; but his naturally gay spirit rose against the idea that either Lucy or he was doomed to encounter it; or if they were, he laid his thoughts upon the favorite phrase of those who are not able to help themselves, "We'll get over it by the help of God!" or, "We'll not be worse off than our neighbors," or, "Something'll turn up for good." Sometimes he would parry my argument by wit, sometimes by laughter—always respectful, yet merry laughter; and so, seeing he was determined upon an early marriage, and consequent poverty, I resolved to appeal to Lucy.

"She's a great fool," said her grandmother at the lodge, who had brought her up; "but if the worst come to the worst, she'll be no worse off than her neighbors." Here was a pretty argument in favor of misery, by one who was old enough to have known better. "She'll sup sorrow for it I daresay, but we all have our taste of it one way or other." Lucy was all smiles and tears. Sandy and she had learnt out of the same "Read-a-made-easy" at school; they had gone to their "duty" together. She had been promised to him, and no thought of any one else had ever come across her heart. She was willing to wait for him till the day of her death, only, may be, for any thing she could tell, it would be the same thing in five years as it was then—there was nothing to make it better—and the ould loved each other the more who spent their sunny days together. I knew full well there is comparatively little misery caused among the lower classes in Ireland by the want of connubial affection. Cottage trouble has its sweet consoling drop of love in the bottom of every cup of sorrow. Lucy seemed prepared for both. She did not attempt to deny that she loved Sandy, it "was so natural to love him; she never had a brother, and he had been more than a brother to her since she was the height of a rose bush." I could not look on the young beauty—so fair, so truthful; so earnest, so bright—without a feeling of deep grief, for I could not but anticipate what was to follow. She had not even the ambition which characterises the young English bride in the same sphere of life; she knew that poverty would be her dower, but she had made up her mind to encounter it with him she loved. "Her uncle," she said, "had promised them half an acre, or may be more, by and bye, and then they'd do 'bravely.'" "Why not wait for it?" "And sure we must wait for it," she replied, with great naviete, "for he won't give it to us now." In her quiet modest way, Lucy, was as firm as Sandy. "You perceive," said my cousin, "persons who seek to intimidate them by pointing out the miseries of poverty, fail; they see it so often that they yield to rather than withstand it, or sometimes rather than avoid it, if the means of avoiding it disturbs their preconceived opinions."

"They are always acting from impulse rather than reason; they run into danger, and then ask you how they might have kept out of it," said I, sadly provoked with those foolish young persons.

"It is easy to see how it will end," observed my cousin.

"Can't you give them a little land to begin on?"

"My dear friend, if we were to give land to all the silly youths who marry without the prospect of even potato food from one day to another, we should not have an acre left for ourselves. These early marriages

are sources of the great evils of Ireland, and can never be prevented, as long as the peasantry have no ambition to elevate themselves in the scale of society by means of better clothes, and better dwellings than they generally possess. A man who is satisfied that his wife should beg while he reaps the English harvests, and that his children should go barefoot, cannot raise himself."

"But he is not so satisfied," I said; "necessity compels it."

"A necessity induced," observed my quiet cousin, "BY BEING TOO EARLY WED." She was quite right. I have heard of cases where absolute boys and girls have been wedded parents; and it is no uncommon thing to meet a grandfather in the very prime of life. I would not be thought an advocate for restraining, except to very reasonable bounds, the greatest blessing which the Almighty bestows upon his creatures—the power to be happy by making another happy. But I would have my humble fellow-countrymen and country women more duly reflect before they adopt a course upon which nearly all, if not all the comfort, and I may add integrity of their after lives must depend. If marriage has its consolations in adversity, and its endearments in prosperity, courtship also hath both, besides a greater proportion of that which is the strongest and truest stimulus to exertion—HOPES! It excites also to economy, prudence, and sobriety, by a continual manifestation of their utility in bringing nearer the consummation of a dearly cherished purpose; money will be saved, when an object is directly to be achieved by saving; labor will be undertaken with cheerfulness, when its recompense is clearly and distinctly seen; and, in short, the future will be perpetually in the eye, in the mind, and in the heart. On the other hand, poverty—too often the parent of sin—is always an effectual barrier against social improvement; prudence is shut out, when its beneficial influence is only remotely anticipated; and those who find it difficult to procure the necessities, never think of searching out the comforts, of life. My design, however, is to exhibit and illustrate evils less by precept than example; many will listen to a story who slumber over a sermon; and a picture may be made to speak more eloquently than words.

Five years had elapsed between the scene I have endeavored to describe, and my once again visiting my native land; and greatly rejoiced was I once more to feel its bright green grass beneath my footsteps, to hear the music of its birds and rivers, and meet the welcome of bright eyes and warm hearts of many who had known me in childhood. During even so short a period, England had been galloping onwards to perfection; Ireland, I saw, had been creeping—and that is something—towards it also. Schools had been established, where education had never before been heard of; gardens had expanded around many cottages; the Sabbath day was more respected and hallowed than of old; and the dress both of men and women was neater and in better order. I certainly fancied beggars were on the increase, but this must have been only fancy. The truth was, I came from a land where they are comparatively unknown, and had almost forgotten how crowded my poor country always was with poverty-stricken creatures, who are unable to provide for themselves the commonest food or the coarsest apparel. Dublin is a solitary-looking city.—The magnificence of its noble buildings badly accords with the emptiness of the broad streets. There is an air of desolation in its high ways, a loneliness in its most public places;

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

It was a fine moonlight evening and we had spent it with some friends residing in that immense square called Stephen's Green. We were walking homewards; and whatever cheerfulness we had imbibed under the hospitable roof of our host was effectually dispersed by the shivering and half-starved creatures who asked our charity with an importunity which only their civility prevented from being offensive. One slight creature—a child clinging to her cloak, another slung at her back, and one resting on her bosom—had followed us nearly to the corner of Grafton-st. not begging with her tongue, but appealing to our feelings by many outward tokens of misery.

"If you want charity," said I, "why do you not ask it?"

"We are all dying for want of food," was the reply;

and the voice, though I did not immediately remember to whom it belonged, thrilled through me like a strain of long forgotten music.

"I have not tasted food all day," she continued leaning against a projecting shop shutter, "for wet my lips except with water; have mercy on me, for I am very young, and not used to begging."

"I believe you," I replied, for I had by that time recognised her voice; "I believe you; your name is Lucy Donovan." Poor, poor Lucy! She threw the hood back from her wasted features; she would have fallen on her knees at my feet, if I had not prevented her; her soft hair was matted across her brows; tears coursed each other down her cheeks; her nose was pinched by starvation; her lips, blue and trembling, could hardly give forth her thoughts—her prayers, I should rather say—for she appeared for a time to have forgotten her misery in the joy occasioned by the sight of a friend.

"To think, my lady, of my seeing you here!—and I conning over in my own mind yours, and the mistress's warning about, being too early married, it was the ruin of us all out sure enough; the childer came so fast, and nothing to give 'em. This is little Sandy, ma'am, the moral of his father; only you can't see him, the moonbeams are so pale. And the one at my back little Thomas, after my poor father. Ain't I thankful that he never lived to see me in this trouble! And this little hungry girl is Anty, after my grandmother; sure I'm glad she's in heaven, too. Ah, ma'am, honey, a young living heart must suffer a dale of sorrow before it blesses the grave for closing over, and the red worm for destroying, the things it loved more than life."

"Come to me to-morrow morning, Lucy," I said, "and we will see what can be done for you." I pressed a small donation and my address into her hand.

"I can't be out in daylight," she whispered; "I'll come at night—I've no clothes—nothing but the cloak left."

My English readers may believe this tale: it is no fiction; it is perfectly true; true, without an atom of exaggeration. The young mother had parted with every article of clothing she possessed in the world, except the thin blue-hooded cloak, in which she enshrouded her misery and starvation; under its feeble protection she begged at night. I mentioned the circumstance to the lady at whose house we were residing. She assured me it was a fact of no uncommon occurrence.

The next night Lucy came with her children. We had provided something for her in the way of clothes. "Won't you put on these shoes, Lucy?" "I thank you, my lady," she replied, while one of her old smiles brightened up her face; "I'll take them since ye're so good; but it's a bad fashion to be tendering my feet up with shoes, they're used to the stones now, poor things. And so best—"

Where is Sandy, Lucy?—I cannot believe he has deserted you."

God bless you for that right thought my lady.—He has not; he was forced to leave me, but that wasn't deserting me. You see, ma'am, afther we married we got on very well for a bit; and the earnest true-hearted love we ever and always had for each other, held out wonderful; and I was not over strong, and poor Sandy took to working after hours, which every body knew he need not have done had he been single. But, any way, that brought on the fever. The fever, my lady, and this little Sandy, came together, before, indeed," she added, with her usual simplicity, "we were ready for either—to say ready; and then, between nursing the husband and nursing the child, when I got up I had my hands full, and we both so young, and no experience. To be sure the poor neighbors helped us. They gave us a share of all they had, even to a handful of meal or a stone of potatoes; and the hardest word they ever spoke was, 'God direct you, ye poor young craythurs; ye married too soon.'—Your cousin, ma'am, is a fine lady, and a good lady, but she put me ever and always in mind of how much better I might have been off had I remained single, which was true enough; and while my poor husband lay so bad entirely, the bitter taste of my folly was never off my lips. But when it pleased God, he grew better; and when I saw him once more able to raise his head to the sun, and notice the baby, I forgot a dale of the bitterness, and thought it might pass away

altogether. But it never did. If a young bird gets a hurt, my lady, in the nest, it never rightly recovers it. It was so with us. We began poor—we bargained for that; but the sickness that's born of poverty came on the top of it, and they both together crushed us. Well, ma'am dear, the gentleman where he worked when he got up again, took great pleasure in foreign parts, and could not afford to pay so many laborers, and Sandy was discharged. It's a poor case, ma'am when the money scraped up in one country is taken clane away to spend in another. Sandy could have made out life alone, but another poor little babe had a mind to come into the world; so I could do nothing to help him. My grandmother (heaven be her bed!) was called from us, and she left me what she had to leave. Your cousin, my lady, said it would have been a fine thing to have had it if we were beginning life, but, coming in the middle of our trouble, when we war over and over in debt, it did us but little good, and melted away, like salt in rain, before we knew where it was. I've no blame to give to any: the neighbors war wonderful kind. My husband's father did all he could; but what could he do. My husband was the eldest of eleven, who had to be reared on three acres of land, one of which was not good enough for goose grazing. I could have got plenty of knitting, and spinning, and sewing, and straw-bonnet making, but my hands war tied with the two childer; and it pleased God to take the second in small pox. It was a heart trouble to us then; and I thought the father would have broken his heart after it. The neighbors said it was well for us it was called, but somehow it's lonesome to want a baby's smile, or laugh, or even its cry when you are used to it, and have little else to comfort you;" and, despite her misery, the mother's eyes filled with tears, and little Sandy saw them, and he lifted up his dirty face to kiss her; the never exhausted mine of Irish affection was already at work in the boy's heart. "We struggled on, and this babe was born. We had been put above the world, in regard of debt, by my grandmother's death; and one morning Sandy said, 'It's no use slaving on and starving as we're doing, Lucy, I had an offer yesterday when I was driving Ah Leary's creels; and if you've the heart to hear it, I'll tell it ye.' And I clenched my hands, and set my teeth, as if it were death I expected for I guessed that his mind was set on foreign parts. But I didn't gainsay him, though I was right. He promised to send me word, and money to bring me and the childer out to him, and I waited at home; and three months after he went, this last craythur was born."

"To add to your trouble,"

"No," she answered, pressing it to her bosom; "it helped me to put the trouble over; it has the very eyes and smile of my poor Sandy."

"How foolish," I thought, "it is to attempt to sound the depth of woman's love! What fine feelings there were beneath that cloak—crushed by circumstances that must ever crush those who without any provision, too early wed!" "At last," she continued, "I grew ashamed to stay longer in my own place; I couldn't beg there—I could not go there, from door to door, or stop those I met to ask for food or half-pence. I locked up the door of the cabin, put the key in the thatch, lest word with a neighboring woman that they could send to his uncle near Dublin any letter that came from him, and begged my way here. The poor always helped me on my journey, and I was easier moving from place to place—it seemed as though I was getting nearer Sandy; but I've had no letter; those more used to this life than me, get more than I do—I pray instead of beg. Bit by bit, I lost every screed of clothes. But my worst trouble is, that my early marriage has brought these darlins into a world of trouble, from which I have no power to deliver them; and though I have loved to look at them, yet, often, my dear lady, when I have seen them staggering with hunger, I could have knelt in the cold snow, and cursed my folly. Wicked thoughts have come into my head then, and I have had no peace until I prayed to God to cool my poor burning brow, and clane the badness from my heart. I have one hope still—he may die—but he never will forget us. If we can live over the present time, a letter may come; but the weakness is upon my heart when I think either of fresh joy or more sorrow. I walked the length of Stephen's Green after yer to-morrow last night, but the dryness of my parched

throat hindered me from speaking. Since yer ladyship spoke to me last night, I've had fresh hope, but, somehow, I'm afeard to hope for afther it trouble comes stronger. I've not been able to go afther a letter to his uncle's; I've been ashamed; but, plase God, there's no need of that now, the Lord reward ye all! though it's more than we deserve. Who knows—there may be comfort for us yet." She smiled, but there was a ghastliness in the smile that made me shudder; it was the smile of a corse, rather than of a living woman.—The poor infants devoured the food we gave them; and when they were, satisfied, she ate but not till then; nothing could exceed her gratitude; the past seemed almost forgotten, after her story was told—a story of simple suffering, with no strong incident to rivet the attention, no powerful event to work upon the imagination—nothing but a tale of Irish misery, brought on, not by misconduct, but a want of that carefulness, that "long headedness," which makes the Irish peasant a beggar, and the simple possession of which lays the foundation of Scotch and English independence. My story, if so it may be called, is not finished.

Lucy had been worn to a skeleton by anxiety and starvation. I saw she could not live; our succor came too late; she was dying—dying at the very age when, if she had followed our advice, she might have married in sure anticipation of happiness, and with a reasonable prospect of prosperity. I went to see her; for little Sandy had told me, with tearful eyes, "that though mammy had plenty to eat, and new milk to drink, she was too sick to come out." She was lingering in that hectic fever which scorches up, by slow degrees, the moisture of existence; the baby, too, was dying. "I am sure," said she, "there is a letter from Sandy at his uncle's." I found out the place; she was right. How she screamed, and how her skeleton fingers quivered, when she saw it! "I knew if he was in life, he would not forget us," she said.

The poor fellow was full of hope, and though his feelings were roughly expressed, they were *there* warm from his affectionate but imprudent heart; the next letter was to bring money—but a little, ye some; and the one after would bring them all out to him. And she heard all this; and at first, while I read the flush was bright on her cheek, and then it faded; and she called little Sandy, and said, "You hear—it is from your own daddy, my boy; and then I thought a slight convulsion moved her features. She grasped the poor soiled paper, the record of his affection; pressed it to her lips; another convulsion; her fingers stiffened round it—SHE WAS DEAD!

The Present Pope of Rome.—The title of the present pope is Gregory XVI; his name, Mauro Cappellari. He was born in the year 1765, in the Venetian States. Leo XII. was succeeded by Pius VII, who after a reign of eight months, was succeeded in 1830, by Cappellari, under the title of Gregory XVI. His present age is seventy-five, but his appearance indicates great vigor of constitution.

Oxalic Acid.—It may be important to mention, especially in this suicide-living age, that two ounces of magnesia, mixed with about a quart of water, or the same quantity of common whiting, thrown into the stomach, by any means, (stomach pump being the readiest and most preferable on such occasions,) will effectually neutralize and render inert this most active poison.

FIFTY YEARS AGO!—The following is a copy of a receipt for a Clergyman's Salary for half a year—handed to us by a gentleman from Newtown.—*L. I. Star.*

Outfagen, april 29th 1791. Van de Kerkervd van de Gemeent van Nieuwtuyn de Somma Van Vyftien Ponden Twelve Schellings & Tes Pence in valle voor een half years. Tractament voor die Gemeente.----

By my
£15 12 6. RYNNER VAN NEST, P. D. M.

A lawyer being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen; being asked the reason for so doing: "From such," said he I had it and to such I give it again.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

TO OUR AGENTS.—Those gentlemen who have kindly acted as Agents for us, will greatly oblige us, by reminding our subscribers in their respective neighborhoods, that we are embarrassed for the means of meeting the current weekly expenses of the Register, by a non compliance with our terms. To those subscribers not residing in the vicinity of an Agent, we cannot urge too strongly the necessity of punctuality on their part. We have none of the advantages which usually belong to other newspapers—AN ADVERTISING PATRONAGE, and hence, an additional necessity for promptness on the part of our friends. We will still receive the \$2 in payment for the year, although the time has passed, if it is done immediately. Money can be sent through a post master, free of postage.

LITERARY.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL.—Edited by R. W. Griswold—This book which is promised to the public in the course of a few days, we conceive will be right welcome. It is to contain memorials of Van Rensselaer, Dunlop, Buel, Flint, Van Schaick, Thatcher, and in short all the eminent dead of the last two years. Besides the numerous contributions of its editor there will be others from the pens of Dean Bryant, Tuckerman, Bloodgood, Greely, Inman, &c. &c. The universal interest that this book is calculated to convey, warrants us in anticipating for it an extensive sale.

ENSENORE.—A poem of considerable interest—well designed, and what is better—is truly American in subject. It is the production of P. H. Myers.

LECTURES.—This bids fair to be a very intellectual winter for Albany. Besides the usual course of lectures at the Hall of the Young Men's Association, Dr. Armsby, at the Medical College, will deliver a popular course on Anatomy. Dr. Potter delivers the introductory before the young Men, on Tuesday evening next.

The Prize of \$50, offered for an appropriate Address to be delivered at the opening of the new Amphitheatre, has been awarded to A. B. Street, Esq.

MCDONALD CLARKE.—More familiarly known as the "Crazy Poet," threatens annoying the world by the publication of a volume of his *hypes*. But however eccentric this moon-struck genius may generally appear, we have sometimes thought there was "method in his madness." For instance, when Lang of editorial memory, accused Col. Stone of being witless as Clarke, the poet thus pertinently replied:

Ed to Johnny Lang, by the way of a laugh,
When he brings me in his petulant brawl,
That some people think it is better by half—
To have brains that are zig-zag than no brains at all.

GEN. MACOMB.—has been seriously ill. By the last advices, he was recovering, and would soon be enabled to attend his official duties.

BOUNDARY LINE.—It appears, that the Boundary Line between this country and the Republic of Texas, embraces a considerable tract of country heretofore supposed to belong to us, which will be given to Texas. This is the *opinion* of the Commissioners.

COWHIDING.—This summary, if not, dignified process of settling a dispute, has become of late years so fashionable, that we think the legislature will be doing the public great injustice by longer withholding their countenance from it. A recent application of that efficient medicine, at an affray in N. York, between a lawyer and the son of an Alderman, would of course have terminated in a radical cure of both parties, had it not been for the neutralizing interposition of the law.

CONGRESS.—meets on Monday next, and will set 86 days, and then we shall have—a new administration. If "Old Tip," will give us "better times," and forgive us for voting against him, we shall be satisfied, and we promise not to bother him for those "certain moveables, which whilom took the fancy of a Mr. Buckingham, whose respectable descendants, we believe are pretty numerously scattered 'o'er our realm." We are informed, that there will be a *family* gathering at Washington, during the month of March, should the weather prove propitious.

TRIFLING WITH JUSTICE.—A few days ago numerous petitions were circulating in this and several adjacent places, for the purpose of procuring the pardon of LEDDING, then confined in our jail, but who was yesterday executed for the malignant murder of his wife. There is a mawkish feeling pervading the public mind in relation to the punishment of capital crime. Sympathy, wrongly bestowed, too often thwarts the ends of justice. A day or two since, we saw one of the petitions presented to a man of high moral instincts. He at first resolutely refused, showing in modest terms, the punishment the prisoner was about to receive was not only in strict accordance with the laws, but was also not more than adequate to his guilt. However the petitioner finding every other argument fruitless, at last requested our friend's signature, *as a personal favor*, and we are sorry to say, it was given. Thus law, humanity and justice, are all to be set aside for the personal gratification of a friend.

One point that the petition urged, was the criminal's being the father of a large family. This circumstance undoubtedly calls for our commiseration. Nevertheless, we would enquire what comfort the life of a man could offer to children, whose mother he had deliberately murdered? Again what benefit could the public expect from the longer continuance of the life of such a man? Was he likely to make a useful happy and safe citizen? If such crime is to be tolerated, we shall next expect to hear of the passage of laws, bestowing upon all those having families, the privilege of committing murder.

Just as our paper was going to press, we have learned, that Leding has been respited for 14 days. We know nothing of the reasons for so doing, which may be very proper; and we hope that such explanation will be given as will be satisfactory to the public mind, which is becoming restless in these matters.

TO OUR BRETHREN.—The 27th of December is fast approaching, when the Lodges of this State, and we believe in some others, will elect their officers for the ensuing year, and many of them observe the festival of our patron saint. Will the brethren bear in mind that we shall be happy not only to publish such elections, when completed, but also to give publicity to any observance of the occasion. This kind of fraternal intercourse, has a good effect, and we hope our brethren will assist us in carrying it out.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—It is said that buckwheat cakes can be turned without "greasing the griddle." So says several of our exchange papers, and all the news papers tell the truth, since the election. We live in a wonderful age! The next generation, will no doubt discover a method of frying dough-nuts and roly-cooks without the aid of hot lard. By the by, while we are in the domestic way, we will just say, that some of our Sausage makers, here have brought their art to that perfection, that two pounds of them would scarcely make a grease spot perceptible, on the floor of the most tidy housewife. This is a commendable improvement on the antiquated notions of our fathers, and is particularly adapted to such breakfast rooms, as have no carpets.

One of the Comanche Indians in Texas, recently died in Texas, at the advanced age of 118 years.

The population of St. Louis, according to the last census, is 24,585.

[From the Canajoharie Radii—extra.]

THE EDITOR'S APPEAL.

It has been the misfortune of the Proprietor of this paper to sustain a loss proportionably greater than any of the sufferers. It is now four years since we undertook the doubtful experiment of exhibiting to the world a mute editor. A man deprived of two important channels of intellectual interchange. A man with a wife in like circumstances, whom former ages had elevated but a little above the brutes. A man who could look around and see thousands in a like condition, without any attempt to arouse them from their lethargic degradation. This was undertaken by the proprietor of this paper. He had, by the kindness of many friends, obtained printing materials sufficient to establish a small paper, and by industry, with economy, was enabled to enlarge it to a size equal to most country papers. We had also provided Job Type blanks, &c. (articles indispensable in a country office), and was on our journey to New York for our winter supply of paper when the astounding news was communicated in the city that the Radii office was in ashes with its contents, while the family only escaped with the few clothes they were enabled to snatch from the flames, at a few moment's warning.

Thus, in a moment, while the proprietor of the Radii supposed all was security for the present and hope for the future, we were left without a place to rest our heads, or prospects of gaining a sustenance during the approaching inclement season.

Notwithstanding, we do not despair, we are surrounded by kind friends, in whom we place the greatest trust.

We are protected by a kind Providence whose dispensations are always just, and it is our duty to bear with cheerfulness, and return thanks that these afflictions are no more. Our lives are safe, and with a continuance of health we hope yet to be enabled to obtain a share of worldly comforts.

LEVIS S. BACKUS.

Canajoharie, Nov. 27th, 1840.

Too soon by three years.—The Cincinnati Gazette of Saturday notices the nomination of Winfield Scott in a New Jersey paper, and of Henry Clay in a Mississippi paper, an addition to others, and remarks:—Gentlemen, friends, brethren, do let us have a little rest. We move a straight jacket for any man who shall commence urging the claims of any one to the succession, for at least two years." We second this motion.—Ohio State Journal.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—The Berks and Schuylkill Journal says:—On Thursday of last week, as Mr. E. Miller, of Chunu, was passing a threshing machine in full operation, he carelessly threw in a tuft of straw—the teeth caught the tips of his glove, and drew in his arm to within two inches of his elbow, absolutely grinding it to powder. The arm was amputated by Drs. Witman and Hilsman, above the elbow, and the patient is doing well.

Nasal Polypus.—The Western Journal of Medicine and Surgery states that Dr. Brice of Newark, Ohio, for more than thirty years a respectable practitioner of that place, has permanently cured three cases of polypus of the nostril by the root of the *sanguinaria canadensis*, or blood root. A decoction is made and applied to the part.

A new subscription of \$100,000 places the construction of the Housatonic rail road beyond a doubt. It is expected the whole route will be completed in one year after this time, when the Berkshire road will undoubtedly be finished.

M'LOUD ARRESTED AGAIN.—An intelligent individual from Black Rock, says M'LOUD, supposed to be one of the murderers of the inoffensive and defenceless sleepers on board the steamboat Caroline, again ventured on this side of the Niagara, a few days since, and has been arrested, examined, new testimony obtained, and he is now imprisoned in Lockport jail. He denies being the person implicated, but declares that if he was, he should glory in it. The captain of the packet which arrived on Saturday, confirms that part of the statement which relates to M'LOUD's confinement in jail.—Rochester Democrat.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. Eobert W. Barnum, merchant, of New York, to Miss Caroline M. daughter of Lewis Benedict, Esq. of this city.

At Coneymans, by Friend's ceremony, Tideman Vail, to Lucy H. Spencer, formerly of this city.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, John E. Gavit, to Miss Margaret S. Robinson, all of this city.

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis Phillips, of Port Jackson, to Miss Eliza Morrell, of Albany.

In Trinity church, Watertown, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Fish, Gouverneur M. Bucklin, esq. of Carthage, to Miss Arabella Abbey, of Watertown.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Ellenor Lloyd, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 27th, Mrs. Mary, wife of David Hosford, aged 54.

On Sunday last, Wm. S. Boyd, aged 32 years.

On the 27th, Mary Jane, infant daughter of George E. Pomeroy.

At Hurly, Ulster co. Louisa, daughter of H. H. Buckner, of this city, aged 6 years.

In New York, Miss Sarah Bogardus, 44. Christiana, widow of Peter Sawyer, 58. Margaret Donn 117. Joseph Strong, for many years a member of the N. Y. bar, 75. Joseph D. L. M. Crolius, 29. Benjamin Montgomery 41. William Cunningham, 36. Miss Emelin Able, 20. Charles Stewart, 34.

At Stockbridge, Mass. James Davidson, 86. In Wethersfield, Ill. Martha, wife of the Rev. Joseph Goodrich, late missionary to Sandwich Islands.

At Schoharie, Eunice, wife Wm. H. Gallop, editor of Schoharie Republican, aged 27. In Brooklyn Hon. Peter Radcliff, 67. In Schenectady, John Wilkie, 47. At Glenville, Anna Maria Devoe, 29. At Burlington, Abigail Barker, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends. At Newark, Silas Barber, 37.

A CARD.

Ladies Fair.—The Ladies of the 3d Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in Ferry-st. give notice that they propose holding a fair for the benefit of the Church on Wednesday and Thursday the 9th and 10th of December ensuing, when such a variety of useful articles will be presented to their friends and the public, as they trust will meet with their approbation and support. Donations for this object, will be thankfully received at Mrs. H. H. Hickcox's, 119, Green-st.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lausburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrann Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	21 & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind or their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Balmfrok; Wintham; Putney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, Cor. Market & State.

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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a new paper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by him.

POETRY.

A U T U M N .

In the dim, thick forest,
There breathes a mournful sound;
It is the sigh of rustling leaves,
Fast showering to the ground!
The maple yields his crimson robe,
The oak his yellow crown,
And the tall beech leans drooping,
To drop his wreath of brown;
And all the rich-draped thickets cast
Their colored glories to the blast.

The orchards to old Autumn's court
Their mellow tributes send;
The round, green melon, and the grapes
That o'er the river bend;
The sweet pear with transparent cheek,
The peach of scarlet hue,
The glowing pippins, streaked with gold,
And plums of heavenly blue:
Rich baskets of the oily nut
Shaken from the branching tree;
Sweet honey in its waxen comb,
The treasure of the bee;
Bowls from the gushing cider-press,
And from the new-milked kine,
From the ripe barley's yellow seed,
And from the clustering vine:
Corn of the harvest, red and sweet,
Sheaves of the rich, juicy wheat,
Are all in lavish bounty poured
O'er Autumn's ever-generous board.

How gay the kindling blush of Morn!
How soft the bloom of Eve is spread!
How bright the cheerful blaze of Noon
O'er all the purple hills is shed!
At morn, across the grass-shorn plain
The pealy hour-frost glitters bright,
And o'er the winding river's course
The curling vapor hovers white:
And when the silvery harvest moon
Rolls on its boundless path serene,
And when the spirit-stars smile forth,
To sanctify the lovely scene,
A joyful pleasure thrills the air,
And woods and waves the rapture share,
And many a hoied vow is made
To Beauty in the moon-lit glade.

Sweet Autumn! 'Sabbath of the Year!'
I love the golden day,
The blooming hectic of thy cheek,
How lovely in decay!
And when the chill November breeze
In hollow sobs complains,
And thou dost droop among the hills,
And mourn along the plains;
Till in the forest's lonesome lanes
Thou sinkest on the heaped-up leaves,
Like a tired pilgrim, old and wan,
Who o'er his weary journey grieves:
Then melancholy thoughts will come,
To see thee dropping to the tomb!

As fades the closing year,
The birds their tuneful anthems end.
And fast toward a sunnier clime
Their winnowing pinions tend.
The sweet-voiced robin comes no more,
With plaintive whistle, to the door,
But joins the timid flock, and flies
To greener fields and gentler skies:
And the blue-jay, with wild lament,
Forsakes his withering leafy tent,
And the shy sea-birds by the shore
Their swift unerring flight pursue.
The cape-brace and the screaming loon,
The dusky coot, and wild curlew;
The sea-brant and the black shell-drake,
And wood-duck from the lonely lake,
The gull, the gannet, and the goose,
Their pinions to the south-winds loose,
Nor pause, save when, alarmed, they shun
The fowler's float, and smoking gun.

A K I S S .

BY WASHINGTON B. TYLER.

A kiss! oh, 'tis a magic spell
That wildly thrills the breast,
And bids it with emotion swell,
When lip to lip is pressed.
'Tis friendship's pledge—affection's seal,
And though a transient bliss,
Yet still the coldest heart must feel
The rapture of a kiss.

A kiss! 'tis love's own tender breath—
Fond language of the heart.—
The last communion held in death,
When friends forever part.
When gloomy cares disturb the breast,
No charm can soothe like this:
The mind is sweetly lulled to rest
Beneath a magic kiss.

A kiss! Yes, 'tis dear delight,
Whose memory often cheers,
And shines through clouds serenely bright
Re-calling by-gone years.
Who hath not felt the bosom beat
With an ecstatic bliss,
As loving souls together meet
In transport's glowing kiss?

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in the love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outlets are seldom seen,
Such angels on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me:
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I, who have shot a pigeon-match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray, before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bulls' eye,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they a friend a piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
Then took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But, when they took their stands,

Fear made them tremble so, they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.
Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B. I do agree,
But thick of honor's courts;
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had called out the sun?

So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send,
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end.

From the New York Mirror.

THE HUNTER.

Give me the bending heavens above
The prairies broad below,
A merry glance from her I love,
My rifle and my bow.
I crave no silver for my pouch,
No wine-cup mantling high,
Nor brodered vest, nor downy couch,
On which the care-worn sigh:
With conscience clear, and steadfast mind,
My cares I whistle to the wind.

If I am hungry, I can wing
The wild-bird as he flies;
Or thirsty, yonder crystal spring
My sparkling draught supplies.
The deer must yield his dappled coat
My vigorous limbs to don:
The eagle his bright plume to float
My fearless brow upon.
I am content—canst thou say more,
With pride, and pomp, and treasured store?

JUST SEVENTEEN.

Just seventeen! the sunlight throws
Its beauty on thee now;
And pleasure dance amid the beams
That burn upon thy brow.
Bright friendships cluster in thy way
Like grapes upon the vine;
O that they ever might remain,
And o'er thy pathway shine.

Just seventeen! The bowers are green
That woo thee to their shades;
And in the distance, flowers of joy,
Bedeck the blooming glades.
Hope's brilliant meteor shines afar,
And bids thee haste to share
The glory of maturer years,
That thy fair form may wear.

Just seventeen! The tempter's wiles
Thy glowing path bestrew,
And fashion's false delusive star,
Thy happy heart may woo.
And in the gilded halls of pride,
Lured by its treacherous light,
Thou'lt find too soon, in folly's race,
That pain succeeds delight.

Just seventeen! True wisdom waits,
To place thee near her throne,
Where gems of purest brilliancy
Have ever richly shone.
Then go, and at her princely feet,
Seek for that robe of white,
Which wearing, thou mayst surely win,
A throne of endless light.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 15.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ORATION

ON THE

Origin, Design, and Duties of Free-Masonry; pronounced at the Second Street Presbyterian Church, in the city of Troy, on the 24th of June, 1840.

By the R. W. JAMES HERRING,

Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 106.]

To the Architects at Jerusalem, how great and important was the change that had been wrought in their character and duties! In Judea when the works of the Grand Master were completed there could be no further employment, but wherever there was wealth and wherever a taste for splendid edifices existed, there their science and the reputation they had acquired at Jerusalem would secure them employment. But whosoever they went they must dwell amongst Pagans and Idolators with whom they could no longer mingle. Their worship in future must be in secret, and the brotherhood, the friends and companions of each other, admitting amongst them only such persons as were of tried integrity and seekers after knowledge and truth. These were the accepted Masons. Such was the state of society in the primitive days of our order. The manner in which the private business of the early Lodges was conducted is kept in remembrance amongst the traditions of the Fraternity.

Of the progress Eastward of the new institution after the public works at Jerusalem, the Palace of the forest of Lebanon, Palmyra, Balbec and Gezer were finished, we have very little positive information: ancient history is filled with accounts of fierce and cruel wars, as constituting the chief employment of men and the glory of nations, while they scarcely alluded to the arts of peace. The first distinct trace we have of the fraternity, West of the Holy Land, is in Rome, about forty years after its foundation, and about seven hundred and eight years before the Christian era. Numa, the second King, gave them privileges as corporations, under the name of *Collegia frabrorum*; it is said (by Plutarch) that he instituted for them proper meetings, and certain religious rites. It is more probable that Numa was himself, as a philosopher and a seeker after truth, an accepted brother of the order, and granted them the freedom which they claimed. Moreover, according to the laws of the twelve tables, the *Collegia* had the right to make their own laws, provided there was nothing therein contrary to the public laws. It is much more rational to believe that that King derived many of his wise regulations from that source, than from Pythagoras, to whom some early writers, quoted by Plutarch, attributed them, because the one is probable and the other impossible, as Pythagoras did not flourish until 400 years afterwards.

Numa's retirement to groves and lawns and solitary and sacred places where he held frequent conversation with the Muses, we can very readily comprehend, and with the more certainty when we take a view of some of his institutions. He taught the Romans to venerate one of those Muses, whom he called *Tucita*, the silent. He forbade them to represent the Deity in the form of either Man or beast, "because the First Cause was not an object of sense, nor liable to passion, but invisible, incorruptible and discernable only by the mind." Temples and other sacred domes were erected, "but no figures were placed in them," says Plutarch, "be-

cause they were persuaded that it is impious to represent things divine by what is perishable, and that we have no conception of God, but by the understanding." To Numa is attributed the institution of that high order of priests, called *Pontifices*, over which he is said to have presided himself. He is recorded to have been the first who built Temples to *Fides*, or Faith and he taught the Romans to swear by faith, as the greatest of oaths. This was intended to make them pay as much regard to their word as to a contract in writing; and Polbius gives them the honorable testimony that they kept their word most inviolably, without being obliged to it by bail or witness. He attempted also to reform the Calendar, which he executed with some degree of skill, though not with absolute exactness. Now, to the fraternity, the origin of these new regulations of Numa, I am satisfied, must be as plain as the light of day; and it is a pleasant task thus to trace the influence of our Order in times so remote and barbarous. From that time down to the present, the course of our institution in Europe can be followed without interruption. I shall briefly trace it. From the Roman term *Collegia*, or *College*, a society of men set apart for learning or religion, is derived our English term *Lodge*, which I shall hereafter use. The lodges of the earliest times were formed after the model of a family, with a Master at their head, selected for his superior skill, discretion and piety, to whom all deference was paid, (the French Masons still preserve, the respectful appellation of this officer, whom they term *venerable*.) and the body maintained within themselves not only the character of societies of architects, but of civil and religious communities. Having, as I have shown, obtained a privileged footing in Western Europe, they increased rapidly, and dispersed through the neighboring provinces, and co-operated most powerfully in the propagation of the sciences, arts &c. They maintained their distinctive character to the end of the Roman empire. The early Roman Emperors limited their privileges as much as possible, but the latter governments favored them so much the more. In the *corpus juris Romani* are contained lists of the mechanic arts, existing free from taxation in the third and fourth centuries, among which are architects, builders, painters, sculptors, workers in marble, masons, stone cutters and carpenters. There was no town of any importance, no province ever so distant where Lodges did not exist to the downfall of the empire, with their peculiar constitutions and their ancient compact and religious character. These bodies were called upon by imperial orders to come from all parts of the empire to assist in the building of large cities, palaces and churches. In the most flourishing periods of the Roman empire there were Lodges attached to each Roman legion. They existed in Britain, in Spain, France, on the Rhine and Danube, but with the decline of the empire they did not decline, but continued to flourish in France, Spain Italy, and the Greek empire. From these countries the christian Saxon rulers of Britain induced them to visit Eng. to build their castles, abbeys and churches. Christianity now prevailed in Europe, except in the south of Spain, and in the high northern latitudes, and there can be no doubt but that the Masons, being devoted to the arts of peace, and prepared by their previous religious knowledge, had early embraced the christian faith, but in this there was nothing to separate them in their intercourse with their brethren, dispersed in other lands, because the foundation of their religious faith was undisturbed. When, therefore, Alfred and Athelstan invited these foreign artists to England, (that they did so there is no historical fact better authenticated,) they, belonging to different nations, and at the same time to sects differing in all probability from each other, and from the orthodoxy of the people among whom they were to sojourn, could not be induced to go there without receiving from the king and the Pope letters of protection, and liberty to exercise jurisdiction over their own bodies and the right of settling their own wages. These

being granted, they united under the constitutions which had been transmitted from the ancient Roman Lodges. They chose some distinguished prince or prelate who had been regularly initiated and accepted as their patron or Grand Master, and wherever they were dispersed in England, they held an annual assembly of the whole craft to adjust all differences, and to regulate the affairs of the society. At one of these assemblies held at York, in the year 926, under the Grand Master Edwin, brother to king Athelstane, all the writings and records extant in Greek, Latin, French and other languages, or copies of them were brought together, and a constitution with charges and regulations was formed for the government of the English Lodges, which is still in use by them and by the American Lodges. The great power after this period possessed by the Popes, was at this time struggling into existence, and every means was seized to give effect to their claims, by the introduction of external decoration by the priesthood, gaudy ceremonies, and at length by splendid monasteries and magnificent cathedrals. To encourage the Freemasons in the exercise of their professions and to attach them to the service of the church, the most important privileges were conferred, and in addition to those which the fraternity had always claimed, all persons who were not members, were prohibited from engaging in the erection of religious edifices. In after ages, however, when Masons were more numerous, and the demand for religious structures was less urgent than before, the Bishops of Rome deprived the fraternity of the privileges they had granted, and used their utmost power to destroy their associations by an unrelenting persecution, which in fact, has never ceased; for both temporal and spiritual tyrants have ever been in terror of freedom of thought and the union of enlightened men. The privileges of the fraternity, however were of sufficient duration to enable them to erect many of the most splendid cathedrals and abbeys of England, Scotland and other parts of Europe, many of which, though now in ruins, still bear testimony to the skill and cultivated taste of the fraternity in the age, which in reference to literature, the arts and human liberty, was dark indeed.

On the continent of Europe persecution accomplished its object to a great degree. The Lodges were generally broken up, and the craftsman dispersed but the institution was never destroyed. The present occasion will not afford the time necessary to trace the order through that very important period of its history when it became the parent of those religious and military orders by whose valor a christian kingdom was established around the sepulchre of Christ. I must, therefore, pass that subject, upon which volumes have been written without exhausting it, with the single remark, that chivalry engrafted on masonry produced the orders of St. John and the Templars, and that although those orders have been in their time the objects of persecution, they have ever retained their connexion with the parent institution, and that although no person can be admitted to those orders without passing through Masonic rites, they are limited to professors of the christian faith. During the crusades, Masonry continued to flourish in Britain and Scotland where, though sometimes subjected to legislative enactments, it has ever sustained itself with honor and without reproach. In 1459 it again began to appear openly in Germany at the erection of the cathedral, of Strasburg, and has since been protected by many of the most enlightened monarchs of Europe. At the present time, Lodges are established in all parts of the world where commerce and civilization have found their way, and where there are no Lodges, there are probably few places where members of the fraternity are not established, and ready to discharge the duties of hospitality and fraternity to the worthy and enlightened stranger.

In one respect the institution has undergone a change. It no longer embodies within itself the sci

nce of Architecture, nor is it at the present day to be regarded as a society of practical Architects. Sir Christopher Wren, who erected the cathedral of St. Pauls in London, and planned and built upwards of fifty other churches there, was the last of the practical Architects, who presided over the English Lodges, as Grand Master. He died in 1723 at the age of 91.—The change which has come over our institution in this respect has been gradually approaching from its commencement. As I have shown, it never was intended to be confined to Architects, or operative Masons. The mysteries of Masonry, designed to convey the most important religious instruction, and to illustrate the most impressive lessons of duty to God and to Man, by means of the Architects, whose business would of necessity carry them into all lands, was the first and greatest object of the founder, SOLOMON.—The accepted masons were generally residents, while the Free Masons, or Architects, with their craftsmen and apprentices, were travellers. How the business of Architecture has passed from the hands of a peculiar class needs no illustration to those, who are acquainted with the gradual progress of society in literature and the arts. I will only remind my hearers of two facts; both of which illustrate the difference between what *was* and what *is*. There *was* a time when a criminal convicted of a capital offence according to English law, might have what was called the benefit of clergy, and be saved from death if he knew how to write. There *was* a time when no craftsman could practice his profession in the incorporated cities, without the freedom of the city, but now when the corporation of New York or Boston present the freedom of their city in a gold box to some distinguished stranger, it is merely a compliment and honor, and confers no special privilege, beyond what is enjoyed by every citizen of the land. So with Architecture, the advancement of the world in knowledge and liberty has left it in common with a lather arts and sciences free to the study and practice of all who choose it, but for all the purposes for which the institution of *Free Masonry* was originally designed, it holds its place amongst men, and exercises an influence over the moral character and actions of its members, undiminished by the lapse of centuries, but which is facilitated and aided by the progress of civilization, by the diffusion of knowledge and virtuous principles by other institutions.

Free Masonry entertains no jealousy, and encourages no rivalry of any other institution of religion, science, or benevolence. It harmonizes with all such, but it *stands alone*. Based upon the principles of order, exemplified by the Grand Architect of the universe

"When yonderspheres sublime"

Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time;"

claiming as of right the highest antiquity of all human institutions, borne up by the undivided evidence of its benefits to mankind by the voice of the wise, and good, and great, of the old world and the new, its course is ever onward, and its duties well defined. As the sun in the firmament hath its appointed course, and sheddeth down upon all nations and people of the earth its light, and vivifying influence; so hath Masonry, its place and power, to give light, and harmony among all nations, and people, and kindreds and tongues. Undisturbed by geographical divisions, neither seas, rivers, nor mountains limit its influence, nor can diversity of languages impede it, nor can the strife of nations impair its lawful use, nor the multitude of creeds and modes of worship disturb its unity. And why?—Because none of these enter into its constitution. All disputes and discussions concerning religion, politics, nations or families are prohibited.—Masons are bound by their tenure to obey the moral law, and to worship and adore the Most High. They are admonished to "remember that man is the master piece of the creation, because God himself animated him with his breath, and to be sensible of the immortality, of the soul, and to separate from this heavenly, imperishable being, all that is foreign to it." They are strictly charged by the old constitutions, incorporated in the constitution of the Grand Lodge of this State, to be peaceable citizens, and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which they reside; never to be concerned in plots or conspiracies against government, but to respect the civil magistrate, and patiently submit to the decisions of the constituted

authorities. But their duties to each other are less important. The manual of the Grand Lodge of Lower Canada thus instructs the fraternity; "Every Free Mason, without considering to what sect of religion he belongs, where he was born, or what rank he holds, is thy brother, and has a claim upon thy assistance. Honor in human society the adopted gradations of rank; in our assemblies we acknowledge only the preference of virtue to vice. Be not ashamed before the world of the honest man whom thou hast acknowledged as a brother. Haste to his assistance, offer thy hand to lift up the fallen; and let not the sun set before thou art reconciled with thy brother, if thou hast had any difference with him."

This, my brethren and friends is but a brief and imperfect sketch of the origin, design, history and duties of Free Masonry, collected from sacred and profane history, and the published constitutions of the order. How far my facts and inductions are verified by the traditions, rites, customs and ceremonies of the Institution, the fraternity only can judge, and they are most deeply interested in the inquiry. Every member of the community, however, where Masonry exists is more or less interested in the inquiry into its objects and tendency, since it is not an institution which lies concealed in a corner, but it is known to spread throughout all other lands. To the ignorant scoffer who neither seeks after truth on this or any other subject, nor has capacity to understand it though written in sunbeams, I can neither argument nor explanation, but to the intelligent and honest inquirer, whose judgement has been misled, and whose ears have been abused for years, by false reports, and open slanders, and the torture of facts to suit the purposes of the knave or the fanatic, something more than the example of patience and silent endurance is most certainly due. To such, if any there be in this assembly, would I address this appeal to their candor and common sense. To the professors of religion would I appeal. Let them examine the evidences of our modern practices, and they will find that our ancient brethren went forth from Jerusalem as pioneers of heaven, "like the voice of one crying in the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord." And I would ask, when now they send forth their missionaries to foreign lands would they deprive them of the best means of securing a fraternal welcome, and hospitable rites in the land of the stranger, or can they believe that his being a Mason would impair his usefulness or chill the fervor of his piety. Do not believe it my friends. The conscience of the Mason is untrammelled, and by the rules of our institution every brother is *free* to worship God according to the customs of his fathers, or the persuasions of his own heart.

To the civil magistrates, and to the quiet and peaceable citizen I would appeal, to judge of our institution by its written laws, and by the solemn testimony of its tens of thousands of witnesses in past centuries and at the present day, that Masonry promotes good order and the public weal, and that "although some Masons are not so good as other men, they are probably better than they would have been had they not been masons." Spots have been seen in the sun and we have not been offended thereby, but have sought rather for the cause of the phenomenon, and if a Mason has sometimes broken the laws of his country he should be taken as an example of the perversity of human nature, as a violator of the laws of God, his country and his friends, and one who *would not* be controlled by either divine or human laws.

To you my brethren, how serious and solemn are the various considerations which must flow from the view which has been taken the design and importance of our Institution. How wonderfully has it been preserved, how vast its influence in bringing to perfection some branches of science; in the dissemination of Divine truth; in teaching the doctrine of man's accountability to God, the immortality of the soul; and the great duties of brotherly love, and charity. How solemn is the reflection, that at this day we are "stewards of the Mysteries of God," and that upon us rests in some degree the responsibility of teaching those Mysteries to the edification of the children of light, who stand in the outer courts of the house of the Lord, and ask for instruction. Ah! my brethren, you who have taken upon you the heavy responsibilities of Masters, and High Priests, and Commanders, have you duly considered that you are the teachers and

guides of men with immortal souls? That you are for the time the patriarchs and fathers of the bodies over which you are appointed to preside, and when your children ask for bread will you give them a stone? Are you content with the communication of the ritual of the order, without the illustrations which give it life and utility? Are you content to be called Master, Master, while you put off the performance of the highest duties of a Master to a more convenient time? I trust this is not the case. But, my brethren, let not ambition tempt you to seek for high offices in the fraternity, for the sake of the honor. He who faithfully perform his duties as a Master, must apply himself to intense study; he must read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the written and *unwritten statutes and ordinances* of the order, that have descended from remote antiquity; he must give his days to reflection, and when he lays his head upon his pillow and the world is shut out, he must call home his thoughts to the solemn subject which he has engaged to teach. Such are my views of the duties of the Master of a Lodge and of the presiding officer of any other Masonic body.

To you my brethren, who are not officers, I can address but a few words of exhortation on this occasion. Remember my brethren, that it is not the external qualities of a man which Masonry regards, therefore, be not satisfied with the privilege of wearing the external garb of Masonry without the correspondence of an internal decoration. The white apron and gloves are but emblems of purity and innocence, and from him who has assumed the cross will be expected devotion and obedience. Your duties, my brethren, increase as you advance in masonry; and not only your brethren know this fact, but the world knows it, therefore, "let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

MISCELLANY.

FOUR HOURS OF PERIL AND TERROR.

Rescue from the Brink of the Cataract.

[From the Rochester Democrat, Nov. 8.]

We have heard of many "awful situations" and "Providential rescues" but never of a situation more truly awful than that which we are here about to describe, nor of a rescue in all respects more strikingly providential.

Mr. Kidd, one of the hands employed in the flouring mills of Avery & Turner, just above the Middle Falls of the Genesee, in the north part of this city, (Carthage) after dark, a few evenings since, took the skiff belonging to the mill, and without communicating his designs to any one, attempted to cross the river.—For the purpose of improving the water-power at that point, a dam has been thrown across a few feet above the middle cataract, and at low water the current for some distance above the dam is slight. When the water is high, however, a strong current sets over the dam through its whole length, and then none but a person accustomed to manage a boat, can push one across. The river was very high on the evening in question. To add to the difficulty, Mr. Kidd had little experience in the use of oars, and when about half way across he lost command of the boat, and found to his horror that he was rapidly drifting with the current which he could not doubt, would sweep him with his light skiff over the dam.

The dam, as we have remarked, is a few feet above the Middle Falls, the perpendicular descent of which is twenty-five feet. A few rods farther down are the Lower Falls, with a perpendicular descent of eighty-four feet. Between the dam and the middle falls, as well as between the two cataracts, the current is exceedingly rapid and rough. Once over the dam, therefore, his destruction is sealed; for even should his frail bark survive the plunge over the dam and the descent of the middle falls, and live through the intervening rapids and rocks to the brink of the lower falls, it could not, nor could the strongest vessel that ever floated, survive the awful plunge, eighty-four feet down the tremendous cataract.

Mr. Kidd was perfectly acquainted with the localities, and fully aware of the awful perils of his situation. In the darkness of the night, there was no eye save the eye of him to whom the midnight is as noonday,

that could see, and no hand save his that could save him; and a speedy and terrible death seemed inevitable. But that eye did see, and that hand was stretched out to save, and guided his little vessel to a point of the dam somewhat higher than the rest; where, after shooting nearly half way over it, it *grated*, and finally *stuck fast*.

But the terrors of his situation were even now but slightly alleviated. The river had been rising for some days, and he had reason to suppose was still rising. His boat, rocked by the current which was sweeping under and around it, assuring him how evenly balanced it was on a pivot; how slight an additional force would be sufficient to destroy his equipoise, and how small a rise of water would be sufficient to lift it off. A wave raised by a gust of wind even, or the gust of wind itself might throw it from its balance, and consign it and him to the terrible destruction over which they were suspended as by a single hair! Before and behind and around him were the mad waters of the swollen Genesee, plunging by successive leaps among the crags and down the cataracts into the dark, yawning chasm below the lower falls, over-hung with their clouds of spray which even then fell upon him, and sending up their stunning and terrific roar, as if spreading the pall and sounding the requiem of their intended victim! How small appears his chance of escape! But

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

and its fountains were not congealed in the bosom of him who then most needed its most genial influence, even by the terrors that surrounded him for the four hours during which his final rescue was delayed.

He commenced shouting for help, and though no voice answered him from the shore, and though the roar of the waters almost drowned his own, he continued it, resting at intervals to gather strength to give more energy to his shouts, for about three hours; at the end of which, the Master Miller taking his rounds outside the mill, about 10 o'clock, to see that all was safe before retiring for the night, heard one of his cries. He supposed that it was from some person on the opposite side of the river, and was at first disposed to disregard it. He heard the voice again, and thinking that it sounded like a cry of distress, determined to cross over and afford what relief might be in his power. He ran down for his boat, and finding it gone, and the cries being continued, he returned to the mill, and rallied the hands. It was then found that Mr. Kidd was missing, and the truth respecting him was at once conjectured. On going down to the bank of the river, one of the party after a while discovered a dark spot on the edge of the dam, and no doubt now remained respecting Kidd's situation.

To rescue him from it, was now the object. Some time was spent in trying to construct a raft; but as an attempt to bring him off by a craft so unmanageable, would be attended with vastly more danger to those making it, than chances of deliverance to him, the project was abandoned.

One of the party now volunteered an attempt which his courage made successful. With a long pole in his hands, and with a long rope made fast by one end to his body, which his comrades were to pay out as the phrase is, as he advanced, and with which he was to be drawn back, if necessary, he bravely ventured into the water. Making his way slowly and cautiously, along the inner slope of the dam, he at length reached the boat still suspended and swinging with its half doomed passenger where it was first so providentially moored: and by means of rope and oars, the whole were safely brought ashore, and Mr. Kidd was restored as it were to life, after enduring the mental sufferings, the perils and terrors of his awful situation, more painful if possible than death itself, for about four hours. Some idea of his intense sufferings during that time, may be derived from the fact that he has been sick in consequence of them ever since. He is doubtless thankful to have escaped even with a fit of sickness.

We have not learned the name of the brave and generous man through whose agency his rescue was accomplished.

THE MILL.—On the invitation of a gentleman connected with the Mill, we on Thursday visited that establishment, and were highly pleased with all we witnessed. The high state of mechanics, which the com-

plex machinery give evidence of, the extreme cleanliness of the building, and the well-arranged order with which the whole process of coining is carried on is truly admirable. There are at present some twenty-five men employed there, every one noiselessly fulfilling his province.

In the smelting department there are six furnaces—two of them were on Thursday in operation. The men employed in this department wear large stuffed gloves on their hands, resembling "boxing gloves." One man, through the aid of long tongs, raises the crucible out of the furnace, and pours the liquid metal in a cast iron mould—a second man opens this mould, pushes it over to a third, and throws the ingot just cast into a receptacle for it; a third man fastens up the mould opened by No. 2, and places it in a position to be ready to receive an ingot in proper time. Dr. Riddle presides over this department, and it is said he has introduced into it many beneficial reforms.

The ingots are next assayed and then taken to the rolling room; here they are again placed in the furnace, where a certain heat is infused into them preparatory to their being rolled. The rolling is performed by the application of machinery, and consists in rolling out the ingots, whether silver or gold, to a consistency of a required breadth and thickness, resembling in shape iron hoghead hoops. These are next conveyed to the adjusting room, where they are adjusted, so that when cut out in circular pieces for eagles, half eagles, half dollars, quarters, dimes, or half dimes, they will be found of proper weight. This being done, these silver or gold slabs are, by other machinery, cut into exact circular sizes of the designed coins. They are next brought to the mill where the edge is raised on them. This mill is another evidence of the perfection of machinery. The round pieces are put into a kind of hopper, where they are placed over one another in a pile, and drawn out one by one; the edge is raised by their coming in contact with a piece of grooved metal as they go round, and which they drop down. They are finally taken to the coining room, where, by machinery also, they are one after another drawn under the stamping press, where they receive the necessary impression, and come out good and current money of the United States, to which the most scrupulous Bentonian could not object.

The whole of the machinery is worked by a powerful and splendidly finished steam engine, placed in the centre of that part of the building where the coining, which we have endeavored imperfectly to describe, is carried on.—N. O. Picayune.

Quantity of Food consumed by a Man.—The difference between eight ounces and a half of boiled meat and ten ounces appears very trivial; but if the greater of the two quantities be persevered in regularly every day for the term of a man's adult life of half a century, it may excite a little surprise in the person who practises it to learn that he will have consumed a flock of sheep, consisting of about fifty-three head, in excess above what he ought to have made use of. In a life of sixty-five years, allowing eight ounces and a half per day for fifty years, two-thirds of that quantity for ten years, and three ounces a day for three years of childhood, the total animal food amounts to 350 sheep. If to this be added the excess above mentioned, the number of sheep, the cooked meat of which is devoured by one man during a life of sixty-five years, is about 400; along with five tons of potatoes, about the same of turnips or other vegetable, nine tons weight of common drink, and six tons weight of wine, at one pint per day for thirty years only: thus for dinner alone about thirty tons weight of solids and liquids must have passed through the stomach. Inordinate work will wear out any machinery before its time, especially if the work performed be of a peculiarly wearing character. Whether it is advisable to add the fifty-three unnecessary sheep to one's dinner, is a question which every reader will answer to himself as he thinks proper. The food of old Parr, who died at 153 years of age, consisted of cheese, coarse bread, milk, and small beer. Would it have made no difference in the duration of his life, if he had swallowed 1050 sheep, for about this number would have been his share at the usual rate, along with his twenty tons of wine? It may assist in drawing a conclusion, to recollect that when he was taken to London, and lived in splendor, "fed high, and drank plentifully of the best wines," he soon died; and his

death was generally attributed to that cause for he had vigor of body "to have lived a while longer," as the reporter says.—*Donovan's Domestic Economy.*

Turkish Predilection for Cats.—The dog, the faithful friend of man, is everywhere in the land of Islamism a complete outcast; every thing he touches becomes impure; while the cat, the most ungrateful and least susceptible of attachment of all domestic animals, is the darling alike of the bearded warrior and the fair inmate of the harem; she eats and drinks from the same dish, and sleeps on the same couch both with old and young; and all this because she was the favorite plaything of Mahomet, who actually permitted his purring pet to deposit her nursery in his bosom.—*Spencer's Travels in Circassia.*

Gallantry.—A sailor who had spent nearly all his days on the blue waters and knew little of land gear, came ashore the other day, and in passing up a street saw a little woman going along with a large muff before her. He stepped up very politely, and offered to carry it, for her, as he was going the same way.

A Sanguinary Impostor.—A Paris paper mentions the case extraordinary impostor. He was brought before one of the police offices upon a charge of assumed epileptic debility, in order to extort money from the charitable, when he suddenly fell down on the floor, went into strong convulsions, blood gushed copiously from his mouth, and on his becoming tranquil from exhaustion, he was forced to be removed to the infirmary of his prison. There, on being closely watched, it was found that he had acquired the facility of retaining in his stomach a considerable quantity of blood, which he could at pleasure eject by the throat, and produce all the symptoms of an involuntary rupture of important blood vessels. His arms had usually supplied him with blood, the veins being all scarified with marks of innumerable bleedings; and he had at last resorted to his nose, an instrument being found concealed on his person for scarifying the interior of that organ, and which it appears he had made use of on the day in question, shortly before being taken into court. He has been brought up again, and condemned to one year's imprisonment.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Mr. Reed Smith, of Athens county, Ohio, was suddenly killed on the 11th inst. by the accidental discharge of a rifle gun. He had recently purchased the rifle, and wishing to ascertain whether she was load, he placed the butt on the floor, and raising the hammer from the tube with his foot, imprudently put his mouth to the muzzle with the intention of blowing into the cylinder, as is supposed, when his foot slipped off the hammer, and the entire charge lodged in the brain. The accident occurred in the midst of his family.

VESSEL AND CREW.—The schooner Gleaner, of Ohio City, Capt Case, with a crew of three men, left Rochester, on the 28th Sept. with a cargo of corn for Kingston, U. C., since which time nothing has been heard of her. She has undoubtedly foundered and all the crew are lost.

A JOYFUL ENCOUNTER.—At a late hour yesterday evening, a very pleasant incident occurred on board of one of the ferry boats which ply on the East river.—Two jolly tars, who had just returned from a long whaling voyage, and who exhibited a due proportion of the light heartedness of "Jack-a-shore," were seated together near the cabin door, and one of them—who had, it seemed, been impressed at an early age into the British service, and had never revisited his native land—after relating some of the perils of the deep, thro' which he had safely passed, exclaimed, "Well, here I am, once more safe ashore, but there is no kind face to greet me; if I but saw my old mother, that is, if I have a mother now"—just at this moment, an elderly, decent looking old woman, who had been listening attentively to the sailor's narrative, stepped quickly forward, and seizing Jack's arm, gazed eagerly in his face, and loudly exclaiming: "It is—it is my son!" fell into the arms of the astonished tar. The delight of the joyous meeting we will not attempt to describe.—N. Y. Sun.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Those attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not ambitious* parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *igni fatus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet.—She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequently the whispered surmise about him; by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love: and, like every thing that is rare and beautiful, when seen for the first time, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but "was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant, to marry her." Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-colored ribbons that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held trysts together; and there Robin Bainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears Annie might, and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of ——— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man walked hurriedly along the common footway to a settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these cottages, or rather huts, he found the object of his search.—Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of an exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof 'twas easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history. Her senses were at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that she was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of the sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in its abode of

loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty for ever.

"And these are the fruits of love!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. "Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!"

"Of a troth, 'tis a sair sight!" said an old woman, the owner of the hut; "and I count me the judgment o' the gude God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings as the ruin o' this puir lassie."

"No," said Anderson, emphatically, "the justice of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence; yea, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life."

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse—and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard, a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting-place of "fair Annie Macleod."

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of ——— went out, as was his wont, to "meditate at even tide." As he stood leaning over the white wicket gate, that opened from his garden into the church-yard, thoughts of early days and early friends came trooping to his mind.

"No after friendships o'er can raise
The endowments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love."

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man habited in a foreign garb advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at last stood opposite a white headstone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As if oppressed by some sudden emotion, he sank rather than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returning to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face with both hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back he stooped down, and plucking something from the green sward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid step left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the wicket gate, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the stranger come out, and, crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home the good pastor, answered in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the little bare-footed lassie who opened the door, seeing a visitor with her master, hustled onwards, and ushered them into the best parlor, carefully wiping with a corner of her blue-checked apron, the tall, spinster-looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Andersons what "a bra' gallant the master had brought hame wi' him."

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life the unextinguished fire of youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

"I believe," said he, addressing Anderson, "you have the care of a young girl, whose mother died some years since?"

"You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?"

"The same; and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you."

"Her situation in my family, my good sir," said the worthy man, "is that of a daughter to myself—a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly

not the only one, to my becoming her protector.—I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life; and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death-bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless; to keep her unspotted from the world—the pitiless world, as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind."

"What!" said the stranger; "did sorrow overcome her reason?"

"Alas! yes; for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the last mortal struggle, the delirium of mind, was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason."

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

"You were a friend—perhaps relative, of the unfortunate Annie?" rejoined Anderson.

"Yes—I was a friend;—that is, I—I—knew her," said the stranger.

"Then you will like to see my little charge;" and without waiting reply, the good pastor left the apartment; but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair-haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping. "This," said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, "is Alice Macleod, or, as she calls herself, Birdalane."

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her hand, gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. "Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?"

"Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me, and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson."

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose, and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long-drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said "I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied, that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her 'unspotted from the world.'" Then presenting a sealed packet, he added, warmly grasping Anderson's hand, "Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you tenfold in blessing upon your own!" He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson soon lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing the little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—"A marriage portion for the daughter of Annie Macleod," was a draft for one thousand pounds; and on a paper folded round a small miniature the following words: "A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gaiety, and innocence it would perpetuate, are gone, like the hopes of him, who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of an undying remorse."

Some time after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the self-same figure which remained imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, prompted Anderson to follow at a distance, and ascertain who he was. It was Lord ———.

"'Tis even as I thought," said the good pastor; "poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord ———. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer, for such artlessness as her's to cope with."

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurean taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds the endearing caress of legitimate love, are simple wild

Birdalane, means in Scotch the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

flowers, that wither in the hot-bed of sensuality a corrupt heart. Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:
To draw new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd —
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—
Passion, to life's evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest stor.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, "unspotted from the world." As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor, as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put an arch expression, and ask her where was little Birdalene now? while Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of — slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old-fashioned hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons,) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

CHARACTER.

From the Picayune.

"A POCKET FULL OF ROCKS."

VR FUN AT THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

Among the thousand and one cant terms and slang expressions used in the West and South-West, there is none that has obtained a greater celebrity than that which heads this article. It comes in play more frequently, is more significant than any other, and when we hear a man say, "Here I am in town, with a pocket full of rocks," we know to use another common but cant phrase, that he is 'on hand,' for almost any thing. If a man has money to settle a demand, his "pocket is full of rocks;" if he is willing to undertake a perilous enterprise, his "pocket is full of rocks;" should he express himself well to do in the world, equally ready for business or pleasure, he has a "pocket full of rocks," as the thing is perfectly understood. If to this he add "and no poor relations," then his credit is fully established. Having said this much to define the expressions we will now give the reader its origin.

Several summers since there was assembled at the Hot Springs of Arkansas, a large number of gentlemen from the different Southern and Western States. The utmost good fellowship and harmony prevailed among them until the arrival of two men, opposite to each other in manners and habits, in all save one thing—they both contrived to render themselves extremely annoying and disagreeable to the rest of the visitors.

One of them was a low, rowdyish native of the Emerald Isle, whom shall call O'Whack—a bullying fellow, always bragging of his knowledge of the art and mystery of knocking his fellow men down according to the latest and most approved methods—in other words a 'scientific' man. He was the sole owner and possessor of a race-nag, named Chain-lightning, and was always ready to make up a match where ever he was sure of win.

The other individual shall "hand down" with the cognomen of Major Bluster. So far as the title goes he was a 'sure enough' major, who had fought, and gallantly, too, in the war. He was a very small

man, pugnacious in the extreme—always engaged in some fight, and completely out of his element unless he was in a quarrel. He wore a hickory bark coat—so called from its being colored with a decoction from the bark of that tree—which was very long, and had deep pockets in the sides. He was always bragging of his skill at flinging rocks, of which there were a plenty in the vicinity of the Springs, and he really could throw them with a force and accuracy which was astonishing. He, too, was the possessor of a race-nag named Pepper.

Strangers to each other, O'Whack and Bluster were not long in forming an acquaintance, such as it was, with the gentlemen of the village. By their intrusions they soon got the ill-will of every body, until at length a meeting was called and measures taken to rid the neighborhood of their presence. Bluster was a dangerous character, as he occupied a position which gave him the standing of a gentleman, but O'Whack they cared nothing about—he could be driven off at any time. A committee was finally formed whose business it was to wait upon the latter. They told him he must do one of the two things—either clear out the major, or clear out himself—there was no two ways about it, one or the other he must do. O'Whack chose the former, as a matter of course, and immediately set about the business.

Soon meeting with the Major on a beautiful green where all the visitors resorted, and which was divested of roots, stumps and rocks, he abruptly accosted him with,

"Look here, my little hop o' my thumb you must lave these diggins."

"Do what?" said the Major, blustering up to O'Whack, who was nearly four times his size.

"You must lave."

"You're joking."

"Am I?" retorted O'Whack. "Now, look here, my cock-sparrow, I tell ye, ye must clear yourself—away wid ye. I niver was more in earnest in me life. Jist go away peaceably and quietly like a gentleman, and don't put me to any throuble at all."

"You don't mean what you say?" said the Major, who was half mad, and at the same time at a loss to know what the fellow meant by such uncommon conduct.

"Don't mean it, do I?" continued O'Whack, "If you ain't off wid yourself immediately you'll see whether I mane it."

The major was now bailing over. "Perhaps you want to get me into a fight?" said he.

"Jist suit yourself, and I'm content," answered O'Whack.

Take that, then, said Bluster, as with the quickness of a cat, he gave his adversary a tremendous slap on the side of the face. This was all O'Whack wanted. Instantly throwing himself into an attitude, he squared away, and by a well directed blow, sent Bluster some ten feet flat upon his back. The little man was not in the least frightened, for he was up and at O'Whack again in a twinkling. The same result followed a second blow from the latter, and Bluster again measured his length upon the ground. He looked around, but there were no rocks to be seen, and he pitched at his adversary with his fists. A third, a fourth, and a fifth time, he was knocked down. Every soul in the vicinity was present, and all could not but admire the game of the major. After having been 'laid out' some ten or a dozen times by the superior 'science' and size of O'Whack, the Major finally came to the conclusion that he would 'lave' as first requested. He never cried 'enough,' however, but instead of 'coming up to the scratch' for another 'round,' he silently made his way to a sapling where Pepper was tied, jumped upon her in a twinkling, turned and gave his adversary one grin of defiance, his face looking like a huckle berry pudding all the while, put spurs to his nag, and was soon out of sight.

Sincere were the congratulations which passed among the gentlemen present, at the riddance of the pugnacious Major. O'Whack was allowed to swagger about, by special permission, for that afternoon only, they intended to give him his 'walking paper' the next morning. The great fight had taken place early in the afternoon, and as the sun gradually sank in the west, and was winding up his day's work, all thoughts that there was such an individual in existence as Major Bluster were banished from the minds of those

who had seen his defeat and exit—the hero was forgotten. Some were amusing themselves with ball playing, others with pitching quaita, while the invalids were carelessly looking on, when suddenly the veritable Bluster himself, mounted upon Pepper was seen turning a corner of the road about two hundred yards distant, at a smart gallop. The pockets of his hickory bark coat were noticed to hang plumb by the side of Pepper, and nearly reached the ground and as he gradually neared the party, a fierce determination, mixed up with revenge, could be plainly seen upon his bruised and battered face. He suddenly pulled up at the identical sapling from whence he started, threw the bridle over a limb, pulled the right side of his hickory bark coat over Pepper, jumped off himself, and after coolly surveying the spectators of his terrible defeat exclaimed, with an air of great firmness and decision.

"Well gentlemen, here I am, in town, with a pocket full of rocks. Where is that overgrown bully I had the little skirmish with, a short time since? I want another turn with that chap, big as he is."

O'Whack was standing relating his exploits to a smaller party, some twenty yards distant. The sharp eye of Bluster immediately was full upon him.

"Look here, Mr. O'Whack, you may be great at knocking a man down on scientific principles but when it comes to flinging rocks, I'm *thar* myself. Now, you must clear." This was uttered by Bluster with great force and determination.

O'Whack looked at his opponent with contempt.

He had not the slightest idea of the force and accuracy with which the major could throw stones, as the Yankees expressed it, and acting upon this belief he retorted—

"Go to the devil wid your self: don't be after bothering me wid your nonsense."

"Clear—leave, I tell you," said the now exasperated major, "or I'll be into you like a thousand of brick, sure."

O'Whack made no motion towards starting.

"Will you leave the drive?" shouted Bluster.

O'Whack replied with an oath that he would not.

"Then take that!" said the major, accompanying the words with a rock, which he had pulled from his pocket, and which he flung at the head of O'Whack with a force which fairly made it hum. The latter stooped and dodged his head down, but Bluster had made his calculation for this movement, and the rock hitting him directly in the back of his thick skull pitched him directly on his face. Before the stunned and astonished O'Whack could gain his feet, Bluster had planted another directly in the same spot, and the 'scientific' man gave his mother another kiss. Every attempt at scrambling up, the major would balk by one of his pills applied to the same spot. Finding his game a losing one, and that he stood no chance of making any thing by it, O'Whack finally sung out 'enough,' was permitted to gain his feet and started for his nag. Bluster could not resist the temptation of hitting him once in the side as he was getting upon Chain Lightning, again in the back after he was mounted, and a third rock carried away his hat after he had started.—O'Whack never stopped to recover it, but was soon seen turning a corner of the road, going in quartering time, and has never made his appearance at the Hot Springs of Arkansas since.

Major Bluster maintained his ground—has since been "the big dog of the tanyard" there, and executed all the barking; and even to this day, catch him where you will, he is always *In* town with a pocket full of rocks."

WARNING TO NURSES.—The influence of passion in the mother or nurse on the system of the child is strikingly illustrated in a case mentioned in the excellent little work of Dr. Von Ammon, physician to the King of Saxony. "A Carpenter fell into a quarrel with a soldier billeted in his house, and was set upon by the latter with his drawn sword. The wife of the carpenter at first trembled from fear and terror, and then suddenly threw herself between the combatants, wrested the sword from the soldier's hand, broke it in pieces, and threw it away. During the tumult, some neighbors came in and separated the men. While in this state of strong excitement the mother took up the child from the cradle, where it lay playing in the most

perfect health, never before having had a moment's illness; she gave it the breast, and in so doing sealed its fate. In a few minutes the infant left off sucking, became restless, panted, and sunk dead on its mother's bosom. The physician, who was instantly called in, found the child lying in the cradle, as if asleep, and with its features quite undisturbed; but all his resources were fruitless. The child was irrecoverably gone. It is seldom that so remarkable a case occurs in private life; but there are, unfortunately, by many in which perpetually recurring fits of ordinary bad temper, especially near or during the time of sucking, produce similar effects, in a slower and more gradual manner, but with almost equal certainty; and, if any thing can exert a salutary influence on mothers who are prone to the indulgence of passion, it must be the warning of such a case as that of the carpenter's wife. *Combe on the Management of Infancy.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. **BACK NUMBERS** at all times furnished.

TO OUR AGENTS.—Those gentlemen who have kindly acted as Agents for us, will greatly oblige us, by reminding our subscribers in their respective neighborhoods, that we are embarrassed for the means of meeting the current weekly expenses of the Register, by a non compliance with our terms. To those subscribers not residing in the vicinity of an Agent, we cannot urge too strongly the necessity of punctuality on their part. We have none of the advantages which usually belong to other newspapers—AN ADVERTISING PATRONAGE, and hence, an additional necessity for promptness on the part of our friends. We will still receive the \$2 in payment for the year, although the time has passed, if it is done immediately. If Money can be sent through a post master, free of postage.

DR. POTTER'S LECTURE BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—This opening lecture to the season's course, was honored with a crowded house and most attentive audience. It was gratifying to see at the first introductory in the new and commodious Rooms so full an attendance. The young men were there in great numbers, and the middle-aged and the grey-haired and a large proportion of Ladies.

The lecturer in a happy manner seized upon the attention of his hearers, by presenting to them the condition of a savage as he must have appeared five thousand years ago in his wigwam upon the eastern hills of the valley, and then contrasting it with the present condition of man occupying the same situation, but in a mansion adorned with all that Architectural taste can furnish. This mighty change had been all wrought by the advancement of mind. After an half hour's contemplation of the present elevated position of man—his great powers, his high destinies and responsibilities, clothed in fine and appropriate language, he entered upon the duty, to which from his station among us, as well as his years, he felt himself particularly bound to invite attention. However in this we did not think the Dr. as felicitous as in the remarks which preceded. Counsel from the experienced to the young should beyond question be extended. Youth has quicksand to avoid and shining paths to find—the advanced in life have passed over the ground and know full well the difficulties that attend every step of the pilgrimage. In the discipline of mind there is great need of suggestion and gentle leading. But there is a way of doing this. No counsel is effective or at all to be val-

ued unless it be so given as to secure its object. That the purest motives actuated the learned divine we know full well, nor do we believe that the end which he hoped to accomplish—that of arousing a spirit of thorough and systematic enquiry among the young men, and a disposition to improve to the utmost the great privileges they enjoy—that this end even in a degree was effected. It might perhaps be difficult to point out the specific defects of this portion of the lecture—those peculiarities that rendered it so without power; but there was a tameness, a want of enthusiasm, a destitution of glow and fire, which the nature of the subject is calculated to inspire. The mere mention that intellectual duty requires sacrifice and exertion of a certain character, produces no permanent result.—Men move because they are impelled. The feelings must be enkindled, or the impetus to action will be feeble.

FANNY ELSSLER—vs.—THE MONUMENT.—Altho' we are not to be numbered among those devoted admirers of the "divine Fanny," that have on sundry occasions, "bowed down and worshiped" her; yet we cannot help looking upon the miserable attempt at indignation which a certain portion of the Press is disposed to cast upon her \$1000 presentation for the benefit of the Bunker Hill Monument, as extremely absurd, and entirely unworthy the high-minded republican spirit which the gentlemen are so open to profess. And if one part of this tirade has offended us more than another, it is that in which the President of the association, the veteran of the Courier, has participated, by making a seeming apology to the public for accepting the patriotic offering. It will be recollected that on several occasions the Committee for the monument had, without avail, made many appeals to public generosity for assistance in their undertaking, and that at the time which Fanny—with a liberality consistent with her means,—made the handsome donation, a Fair for its aid was being held in Boston by the ladies of New England. Now it seems to us, that at such a time, nothing could have been more appropriate and acceptable, than such a present from such a source.—But it is objected that the giver is a dancer, and therefore—following out the theory—she ought not be allowed the high satisfaction of participating in any noble object. "We do not pretend to say how far this may be expedient reasoning, but we are free to confess that with our present obtuse sense of things, we are unable to divine its magnanimity. May not a dancer be possessed of some of the generous sympathies common to nature? may she not, as well as others of her sex, acquire the same glow of patriotism—and, above all, may she not be able to understand and feel the torturing jest and idle sneer, which the heartless seem so ready to cast upon her best motives?

GRAMM'S MAGAZINE.—This is the union of the Casket and the Gentlemen's Magazine. We are not aware that Burton holds a controlling influence in the conducting of it—if he does, its readers will of course be prepared still to take his delightful mixtures of laughs and groans.

THE REMAINS OF GEN. MERCER, were on the 20th Nov. placed under a splendid monument at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia. This is a tribute to great worth, which is as commendable to those who engaged in it, as deserved by the man whom they honor. However, the intimate of Washington and the apostle of liberty, has in Culloden of his native country, and Princeton, of his adopted, monuments lofty as thought, and durable as time.

NICHOLS' AMPHITHEATRE, AMUSEMENTS, &c.—

This establishment opened on Monday evening last, to a large and fashionable audience, and has continued to be well sustained through the week. It certainly deserves encouragement; for "take it all in all," it is the most splendid affair in the country—as regards edifice, company, and richness of decoration. The "chivalric tournament," is the most gorgeous display of equestrianism, that we have ever witnessed, and is in strict historical accordance with the age of chivalry, so glowingly depicted in Scott's Kenilworth, and Ivanhoe. As Mr. Nichols, has expended upwards of \$10,000 (as we are assured) in providing a respectable place of amusement for our citizens, it is to be hoped that he will realise his just expectations. All those objectionable features which we regret to say, has usually followed our theatres, is removed, and every assurance is given, that the utmost propriety and decorum, will on all occasions be observed. It is proper to note this fact, because the success and respectability of the establishment, will mainly rest on the countenance which the ladies give it. We are aware, that a diversity of opinion exists, in the minds of many in regard to the propriety of certain amusements, which has always appeared to us to be founded in a misapprehension of the fitness of things. It is not the enacting of a play in a "theatre," which constitutes immorality; for the noblest sentiments which ever emanated from the pen of genius, have, and are uttered in a "play house;" but it is the bad uses which follow in the train of a badly conducted theatre, which constitutes its immorality. Sociability and enjoyment are naturally engrafted in the composition of man; and we believe men oftener commit evil from necessity than from choice. Those good people who live in our world, and who are termed "respectable" and "moral," are often more accountable for the evils in society, than the dream of. The reason is, that in many cases, they adopt a certain standard of action and judgment, which poor old human nature can never come up to, and which must forever effectually close the door to their usefulness in society. Let the virtuous, and real, mix in our places of amusements, and give a character, to our public assemblies, and we should see a change for the better; and for the simple reason, that the vicious and profligate cannot in the future of things breathe the same atmosphere with the virtuous and good. Vice will ever shrink away from the withering frown of virtue. Who that has joined the middle age of man, but can look back thirty years ago at the then innocent enjoyments of youthful youthful pleasures; and can contrast that "prudent" age of harmlessness, with the present "intelligent" age of sin and loathsome depravity. Then, many a time and oft," has the good "dominie," frowned the "mazy dance," with his presence of approbation (dancing now is a forbidden sin) undecious of evil, while his flock looked up to his countenance with respect, and practised obedience. Then were few rowdies, few gin-shops, few loafers, and few "reformers." But it is not our intention to preach a sermon. The world will have places of amusement, and whether they are to be made respectable pests to society, is a serious question to be answered by the "moral" and "religious" of this and other communities. We have always been of the opinion, that our popular amusements needs as much of a philanthropic view, as some other very "philanthropic" efforts, from which we could never perceive that such benefit arose.—When we find ourselves mistaken, we will acknowledge our error.

LEDDINGS, the murderer of his wife, whose case we noticed last week, was respited at the solicitation of several of the clergymen of the city, on the ground that he was totally unfit to meet his awful fate. If report speaks true, of Leddings, we think the law will have to wait some time for that preparation which the law contemplates, and which has already been given him. The poor unfortunate wretch, will now cling to hope, and we have no notion that the 14 days respite will find him any better off, than the former day. The movements of the clergy in this matter, did honor to their hearts, and the governor in his interference, was no doubt prompted by considerations, which no executive would scarcely resist;—but still we think it wrong; because we believe any interference with Justice, to be impolitic. The sound views which the Governor took in Rathbun's case, should be an earnest in all cases. When the majesty of the law is violated, let the certainty of its execution follow. Then, will our laws become a "terror to evil doers." Every executive should set on the Throne of Justice, with the sternness and inflexibility of a Brutus, and in his official character, the "milk of human kindness" should never be allowed to flow through his veins.

We have received several Masonic favors, which shall be attended to in due time. We again repeat, that all Masonic intelligence, such as elections, addresses, festivals, &c. &c., will find a welcome with us.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—We received by this morning's mail, a letter, charged double postage, 50 cents, and enclosing a \$2. note, 15 per cent discount, making the snug little tax of 80 cents. Now, we do not find fault with the quality of the money, for it was undoubtedly the best to be had, and a printer is to be put down as an ungrateful fellow, who will turn up his nose at a subscription only 15 per cent against him; but we do complain when we are taxed double postage; when if our friend had just handed the note to the post master, we should not have been minus 50cts. For the 69th time, we will just mention, that post masters are authorized by law, to enclose money to a printer free from postage.

A CHANGE.—The Plain Dealer, one of the dailies of this city, has changed its name and appearance; and comes to us under the title of the Evening Atlas. It makes its appearance on a new type, and its columns exhibit talent and industry. It is published by Vance & Wendell, very worthy young men, bating their localism, for which they are not to be despised, although we whigs, have beaten them so shamefully.—Nil desperandum. &c.

The works of Bolingbroke are about being issued in a handsome style, from the press of Cary and Hart. The same publishers are also about issuing the Biographies by Henry Roscoe. Both these works, will doubtless be in great demand.

THE CULTIVATOR.—This truly deservedly useful publication, devoted to the agricultural interests of the country, is about commencing another volume, the 8th. The editor says, "If an increase of subscription, beyond precedent, in the history of Agricultural Journals—if the almost unanimous voice of the public press in our favor—if the multitude of private yet flattering testimonials we have received, added to a circulation, amounting the first year to twenty two thousand, may be admitted as evidence then we have most certainly abundant reason to be gratified," &c. Terms \$1. per annum. Six copies for \$5.

CHINA.—Hunt's Magazine, for December says, that the territory of China comprises an area of one million eighty thousand square miles, and according to a late census, a population of three hundred and sixty millions; being 180 persons to a square mile, and three acres and a half only to each person.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Dr. Ludrow, well known in this city, as the former pastor, of the North Dutch Church, has taken a temporary charge of the First Ref. Dutch Church of Philadelphia.—The paper mills of J. S. Roberts of Waltham, have been consumed. Loss \$10,000.—A gang of coiners have been arrested at St. Louis.—The Arkansas, State Bank, at Little Rock, has resumed the payment of specie, for its notes.—Gen. Armstrong, formerly Secretary of war, and now in his 84th year is about publishing a history of the late war.—An Arab horse, at the station at Bangalore, performed the incredible task, of going 400 miles in five days.—The wager was £500.—There is a female residing in Sullivan county, aged 107 years.—Two brothers, by the name of McDonald, were drowned at East port, on Sunday last. They were both intoxicated.—The British Queen, is to be placed on the dock for repair, but will resume her trips in March.—The store of H. N. Lockwood of Troy, was entered last week, and robbed of \$2000.—A bill is before the legislature of Georgia to abolish capital punishment, so far as relates to white men, except treason.—A lad about 18 years of age, who was taken up hungry, in the streets, by a Mr. Usher, of Troy, exhibited his gratitude, by robbing his benefactor of his watch, worth \$130.—There are to be four eclipses of the sun next year, and two of the moon.—The annual message of the Gov. of New Hampshire, occupies one column. The Gov. of New Hampshire, is unquestionable a sensible man.—There has been a gale of wind, in the neighborhood of Auburn which has done considerable damage, in the way of blowing down chimneys, &c.—Forty thousand pounds has been appropriated by the Canadian Parliament, for the losses sustained by the Patriot war.—Water has been let in the Croton aqueduct, for about 8 miles, and the experiment proved satisfactory.—Two dollar notes of the Merchants Exchange Bank of Buffalo, have been altered in to 10's. They may be detected by examining the back attentively.—Abram Saydam, president of the Mechanic's and Farmers Bank, at New Brunswick, N. J. has disappeared very mysteriously, and fears are entertained that he has been murdered.—James O'Brien, a colored man, of good character, was frozen to death, in the 2nd Avenue, New York.—A stage driver, named Story, was crushed to death while passing under an arch, in Philadelphia.—A gentleman in Boston advertised in one of the papers "a Boy wanted." The next morning he found at his door, a handbox with a fine little fellow, labeled "how will this one answers."—We observe in the official canvass of scattering votes given at the last election, that in the county of Lewis Daniel D. Tompkins, received 72 votes. A branch of the Rip Van Winkle family, no doubt, reside in the neighborhood.—Ann McGenty, died in her bed, at Philadelphia, with a bottle of rum at her mouth.

NOTICE.—Agreeable to the by-laws, the members of Mount Vernon Lodge, No 3, are hereby Summoned to attend a meeting of said Lodge, at St. John's Hall, on Thursday evening next, at half past 6 o'clock, for the purpose of Election, and payment of Annual dues. By order of the W. M. JOHN HURDIS, Sec. Dec. 5940.

Married.

In Bristol, R. I. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, Mr. John H. Wardwell or the firm of Wardwell & Bardwell, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth W. daughter of Thomas Church, Esq. of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on Friday the 4th inst. Mrs. Margaret Young, an old and respectable inhabitant, aged 71.

In Kinderhook, Dr. Henry L. Van Dyck, father of one of the editors of the Argus, aged 67.

At Watervliet arsenal, Sergeant Robert Grinlinton, aged 37.

In New York, Peter Stagg, jr. 31. Eliza, wife of David N. Lord. Timothy Driscott, 56. Ann Mullen, 22. John B. Bell, 43. Mary, wife of Wm. Hutchins, 37. Isaac Hatfield, 73. Mrs. Angelino Willis, 24.

At Lowville, Capt. Isaac Perry, 81. At Newark, Dennis M'Devit, 84. In Utica, Rev. Francis Farrell, pastor of the Catholic church, 28. At Brooklyn, Wm Thornton, 60. At Somerville, N. J. Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Peter Dumont, 73. In Charlestown, Mass. Mrs. Abigail Walker, 73. In Boston, Alanson Rice, 40. In Quincy, Miss. Betsey Bent, 87. In Troy, Mrs. Phebe, wife of Jacob Anthony, 28. At Rochester, Mrs. Ruby, wife of Jacob Gould.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Watpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Patteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, Cor. Market & State.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their paper by mail, Two Dollars, if paid within 30 days after subscribing; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid until the expiration of the year. No subscription received for less term, than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

PRIZE ADDRESS,

Delivered at the opening of Mr. S. Nichols' New Amphitheatre in this city, December 7, 1840.

[WRITTEN BY A. B. STREET, ESQ.]

To lift from Age Time's burthen for a while,
And light the brow of Manhood with a smile—
Repress the tear and hush the sorrowing sigh,
And bid mirth sparkle in the youthful eye;
With Pleasure's golden pinions plume the hours,
And muffle their quick feet with thornless flowers;
Display the wondrous strength and grace that Heaven
To this proud fabric of the soul has given—
The sway despotic, human reason wilds—
The tame submission brutish instinct yields;
These are our objects. Is a guerdon due?
Kindness and favor then, we ask of you.
Round the wide arena, now the fiery steed [speed:
Loos'd from his thralldom bounds with headlong

Free seems he as the tempest, yet a rein
Is o'er him stronger than the weightiest chain;
An eye and voice, whose slightest glance and sound
Plant him a breathing statue on the ground,
Eager and watchful: then their different sway
Shoots him again, an arrow on his way.
With a light leap as upward borne by wings,
To the fleet courser's back, his rider springs:
Around—around—the flying centaur skims
And to the sight in dizzy circles swims.
Now on his surging pedestal uncheck'd
Whirling along the rider stands erect; [bound,
Pois'd with stretch'd arms, now leans; with sudden
Now to the eye another change is found;
Then leaping o'er some barrier in his way,
Regains his platform like a bird its spray,
While the gay harlequin in motley drest
Draws the loud laugh with gambol quaint and jest.

Fancy flies back to those old classic days
Which witness'd GREECE, in glory's brightest blaze:
That purple clime, once Freedom's proudest dower,
Cradle of Arts, the Muses' greenest bower.
Again the AMPHITHEATRE displays
Its splendid pomp to ATHENS' crowded gaze;—
Tier upon tier of animated life
To view the struggling race—the wrestling strife—
The strong athlete grasps his sinewy foe
Muscle strains muscle—blow succeeds to blow—
The foaming courser whirls the chariot on
And the green laurel crowns the triumph won.

Thus do we strive your cheering smiles to gain
With anxious efforts: shall we strive in vain?
To cast bright drops in Life's dark chalice, ours;
To deck earth's desert with a few sweet flowers:
Yours be the meed that all our toil repays [praise.
Our gladdening laurel-wreath, the bounty of your

THE OUTLAW AND HIS LOVE

There is a German tradition that the daughter of one of the Rhineland lords fell in love with one of the gallant outlaws that then held their huntings and robberies alike in the remnants of the Hercynian Forest. The hunter in a fit of generosity, urged her to return to her father. The tradition farther states that the lady prevailed on her lover to accompany her to the castle, and the old Castellan, overcome by this penitent magnanimity, pardoned both.

Oh welcome! welcome here my sweet,
Gay wanderers we shall be;
In winter's frown and summer's heat,
At least we shall be free.

The running stream shall cool our wine,
Our fruits be on the bough;
And! many a high born heart may pine,
To be as we are now;

What care we sweet, for lordly halls,

When in the shade we lie,
These trees shall be our palace walls,
Our painted roof and sky.

What want we music when the birds,
On every hawthorn sing?
And when I hear thy honeyed words,
Earth has no happier king.

What care we for the revelry
That hides the bosom's pain?
Beneath the plume and purple eye
Have hearts been broke in twain.

Wild as the forest and the wind,
We'll have our fearless glee;
For me thou hast the world resigned,
I'll brave the world for thee!

Thine eye shall be my star at night,
Thy lip my morning rose;
Then come the tempest fierce or light,
I care not how it blows!

Yet go! an evil life I lead,
An evil death must die!
Thou must not tread the path I tread,
Nor lie where I must lie.

My name, my mad career, my fate,
No human tongue must tell!
Return thee, ere it be too late—
Farewell—one kiss—farewell!

RELIGION.

BY THE REV. W. H. BATHURST.

What is Religion? not an empty name—
Sound without sense—a torch without a flame;
It is a principle of life divine,
That makes the heart rejoice, the actions shine;
That gives high motives to the earthly soul,
And brings it under God's supreme control.
It is a union with the Power above,
Whose ways are holy, and whose name is Love;
The stirring of his Spirit in the heart,
That bids the will submit, and sin depart;
Lights the soul's darkness, heals its festering sores,
And the lost image of its God restores;
Imparts the power to love, the wish to pray,
And bids it wing to heaven its joyous way.

Great God! resolve our doubts, our souls possess,
And make us thine in truth and righteousness;
Teach us in Jesus' name to seek thy throne,
And may his blood for all our sins atone;
May we in him be wholly formed anew,
And with fresh zeal our heavenward course pursue.
Saved by his power, and quickened by his grace,
May we be fitted to behold thy face;
And find that true Religion can bestow
The only sure relief for every woe;
That it provides unfailing comfort here,
And deathless glory in a brighter sphere.

The last number of the *Quarterly Review* contains an admirable article interspersed with extracts, on the modern poetesses of England. The following is quoted as a favorable specimen of the powers of Mrs. Southy (formerly Miss Catharine Bowles):

THE PAUPER'S DEATH BED.

TREAD softly, bow the head,
In reverent silence bow,
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There is one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof
Lo, Death doth keep his state!
Enter, no crowds attend—

Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread,
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound:
An infant wail alone,
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh change! Oh wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars:
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

WINTER.

BY MRS. CATHARINE P. ESLING.

A sigh for the leafless trees,
A sigh for the lonely wood,
And a swift career to the passing breeze,
And its stormy breath so rude.

Thou art come like a warrior brave,
To a battle just begun;
And for trophies, thou hast brought the grave,
And a cold and chilling sun.

See the stricken leaves look down
From the topmost branch to thee,
And they wither at thy angry frown,
For it is their destiny.

Like a monarch in his might,
Or a conqueror in the field,
Thou hast put the routed ranks to flight,
And hast made the vassals yield.

And how proudly o'er the slain
Do thy giant footsteps tread;
But vaunt not thou, for thy tyrant reign
Is over the feeble dead.

Away on thy wings of pride,
Thou hoary and aged king,
For thy white locks may not long abide
Where thou now art journeying.

Then sigh for the leafless trees,
And sigh for the lonely wood,
And a swift career to the passing breeze,
With its stormy breath so rude.

SAMUEL'S WISH.

I want to marry—yes I do—
I want a little wife,
To comb my hair and wash my neck,
And be my all—my life.

Ven Adam lived in Paradise,
He didn't live content,
Till from his side a rib was took,
And into a woman bent.

Just think how Adam must have stared
Ven first he got awake,
To find himself a married man,
Without e'en wedding cake.

I'm werry bashful—yes, I am—
'Twould save me lots of trouble,
To go to bed a single man,
And wake up as a double.

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charm'd, he called that woman "bride"
And his last sleep became his last repose.

Devoted to Masonry, ^{and Agriculture} Agriculture, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.¹

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 16.]

MASONIC.

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHT TEM-
PLARS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND
R. ISLAND.**

This Grand Encampment, held its annual meeting, at Providence, R. I. Oct. 12. 1840. After the transaction of its usual business, the G. Encampment proceeded to the choice of its officers, which resulted as follows:—

Sir Charles W. Moore, of Charlestown, G. M.
 " **John Flint, of Boston, D. G. M.**
 " **John B. Hammatt, of Boston, G. G.**
 " **William Field, of Pawtucket, G. Capt G.**
 " **Ruel Baker, of Boston, G. S. Warden.**
 " **John R. Bradford, of Boston, G. J. W.**
 " **Samuel Wales, of Do. G. Treasurer.**
 " **Samuel Howe of Dorchester, G. Recorder.**
 " **Simon W. Robinson, of Boston, G. Warder.**
 " **Hugh H. Tuttle of Do. G. S. Bearer.**
 " **Benj. H. West of Pawtucket, G. Sw. Bearer.**

THE GRAND CHAPTER OF THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Held its annual convocation, in the city of Lexington, on the 16th of September, 1840. The following are the Grand Officers for the ensuing year:—

M. E. William Brown, jr. of Versailles, G. H. P.
 " Derick Warner, of Lexington, D. G. H. P.
 " J. G. Caldwell, of Louisville, G. K.
 " Alvin Stephens, of Lexington, G. S.
Comp. Thos. C. Orear, of " " Sec'y,
 " Phillip Swigert, of Frankfort, G. Treas.
 " Rev. Caleb W. Cloud, of Lexington, G. C.
 " Ezekiel H. Field, of Versailles, G. M.
 " William Kinkade, of Shelbyville, G. C. G.
 " John M'Cracken, of Lexington, G. S. & T.

During the communication, Comps. Willam Brown, jr. of Webb Chapter, No. 6. Derrick Warner, of Lexington, Chapter, No 1. and William Kinkade, of Shelbyville Chapter No. 2 were elected High Priests. of the several Chapters, and were anointed in due and solemn form.

OFFICERS

OF OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, NO. 39, BETHANY, GENESSEE.

Blanchard Powers, W. M. E. W. Northrop, S.
W. Chauncey Webb, J. W. Nathaniel Huggins.
Treas. H. H. Huggins, Sec'y. Samuel W. Curtis
J. D. Samuel Webb, jr. J. D. Liberty Judd, and
Anson Welsh, Stewards. G. W. Webb Tyler.

OFFICERS

OF LOCKPORT LODGE, NO. 73. CHOSEN DEC. 5840.

Asher Torrance, W. M. Josiah K. Skinner, S. W. James M'Kain, J. W. Daniel Greenvault, Treas. Myron L. Burrell, Secretary. Henry Maxwell, S. D. Alvah Sheldon, J. D. Phillip Murphy, and ——— Maps, Stewards. Alvin Buck, Tyler.

A DIALOGUE.

ON THE SUBJECT OF MASONRY.

The Author of the following dialogue owes it, perhaps, to the reader, to say why he has written and published it.

It is known that many pious laymen as well as ministers of the church have entertained opinionous prejudicial to the society of Feemasons; and while they have doubted its moral and christian tendency, have

of course, cherished the idea that the union of professors of religion, but, more especially, ministers, with that society, was incompatible with the spirit of christianity, and, therefore, to be strongly discouraged.—Differently impressed, however, many pious laymen and many upright and zealous laborers in the “vineyard of the Lord” have, at various times, attached themselves to the Lodge. Viewing Masonry, if not actually christian in its character, an excellent and moral institution—as the hand maid of religion, as tending, under proper regulations, to advance the interests and happiness of the human family, they have acted from the dictates of conscience and the purest possible impulse. It is not known that in a single instance, they have had reason to regret the step.—On the contrary, the world has still hailed them as “burning and shining lights of the church militant;” while in the halls dedicated to Masonry, they are often seen adding, by the sacredness of their character, and the sanctity and dignity of their deportment, to the interest and solemnity natural to the occasion. Strange then—most strange that an opposition should be reared to an institution which great and good men, and eminent servants of God have delighted to countenance and maintain; an opposition, in some instances, amounting almost to the spirit of persecution and that by men who profess, as indeed they are, to be in acquaintance with its principles, its history, its tendency and design by the professed disciples of the mild Prince of Peace! Such unfortunately, is the fact. The writer of this little dialogue is not among the least remarkable instances: his heart has bled in secret at the unkind thoughts which have been entertained towards him by many of his beloved professing brethren in the church since he attached himself to the masonic fraternity.—But justly sustained as he hopes and believes by purity of intention and propriety of conduct, he derives comfort and satisfaction.

To endeavor to remove the offence of brethren, who entertain prejudices against Masonry, and those who belong to that order, is the main object of the writer. He has chosen the form of dialogue as the more familiar mode of communicating what he had to say.— He has studied simplicity in his manner, and endeavored to adapt his language to the apprehension of the plainest understanding. Error is often founded in *honest* misconception; in the *christian* world we are bound to believe it is always so. I, therefore flatter myself that I may be instrumental in removing the prejudices of many candid and dispassionate mind on the subject of Freemasonry.

DIALOGUE.

Dear Brother, do you not think it imperiously necessary that ministers of the holy sanctuary should be of the same mind, and walk by the same rule, and labor to maintain the true spirit of the gospel in all things among their brethren?

Mason. Most assuredly I do; and think it would be truly criminal in a minister to deviate voluntarily from that golden rule, by which the church of God should ever be governed and directed.

Minister. Your answer thus far is truly decisive and clear; but have we not deviated from this golden rule by uniting with the masonic fraternity? In doing this have you left the church of God and entered in close connexion with the world; or is this uniting the church and the world together?

Mason. If the constitution, principles, and design of Masonry stand in direct opposition to the gospel, I am certainly criminated. The very reverse of which is the fact; 1st, Because its constitution is morality; its principles faith, hope, and its design the improvement of human society, and universal benevolence to man. I would therefore say it is no deviation from that golden rule; for the gospel requires the same. 2nd, A departure from the church of God, is a rejection of the doctrine and government of Christ, and a voluntary failure in performing the duties of religion;

which I trust, I have never done but feel a strong attachment to both. 3d. It cannot be uniting the church and world; nor is it forming that close connexion with the world that the scriptures forbid, for the following reasons: A minister joining Masons gives Masons no liberty to interfere with the discipline and government of the church; nor do they attempt to infringe the rights and privileges of church members; but a minister *whose duty it is to seek the salvation of men*, by joining the Masons, has every privilege of enforcing the laws of that moral institution, which it is his duty in faithfulness to perform: and the presumption is, he may be the honored instrument of winning them over to the church. To enter into close connexion with the world in a spiritual sense, is to unite with the world in forsaking and slighting the laws of religion, and engage with them in the perpetration of crimes. Masons, when in their Lodges, are not suffered with impunity to act immorally. The attendance of a minister at their meetings is always acceptable, and cannot fail to be productive of good, if he is a good man; and if he acts out the character of a minister, Masons will spurn him from the presence as an impostor. Why may it not be said, *and it is not hopeful too*, that a minister's lectures among Masons, if they be *unconverted*, may have a similar effect on them as did the visit of our dear Saviour to the house of Matthew, the publican, although he was called a bad man by the Pharisees, because he eat with sinners? Yet his visit to the house of Matthew resulted in his conversion, and after usefulness as an Apostle.

Min. If Masonry is this good moral institution why is it kept secret from the world !

Mas. It is not concealed as a secret from any who are worthy to receive it, if they apply in due form as laid down in the constitutions.

Min. What is requisite to constitute a person worthy of membership?

Mas. It must be a sober, honest, and discreet person, of whom real confidence can be confided.

Min. Are there none such among the females? If so, why are they deemed the benefits of this great and good institution?

Mas. There are no doubt as many unspotted characters among females as males. This is not the reason of their rejection as members; nor are they denied the benefits arising from this society. The ceremonies and secrecy of Masonry, are not the characteristics of its intrinsic value; but it is their benevolence, charity and good will to mankind, of which it was intended that females should largely share.

Min. But why are they not admitted into your body?

Mas. Why are not females permitted to occupy political and military stations, or rule in the church of God? yet they enjoy all the benefits arising from institutions political, military, and ecclesiastical, and are esteemed as our dear companions in the enjoyment of all their advantages, and equally so in Masonry.

Min. It is my opinion that the nature and what is essential to Masonry, is in direct opposition to the gospel of Christ: the one conceals and wraps you in darkness—the other calls you out of darkness into marvelous light.

Mas. If it is admitted that darkness and light cannot dwell together, to me it appears easy to confute the last idea suggested, by showing the likeness between the gospel and Masonic requisitions. Religion has for its foundation the bible. Masonry has the same. Religion requires reverence to God and love to man. Masonry requires the same. Religion calls us to relieve the wants of our distressed brethren, in which professors fail. Masonry requires the same, and steps forward and performs it. The Gospel requires its subjects to support her ministers. Masons never turn their empty away. Religion is abused when her subjects are left unopited to suffer, which is

the case with many who are compelled to take up their residence with the poor of the parish. Masonry would be abused, if this was the fate of her members; but none of them are passed unpitied, and left on the parish; nor even their widows and orphans forsaken.—The Gospel forbids brother going to law with brother. Masonry also forbids the same. The gospel calls us to deal privately with an offending brother, and to avoid backbiting and evil speaking. This is also the positive injunction of Masonry. The gospel breathes a spirit of humane affection. Now, I ask how can this be in direct opposition to the gospel—how does this conceal and wrap me in darkness?

Min. My meaning in the above remark is, that the secrecy itself is darkness; for we are commanded to let our light shine, that others may see our good works, and glorify our Father which art in heaven. Now if that part called the secret is light, why conceal that much of the light from the world? How does this correspond with the Gospel?

Mas. The gospel has its secrets too; for, says David, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him and he will show unto them his covenant; also says Solomon, a garden enclosed is my sister, &c. &c. which inculcates evangelical charity and a blessed and holy cement. The secret covenant of Masonry is that which forms their humane cement, without interrupting religion, and strongly inculcates natural charity and benevolence; the administration of which is letting our light shine before men, and acts as an handmaid to the Gospel, and binds us to perform our duty to brethren; which Gospel brethren although bound, fail to perform. Now, if acts of benevolence and charity really performed, no matter by whom, is agreeable to scripture, how can this stand, direct opposition to the Gospel—how does this engulf us in darkness?

Min. You enter into darkness, when you solemnly affirm that you will keep that secret which you know not, and cannot tell whether it be good or evil before you enter into the covenant of secrecy. Is not this presumption? Do you not place yourself in a situation of extreme difficulty, when called on by your brethren to investigate your cause.

Mas. My dear Brother, if you were a Mason, soon would the tone of your words be changed; but, as you are not, and, as it is my glory to remove your difficulties, permit me to tell you that no man is admitted as a Mason before he is duly informed that the Masonic covenant he is about to enter into is no way calculated or intended to hinder or interrupt the religion he owes to his God, or the duty he owes to his brethren, his neighbor, his family, himself, or his country. This knowledge he receives from the books—this knowledge he receives from brethren in the ministry and of the laity, who are truly pious. You have pronounced the secret evil in its nature, and darkness itself. Permit me to suppose a case, to illustrate this point with regard to the propriety of secrecy. Suppose one thousand men were to meet from different parts, and mutually agree to deposit 10 dollars each into one stock for the purpose of relieving the distress or indigence of either of the one thousand, and were to adopt some plan by which they would know each other from this world; that a distressed one of this thousand could be relieved by these funds—would this be sinful? Suppose some of these were Christians, and some not, would this be sinful? Suppose they, the thousand, were to agree to befriend each other in different respects would this be sinful? Suppose they were to enrol each man his name on a book, and agree to meet once a year, or once a month to appropriate these funds for charitable purposes, would this be uniting the church and world together? Could you venture to pronounce this an evil—that should break christian fellowship?

Min. I should not say this was an evil, or that a secret method of knowing each other in this case would be wrong, even if their meeting together was civil and moral.

Mas. Then, as a christian brother, I assure you that there is as little harm in the secrets of Masonry; for when they meet they meet not as a church, but as a charity society, combined together in natural friendship, and open and close their meetings by prayer.

Min. But I have another capital objection.

Mas. Name it brother.

Min. The members of the society are very disorderly; therefore I could not be willing to belong to that body as a member.

Mas. I will admit that there are disorderly members;—but it is not masonry which makes them so—it is sin.

Min. Why, then, do you associate with them, and exclude them from fellowship?

Mas. Many are dealt with, and excluded; and, I hope, all will be dealt with according to the constitution, and none be retained in fellowship, but orderly men.

Min. I would withdraw from them, even if the institution be good, and so remain until the society is purged from disorder; for we are commanded to withdraw from every brother that walks disorderly.

Mas. This last expression applies to the church, which institution is the best in the world, and Masonry next. But how is a member of either to act in this case? Is he to leave the society, or remain there and purge out the disorder? If the former, then we may both leave the church; for we have disorderly members in abundance; but neither the church nor Masonry should be condemned because there are bad men among them.

Min. Dear Brother, all your arguments may be good, and every statement true, yet you are criminated for wounding the weak consciences of your brethren, which the apostle forbids; for says, he, if eating meat offend my brother, I will eat no more meat.

Mas. I do think, if a brother's feelings are injured with me for joining the Masons, it is his duty to forbear condemning me until he condemn me by the scriptures. He ought to come to me as a brother, and know, first, if the motive that induced me was pure or impure; whether my conduct since is orderly; for surely the tree is to be known by its fruit. If I tell him my motive was to do good, he is bound by the ties of christianity to believe me, so long as I walk uprightly; nor do I think he has a right to interfere with the exercise of my private judgement in this or any other matter whatever, unless he can prove that my conduct in this act is derogatory to the Gospel; which he cannot possibly do unless he knows what Masonry is. Then I know he would not attempt it; for all that know the mystery and value of the institution, highly prize it.

Min. But how are you to avoid the offence given to your brethren, by eating meat in the case alluded to by the apostle? Do you not walk uncharitably towards them, and wound the weak conscience of him for whom Christ died, and, in this, sin against Christ?

Mas. If you will read the four last verses of the 8th Chapter 1 Corinthians, you will find that the apostle was then speaking of things offered to idols; which meat he, as a strong man in the faith, could eat without doing any injury to himself, though it was part of that offered to idols. If his eating, however, of this meat, give a weak brother liberty to eat improperly, then he by his example has caused his brother to offend: for the text does not read offend my brother, but cause my brother to offend; then, said he I will eat no more meat. To illustrate this expression, I will suppose a case: I am travelling, and need refreshment. I call at a tavern, take a glass of refreshment, where many are drinking to excess. I, as a sober man, would not sin, because I drank not to excess; but, perhaps, by this example, being a minister, some brother present might think he had liberty too to take a drink, as I had done; but he drinks too freely and therein offends. Now, for example, in future I will drink no more at such a place, lest I by example, cause some to offend, and wound the consciences of many; nor would Paul eat any more meat used in the idols' temple.

Min. We are compelled to believe that Masonry is the works of darkness and disorderly, from their meetings in the night, and sometimes making unusual noise in their Lodges, and it is a shame to speak of those things done by them in secret.

Mas. We hold our meetings in the day, as well as night; and never are we ashamed to meet a fellow-being day or night, from a consciousness of our innocence. Churches, assemblies of political men, and many other societies, meet in the night, and meet to do private business by private committees of the whole when the room is clear of all others, because the business is of a private nature. Here is no occasion

ally; that of speaking, and sometimes loudly, the moving and arranging of seats, &c. &c. Can those passing by the room at such time pronounce these a disorderly people, because there is noise? If the temple built by masons, as it regards the materials and their preparation, was figurative of the church of God, have we not, as ministers in preparing materials for the building of this spiritual house, had noise among us? Yes, in abundance. Why not Masons, then, who are figurative of these spiritual builders, in preparing their materials as members of this building, make some noise? Their speaking and arranging their seats must produce some noise. Cannot all this be done in perfect innocence? I pledge you my christian veracity, that the process of Masonry is truly emblematic of regenerating of rearing up and completing the church of God, and, should you become a Mason, you will at once be smitten with the beauty and glory of the variety of emblems, all pointing at spiritual things, as it regards Christ and his church. This may have been passed too much unnoticed by some masonic brethren; but all regenerate Masons can enjoy the beautiful figure with great delight.—Of all people on earth, in an unconverted state, Masons will have the least excuse to render in the day of judgement, should they die without religion, after hearing the figures spiritualized by their pious brethren in the Lodges, which a minister at any time has the liberty to do.

Min. I do confess I know not what Masonry is, therefore I would not wish to judge any man; and, in fact, for my part, I should not be hurt in my own feelings with you as a Mason, but there are so many precious brethren whose feelings are injured. It has distressed me much. I fear it will injure your usefulness in the ministry.

Mas. My dear brother, if your feelings are not injured try to heal those who are wounded, by bringing to view the impropriety of judging and condemning that which they are not acquainted with. Judge us by our daily walk, and be not jealous of us without a cause. Do you not think it will grieve us when you cannot believe us? We tell you Masonry is not sinful, but a good thing. Cannot you believe us? I say us, because there are many Masons who are ministers and their labors blest as such. Why not love them, if they walk orderly; and be assured that a minister's usefulness is not injured by joining the Free Masons; for when he meets one, he finds a friend—his doors and heart are open to receive him. Masonic privileges give a minister access to a large body of people, who will patiently set and bear his instruction—who knows but he may be the instrument to win their souls to Jesus! Not long since I saw a pious minister initiated in the Masonic society. In passing through the process, his soul was filled with divine transport, tears flowed from his joyful eye, he embraced me, and hardly could forbear an exclamation of rapturous joy.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for December, has the following on the commercial value of gems:

"The art of engraving the diamond was first discovered about the year 1500, by Ambrosius Caradossa, who prepared for Pope Julian II. the figure of a patriarch."

"The art of cutting the diamond with its own powder, was first discovered in 1746, by Lewis Van Bergen but it was not until the reign of Louis XII. that the mode of cutting the diamond in brilliants was invented."

A very extensive sale of Gems was made in London in 1837. The sale amounted to about 230,000 pounds. A pair of ear-rings, formerly the property of Queen Charlotte brought fifty-five thousand dollars. The celebrated Nassauck diamond was purchased at thirty-six thousand. The crown jewels of Queen Victoria are estimated 111,000 pound, or about half a million of dollars.

Among the principal diamonds which are known to exist in Europe, may be named one in the possession of the Grand Mogul, valued at four million of francs—or a little less than a million of dollars. The Empress Catharine possesses a diamond which was purchased of the Sultan of Persia for ninety thousand pounds.—and an annuity of four thousand. A single gem, belonging to the Austrian crown, is valued at one hun-

dred and nine-thousand two hundred pounds, or about half a million of dollars. A diamond among the crown jewels of France was valued in 1791 at twelve millions of livres. The largest diamond known to exist in the world is in the possession of the King of Portugal, and is valued at the enormous sum of fifty seven millions of pounds sterling, or about two hundred and fifteen millions of dollars!

BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL MERCER.

The following biographical notice of this meritorious officer is taken from the *Encyclopedia Americana*:

Hugh Mercer, a brigadier-general in the American revolutionary army, was a native of Scotland. He was liberally educated, studied medicine, and acted as a surgeon's assistant in the memorable battle of Culloden. He emigrated from his country not long after, to Pennsylvania, but removed to Virginia, where he settled and married. He was engaged with Washington in the Indian wars of 1775, &c.; and his children are in possession of a medal which was presented to him by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia, for his good conduct in the expedition against an Indian settlement, conducted by Col. Armstrong, in Sept. 1756. In one of the engagements with the Indians, Gen. Mercer was wounded in the right wrist, and being separated from his party, he found that there was danger of his being surrounded by hostile Indians, whose war whoop and yell indicated their near approach. Becoming faint with the loss of blood, he took refuge in the hollow trunk of a large tree. The Indians came to the spot where he was concealed, seated themselves about for rest and then disappeared. Mercer left his hiding place, and pursued his course through a trackless wild of about one hundred miles, until he reached fort Cumberland. On the way he subsisted on the body of a rattlesnake, which he met and killed. When the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country, he immediately joined the American standard, relinquishing an extensive medical practice. Under Washington, whose favor and confidence he enjoyed beyond most of his fellow officers he soon reached the rank of brigadier-general, and, in that command, distinguished himself, particularly in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, in the winter of 1776-7.

In the affair of Princeton, Gen. Mercer, who commanded the van of the American army, after exerting the utmost valor, and activity, had his horse killed under him; and, being thus dismounted, he was surrounded by some British soldiers, with whom, when they refused him quarter, he fought desperately, until he was completely overpowered. They stabbed him with their bayonets, inflicted several blows on his head with the butt end of their muskets, and left him for dead on the field of battle. He died in about a week after, from the wounds in his head, in the arms of Major George Lewis, the nephew of Gen. Washington, whom the uncle commissioned to watch over his expiring friend. The mangled corpse was removed from Princeton, under a military escort to Philadelphia, and exposed a day in the coffee house, with the design of exciting the indignation of the people. It was followed to the grave by at least 30,000 of the inhabitants. Gen. Mercer, though a lion in battle, was uncommonly placid, and almost diffident in private life. He was beloved and admired as an accomplished and benevolent gentleman: Gen. Wilkinson, in his *Memoirs*, observes—"In Gen. Mercer we lost at Princeton, a chief, who, for education, talents, disposition, integrity and patriotism, was second to no man, but the commander in chief, and was qualified to fill the highest trusts of the country." General Mercer was about 56 years of age when he thus perished.

The history of *Mary Jemison*, a name of some notoriety in our annals, is thus written in a letter from the Genesee Valley, N. Y., to the *Commercial Advertiser*:

The Gardow reservation, to which I have referred, and upon a section of which Gen. Brooks resides, was a tract of ten thousand acres which the Seneca Indians

reserved in their sale to Robert Morris, in 1797, conferring it upon Mary Jemison, the celebrated "White Woman," who resided upon it till her decease, at a very advanced age, some ten or fifteen years ago. Mary Jemison, truly a remarkable woman. She was of Irish parentage, and was born at sea on their passage to America, 1742 or '43. Her parents settled on what was at that time the frontier of Pennsylvania. She had an uncle in the command of Washington, who fell at Braddock's defeat. In the spring of 1755, Mary, her parents, two brothers and several inmates of the house, were made prisoners by a party of half a dozen Seneca Indians and four Frenchmen. They were all hurried off into the woods, and the whole party murdered afterwards, Mary alone excepted. She was exposed to all the hardships and privations of a prisoner, until her arrival at Seneca town, where she was adopted into an Indian family, as a daughter, and henceforward treated with kindness—leading a roving life, and for a season meditating upon the means of escape. These being frustrated, she at length resigned herself entirely to the Indian life and customs. At a proper age, she was married to a Delaware Indian, whom she loved, and by whom she had one or two or more children. She visited Fort Pitt several times, and occasionally resided among the Shawnee Indians.

Her husband died, and she afterwards married a Seneca chief, living in the Genesee valley, at about the beginning of the war of the revolution. Her Seneca husband was man of blood, but was kind and affectionate to her. She retained her family name, Jemison, and also the English language, which she spoke fluently, until the day of her death. But although she had been religiously instructed by her parents, she embraced the religion of the Indians, and, in a word, became thoroughly Indianized—adopting, and becoming enamored of all their manners, habits and customs throughout. Her life was full of incident and wild adventure. The Indians ever entertained an exalted esteem for her, as was evinced by the Gardow tract—embracing a rich section, both of intervalle and upland, upon which she resided until her death. In obtaining this grant, or reservation, moreover, she showed all the cunning of her adopted people. Mr. Thomas Morris, who conducted the treaty for his father, has told me that when the request was made to him for a reservation for "The White Woman," he supposed that they meant only a farm of some two or three hundred acres, but that the woman herself, by artfully indicating certain bounds with which he was not exactly familiar, actually overreached them, and obtained the large tract already mentioned, including the whole of the Gardow flats, and the romantic walls of rock and hill within which they are sequestered.

During the war of the revolution her house was often the quarters of Col. Brant and Colonel John Butler, when making their inroads upon the frontiers of the colonies. She attended the treaty of Genesee Flats held by general Schuyler, 1775, and her life, taken down in writing from her own lips, in 1823, was full of incident and adventure. She would not throw off her Indian costume, even after the white population had completely surrounded her residence—but adhered to the Indian customs with the utmost tenacity to the last. She was rich, not only in land, but in herds and flocks, and had tenants who worked her lands. One of her sons was educated a physician, and obtained a surgeon's commission in the Navy, dying a few days ago on the Mediterranean station. In many respects Mary was a valuable woman—humane and benevolent—and doing great good among the people of her adoption.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A hired girl, not a hundred miles from this city, lately purchased a ticket in one of the numerous lottery offices here and next morning received for the same a very handsome sum. Thinking her fortune was made, she placed herself under the care of an accomplished lady, who taught her French, Music, &c. Being invited to an evening entertainment, and afraid lest she should commit an error at the tea-table, asked her governess what she would say when she was satisfied, she received for answer that she should say she had got a *sufficiency*. On the appointed evening she arrived at the house, was introduced to the assembled company, & the table being set she set down to tea. The lady of the

house towards the end of her second cup pressing her to take another. She said "O, no ma'am," holding both hands on her cup, "I've got a *slipperty slapperty*."

MISCELLANY.

Singular Origin of a new sort of Potato.—The Maine Cultivator gives an account of a new kind of potato, which is apparently a chance production of nature, not springing from seed or tubers, but growing as an excrescence from another plant. The origin of the potato now in general use, and a most important addition to the food of man, is involved in doubt, but that production is believed to have been originally an excrescence growing upon a plant in South America. The attention of scientific minds to this new production might settle the question. The following is its history as given in the paper referred to:

"Can any of our naturalist contemporaries inform us whether the potato is an original tuber, or whether it is the production of a freak of nature? We are led to the following inquiry from the following fact, which is before us, and which we venture to communicate to the public.

"Year before last, Mr. John Smiley, a farmer in the northern part of Augusta, noticed upon some of the stalks of the gillflower, which the female members of his family had cultivated in a flower pot, some protuberances or excrescences like warts about the size of peas. They appeared perfectly formed and living substances resembling the seeds that project from the stalk of that bulbous flower known as the tiger lily. Every body is acquainted with the gillflower, as a very common annual plant resembling the pink in size and flower. Curiosity led him to preserve these excrescences—they were not the natural seeds—and plant them the following spring. One of his neighbors also took a portion of them and did the same. Two or three came up and attained maturity. The product was over half a peck of good sized and very handsome potatoes! These were preserved and planted the last spring. The grow vigorously, and the result was about three bushels of a new sort of real potatoes. The potato is of oblong form, smooth face, mostly white, mixed occasionally with purple. Mr. Hutchings of the Augusta House, has cooked some of them, and pronounced them superior. They may be a variety worth cultivating. But the mystery in our mind is, that they should have been the product of the gillflower. Was that the way potatoes first came?"

DUELS.—From the beginning of the reign of George III up to this time, that is, during his reign and those of George IV., William IV., and Victoria, there have been about 200 duels in England. Out of these, in three cases both of the parties were killed; and the balance, 80 were killed, 160 were wounded desperately, 60 slightly, and the remainder escaped uninjured. It is estimated that, in duels generally, about one fifth of those engaged are killed, and about one half more or less severely injured. Out of all these 200 duels, in which were engaged 400 principals and 400 seconds, 800 in all, there have grown but 20 prosecutions at law; which 20 prosecutions have resulted in 10 acquittals, 6 convictions of manslaughter, and four of murder in the first degree. Of the 4 persons convicted, 2 were hanged, 2 imprisoned. Some of the names standing highest in English history have been engaged in these duels just referred to; such as the Dukes of York, Norfolk and Richmond, Lords Shelburne, Macartney, Exmouth, Townsend, Talbot, Lauderdale, Lonsdale, Malden, Camelford, Paget, Castlereagh, Belgrave, Londonderry; the Duke of Wellington, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Tierney, Sir Francis Burdett, and many others. The English talk a good deal about the duels among our Congressmen in this country; if they would look at home they would see ten duels, in which members of the House of Lords or Commons were engaged, to one in this country, in which a member of Congress has been a party.—*Norwich Journal*.

Tops and Roots.—The Chinese give the tops of medicinal plants for diseases of the head, the body for diseases of the chest, and the roots for diseases of the lower limbs. The cure for love is marriage.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

CLARA: OR LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

BY DON TRUERA TELESFORO D'Y COSIO.

Gil Perez was one of the most narrow-minded individuals. Having never received the advantage of an enlightened education, and his natural talents being on a very limited scale, he had imbibed all the vulgar prejudices of which a weak mind is susceptible. His days had been spent in making money, and reciting long prayers. Gil Perez was a furious devotee, who firmly believed every syllable that a friar chose to utter, and he was very lavish in dealing out damnation to any lukewarm christian who chanced to come in his way. His religious temperament had increased to a tenfold degree with the progress of years, until it settled at length into a sullen gloom, and a bitter feeling of enthusiasm. Perhaps he felt some compunctious visitings on the score of his wealth. It had been accumulated somewhat too rapidly, even considering it was in South America; but to silence any qualms of conscience, Gil Perez took those efficient means which the church, with no less charity than prudence, recommends to her offending children. Nothing tends so much to tranquilize a restless and guilty soul, as bestowing one's money on convents, and ordering some thousand masses (price 2s 6d. each) to be said every year. Gil Perez adopted this orthodox method of setting to work in order to gain repose. He associated with friars—made a new settlement in favor of convents upon every case of emergency—heard two masses in the morning, and recited interminable prayers in the evening. Yet, strange to say, despite of so many and so much praying—despite of the edifying company which he kept, and the great sums which he paid for the advantage, the poor man was never a jot the more tranquil, more happy, or more satisfied with himself and his fellow-creatures.

The wife of Gil Perez was also a devotee, although not quite so melancholly religious as her husband. She also believed in the efficacy of masses, long prayers, friars, beads, &c. &c.; but then she prudently conceived there were other ways of passing one's time in this vale of tears more consonant with common sense, than preserving a fixed, lugubrious expression of countenance, fasting, and the use of the discipline, sighing, groaning, preaching, croaking, railing against sinners, and abusing the day every hour of the day. Not but, that like a good devotee she loved scandal dearly, but then she was more varied in selecting the objects of animadversion. Young, handsome girls especially called forth her zeal. She had their welfare so much at heart, that she could not endure to see a beautiful specimen of her sex cross the street, on account of the great danger there is in the possession of charms. Fortunately Dona Josepha had never had this awful peril to encounter; her motives were therefore perfectly disinterested, she acted from mere love of charity, and she never felt so happy as when she saw a female pass by in all the security of age and ugliness.

Gil Perez was blessed with two nieces that would have made the happiness of a reasonable relative. The two girls were no less remarkable for the beauty of their persons than the superiority of their moral endowments. They were, however, of very different dispositions. Agnes, the elder, possessed a strong will, and a boldness of spirit that would shrink from no danger. Clara, her younger sister, was made up of all the softer attributes of her sex. Agnes was endowed with no ordinary talents: she had an inquiring mind, and was averse to yield her judgment to any power except that of conviction. Her temper too, was irritable, although she possessed one of the kindest and most generous hearts. Her sister, though not so rich in the stores of talent, was by no means deficient in intellect: she was less brilliant, less witty than Agnes; but the gentleness of her character was, in a great measure, responsible for any deficiency of mind which a careless observer might discover at first. From her infancy, Clara had been taught to bend blindly to the slightest sign of parental authority; she would never inquire into the justice or injustice of one act.

There was also a striking contrast between the style of beauty of the two sisters. That of Agnes was of a more intellectual character—Clara's was more remarkable for a soft and winning expression. Agnes appeared at once for admiration to the mind, and she never failed to command it—Clara won gradually and unobtrusively her way into the heart. The eyes of Agnes were full of brilliancy—the eyes of Clara were composed of softness and gentle tenderness. Agnes possessed an elegant and commanding figure, and her carriage was distinguished for its ease and dignity—Clara was not so striking, her frame was more delicate, and although all her movements were remarkable for feminine grace, yet they escaped observation at first, from the retiring modesty and shrinking nature of her disposition.

Unfortunately Agnes and Clara had been left orphans, unprovided for and unprotected, at a very early period of infancy, and they had fallen under the care of two fanatic devotees quite incompetent to appreciate the value of the gems intrusted to their guardianship. Don Gil, wrapped up in the gloom of his religious reveries, was not susceptible to that tenderness of heart which would have operated in a more enlightened mind. Dona Josepha, on her side, was a weak, credulous woman, who would not certainly put herself forward to harm her fellow-creatures; but who, at the same moment, was totally incapable of contributing the least share to their happiness or comfort. Besides, Agnes and Clara were in the possession of youth and great personal beauty, and this, in the opinion of the *beata*, was a misfortune amounting almost to sin. Had her nieces been deformed, aged, and disagreeable, they would have possessed far more valuable charms in the estimation of their aunt.

Every one is acquainted with the vast influence which the clergy exercise in Spain. Gil Perez was, as a matter of course, laboring under the yoke. He was the nominal master of his house, whilst the real power was engrossed by a friar of the order of barefooted Franciscans.

The ascendancy which Father Bastos had acquired over the mind of Don Gil, and the absolute sway which he exercised in the weak Indiano's house, was, to Agnes, a source of continual misery and indignation. She dwelt constantly on the vexatious subject, until a rooted hatred for the usurper was engendered in her heart. This hostile feeling was not long a secret to the friar, and his vindictive nature was roused, whilst his policy pointed to the danger of so powerful an enemy. The superior understanding of the young girl, and her decision of character, were serious obstacles towards that plan of absolute, despotic dominion which he had acquired in the *Indiano's* family. To remove this impediment was the scheme which, at present, occupied the friar's mind. It was indispensable to check the evil before it could produce a corresponding effect in any of the other members of the family. Like every holder of usurped power, Father Bastos trembled lest his slaves should awake to a sense of their degradation, and assert their freedom.

The scheming friar had already harbored the thought of bringing Don Gil to bequeath his fortune to the convent. There was nothing extraordinary in the plan, and the success with which such attempts are crowned in Spain emboldened him to proceed with buoyant hopes in his undertaking. He watched for one of Don Gil's most religious moods, and having worked on the superstitious fears of the weak man, after an edifying sermon, continued, "And yet, dear brother, what awaits the fulfilment of our religious duties, when the weak flesh is rebellious? Blind deference to the voice of the church—"

"Nay, Father Bastos, interrupted the gloomy Indiano, "no one in my family, I trust, pretends to dispute that power."

"Your eldest niece does. I am sorry to find her imbued with the spirit of the world. The dangers that surround her path are manifold and awful, and I dread to think what may be her future destiny."

Gil Perez felt duly alarmed at the words of his ghostly counsellor. Besides, he had observed in the conduct of Agnes certain tokens which awakened his anxiety. He fancied he observed in her a reluctance to long prayers. He never heard her speak a single

word in praise either of convents or friars. Nay, she went once so far as to question the necessity of attending two masses a day. Now all these were fearful symptoms of a dislike to piety, nearly akin to irreligion. Father Bastos, on his side, readily availed himself of the occasion to work upon his jaundiced feelings and superstition, and he succeeded to the fullest extent.

The life led by the young girls, one may easily imagine, was one continued series of misery and annoyance. Dona Josepha was an indefatigable sentinel. Cerberus was a mere blind puppy to her in point of alertness. When they went to church (the only pastime allowed in the Indiano's family) the activity of his wife redoubled. Don Gil himself being deeply engrossed in working the salvation of his soul, had no time to observe the conduct of his nieces. Whilst he remained at church he was profoundly absorbed in devotion, and no event short of the altar tumbling down would drive his attention from his rosary and prayer-book.

Dona Josepha was not so selfish. Certainly she thought of her own salvation, but then she had an eye (nay, two) for that of other people. Her nieces were a source of the deepest interest and solicitude. Sensible as she felt of the unfortunate gifts which nature had bestowed upon them, it was her duty to keep always on the alert. Accordingly, with exemplary self-abnegation, instead of fixing her eyes on her prayer-book, she kept them steadfastly on the girls. This was certainly an extraordinary instance of charity. Nothing escaped the observation of the pious sentinel and when they returned home, the nieces, in addition to the church service, were obliged to undergo an interminable lecture from their zealous aunt. Woe to them, if by an unlucky chance, they had coughed, or sneezed, or uttered any sound, which might be construed into a desire to draw the attention of the men! Woe—woe, if they had lifted their eyes but for a single second from their prayer-books! for these grievous offences were visited with all the profuse eloquence of religious acrimony. Nay, it was not enough that they had not *looked*—to be *looked at* was, in the estimation of the pious aunt, almost as bad. Such an existence was a perfect martyrdom; and the teasing preaching, railing, was so great, that really the nieces deeply regretted at times the enviable situation of those females, who having neither youth nor beauty, were fortunately exempt from the infliction of their pious persecutor.

This system produced very different effects on the two sisters. In Agnes, it tended to embitter her feelings against her tormentors, and to suggest the idea of bursting from the thralldom in which she suffered. She was conscious of the insult offered to her understanding, no less than of the injustice and cruelty practised on her free will. Clara, from the mildness of her character, was averse to any display of opposition. She preferred to pine away her days in secret sorrow, rather than show the least symptom which might afford scandal to the neighbors. A being so soft, so kind, shrunk from the task of inflicting the least pain even on her tormentors, and she had accordingly chosen her destiny for life—calm resignation, silent tears, and, perhaps, an early grave!

Don Gil Perez and Father Bastos had already conversed copiously on the propriety of sending Agnes to a nunnery. Clara, who had hitherto been blindly submissive to all their whims and fancies, might ultimately follow the example of her elder sister. It was no difficult matter for the friar to persuade the credulous and hypochondriac Indiano that a nunnery was the only safe retreat for a girl of such strong passions and wayward will as Agnes had evinced. With regard to Dona Josepha, she of course, approved most cordially of a plan which was to render nugatory the baneful possession of that youth and beauty with which, most unfortunately, the life of Agnes was at present saddled. The only difficult point was to gain the consent of the girl herself, and this indeed they anticipated would not be easily obtained. But it is well known in Spain that when a family is firmly bent on sending a young girl to a nunnery, they are sure to succeed, unless, indeed, the girl is so perverse as to prefer breaking her heart, or going raving mad—a choice which sometimes girls have been known to make from a spirit of contradiction. This, however, is a far lesser calamity, in the estimation of a hot and zealous devotee, than the horror of seeing a daughter, a sister, or a niece, falling in love with a man, when they ought to

Name given to those Spaniards who make their fortunes in America.

preserve their affections for the exclusive use of heaven!

From the moment that Agnes evinced a decided opposition, the life of the poor girl became one interrupted series of trials and vexations. Nothing that could harass the mind, or torment the heart, was omitted, in order to oblige her to alter a resolution which she seemed determined to abandon only with her existence. She was teased and worried by the aunt in the most tantalizing manner; and when she had gone through this infliction, her uncle came forward with a lugubrious voice and aspect to add the benefit of his gloomy rebukes. Nor was the friar behindhand whenever the work of torturing was going on. The triumvirate were indefatigable in their task, till at the end of a month, they had fully succeeded, not in making a nun of Agnes, but in impairing her health, and embittering her temper. She fell ill; but this circumstance did not in the least tend to relax the cruelty of her religious executioners. They very coolly and solemnly announced that this was a judgment, and that the hand of God was visible in this malady, which was sent purposely at once to punish her disobedience and obstinacy, and to signify that the patient should take the holy vows of religion.

Agnes recovered, but her resolves had not suffered from the effects of her malady. Her mind, instead of losing any of its tone, had become more firm in consequence of the persecution she was obliged to endure. She was fully aware of the atrocious injustice perpetrated against her inclinations; and nothing, no, not even the fear of the most appalling death, could force her to break a resolution, which was, as it were interwoven with her existence. Dona Josepha neglected no means of wounding the pride of the poor victim. A series of petty, spiteful trials was systematically pursued in vain. But there was a source of pain to Agnes. She could courageously withstand the assaults of her oppressors, but was not equally proof against the tears of her sister. The aunt had been busily at work, and had partially succeeded in persuading the poor gentle girl that there was great criminality in the conduct of Agnes. Clara was made up of softness and placidity: her mind was not of that masculine order which prefers undergoing all sorts of trials, rather than submit to injustice. Her gentle nature shrank from the idea of opposition, whilst her imagination, already imbued with strict religious notions, was excellently adapted to receive the impressions which her fanatic relatives thought proper to convey.

Father Bastos perceived, in this morbid state of Clara, a rich mine, which might be explored with advantage, and he did not allow the opportunity to escape. The poor girl was convinced of the truth and justice of the friar's observations, but the only triumph which he and his colleagues gathered from the achievement was that of adding to the misery of Agnes, without in the least altering her resolves. Many a night when silence reigned, and Agnes was thankful that the trials of the day were over, another and a far more distressing one came to perplex her mind and afflict her heart. She, alas! was compelled to endure, not indeed reproaches, for to those the gentle soul of Clara was a total stranger;—but what are a hundred times more painful—the visible tokens of her distress and sorrow.

The mischief consequent on a system of oppression is not long in making its appearance. Agnes brooded constantly over her situation. Her independent spirit felt more indignant the more she reflected. But she was not discriminating enough, in the turmoil of embittered feelings, to distinguish the pure essence of religion from its abuse; and the aversion which she had justly conceived for Father Bastos, induced her to believe that every friar was selfish and tyrannical. By a chain of argument she next began to harbor doubts, until the line between right and wrong was scarcely discernible. This tone of mind was extremely dangerous, especially in a female of such decision of character. She was driven to an extreme point, and she secretly made a vow to dare her relatives—the world—opinion—all—all rather than submit to the odious sacrifice. This resolution, under certain restrictions, would have been strictly correct; but in the wild excitement of poor Agnes' heart, she would not disguise from herself, that she considered any means justifiable in rescuing her from the present oppression.

Don Gil Perez, from a series of rebukes and sermons, had now proceeded to more violent measures.—He peremptorily confined poor Agnes to her room where he suffered no one to visit her except the hated Father Bastos. This tribulation Agnes at first endured with fortitude; nay, she felt a sort of pride in being a martyr in the cause of her *free will*; and she took a pleasure in reflecting that all the artifices and devices of tyranny were not sufficient to enslave her mind.

The imprisonment of Agnes began at length to exhaust her patience; and she was ready to adopt the most desperate plan, rather than suffer herself to continue a toy in the hands of her ruthless tormentors.—This idea once admitted into her mind, the occasion was not long wanting of putting it into execution.—Agnes had observed a gentleman looking at her with peculiar interest as she was wont to return from church; for although the alertness of Dona Josepha offered an insurmountable obstacle to make such observations, what that is gratifying to the female vanity can escape the notice of a young girl? Agnes, however, had too strong a sense of propriety to afford the least encouragement to the stranger by returning his glances. She could feel no partiality for a person with whom she was totally unacquainted, and she never suffered a thought on the subject to disturb her repose. Had she been blessed with other relatives—had she not been unfortunate in her natural friends and protectors—the image of the stranger would probably have been the cause of mere mirth in the family. She would have felt no hesitation in speaking on the subject, and perhaps be the first to join in the laugh against the *inamorato*.

The case, however, was very different at present.—Agnes found herself perfectly isolated in this world.—Her relatives were her obstinate oppressors; and in her sister, instead of consolation, she could only find an addition to her woe and perplexity. In this absolute want of sympathizing friends, her mind was not extravagant in reverting towards an object, which under ordinary circumstances would never have occupied her meditations. The imagination loves to conjure up images of comfort, and there is scarcely an idea, however wild and extravagant, which passing through the medium of an overheated brain and a sorrowing heart does not assume, not merely a consolatory, but a reasonable form. Such was the situation of Agnes, when fate, to prolong the dangerous illusion, presented to her view the subject of her present thoughts.

As she chanced to cast a glance from the small window of her room, she perceived the stranger walking to and fro opposite the house. Her attention was drawn—she caught his eye—there could be no mistake. She occupied his thoughts—probably he knew of the hardships she endured: these and other wild thoughts darted with rapidity across the imagination of the fair prisoner, and they brought consolation to her heart.

The stranger was assiduous at his post on the following day, and he made signs as if he wished to convey a letter. This he contrived to throw into the room. Agnes was weak enough to receive and read it—From that moment her fate was sealed. Her admirer's letter ran thus:

"I am aware of the cruel treatment you are forced to endure. Allow me to rescue you from your dismal fate. Trust to my honor—the more so, for the sake of that passion which I have long felt for your person and which the knowledge of your wrongs and sufferings has served to augment.

GABRIEL FUENTES."

Agnes perused this note with a feeling of pleasure and hope. Her imagination dwelt on the subject with a fondness she would have been the first to condemn in another; nay, in her own self, had she not been so long the victim of oppression. Bold, daring, and extravagant as the resolution was, she made up her mind to quit her uncle's roof, and trust her destiny to the honor and affection of a man with whom she had not hitherto so much as exchanged a single word. But the proud spirit of Agnes, and the injustice of her relatives' behaviour towards her, had driven her mind to burst those shackles of female restraint, which form at once the ornament and protection of the sex. To carry her plan into effect, however, was no easy task. A woman's mind, always fruitful in resources in cases of emergency, did not desert Agnes in the present.—

She called dissimulation to her aid, and by feigning to listen with a more subdued spirit to the admonitions of Father Bastos, her uncle, in hopes that she was about to be converted, relaxed in his severity, and delivered his niece from her confinement.

Agnes continued the work of deceit with perfect success. She appeared almost reconciled to the proposition of her relatives. She demanded only a fortnight to reconsider the proposal. Her request was easily granted, and every day that passed, the chances of her taking the veil became more certain. The gentle Clara carressed her beloved sister in all the tenderness of her affection; but, to her surprise, Agnes, instead of the calm resignation which she evinced before the family, had only bitter tears and heavy sighs for the moments of privacy with her sister.

Matters were in this state, and the *Indiano* had already begun to arrange the preliminaries for the novitiate of his niece, when one day, to their utter surprise and consternation, the intended nun was missing. The whole house was carefully searched in vain. A note, however, was found addressed to Clara, in which her sister informed her that she had trusted her fate into the care of a husband. This word was a thunderbolt to Gil Perez, his wife, and Father Bastos. The uncle bestowed a heavy curse on the fugitive for her deception: Dona Josepha crossed herself fervently, and declared that the event did not excite any extraordinary surprise in her—she was prepared for such a catastrophe; the vanity of the girl, and the fatal beauty which she possessed, were well calculated to lead to this result. Father Bastos delivered a long harangue on the temptations of the flesh—the manoeuvres of Satan—the weakness of human nature &c. &c. concluding with foretelling the most appalling end to the fair sinner, and asserting that such crimes called for the deepest vengeance of Heaven. They were all three of accordance in one point—in feeling persuaded that Agnes had afforded an example of deception almost unparalleled and deserving the severest retribution. When they had preached, croaked, abused, denounced, prophesied, and anathematized to their heart's content, the three pious personages sat down to dinner with a very good appetite.

The system of deception followed by a young creature like Agnes would suggest melancholy thoughts, had that plan been acted upon under ordinary circumstances. But the mortifying trials which she had undergone—the prospect of new ones—and the persuasion that the only means of escaping a cruel destiny, was that of seeming to submit to it, may offer not a justification, but, at least an excuse for her imprudent and rash conduct. In the excitement of her feelings, to avoid one danger she had blindly precipitated herself into another. Had her better judgment been allowed to exercise its power with calmness and repose she would have shrunk from her headlong design.—She had been driven almost to despair; and the combined effects of indignation, sense of wrong, anger, and disgust, made themselves manifest in her flight with a man who was a total stranger, and of whose character she had no other report than the one she received from himself.

Don Gil Perez heard nothing from his fugitive niece, further than she was living in reduced circumstances with her husband Don Gabriel Fuentes, a poor officer—a man of good family, but of whose moral qualifications and personal merits little more was known than that he was a professed gambler. This intelligence did not in the least affect the morose *Indiano*. On the contrary, he felt a sort of satisfaction in the anticipated misery and trials which his niece was doomed to suffer from her rash union with such a character. With all the furious zeal of a fanatic, he thundered out that he perceived clearly the hand of God, in the various stages of the affair, and that it was certain Heaven had permitted the marriage of Agnes, as a just punishment for her guilty obstinacy in refusing to become a nun. This logic was satisfactory to Dona Josepha. Nor could the friar feel dissatisfied as he had succeeded in removing one impediment from the road to his schemes, if not by shutting Agnes in a nunnery at least by driving her from a home, to which, judging from the disposition of her relatives she could never expect to return.

Some months elapsed, and the name of Agnes was almost forgotten, except by poor Clara, on whom the rashness of her sister had made a painful impression.

But a new source of anxiety came soon to alarm the family, and more specially Father Bastos. This was the presence of a visitor at the Indiano's house—a nephew of Don Gil—a ward of the *Indiano*, who had been absent to complete his studies in the University of Alcalá. This young gentleman whose name was Theodosio, had been fondly attached to his cousins, whom he had known from their infancy. Clara, especially, was his favorite—she was a mere child of twelve years old when he had last seen her. But half a dozen years make a material difference in this period of woman's existence and he was agreeably surprised when he perceived the advantageous change which had taken place in his cousin's personal appearance, as well as in the development of her mental qualities. In fine, Clara preserved all the artless graces, all the winning manners of the girl, combined with the more refined and more intoxicating charms of approaching womanhood. The flowers of spring, and the first beauties of summer, were united in her person without distinction of season.

Youthful affection for his cousin was now exchanged for a more absorbing and manly feeling. In the society of Clara, Theodosio enjoyed a pleasure to which his heart had hitherto been a stranger. Among the females of his acquaintance he had never met one which approached so closely to his idea of female perfections. Angelic softness breathed in all her words and looks. In every trifling act, the kindness of her disposition showed itself, for Clara's supreme felicity was centered in the comfort and happiness of others; the society of such a being was not to be enjoyed with impunity, and Theodosio but too soon discovered that he was the slave of a passion, the more absorbing deep and lasting, because of the good foundations on which it was based. His bliss was complete, when his active eye perceived that his love was acknowledged and returned, despite of the efforts which female timidity and blushing restraint were making to keep the secret from him.

The first person who observed the affection existing between Theodosio and Clara was Father Bastos, and the discovery was to him annoying in the extreme. He had already settled it in his mind that the wealth of the *Indiano*, should go to enrich his convent, and to the founding of another, of which he himself felt the ambition of becoming superior—from this step to a bishopric, the distance he considered short; and wild dreams of ecclesiastical preferment and greatness revolved before the imagination of the ambitious friar. He lost no time in communicating his suspicions to Don Gil. The *Indiano* at first treated the matter with indifference, assuring his monitor, that the affection of Theodosio for Clara was that of an elder brother for a younger sister. When, however, he perceived that the friar's surmises were just, the fanatic man felt no less disappointment than vexation; he again foresaw the fountain-head of evil, and the image of Agnes returned vividly to his memory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS DEFINITION OF A KISS.—Extract from a Love Letter, written in the year 1679, translated from the German.

"What is a kiss? A kiss, is as it were; a seal expressing our sincere attachment, the pledge of future union; a dumb, but at the same time audible Language of the living heart; a present which at the same time that it is given, is taking from us, the impression of an ivory coral press; the striking of two flints against one another: a crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip, an affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweet meat which does not satisfy hunger; a trait which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love.

A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

A lawyer was once accused of *disgracing the bar*, by taking silver of a client. "I took silver," replied he, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

OUR CITY.—In looking over our exchange list we find a table, purporting to give the population and increase 'of American cities;' and not being fortunate enough to discover our own little city amongst them and having been led to believe it is situated somewhere between the Rocky mountains and down East, we thought it fairly entitled to that classification. Lest her whereabouts might be lost to future Geographers and "Corner lot" Map manufacturers, for their especial benefit, we will endeavor to define its position. It is situated on Hendrick Hudson's River, opposite the villages of Bath and Greenbush, about six miles below the ancient city of Illium. It has men, women, and children to the number of 33,627, showing an increase of 9,418 within the last sixty months. It has Clinton's ditch emptying the "by waters" into it, and the Mohawk and Hudson Rail Road with its various arms a running out of it. A little something is done in the way of trade. Regular lines of Junks are established here, and occasionally take their departure from our dikes for Manhattan Island, with a little matter of some 5 or 6000 barrels of "superfine" with butter and other small trimmings to match, and return laden with the productions, of Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Staffordshire, New Amsterdam, "Cape Cod, Nantucket and all along shore." Very considerable additions are furnished to our bartering commodities, by the occasional arrivals of the musquitoe fleet from the Montezuma marshes; at least so we are informed by the receiving-Col. Levi Chapman, and he disclaims any intention of "crowing" in the matter. We are aware that our city has transgressed many of the good old laws of "our vater landt," but think that with the many attractions offered by her in the "Swopping way," that she is at least entitled to the name of an "American City."

MEXICAN TREACHERY AND ITS REWARD.—On the defeat of the federal army at Morelos, in the month of March last, Canales, Melano, and Cardenas, made their escape into Texas, and were received by the people of that republic, with kindness and hospitality. After residing for some time in that country, these villains, by appealing to the sympathy and patriotism of the Texans, induced a large number of her citizens to assist them in a crusade against the Mexicans. On their arrival upon the bank of the Rio Grande, Canales and his associates, in order to make their peace with the Mexican authorities, opened a secret correspondence with them, by which many of these brave fellows, were sacrificed to an enemy, five times their own number. After the slaughter, the citizens, considering the contest at an end, opened their houses and shops, for the Mexicans, and the bulk of them got beastly drunk, and their commanders ordered a renewal of the slaughter. The battle commenced with about 100 Texans, and lasted nine hours. The Texans, were well protected from the fire of their assailants, and fortunately had an abundance of ammunition. During the battle the Texans sallied forth, and captured there field pieces, which they turned upon their enemies, and mowed them down like grass.—

More than four hundred of the Mexicans were destroyed, while this little spartan band only sustained a loss of four men. The Texans then retreated in good order, carrying with them considerable spoil, which they stood in much need.

"THE KEEPSAKE" AND THE "LEGENDS OF VENICE."—The Keepsake, as usual exceeds all its contemporary volumes in embellishment. The consciousness of superior female charms, and the half surprised pique evidently existing between the two male inhabitants of the picture of "the Rivals;" are entirely worthy of having Lami as a designer and the Keepsake as a casket. As for its editor, Lady Blessington, who among living writers—Bulwer always excepted—has no superior. "The Legends of Venice" makes this year its first appearance, and if the present is an earnest of its future excellence, it will always receive from the world of taste and letters a hearty welcome. The title well explains the book. Its object is to give a general appreciation of the palmy days of Venice.—By those who are in quest of a truly beautiful article of presentation—he it for a wife, sister or "sweetheart"—it will be only seen to be purchased.

Both of the above mentioned splendid volumes will be found among numerous other anniversary gifts, upon the table of our old friend, W. C. Little; who, by-the-by, has been a "long and strong" caterer for the intellectual palate of our good old dutch city, and richly deserves all the patronage his friends may bestow upon him.

ALLEN. the fiend in human form, who recently committed in New York the worse than brutal assault upon the person of Mrs. Rossama Harman, we are informed by the news-reports has been allowed his freedom upon \$4000 bail. We do not know of what Justice Taylor could have been dreaming—as he certainly must have been, when he could permit money, of any amount, for a moment to take the place of so revolting a crime. It is difficult to conceive a punishment adequate to the enormity of Allen's offence; yet to the honor of Justice Taylor, and the disgrace of mankind, is he running at large, meditating in what way he shall be able to commit crimes, of a more enormous and, of course, a more glorious cast. Men of Allen's stamp apparently find so ready a friend in the "good easy" law, that it really does seem as if justice had abandoned us, and that the line, so often quoted to establish the dark misanthropy of Byron—

"Mammon finds his way where seraph's might despair"—has been proven a lamentable fact. Outrages, it matters not of how horrible a character, now meet with such sympathy, that in the eyes of the vicious they have become consecrated. The more obvious the circumstances of guilt appear, the more mercy the culprit seems to acquire.

A CARD.—The managers of the Ladies' Fair of the third Dutch Church, respectfully tender their unfeigned thanks in behalf of the Society which they represent, to the numerous friends which have so liberally contributed to promote the object of the fair by their donations, attendance and purchases of the articles provided for the occasion.

To those of our readers, particularly, who are professors of religion, we commend the "Masonic Dialogue," on our first page. It is an admirable exposition of the true principles of the order. Lend it a paper to a prejudiced brother.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.—The St. Louis Gazette, says that the business between that city and Boston and New York, amounts to about \$6,000,000.—J. Q. Adams, has introduced a resolution in the House of representatives, to rescind the rule in relation to abolition petitions. By the present rule, we believe, no abolition petition can be entertained.—A destructive fire has taken place at Norfolk, in Drummond's extensive tannery. The loss is estimated at \$40,000. At Fredericksburgh, there has also been a destructive fire, which has consumed the building's belonging to the Union Manufacturing company.—At Lexington, Ky. the extensive bagging factory of Roswell & Star, has been destroyed at a loss of \$30,000.—At Toledo, Ohio, the extensive ware house of Mott & Co., has been destroyed, at a loss of from 10 to 15,000 dollars.—The legislature of Georgia have elected John M'Pherson Berrien, a U. S. Senator, in place of Mr. Lumpkin.—The safety fund of this state, will it is said be taxed from 200, to \$250, 000 to make good the failure of the Buffalo City Bank. Mr. Edmund Taylor, of Manchester, Va. was recently murdered by a runaway slave.—The Ohio papers say that there has been a heavier fall of snow in that vicinity, during the present month, than has been known before in many years.—A genteel rogue has been arrested for stealing \$70 worth of plate in New Haven, from the table, where he took his breakfast.—The fancy store of Mr. Paya, of New Orleans has been broken open and robbed of upwards of \$5000. John M'Chord, of Boston, has been sentenced to six months hard labor, for sending a challenge to the mate of the Caladonia. There have been 1,353,603 barrels of flour received at the collector's office in Albany, during the past season.

A Yankee, "down east," has invented a lamp, to burn *lard*, at the rate of a cent, for ten hours.—The Presbyterian Church, in Harmony, Warren co. has been destroyed by fire.—Queen Victoria has engaged a nurse at the rate of £300 per month for the first month, and £1 per day for every day thereafter.

COATES' PHYSIOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS.—This beautiful volume just issued from the press of Marshall, Williams and Butler of Philadelphia, comes to us in a most propitious moment as a text book in the all important, but too much neglected science of Physiology. Nothing have we ever found upon our shelves fitted to take the place we assign to it. The typographical execution and tasteful style of binding are calculated to give it a favorable reception, and secure to the publishers the reputation which justly belong to Philadelphia book-makers. Boston and N. York, through Marsh, Capon & Co. Lilly, Wait & Co. and the Harpers and a few other establishments have of late years rather taken the lead, but among them all we do not remember to have seen a work of this kind so well prepared for the place it was designed to occupy. Its wood cuts are exquisite representations of originals in Nature. But the book itself upon which we behold the impress of a mind intimately acquainted with the whole round of Physical science, is a treasure to every institute of learning.

The subject is opened in that familiar and ever playful manner, which can be indulged in by those giant minds which roam over the wide field of science with the freedom which a consciousness of being entirely at home, alone can give. There is an *abandon* which is peculiar to those whose minds grasp the whole length and breadth of a subject instinctively, and which possess the power of perceiving accurately the relations of all the different parts, and of presenting them in their proper order. The language and the thought

of the first chapter seize the attention as by force, and the student partially acquainted with the ground, as he is conducted by the author, feels that he moves in the very atmosphere of poetry. The meaning of terms by chosen illustrations is reverted to the memory, and this almost without effort. An argument is entered upon embracing the distinctions, first, between those things which have life and those things which have not life, and then, the characteristics which determine plants from animals. He then presents the different systems of the animal constitution, in an arrangement peculiarly his own, proceeding from the lower and simpler orders to the more and more complicated. All ascertained functions of the several organs, which compose the fabric of the most perfect of animals, is displayed in the clearest language, neither so dense as to lose its attraction, nor yet so diffuse as to deprive the mind of that exercise which is so essential to proper discipline. Then follows human physiology proper, throughout which as well as in the preceding portions, a constant wish to render every remark of the utmost practical value, seems to have ruled the author. It is certainly one of the most admirable features of the work that it every where aims to do good.

We might be induced to take exceptions to the peculiar phrenological views of the author and also of his purely hypothetical distinction between animals and plants; but upon a work which possesses so great merit, and which plainly is the production of a thinking mind we cannot indulge the vein that might under other circumstances press beyond our control.

NAPOLEON.—The body of Napoleon has been disinterred, at St. Helena. At the time of his death, in 1821 it was embalmed by French chemists; and on opening the grave it was found in a complete state of preservation, the features being preserved. The vessel, having the remains on board sailed for France, on the 17th of October.

MR. SUYDAM, whose mysterious disappearance, we noticed last week, has been most barbarously murdered, and his body found under the floor of a dwelling house leased by him to a Peter Robinson of New Brunswick. It is supposed that Robinson decoyed him on the premises, under the plea of paying him some money, and then murdered him with a hammer or axe. The murderer is in custody.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The beautiful lines, entitled "The loved and lost," written by a lady of this city upon the death of her child, are welcome, and shall appear in our next.

The Ground upon which Baltimore was first laid out, was originally purchased as a site for the town, at forty shillings per acre.

At a meeting of the Common Council on Tuesday evening, a resolution was adopted directing an application to be made to the Legislature to increase the number of wards in the city to ten.

The favors of our friend, W. S. S. have been received. He will find an answer to his enquiry by looking at the list of Agents, as published.

DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD WIFE.—She had not no ear for music, Sam, but she had a capital eye for dirt, and for poor folks, that's much better. No one never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly could not brush off with his wings. Boston gals may boast of their spinnets and their gytars, and their *cytalian* airs, and their *cars* for music, but give me the gal I say that has an eye for dirt, for she is the gal for my money."

Married.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Leavings, J. W. Lloyd, to Mrs. Gertrude Bryan.
In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. T. J. Radcliff, to Miss Jane Salvidge.
At Troy, by the Rev. Dr. Welch, L. H. M'Chesney, of this city, to Miss Angeline Thurman.
In New Scotland, Gerrit Houghtaling, to Adaline Van Dyck.

DIED.

In this city James Henry, only son of John R. Williams, 4 years.
In this city, Jane Ann Morrison, aged 22.
In New York, Mary, daughter of M. Halsted, 22. Oliva, wife of Alexander T. Bogart, 35. Sarah, wife, E. J. Midgely, 40. James H. Voorhees, 37. Henry Jefford, 30. Joseph Johnson, 68. Miss Mary Wiggins. Selah Waterbury, 47. Mrs. Hannah Ansart, 45.
In New Jersey, Joshua Griffing, formerly of Lansingburgh, aged 67. At Chicago, William Avery, formerly of Onondaga, 45. At Orwell, Vt., Mrs. Mary Buel, 101. In New Salem, Ms. Asulah Harrington, 86. Mrs. Anna Haynes, of Haverhill, Mass. 80. In Charlestown Mass. Edward Skittion. Also Capt. John Barnicoat, 56. In Andover, Dr. Nathaniel Swift, 62. In Lexington, Ky. Isaac Smith, 77. At Avon, Lacey Torrance, 19.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Dec. 19.
The Evening's Entertainments to commence with an original Equestrian Scene by Four Ladies and Gentlemen, entitled the—"Turkish Gallopade!"
Song—Mrs Hood.
Horsemanship, by Miss E. & C. Devine and W. Nichols.
Battout Leaps on the Elastic Board, by the whole Corps.
Dance—Mrs. Nichols & Miss E. & C. Devine.
Song—Mr. Dickinson.
Billy Button, the Unfortunate Tailor!!
Interval of 15 minutes, during which E. Kendall's Brass Band will play several airs.
The Second part will commence with the—Russian Hussar.
Duet—Mrs. Nichols & Mr. Dickinson.
The Indian Warrior on his Wild Charger—Shindle.
Signor Showderiskie, on the Corde Volante.
Mr. Whittaker, in a splendid act, without Saddle or Bridle!
To conclude with the laughable Farce of the—Wandering Minstrel!!!
N. B. No ladies admitted unless accompanied by a gentleman.
No spirituous liquors sold in the Amphitheatre.
For particulars of each night's performance, see small bills.
Doors open at 6, performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.
Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June, 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to \$2 75. dec 16-11

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam Streets, (formerly Middle Lane), Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.
FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

He opened the rock, and the water gushed out: they ran in the dry places like a river.—PSALMS.

He spake, and from the barren rock
 A crystal fountain burst;
 Streams through the arid desert ran,
 To slake the traveller's thirst;
 Oh! joyous shouts were borne to heaven,
 For that new type of mercy given.

They drank—the way-worn host of God,
 And every languid eye
 Looked bright again, as stars gleam out
 When shadows have passed by:
 How grateful to the burning brow,
 Was that cool fount's luxuriant flow!

Oh! deemed they not its worth beyond
 The costliest diadem:
 Could aught of finest gold compare,
 Or pearl, or lustrous gem,
 With those pure bubbles, as they broke
 All glist'ning from the desert rock!

Love burned anew, and notes of praise
 Arose to Abraham's God,
 While yet again their pilgrimage
 With cheerful feet they trod;
 Onward, a chosen, joyful band,
 They hasten'd to the promised land.

Behold! a better fount appears
 'Mid life's drear wilderness;
 Whence streams of living water flow,
 The thirsty soul to bless:
 Forth from a rock it issues free,
 And boundless as eternity.

The fevered spirit, sore oppressed
 With earthly woe and care;
 The weary, and the guilty too,
 May find refreshment there:
 Hope springs and blossoms like the rose,
 Where this celestial fountain flows.

And oh! can aught exceed its worth,
 Bright gems, or purest gold,
 Seem not the choicest things of earth,
 Its stores of wealth untold,
 Less than the fading hues of even,
 Compared with this best gift of Heaven!

Come nigh, ye pilgrims, faint and worn,
 For you a fount has burst;
 A Rock is open'd 'mid the waste!
 Come freely quench your thirst:
 Then as on eagles' wings arise,
 And soar for your immortal prize!

MY WIFE.

My chosen and my fairest!
 In sunshine and in gloom,
 Thy kindling eye shall cheer my path,
 Thy gentle smile illumine:
 And hand in hand we'll onward walk
 Amid life's busy crowd,
 While love shall cast a golden hue
 On every passing cloud.

I'll cherish thee, sweet one,
 So fondly from all ill,
 That time shall wind its silent way,
 But leave with thee no chill;
 And thus undimmed when years have flown,
 Affection's star shall shine,
 As when I breathed my earliest vow,
 And blushes spake thee mine.

My best beloved thus together
 We'll watch life's changing tide,

And gather all the fairest flowers
 That on the surface glide;
 And grief shall be an idle name,
 And sorrowing thoughts unknown,
 For love in darkest hours can frame
 A bright world of its own.

From the People's Friend.

TEARS.

The heart's sweet, balmy showers are they,
 When dark grief fills the soul;
 They come, they come, to chase away
 Our care, with sweet control!
 There's bliss in tears—'t is joy to weep,
 It hushes our burning cares to sleep.

See you poor mourner! death hath riven
 The dear chords of her heart;
 Yet tears spring forth like dews of heaven,
 And they can ease the heart;
 And she, though dark-eyed misery came,
 Can mock the spoiler's scathing flame.

There is a grief, that, ruthless, feeds
 On the heart's loneliness;
 And, nurtured there, its shooting seeds
 Bloom in that wilderness;
 But it is desolate, lone, and drear—
 Its sweet hopes gone—its roses sear.

Oh! it hath not a tear to pour
 On its own darkling gloom;
 One bursting, life redeeming shower
 Had rent the silent tomb,
 And bade the low-laid mourner rise,
 And cheer him in his once loved skies.

MARION.

NATURE.

BY A. B. STREET.

"Nature is Man's best teacher. She unfolds
 Her treasure to his search, unseals his eye,
 Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.
 Her influence breathes in all the sighs and sounds
 Of her existence: she is Wisdom's self.
 Rest yields she to the 'weary' of the earth—
 Its 'heavy laden' she endows with strength.
 When sorrow presses on us—when the stings
 Of bitter disappointment pierce our soul—
 When our eye sickens at the sight of Man,
 Our ear turns, loathing, from his jarring voice,
 The shadowy forest and the quiet field
 Are then our comforters. A medicine
 Breathes in the wind that fans our fevered brow;
 The blessed sunshine yields a sweet delight;
 The bird's low warble thrills within our breast;
 The flower is eloquent with peace and joy,
 And better thoughts come o'er us. Lighter heart
 And purer feelings cheer our homeward way.
 We prize more deep the blessings that are ours,
 And rest a higher, holier trust in God.
 And when the splendid summer moonlight bathes
 Blinding the stars, Night's purple sky is rich,
 Transparent splendor, brightening all below,
 As tho', at God's command, Earth's angel-guard
 Had dropt his silver mantle from his form
 Upon her to protect the helpless sleep,
 Nature speaks soothing music, stealing through
 Each avenue to the heart, till all is peace.
 The stone is rolled from Pleasure's sepulchre,
 And forth she treads again in life and light;
 Our thoughts are lifted—passions swept away,
 And in our soul a holiness is shed—
 A mantle moonlight—solemn pure and sweet;
 The feverish throbbings leave our brow, and sleep
 Glides o'er our senses like a pleasant shade."

HUMAN LIFE—A BALLAD.

I stood by the towers of Ardeuville,
 And the bells rang out a joyous peal,
 Loudly and merrily rang they then,
 O'er field and valley, and sylvan glen:
 And each cheek looked bright as the blush of morn
 And each heart was glad, for an heiress was born.

I stood by those time-worn towers again,
 And prancing came forth a gallant train,
 There was a priest in his robes of white,
 And there was a maiden lovely and bright
 And a gallant Knight rode by her side,
 And the shouts of joy sounded far and wide,
 For the heiress was Randolph de Couray's bride.

And again by those portals proude did I stand,
 And again came forth a gallant band,
 And I saw the same priest, but sad was his pace,
 And I saw the same Knight: but he shrouded his face;

And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,
 But a shroud and bier, and a sable plum,
 For the heiress was borne to her forefather's tomb.

And such is human life at best,
 A mother's—a lover—a green earth's breast,
 A wreath that is formed of flowrets three
 Primrose myrtle and rosemary;
 A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,
 A voyage, a whelming wave,
 The cradle, the bed and the grave.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2d Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	" "	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	" "	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	" "	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	" "	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	" "	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn.	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1840.

[VOL. II—NO. 17.]

MASONIC.

ELECTIONS IN ALBANY.

OFFICERS

Of Temple Chapter, No. 5, elected Dec., 22. 5840.
Jacob Gingrich, H. P. Argalus W. Starks, K.
Geo. S. Gibbons, S. Thos. Blank, C. H. James K.
Halliday, P. S. James Radcliff, R. A. C. John Owens,
Henry Smith, and Jacob Clute, Master of Veils.
Hiram Arnold, Sec'y. Alex. Gray, Treas. Augustus
Wilder, and Wm. Connelly, Stewards. Abram
Sickles, Tyler.

OFFICERS

Of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 3, held in the city of
Albany, elected, Dec. 17, 5840.

Elias Vanderlip, jr. W. M. Richard Parr, S. W.
Hiram Arnold, J. W. S. Drullard, Sec'y. Alexander
Gray Treasurer. Alpheus L. Lawrence, S. D.
Thomas Stewart, J. D. Abraham Sickles, Tyler.

OFFICERS

Of Temple Lodge, No. 14. elected, December 15,
5840.

John W. H. Canoll, W. M. William Ferguson,
S. W. Levi Ewing, J. W. Benjamin Thomas,
Treasurer. Luther M. Tracy, Sec'y. O. A. Kinsley,
S. D. Wesley Blaisdell, J. D. Abram Sickles, Tyler.

*EXTRACTS from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge
of the State of New Jersey, held at the Masonic Hall, in
the city of Trenton, on Tuesday the 10th day of November,
5840.*

The committee appointed at the last Annual Communication, to "investigate all matters of difference between the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and St. John's Grand Lodge of the City of New-York, which might be submitted to their consideration," made the following Report, accompanied by sundry documents, marked No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 & 8. To the Most Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of the Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey:—The Committee appointed at the last Annual Communication of said Lodge to "investigate all matters of difference between the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and St. John's Grand Lodge of said State, which might be submitted to their consideration."

RESPECTFULLY REPORT, That on the 18th day of February last, your Committee, through their Chairman, addressed a communication (marked No. 1. hereto annexed,) to the Grand Secretaries of each of the aforesaid Grand Lodges, respectively, enclosing the resolution of your Grand Lodge (marked No. 2,) of the 12th of November last, and also an extract of the proceedings of your Grand Lodge (marked No. 3,) of the 14th of November, 1837. That on the 20th of March last, your Committee received from the Grand Secretary of St. John's Grand Lodge of the State of New York, an extract of the proceedings of said lodge (marked No. 4.) in relation to said communication.—That on or about the first of May last, your Committee received from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, a letter (marked No. 5,) conveying the views of the Grand Officers of said lodge marked No. 6,) in answer to said communication. That on the 4th day of November instant, your Committee received from the Grand Officers of St. John's Grand Lodge aforesaid, a communication signed by them, (marked No. 7.) and also: certificate (marked No. 8) relating to the matters in difference between the aforesaid Grand Lodges, with request that your Committee would lay the same before this Grand Lodge. That the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, having declined meeting your Committee as requested by them, your Committee have been

unable to carry into effect the resolution under which they were appointed. The Grand Lodge will perceive that while St. John's Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and its officers, have been willing and desirous, to afford your Committee every facility in their power, to aid them in the discharge of their duties. the Officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, have taken the responsibility upon themselves of refusing to meet your Committee without submitting to said Lodge the communication sent their Secretary as aforesaid, as there requested, and have moreover affected to consider the resolution of your Grand Lodge, appointing your Committee as an insulting proposition to them. Your Committee cannot, therefore, under existing circumstances, close this Report, without recommending that so much of the proceedings of your Grand Lodge, as agreed to in the Report of the Committee, made on the 14th November, 1837, be re-considered.

ELIAS VANARSDALE, jr. }

[Signed] D. BABBET,

SIMEON BALDWIN,

Dated 6th November, 1840.

The Report, and also the accompanying Documents, were read, disagreed to, and the Committee discharged.

Brother Kerwood offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were ordered to lie on the table:

Whereas this Grand Lodge was officially notified, in the year A. L. 5837, by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, that persons under that jurisdiction had been expelled, and that the warrants of certain Lodges under that jurisdiction had been annulled; and was afterwards further notified, that the expelled Masons had formed in the City of N. York, a clandestine body called "St. John's Grand Lodge;" and whereas this Grand Lodge, at their annual meeting in November 5837, did unanimously agree to sustain the Grand Lodge of the State of New York and recommended that "no intercourse be held with the said expelled Masons, or with what they call their Grand Lodge" which sentiments were repeated in November 5838, in accordance with the decisions of all the Grand Lodges of the Union in which the subject had been examined; and whereas this Grand Lodge, in November 5839, refused to consider their former proceedings, yet did, at the earnest entreaty of the M. W. John S. Darcey, appoint a Committee for purposes entirely beyond the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge; and the Grand Lodge of the State of New York having declined "to submit their lawful acts to the revision of any Committee"—Therefore,

Be it resolved, That this Committee be discharged.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of New Jersey regards the Grand Lodges of the several States and Territories of this Union which have been heretofore recognised as holding exclusive jurisdiction within the limits of those States and Territories, and will regard any attempt to violate this principle in this or any other State or Territory, as an innovation in the established regulations of the order, tending to its destruction.

Resolved, That the attempt which has been made in the City of New York, by certain expelled Masons, and their associates, to establish a Masonic jurisdiction there, has the unqualified reprobation of this Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That all intercourse between the Lodges or Masons of New Jersey, and the clandestine associations called "St. John's Grand Lodge of the State of New York," or any of its members, be and is hereby strictly forbidden.

The Grand Secretary offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge will adhere to the

Report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, and to their recommendation as respects St. John's Grand Lodge, in the City of New York, and adopted by this Grand Lodge in the years 1837 and 1838.

Extracts from the Reports of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence in the years 1837 and 1838, referred to in the above Resolution, offered by the Grand Secretary:

In 1837, the Committee, after stating the difficulties that had arisen among the Brethren in New York, the formation of St. John's Grand Lodge, and the course pursued by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York in relation thereto, conclude by saying:—"Your Committee are of opinion that the Grand Lodge should be sustained in their proceedings; and would recommend that no intercourse be held with the expelled Masons, or with what they call their Grand Lodge."

In 1838, the Report concludes thus:—"The Grand Secretary has taken no notice of the Communication received from St. John's Grand Lodge, and has not sent them an extract of the proceedings of this Grand Lodge: which course, we trust, will be approved of by this Grand Lodge."

On motion made and seconded, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the R. W. Sylvester Spencer, of the city of New York, be re-appointed to represent this Grand Lodge in the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

The Grand Lodge was then called from labor to refreshment; and, after a short time, was again called to labor.

Brother Kerwood offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of New Jersey regards the Grand Lodges of the several States and Territories of this Union, which have been heretofore recognized, as holding exclusive jurisdiction within the limits of those States and Territories; and will regard any attempt to violate this principle, in this, or any other State or Territory, as an innovation in the established regulations of the order.

The Grand Lodge having gone through with all other business before them, proceeded to the election of Grand Officers for the ensuing year, when the following Brethren were duly elected:

M. W. William S. Bowen, of Bridgeton, G. M.
R. W. Daniel B. Bruen, of Newark, D. G. M.
R. W. Abner Parke, New Hampton, S. G. W.
R. W. William H. Earl, of Newark, J. G. W.
R. W. John Mershon, of Trenton, G. S.
R. W. Joseph H. Hough, of Trenton, D. G. S.
R. W. X. J. Maynard, of do. G. T.

The M. W. Grand Master made the following appointments:

Rev. & W. Jonathan Brooks, G. C.
W. Elias I. Thompson, G. Visitor.
W. Richard Rounsenvell, G. M.
W. George Ayres, G. P.
W. Henry C. Boswell, S. G. D.
W. Halsey Canfield, J. G. D.
W. Richard Campbell, } G. Stewards.
W. Harvey Parke, }

Extracts from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Texas, passed Feb. 1840, and directed to be published.

Resolved.—That this Grand Lodge sustains the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and that no communication be held with the expelled Masons, or "St. John's Grand Lodge."

Resolved, that the Grand Secretary be instructed to forward a printed copy of the "ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGES OF THE UNITED STATES" on the formation of a clandestine Association in the city of New York, called "St.

JOHN'S GRAND LODGE. by expelled Masons, accompanied with the preceding Resolution, to each of the Lodges subordinate to this Grand Lodge, for their information and compliance, also one copy to the Grand Lecturer."

A true Extract from the Records of the Proceedings of the grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, in Grand communication convened this 4th day of February A. D. 1840 A. L. 5840

Attest
GEO. FISHER,
Grand Sec'y G. L. R. T.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE SMUGGLER.

Among the mountains on the frontiers of * * *, in Germany, is situated a lonely village, once inhabited by poor, but industrious and virtuous people; now, since it has been thrown into the corner of a kingdom, a nest of smugglers and thieves, where all the vices have taken up their abode, and where they are fostered by the lucrative though dangerous profession that is there pursued. Here, with all the pride of banditti boasting of their achievements, they related to me a circumstance, the thought of which makes me shudder.

"Come along," said a father one evening to his daughter, a girl of thirteen, who had just returned from the pastor of the village, who was giving her instructions, preparatory to confirmation, "put on your thick coat; we have something to get to night. Bid your mother good by, and beg her to lay her hand upon your head; for we cannot tell whether the Almighty will bring us safe through the business or not." They set out. The wind blew intensely cold over the hills, and howled among the trees; while low clouds, heavily laden with snow, sailed slowly over the gray heads of the naked rocks. They proceeded in silence along an unfrequented mountain-path, clambered like chamois along a yawning abyss, where a foaming torrent was struggling against the overpowering force of winter. "Lay hold of my belt," whispered the father as though apprehensive lest the very air should overbear him, "and hold fast—'tis not the most pleasant walking here." The girl trembled with cold and fear, and silently followed her rough conductor. "Stop!" he cried all at once, "do you hear nothing? Were not those men's voices?"

"No father, it is the wind howling through the pines."

"Stand still, then, and listen—that must be footsteps. I hear them quite plain."

"No father, it is the ice that is bursting in the abyss, and the waters, dashing against the rocks."

The old man, wrapped in a grey surtout, clapped his ear to the side of the rock to listen, and presently cried, "Come on!" The path became more difficult, and the rocks more abrupt.

"Should any misfortune befall me to night, my dear girl," said he, "tell your mother she must not give up the business; I have made a profitable concern of it, and I should not die content if I believed it would drop with my life. You are now old enough to lend a hand."

He then directed her to conceal herself in a small cavern in the rock. "You may eat your supper there," he observed, "for we are now upon the frontier; and up yonder you would only be in my way. I will whistle when I come back. When you hear that sign, look about you and bestir yourself."

With these words he continued his ascent, and the half-frozen girl crept sobbing into the snowy retreat to say a pater-noster. At a dizzy depth below her, the torrent roared monotonously—and before her, the wind whirled the snow in furious eddies from the rocks. She was alone in this dreary spot.

After a while the appointed signal was given, and she heard footsteps. Her father came with a pack, which he dragged after him.

"Here," said he, "pull it in! it is but light; you will have no difficulty. 'Tis worth a good round sum, though."

The pack was despoised in the cavern, and the smuggler went back again. The girl, mean while, crouched behind the pack, and rubbed her frozen limbs to warm and keep herself awake. Some time

again elapsed; again a whistle was given as before, and the father returned with another load. He bade her take up the first, and made her go on before him.

"Father, I hear dogs barking! don't you?"

"No, no, child it is only the wheezing of my old lungs."

"There again! I fancy I hear something behind us."

"Go along, girl, and hold your tongue!"

"There is something moving behind us, father, down yonder, don't you see?"

"Good God! The sharpshooters! We are lost if we cannot reach the ravine!"

A dog came up and threatened to seize the man, when clinging without the hope of safety to the rock, he hurled his pack at the animal, which tumbled, howling, together with a mass of snow, down the precipice. "Give it me," he cried, taking the lighter load from the girl, grasping his hand firmly, and drawing her with accelerated steps down the rocky path.—Fright deprived her of the use of her limbs, and he dragged her along like a dead thing. Destruction pressed closer and closer upon their heels. Voices repeatedly cried "Halt!" No answer was returned, and the report of a piece was reverberated a hundred-fold by the echoes of the mountains. The ball struck the rock and dropped at their feet.

"Merciful God!" ejaculated the girl, "I cannot go any farther. Leave me here, father; they will not murder me."

"But you will betray me, girl."

"No, no, no; leave me here, and make your escape."

"You will betray me, and bring your father to the gallows. Come along!"

Filled with despair, he raised her from the ground, and wound with his two-fold burthen round a ledge of rock. It was to no purpose. The sharpshooters appeared above and below, and the anxiety of the smuggler increased every instant. The girl had sunk down as if inanimate, and all the efforts of the affrighted father to arouse her were unavailing. Again was heard the cry of "Halt!" again the balls whizzed past, and the ministers of the law kept approaching nearer and nearer. Life or death depended on a single moment. He bent over his child, and caught her in his arms. "So help me God in my utmost need!" he ejaculated aloud, and threw her down the abyss. The body dashed against the projecting crags in the descent, and rolled into the torrent beneath.

The pursuers stood aghast at the atrocious deed, and overpowered with horror dropped their weapons. The smuggler escaped with his pack, and has since often visited the same spot on a similar errand.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

ORIGIN OF SILK IN EUROPE.

The use made of silk at the present day, from the imperial robe to the shawl which wraps the menial, forms a surprising contrast with its rarity and costliness, when it was first employed for clothing, and its origin and progress in the history of commerce, it is an interesting inquiry. The account of its introduction into Europe may perhaps amuse the curious.

From a nation of robbers, Rome became a nation of warriors, and, altho' they despised commerce, they were well pleased to adorn themselves, their villas, and palaces, with the rich and beautiful fabrics of China, India, and Persia.

The *Median Drapery*, the name by which silks were known, was one of the most expensive, and most admired, of all the oriental luxuries, which their conquest had procured for them. The wife of the Emperor Aurelian besought him to purchase her only one robe, of a purple color; but he refused, because it would cost more than twice its weight in gold.

Garments made of the precious stuff were in great request among the opulent Romans, and curiosity was awake to know what it was, and how it was manufactured.

It is amusing to observe the exercise of imagination which it excited among the fashionables of Rome and Constantinople. Some thought it was mysteriously wrought of beautiful flowers; others that it was

made by combing the leaves and bark of a curious tree, some believed it was a sort of wool, and others that it was down, spun on the branches of trees by insects.

The country of this wonderful production was said to be surrounded by high hills, inhabited by a gentle people, blessed with a fertile soil and a delicious climate, "where they passed their happy days in tranquility, amidst shady groves which were fanned by gentle breezes, and produced *fleeces of wool*; that being sprinkled with water, they combed off the dazzling thread, and made the *Median Drapery*." It was further said, that "these people spake never a word," but kept their wares until a sufficient price was offered, when the exchange was made in silence.

Silk does not appear to have been known to Homer or to Herodotus. The first mention that is made of it is by Aristotle, who says that "Pamphila a woman of Cos, received a web from the far regions of the west; and unravelled, re-spun, and reweave it into a delicate and brilliant clothing for women."

The manufacture of silk goods had long been carried on in Tyre, and other Phœnician cities who derived the raw material from India and China. But at the date of the Christian Era, the Indians became carriers themselves, and stopping in Persia for a market, threw a monopoly in the hands of the Persians, who supplied remoter nations at their own price. The Roman conquests and exactions had kept the commercial world perpetually changing. Tyre, Sydon, and Carthage, the great theatres of ancient commerce, had been overthrown; but although Carthage could never revive, the former cities rose from their ashes to a degree of activity. They continued the manufactories of goods for clothing; and the Romans, who escaped the destroying sword of Attila, deplored the loss of the beautiful silks of China, more than of their slaughtered legions.

The luxurious and ambitious Justinian, waged a vain war with the Persians, in the hope of recovering from the eastern Empire, some of their Asiatic possessions. Meanwhile he sent ambassadors to the King of Axuma, in Africa, beseeching him for the sake of their communion in religion, to direct his subjects to buy silks from China, and from India, for the use of the Emperor, and thus prevent his gold from going into the hands of his enemies, the Persians. By the enormous duties and taxes which he had levied on the Egyptians, and the other countries, and cities, which had supplied the western world, he had exhausted, or destroyed them so as to leave no alternative for the luxurious Romans of Constantinople, but to live without the Median drapery, or comply with the exorbitant demands of their Persian enemies. From this distress which would have provoked the scorn and the laughter of their ancestors, they were most unexpectedly relieved.

Two Persian monks, inspired by zeal and curiosity travelled to Tzintza, and Serinda, (China and India,) and acquired the secret which had been kept in those countries for ages. Instead of communicating their knowledge to their own countrymen, they proceeded, on their return, to Constantinople, and imparted the secret to the emperor. Great was his astonishment to learn, that it was produced by a species of worm, and that the monks had purloined, and brought off a quantity of the eggs, in the hollow of a cane, by means of which they might be propagated in his dominions. They were rewarded with vast sums of money; and the precious insects, with manufactories placed under the care and direction of the monks soon became flourishing, and satisfied the requirements of the effeminate Romans.

The silk weavers of Tyre, and Berytus, were compelled to work in the imperial manufactories, and the silk worms thus brought by stealth from Eastern Asia, were the origin of that vast branch of commerce, which spread by imperceptible legrees over Europe; and will, probably, at no distant day be as active in our country as in its native regions in the remotest East.

Clean Hands.—Mr. C—L—, playing at whist the other evening, with an intimate friend who seemed (as far as his hands were concerned) to hold the Mahometan doctrine of ablution in supreme contempt, said to him, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger," "My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!"

MISCELLANY.

From the Kaickerbocker.

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

A REMINISCENCE OF A SCENE ON BOARD A SHIP OF WAR.

BY USHER PARSONS, M. D.

'T WAS in a dark, tempestuous night, that the frigate *Guerriere* ploughed her way through the Gulf of Finland, rolling and plunging at the sport of every billow, as it dashed its spray over her deck. The incessant creaking and groaning of the ship's joints at every surge, were occasionally interrupted by the hoarse sound of the officer's trumpet, or the shrill pipe of the boatswain, and the tramp of men running with the halyards.

'Steward,' said the caterer of the ward-room, as he entered it from deck, 'invite down all the officers of the mess about the galley, and all others that can be spared from duty. Tell them it is Saturday night;—and mind ye, have ready the large can of whiskey-punch, piping hot, and materials for replenishing it.'

The social board was soon surrounded, each mess-mate steadying himself in his chair, as the ship rolled from side to side, by embracing a leg of the table between his knees. The customary toast for Saturday evenings, 'To sweet-hearts and wives,' was drunk with the usual sigh of fond recollection; and then followed the enlivening song and mirthful story.

'There is some fun,' said the sailing master, 'in that pilot who joined us at Copenhagen. If we could but get the Russian down from deck, he would make sport enough for us, in his broken English.'

'We'll have him then,' replied the first lieutenant: 'Steward, ask the pilot to join us; and, look ye, have less noise in that gun-room when you return.' The ward-room servants, who occupied the adjoining apartment, had evidently followed our example in circulating the Saturday evening glass.

Presently, the rough, weather-beaten pilot appeared at the table, and turning his huge mustaches right and left, to open a way for the glass, he soon made up in speed what he lacked in time; and readily overtook us in the convivial race; nor did he fail to confirm the sailing-master's opinion of his mirth-moving powers. Little did he dream of the transition his feelings were soon to undergo. But I anticipate.

It is very common on board war-vessels, on pleasant evenings, for officers to stand within listening distance of the men about the fore-castle, to over-hear, as it were unobserved, the songs and jests of the jolly sons of Neptune. In like manner, the noise from the servants' room had drawn the purser from the table to listen to their sport. After a time, he returned to the company, with an expression of countenance that betokened astonishment at something he had overheard.

'Gentlemen,' said he, in a low tone, 'one of our servants is a pirate!'

'Pirate!' exclaimed several of the company.

'Yes,' answered the purser, 'a Barbarian pirate, who was convicted, and subsequently pardoned by President Monroe; and he is now giving an account of his atrocities to the other servants.'

'By Saint Nevski!' exclaimed the Russian pilot, 'dat is no vay de Emperor treats de pirates. He would send dem to Siberia, to be knoused and den hanged.'

'Let us,' resumed the purser, 'have the rascal out here, and make him describe some of his piracies.'

To this proposition all agreed; and John Smith, for such was his name, real or fictitious, was called forth, to entertain us with a story from real life. All eyes were arrested by the expression of his countenance, as he approached the table, and each one would have been slow to suspect him of pravity, so demure and innocent were his looks.

The first lieutenant began his interrogatories in a calm and serious manner, in a grave tone of voice, remarking that he wished to know some of the particulars of the piracies committed by him and others, for which he was tried and condemned. With a look of astonishment at our knowing anything of his career, John hesitated to utter a word in reply.

'Go on!' said the lieutenant 'go on!' we know you

have been pardoned, and therefore you have nothing to fear from us. Let us hear the whole story.'

John began, as might be supposed, with a disclaimer of his own guilt, in the outset; alleging his ignorance of the designs of the band with whom he enlisted, until it was too late to extricate himself. He then recounted several of their piratical adventures, some of which were detected, and led to their capture and trial. By this time he had become easy and communicative, and desirous to gratify our expected curiosity and interest of his stories. 'But there was one act,' continued he, 'that never came to light, which was worse than all the rest.'

'Let us have it, John,' rejoined all the company; 'out with it!'

'Well,' continued John, 'it so happened we fell in with a Russian ship, bound to Mexico, and boarded her. The captain, who was a brave fellow, resisted our search for money. We thereupon knocked out his brains with a handspike, and (oh it makes me shudder to think of it!) we then killed every man on board; and after plundering all we could carry away, we scuttled the ship, and set fire to her.'

'Vot Russian ship vas dat?' interrupted the pilot, impatient to learn whether he had ever any knowledge of her, or her commander.

'It was Sir,' replied John, 'the ship *Orloff*, Captain Nicholas Potowsky.'

'Mine Got!' exclaimed the pilot, with clenched hands, and a quivering lip, 'it vas my brodder! Villian! murderer!—it vas my brodder Nicholas! You shall be put in irons, and hanged, ven dis ship arrives at Cronstads! I vill see de captain dis very night.—O Nicholas! You vas not drowned den, ship and all as ve always supposed!'

The pilot now rose from the table to seek the captain, but was unable to pass the sentinel stationed at the cabin door. Meantime, John Smith was hurried down into the coal-pit, in a dark corner of the vessel and was there confined out of sight, during the pilot's stay on board, which however was short, as we soon landed at Cronstads. It was reported that he applied to the authorities there to take John out of the ship, but was told that the *Guerrier*, being a national armed vessel, nothing of the kind could be done. John therefore escaped due punishment, till we arrived at the next port, which was in Sicily, where, expecting another trial for his life, he immediately deserted, and was never more heard of.

The striking incidents of this narrative, the reader will perceive, are the perpetration of a murder in the Gulf of Mexico, and its first disclosure in the Gulf of Finland, nearly on the opposite side of the globe; and then the brother of the victim, by the murderer himself. The whole savors so much of fiction, that the writer thinks it well to state that he was surgeon of the ship at the time, and knows the material facts to be as he has here related them.

VARIETY.

WHOLESALE LEGISLATION. At a General Court in Boston, 1639, "an order was made to abolish that vain custom of drinking to one another, and that upon these and other grounds.

1st. It was a thing of no good use.

2d. It was conducive to drunkenness, and occasion of quarrelling and blood shed.

3d. It occasioned a waste of much wine and beer.

4th. It was troublesome to many, especially the master and mistress of the feast, who were forced thereby to drink more often than they would.

Yet divers even goodly persons were loth to part with this idle ceremony, who, when disputation was tendered, they had no argument to maintain it—such power hath custom.

Character of a good fellow.—How many there are who give up every pretention to the character of a good man, for the name of a *Good Fellow*! and what is a good fellow? Why, a graceless young man, who is addicted to every vice, until by debauchery and extravagance, which he does not really enjoy, he brings the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. This a *good fellow*! Sometimes in visiting the hospitable mansion of a friend, he corrupts the son, or debauches the daughter; and he is a *good fellow*! He

perhaps marries,—but to become fretful and penurious at home, and thoughtlessly profuse abroad; he dissipates that which should support his family, returning but to insult and distress them; yet he is generous over a bottle, and must be a *good fellow*! At last his money runs short, and he would borrow of his friend: few lend, and those few he forgets to pay; till every one avoids him, and he is no longer a welcome visitor, even to mine hostess; for then he is no longer a *good fellow*!

The celebrated physician Malouin, at Paris, had such a veneration for his profession, that he declared himself convinced that Molier's death was a just judgment on him for his want of respect to the science of Medicine. Being once a witness of the anxious punctuality with which a patient took a most nauseous medicine, he said to him with great solemnity, "Sir you are worthy to be sick."

Hints to the Married and Single.—False modesty or real bashfulness keeps many a man living a bachelor, when if his tongue did not stick to the rook of his mouth at times, he could pop the question to the girl of his heart, be accepted, married, and a happy husband. They manage these things well in London where if a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger; if engaged on the second; if married on the third; and on the fourth, if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower or trinkets to a lady with the left hand, this on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem, but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer.

Size of the Globe.—Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain, and survey the surrounding landscape, we should perceive an extent of view stretching 40 miles in every direction, forming a circle of 80 miles in diameter, 250 in circumference, and comprising an area of 5,000 square miles. But such an object forms no more than 40,000th part of the globe; so that before we can acquire an adequate conception of its magnitude, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes of a similar extent to pass in review before us; and were a scene of the magnitude now stated to pass before us every hour till all the diversified scenery of earth were brought under our view, and were twelve hours a day allotted for the observation, it would require nine years and forty-eight days before the whole surface of the globe, could be contemplated.—*Dick's Philosophy.*

Errors of the Press.—It is amusing to a man who has been the printer's hack for years, to witness the sensitiveness of young writers and beginners, at errors of the Press. They attach to them an importance which no man experienced would think for a moment of giving to them. An article for a newspaper is generally forgotten on the next day after reading; and if it is not so forgotten, and the error is consequence can be readily corrected on the day following. But to write for immortality in a newspaper—or even to expect remembrance for a fortnight from any such memorial, is as John Neal has wittily observed, to engrave your own name on a pumpkin.

DRINK—DRANK—DRUNK.—An exchange paper, whose title we hesitate to give, in speaking of a meeting of the friends of a gentleman, and the toasts given upon the occasion, remarked as follows:

"On the health of Mr. McMichael. Being drunk, he replied in a speech of great comprehensiveness, precision, and excellence!"

It will thus be seen the accidental introduction of a period in the above paragraph, has caused a point that would be capital were it not that a letter of the latter title has usurped a place in *B-ing*, where an inferior one should be.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

CLARA: OR LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

BY DON TRUEBA TELESFORO D'F COSIO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126.

Don Theodosio was a young man of quick fancy and an inquiring mind—his natural talents were good, and a strong love for study had tended to their full development and maturity. He had always a wish to travel, and, much against the inclination of his uncle, he had spent the last eighteen months in visiting foreign courts. Upon his return to his own country, his ideas were enlarged, and his views of men and things more imbued with that spirit of philosophy, which the commerce of the world bestows on an observant mind. He felt a thorough contempt for the feeble intellect of his relative, while the tyrannic temper which had led to the rash step taken by his cousin Agnes, filled him with disgust and abhorrence.—The feelings with which Don Gil regarded his nephew, were ten times more decided and hostile. He considered him as little better than a heretic. The freedom of his speech, the boldness of the maxims which he feared not to propound, and the little respect which he paid to the holy words of Father Bastos, were enough to produce that rancorous and bitter feeling which fanaticism seldom fails to confer on its zealous votaries.

It was, therefore, with a kind of horror that he discovered the partiality existing between his obnoxious nephew and Clara. The friar was not backward in heightening the terrors which his weak mind had conjured up. Theodosio was represented as a man totally devoid of religion, since he scrupled not to doubt many things, which no true son of the Christian church should ever call in question. The notions of the young man on the subject of convents, particularly shocked the sensibility of the friar. Dona Josepha on her side, was literally thrown into fits, at the idea of harboring a heretic beneath her roof—and her alarm, of course, was terribly augmented, when the heinous-crime of Clara's loving such an object came to her knowledge. She wondered how a Christian girl could be so wicked, and, at the same time, she did not the opportunity escape of launching against that pernicious beauty which had produced the admiration of Theodosio.

Meantime the affection of the young people had developed itself into a deep absorbing feeling, which now became beyond the power of tyrannic control to check. One day Theodosio ventured to open his heart on the subject that engrossed all his thoughts. Clara, who already loved her cousin, with all the warmth and sincerity of a first and pure female affection, was thrown into confusion when her cousin revealed the state of his heart. He took her hand, which trembled in his, and to the kind and fervent vows which he made she gave no answer, but the visible agitation under which she labored, told the lover, if any proof were yet wanting, that his affections were fully returned. This was a moment of bliss supreme, for there is not in nature aught so intoxicating as the first avowal of true love. How much is the value of such happiness enhanced when the object is a young, pure, artless girl, of the possession of whose heart an angel-spirit might feel proud!

This beautiful dream of felicity—this powerful charm of nature was soon dissolved by the sudden appearance of the Indiano. He fixed an austere look on his young relatives—the crimson flew to Clara's cheek—and this only served to augment the devotee's displeasure and suspicion. He no longer could harbor a doubt concerning the true position of things and he felt a bitter annoyance at what he considered little short of a sin in the young people. Let us return to Agnes.

The condition of poor Agnes was at the present period most distressing. She had at length discovered the error of her imprudent conduct. Instead of a kind protector, a loving friend, she had found in her husband a worthless being, equally devoid of heart and principle. His whole soul was engrossed with gambling pursuits in which vice, as well as other excesses he consumed the greater part of his existence. But

what produced the keenest agony in the mind of Agnes, was the conviction that she had never truly possessed his affection; his marriage having been prompted more by sordid interest than affection; and this, the most painful discovery that a deluded woman can make, had already produced a melancholy effect in the health of the unfortunate Agnes.

Gabriel Fuentes was well acquainted with the Indiano's vast wealth, and he had settled it within his own mind to possess himself of a considerable portion of it. He imagined that Agnes and Clara would inherit their uncle's fortune, and he forthwith determined to make up to the former. Fuentes was a character any thing but what would have pleased a man of the devotee's strict religion, and he would scout the remotest notion of an alliance with a notorious profligate, even if no attack had been premeditated against his pocket. This obstacle, however did not make our enterprising adventurer give himself up to despair.—He was thoroughly acquainted with all the avenues to the female heart, and extremely conversant with all the little arts which have so high a value in the estimation of young girls, and which are so available in ensnaring their affections. The personal appearance of Don Gabriel was pre-possessing—his manner and deportment elegant, and he was a practised master in the science of tender looks. Having once secured the object of his scheme, he felt no apprehension with regard to the result. He argued on the old notion, that parents sooner or later will relent, and forgive the fault of young transgressors. Thus he flattered himself with the idea that, at a future period, a portion of the Indiano's fortune would fall into his power.

How distant was the poor deluded Agnes from suspecting the real nature of her admirer's thoughts!—Whilst she imagined that he was actuated by a noble spirit, and by the stimulus of admiration, to rescue her from her painful condition—whilst she invested her husband with all the charms of a generous heart and manly character, the deceitful man was coolly and calmly planning the most selfish and sordid schemes. Alas! how many girls live in this pleasing delusion, and only awake to the painful reality when the evil is beyond the power of redress.

The two first months of their union, Agnes and her partner lived with sufficient comfort and happiness—the charms of the wife, her youth, talents, and warmth of heart, were enough to captivate, for a short time, even the worn-out taste of a professed libertine. But these halcyon days were soon to expire. Don Gabriel got at length tired with the life he had embraced—he again flew to the gaming table—the want of money to satisfy his ruling passion excited vexation and disappointment. He applied to the Indiano. His first letter remained unanswered—his second shared the same fate—the third was written by Agnes, in all the agony of grief: it failed to soften the heart of the old man. Instead of the means of supporting life the indignant uncle sent her a long sermon, in which he detailed the heinous sins of which she had been guilty—the enormity of her ingratitude towards her kind relations, and the unreasonableness of her application to persons whom she had so deeply offended. He concluded his epistle by exhorting her to penance, and telling her to trust in the mercy of God; to discard every hope of ever receiving a farthing from her uncle.

This letter threw Don Gabriel into a fit of rage and disappointment. From this moment the indifference which he had already begun to exhibit towards his helpless wife, was converted into unequivocal contempt and aversion. He no longer took any care to conceal the detestable feelings of his heart, and the sordid character of his mind. He bitterly upbraided the wretched Agnes with his misfortune, and cursed the moment he first saw her fatal person. This addition of misery produced a wild and fearful sensation on the almost broken heart of the poor victim; but the measure of woe was not yet complete. It was in the midst of accumulated sorrow, in the midst of poverty and remorse—abandoned by her relatives—hated by her husband, and forgotten by all that poor Agnes became a mother! In the infant born to her, she might have experienced some alleviation to her affliction and sorrow, had not the birth of the child redoubled the bitter feelings of her husband;

Appalling poverty—utter destitution came now to weigh on the wretched and ill-assorted couple—the

transition from habitual vice to the commission of crime is almost perceptible. Don Gabriel, after a midnight broil, and instigated by despair, had associated with some profligates, and taken a part in a desperate robbery. The act came to the knowledge of the police, and an active pursuit of the delinquents commenced. What was the horror of the wretched Agnes, when she beheld her door broken open in the silence of night, and the agents of justice rush into her very chamber in search of a public malefactor—a robber! Still more—what were her feelings when, in the person of the detested criminal, she was compelled to recognize her husband! Hitherto her pride had supported the unfortunate woman in nearly all the stages of bitter sorrow, disappointment, and wretchedness, but, the last stroke of fate—the brand of disgrace and shame, was beyond the power of fortitude. Poor Agnes uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless on her bed by the side of her sleeping babe.

The circumstances attendant on the robbery were of so flagrant a nature, that Fuentes, after being ignominiously expelled from the regiment to which he belonged, was despite of the powerful interest made for a commutation of punishment, condemned to banishment to the prisons of Ceuta—the principal depot for the Spanish convicts. Agnes had been left by her worthless husband in a state, not only of utter destitution, but encumbered with debts which it was completely out of her power to discharge. The landlord of the humble dwelling which she occupied was the first to urge his claims. He had waited a long time for his rent, and perceiving no prospect of ever obtaining his due, he came to the cruel resolution of expelling the ill-fated Agnes from the premises. He allowed her few days to arrange her affairs, and the term having expired, insensible to her prayers, and unmoved by the horrid picture of her distress, he proceeded to put his plan in execution.

Agnes had disposed of every article of the least value, to provide for the first necessities of life. Her trinkets, and even her dresses, had gradually disappeared, and when the dreadful instant of her expulsion arrived, she had no object to carry away with her—nothing but the mournful weight of an infant, doomed to the severest gripe of misfortune. She took the poor child into her arms, and summoning her pride and energy of character for this most appalling of her trials, she quitted the house a poor, wretched roofless wanderer, uncertain whither to direct her steps, ignorant of what might be her destiny, and almost indifferent and callous to any further prospective woe.

The shadows of evening were descending, when the ill-fated Agnes quitted her dwelling; a drizzling rain had begun to fall, the day was cold, chill, and dreary, fit emblem of the state of her mind. Every thing announced that the approaching night would be one of darkness and cheerless gloom. Agnes for some time wandered about the streets of Madrid, totally careless what course to pursue. She applied at last for shelter to the house of an elderly female relative of her husband, in whose society she had experienced the only comfort which her bitter life had of late enjoyed; to her utter consternation she found the doors and windows of the house closed; the crime and ignominious destiny of Don Gabriel had compelled his relation to quit the scene of his disgrace, and retire to a distant part of the country. This discovery vanquished the last remains of the poor sufferer's courage.—She gave herself up to despondency, and totally regardless of what might be her fate, she continued for some time her melancholy perambulation through the capital. The night had closed in utter darkness, and the rain began to fall profusely. Fatigue, exhaustion, and the increasing storm, compelled at length the wanderer to seek refuge from its fury under the porch of the convent of St. Philip Neri.

There poor Agnes, crunched like a dog, endeavored by her caresses to hush her cries of her infant. What a dreadful picture was this! What fearful isolation! Agnes, in the midst of a great capital, was like a being who had no communion, no sympathy with those of her species; the world was a blank—a dreary waste to her. Shivering with the piercing cold, drenched in the rain, which fell in torrents, and from which she could only obtain a partial shelter, she looked with a sort of listless apathy on the gloomy prospect before

her. A few stragglers, flying from the storm, hurried by in haste, and took no notice of the wretched being, they were too busy in seeking the comfort of their homes, to bestow even a passing thought on the sufferer. A sumptuous equipage came by—then another; and as the rolling of the wheels became more faint in the distance, the awful silence which followed served to augment the fearful feeling of desolation and horror. A reverend friar belonging to the convent then approached close to Agnes. She received no other consolation than a pious rebuke from the man of God. Mistaking her probably for one of the wretched females who pay the forfeit of their virtue with a life of shame and misery, he bestowed a smart reproach on the poor victim, and then hastened to a comfortable bed, no doubt, well satisfied with the zeal he had shown in the cause of morality.

In this awful and bitter moment the memory of poor Agnes reverted to her sister. Was she happy? would not her ulterior destiny be equally appalling! No—no, her gentle nature would bend to the will of her relatives, and calm resignation would ultimately lead to comparative repose and happiness. This idea diffused a momentary gleam of consolation over the darkened heart of Agnes. But the increasing and more painful cries of her child dissolved the transient dream and recalled her senses to all the horrors of her situation. Although the fire and boldness of her temper had been subdued by the iron pressure of misfortune, still enough remained of that desperate courage, which in a moment of moral oblivion, might counsel the adoption of a fearful act. The image of self-destruction for a moment intruded on the throbbing brain of poor Agnes. She dwelt with a bitter complacency on the horrible thought. It would put a termination to her constant and overwhelming sufferings. She would press her child to her bosom, and by one bold, fearful act, place him and his wretched mother beyond the power of a world in which they were outcasts, doomed to misfortune. Fortunately this frightful idea was soon repelled by that principle of right, which not all her formidable trials had been able to eradicate from the mind of Agnes. She shuddered at the crime the next moment after the spirit of evil had instigated its perpetration, and this last victory of hapless, forlorn, and forsaken virtue, brought along with it that gratifying and consoling sensation, which is its constant attendant.

The pathetic wailing of the little sufferer attracted, at last, the notice of a charitable being—for happily in this world of selfishness there are still those who come forward to vindicate the better attributes of the human species. This humane person was a female, who lived hard by, and who had been moved by the incessant cries of the child. Alas! when the voice of sorrow and distress fills the air, the ear of woman is always first to catch the mournful sound! Agnes was offered a shelter by a charitable individual of her own sex. She felt deeply thankful, but the hand of consolation came too late. A violent fever, consequent on the dreadful suffering both of mind and body which she had undergone, rendered indispensable her removal to a public hospital.

What a dreadful contrast did poor Agnes offer at this sad period, with what she had been a few years since. All her charms had withered—her cheek was hollow and ghastly—her eye sunk and lustreless—her lips cold and quivering—her raven locks tinged with the silver of premature decay, and the lines of sorrow furrowed her smooth and beautiful brow. Her mind had undergone the same melancholy change; her spirits were broken—the fire of her fancy extinguished—even the power of memory was bedimmed and almost lost. Thus a lovely, intelligent, and beautiful being—the expectant of fortune and happiness—born to ornament society, sank in early youth on the bed afflicted by public charity. From this bed she was never more to rise; in a few days her suffering spirit was released from the miseries to which it had been so long condemned. Poor Agnes expired in the hospital, abandoned by her relatives, neglected by her friends, and surrounded only by strangers and images of woe and isolation. Her child followed, soon after, its wretched mother to her early grave. By charity their remains were consigned, without delay, to the earth. The ceremony was over, and they were forgotten!!!

When Don Gil Perez received intelligence of the

melancholy fate of his niece, instead of feeling compassion for her misfortunes, or being visited by remorse for that cruel treatment, which had been the real origin of her untimely end, the narrow-minded and superstitious old man felt a degree of horror at the supposed crimes of the poor victim; and he failed not to tell her sister that the hand of God was visible in the punishment with which the disobedience of Agnes had been attended. Father Bastos said many edifying things on the occasion. He descanted copiously on the dreadful effects of pride and disobedience—the eligibility of conventual seclusion—and the happy destiny which Agnes had lost by her rebellious spirit. He concluded by hoping for the mercies of Heaven towards the poor sinner, and trusting that Clara would at least take warning from the dreadful example of her elder sister. Dona Josepha threw also her share into the stock of this pious and superfluous oratory. She was of course very eloquent on the subject of female youth and beauty, to the possession of which she unhesitatingly attributed the misfortune, offences, and the disastrous fate of her niece.

The situation of Clara became, from this moment, more irksome and mortifying. In the lectures with which these personages thought proper to treat the young girl every day in the year, the disobedience of Agnes and her punishment was the unvarying peroration to the discourse. As it was a self-evident truth that Agnes would not have died in the hospital if she had consented to enter a nunnery, Dona Josepha, by process of a very curious chain of argument, satisfied herself that the only remedy for Clara escaping the same, was to make a nun of her with all possible despatch.

The possession of riches is, according to many very pious and learned authors, a severe impediment in the road to heaven; simply because their use being misapplied, it leads imperceptibly to the commission of sin, and the perdition of souls. This being admitted what act could illustrate in a more exemplary manner the fervor of charity, than to remove the said terrible obstacle from a Christian's path! Father Bastos had the salvation of the Indiano, the wife, and the niece much at heart; and consequently he felt it a duty incumbent, both on fatherly solicitude and religious capacity, to ward off the dangers that might obstruct the accomplishment of so desirable an end. Hence the pious man was indefatigable in the holy work of getting from the Indiano all the money he could.

But this was not all. The fact being now established beyond doubt that Theodosio and Clara were deeply in love, it was indispensable to provide a prompt and efficacious remedy for a danger which threatened so much evil and calamity. Father Bastos had conceived a bitter and very zealous aversion against the young man. Theodosio was equally disgusted with the sordid schemes and superstition of Father Bastos. A vast quantity of rancorous feeling was divided into two equal portions, and shared between the lover and the friar. It was no difficult task to imbue the narrow mind of Don Gill with prejudice against his nephew.

A warm dispute, which occurred between Theodosio and Father Bastos, brought matters to a crisis. The infuriated friar represented every mark of contempt bestowed on his person as so many gross affronts offered to religion. The Indiano was shocked, Dona Josepha escaped a fainting fit by the merest chance, and the expulsion of the offender from the house was instantly decided upon. This plan was without loss of time carried into effect; but Don Theodosio, on quitting his beloved Clara, made an eternal vow of constancy, and frequently conjured her not to take any future step without his previous knowledge and approbation. He promised that ere long, he would return armed with legal power to rescue her from the state of thralldom in which she was kept by her relatives.

The departure of Theodosio was the harbinger of joy to every member of the Indiano's family except his niece. The separation from her lover fell like a heavy weight on her heart. She felt as if she were doomed never more to see the object of her first and only affection. Her gentle spirit pined away in secret sorrow, although the meekness of her disposition induced her to assure before her relatives a cheerful as-

pect, that was in direct contradiction with the state of her feelings.

To induce Clara to take the veil was the next measure to be adopted, and the success of this scheme appeared but little doubtful in the opinion of Father Bastos. To the first attacks Clara put forward an opposition which her catechisers had not anticipated—the genuine feelings of nature—and the potency of a pure, deep, and absorbing affection struggled hard against the suggestions of superstition. Although she did not possess powers of intellect of the strongest order, yet her sense would tell her that there was no crime in the love which she felt for her cousin. A soothing hope, which came at intervals to illumine her heart, supplied her with a momentary courage, and she for the first month uniformly repelled every endeavor made to induce her to enter on a life of seclusion.

But this opposition was not calculated to discourage Father Bastos. He flattered himself that time and perseverance would vanquish the reluctance of the girl. Clara's soft and yielding disposition would not withstand long, unassisted, the repeated attacks of parental authority and religious expostulations. The only danger which the friar had to apprehend, was from the attempts made by the lover to thwart his plans. To prevent any intercourse between him and Clara was accordingly a primary consideration. This, in a house like that of the Indiano, and with the secluded habits of life in which Clara spent her time, was a matter of very easy accomplishment. Two months elapsed, and yet Clara had received no intelligence from her lover. His letters had been intercepted, while she herself, was kept in complete ignorance of the fact.

The most fearful expedient which the Indiano and the friar used to carry their schemes into effect was, as we have already stated, the awful terrors of religion. The mind of Clara was but too timid, and well disposed to receive such impressions. After some time, therefore, she began to think that she had been guilty of grievous sin in the eyes of God, for having entertained so absorbing an affection for a mortal man—one of his creatures—made of perishable clay, and full of frailties and imperfections! The lugubrious phantoms soon became the source of constant and mortifying anxiety—the repose of poor Clara was destroyed. She, who was pure and sinless, began seriously to fancy herself a delinquent—a sombre gloom gradually pervaded her mind—she became more attached to frequent the church and recite long prayers—the fatal disease of her relatives had infected her, although, in her case, the malady was destitute of that poison, which tended to the misery of others. No; the hapless and deluded girl, could not, for a moment, harm any living thing save herself—one of the most lovely, guileless, and unoffending of Heaven's creatures!

Of all the dismal images that worked on her fevered brain, none was so fearful, so full of sorrow, or so constantly recurring, as the remembrance of her unfortunate sister. This terrible phantom persecuted her by day, and disturbed her slumbers by night. Father Bastos had but too well succeeded in persuading Clara that Agnes had evinced the conduct of a great sinner, and that her miseries and disastrous end was a just punishment by an offended God. Moreover, the example of the sister was strongly urged as the most efficient arm to induce Clara to become a nun. A parallel was instituted between her present reluctance to enter a convent, and the rebellious conduct exhibited by Agnes at a former period. This reasoning, however false in principle, was but too plausible not to produce a strong effect in the already bedimmed understanding of Clara. She felt the full force of the friar's remonstrances, and she shuddered in anticipation at the sins which she might commit, and the dreadful death she might incur, should she persist in opposing the wishes of her uncle.

Dwelling on this perplexing subject, she retired one evening to bed, her mind more than usually loaded with frightful images of future misery. She directed her fervid prayers to Heaven, and composed herself to sleep. It was in vain—a thousand superstitious terrors run riot in her imagination. Then the form of her lover—that true, kind, and sincere lover, whom she was compelled to abjure, came forward arrayed in all the attributes of sorrow and affection to distract her

heart. The snatches of slumber which closed her eyes were troubled with these mournful visions. Poor Clara discovered that she had placed too great a reliance on herself. Theodosio, far from being forgotten, was still in possession of her entire affection.—Those affections were harassed and perplexed, tainted and shadowed, in the mist of superstitious terror; but yet they remained true to the object by which they were engrossed.

This was a source of additional misery to Clara.—She struggled desperately to discard the image of her lover from her thoughts, but in this attempt she failed—the mournful object still kept fixed before the eyes of her mind, and his looks seemed to be full of a gentle reproach—the reproach of love and pain. In the tumult of her feelings Clara rose from her bed, and knelt on the bare ground before a picture of the Holy Virgin which adorned her room. The apartment was illumined by the dim and gloomy refulgence of a lamp, well calculated to promote the morbid sensibility of Clara's feelings. She raised her eyes to the image, and prayed fervently for the restoration of that calm and repose which appeared to have fled forever from her bosom. The tears of the penitent (for such Clara considered herself,) flowed fast, whilst her sobs and groans bespoke the agony of her soul. The fever of her imagination was now worked up to the highest degree, and she at length fancied that the image, before which she knelt in humble prayer, fixed a mournful look upon her. This illusion of her brain, she considered as a warning from heaven, and she prayed fervently that the will of Providence might be made known to her, that she might sacrifice her feelings and comforts, life, the world—all—to that sacred admonition.

When Clara rose on the following morning, the struggles which her soul had undergone during the night were but too visible on her countenance. She was interrogated concerning the cause of this emotion and she, whose thoughts were made of candor and purity, found no difficulty in revealing the whole secret of her heart. Don Gil and his wife, as usual, immediately perceived the hand of Providence on her. The anxiety and disquietude which the image of Theodosio had produced, and the tumult of agony in which Clara had passed the night, afforded ample evidence, that she ought to renounce every idea of her love, and become a nun with all possible expedition. Soon after Father Bastos came in, to throw his assistance into the balance. He delivered a very lengthy and edifying sermon, and solemnly asserted that Clara was a bride elect of heaven, and then congratulated the maiden on her happy destiny. She requested a few days to adopt a final resolution—the wish was too just, and was easily complied with.

At this interesting period, Dona Josepha died, or rather, as Father Bastos expressed it, she was gone to claim the inheritance of glory which she had gained by her piety and good works. The temper of Don Gil, became from that moment, more lugubrious, and in the undirected state of his mind, he conceived that every thing which he saw and heard was a sin; the wretched man became a torment to himself, and a positive nuisance to those who came into the least contact with him. His imagination was stored with ideas of every possible calamity that can afflict human nature, and he once entertained the notion that the end of the world was fast approaching. The increasing superstition and gloom of her uncle, and the torture resulting therefrom, made another inducement for Clara's taking the veil. She at length gave her consent, and, at the age of seventeen, commenced her novitiate in the convent of —.

Clara found no difficulty in adapting herself to the habits of a life of seclusion—her uncle's house had always been a kind of nunnery, as far as intercourse with the world was concerned. Indeed the change, if any thing, was for the better, as she could enjoy the society of the nuns, some of whom were very young, and not so morose as their elder sisters. But for the severe aspect and austere character of the mother abbess, from which the gentle nature of Clara recoiled, she would have enjoyed comparative repose and happiness; yet even the rigor of the abbess was far preferable to the tantalizing, hypochondrical, and tormenting character of Don Gil Perez.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1840.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. **BACK NUMBERS** at all times furnished.

☞ We anticipate our paper, one day, to our country subscribers, in order to give our little folks an opportunity of keeping Christmas. We wish our friends all the happiness which the day properly observed, is calculated to afford, and we hope that each returning one will find them in the full enjoyment of health, prosperity and contentment.

SACRED MUSIC.—It is gratifying to see that in our city this noble department of music is at length receiving the kind of encouragement it so justly merits, and which is so well calculated to cause its being thoroughly studied. The prejudice is fast dying away that music connected with the cause of religion, need not be cultivated. We never could discover any more impropriety in the refined performance of a sacred melody, than in the perfect style, and fine delivery of a sermon. To the latter no one objects. We recollect quite an amusing display, which occurred but a few years since, showing the great repugnance that some churches have entertained toward genuine music.—On the occasion of a skilful musician, between the different parts of the service, attempting one of Mozart's soul-subduing interludes, several of the deacons in the utmost mental consternation, hastened to the musician, crying as they went—*theatrical, theatrical!* We have not the least doubt but they would much rather have been tortured by listening to the grating of unattuned voices, giving to really good compositions the most inconceivable horror; than to have received the just intention of the Author by a slight exertion on the part of the musician. The eloquent Whitfield had the correct appreciation of this portion of public worship. Wherever, or whenever, he found a truly meritorious piece of music, he was always as sure to find words which he could appropriately adapt it to. When questioned why he did so, his well known reply—that he did not wish the devil to have all the good music—effectually silenced his cavilers. If churches generally would emulate the spirit which actuated the kind old man in making this reply, they would not find themselves we apprehend, doing much less good, either to themselves or their congregations.

These remarks have been occasioned by the approbation manifested at the Concert given at Dr. Campbell's church on thanksgiving night. It was overflowing attended. But although this patronage was not undeserved, we think, considering the price of admission, it must, in some degree, be attributed to its being an anniversary night. The charge was at least one half too much. It induced high anticipations. With the exception of Miss Illsley, her brother, and one or two others, it was an amateur effort. and one from which not much that was extraordinary was to be expected. However we must not be looked upon as speaking in disparaging terms—we have but seldom under similar circumstances, heard as much good musical execution. The chorusses were generally well produced, and Miss Illsley, although she had much to do, did well. We understand that the church have been fortunate enough to have permanently engaged this accomplished singer as an acquisition to their

Choir. Her manner of giving the words "*oh, Zion!*" and "*oh, Jerusalem!*" in the *Hebrew Captive*, is not to be surpassed. The solo by a lady in the *Child of Mortality*, was excellent—the bass part was base indeed.—The instruments in the *Overture* did not, as they should have done move on together. This we presume is accounted for in the fact of their not having been much practised together. Nevertheless Mr. Burke at all times displayed his great proficiency. The *Latin Trio* was sung in beautiful harmony. As a whole the efforts were so laudable, that we hope to hear them often repeated.

THE MARVELLOUS.—Since the murder of Mr. Suydam, by Robinson, which is of itself horrible enough to gratify almost any morbid appetite, the news-mongers are determined to make the most of him. He is now accused of poisoning two of his children, who are said to have died suddenly. He is also accused of murdering a pedlar two or three years ago; and of digging a grave for Mr. Cheeseman, to whom he owed a sum of money, and who was to have been decoyed on the premises, in the same manner as in the case of Mr. Suydam. The probability is, that all these stories are destitute of truth, and designed for the capacious mouths of a large class of people who will swallow any thing if it partakes of the marvelous. Cook who was executed at Schenectady on Friday last, had some 2 or three murders passed to his credit, beside other offences; (price one shilling) which the Schenectady Reflector, says is untrue; and Mrs. Kinney, who is now indicted for the murder of her husband, and who, if we are to believe all that is said, has killed something like a score, of us poor innocent men, will if we credit the rational explanation given by an exchange paper, show that she has committed no murder at all. A large edition of Gulliver, would sell well about these days.

THE AMPITHEATRE.—This establishment continues as attractive as usual, and is well patronised, each evening with our most respectable citizens. The ladies have willed Mr. Nichols a fair patronage, by their smiles and encouragement: and no man is a gentleman, who will not carry out the wishes of a lady.—Ergo: The Amphitheatre will be respectably sustained.

TO OUR AGENTS.—Will those gentlemen, who are acting as Agents, for the Register, remit any monies, which they may have in their hands to us. Will they also use the opportunity which their location gives them, of reminding delinquent subscribers, that a want of promptness on their part, subjects us to great embarrassment.

LET US DESERVE THE COMPLIMENT.—The German judge that presided at the trial of Huger the American, who attempted to liberate Lafayette from imprisonment; laying his hand upon his head addressed him: "Young man, you have been guilty of singular rashness, but from what I have this day seen, had I a friend to seek in the world, it would be an American."

DR. BECK'S LECTURES IN CHEMISTRY.—This gentleman, in a course of four lectures, has been doing himself great credit, in affording the Young Men's Association before whom they were delivered, an opportunity to keep up with the times in this rapidly progressive science. The simple character of these lectures, are calculated to do much good.

"WHAT MAKES AN AUTHORESS?" enquired one ragged urchin of another, while puzzling himself over a placard in front of a bookstore, which advertised in capitals the recent *debut* of a young female writer.

"An Authoress!" ejaculated his companion with surprise—"Why don't you know that?"

The enquirer was compelled to acknowledge his ignorance.

"When a man writes one book," continued little Noah Webster, "he is an author—when he writes two, he is an authoress."

This explanation was of course satisfactory.

SALMAGUNDI.—The Missionary Society, have recommended the first Monday of January, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer.—Mrs Gilman's Ladies Annual Register, says that *snow* is a good substitute for eggs in puddings and pancakes. Two spoonfuls of snow is equal to an egg. If this is true, we ask no favors of the hens during the cold weather.—The weather in our good old dutch city, has been delightfully uncertain for these three days past. On Monday it was warm enough with but little fire, on Tuesday, we had a beautiful snow storm, and to day, Wednesday, the mercury is so low, that it is problematical, whether a streak of lightning would reach it in a week, unless there is a material "let up."—During the year 1839, 76,000 emigrants arrived in this country—34 000 from Great Britain and Ireland, 18,000 from Germany and 7000 from France. It is estimated that 100,000 will have arrived during the present year.—The Athens Banner says, that brandy and salt are recommended as a cure for asthma, dyspepsia, &c. We are acquainted with several individuals, who are dyspeptic, &c, which we suppose from some cause or other, originates in the omission of the salt, from this "invaluable receipt."—The New Orleans Picayune, says, that the epicures of that city, have been luxuriating for some time past on "fine fat dressed squirrels" which unfortunately for a squeamish stomach, have proved to be rats caught, and fatted for sale. This is equal to Dr. Johnson's celebrated boiled puddings.—The prince of Orange, now King of the Netherlands, is said to have been a stockholder in the U. S. Bank, to the amount of a million of dollars.—The Rev. Mr. Courtney, of Richmond, Va., is said to have married 1000 couple in 24 years.—The library in Salem is said to contain 24,000 volumes, and to average a book and a half to each inhabitant.—The editor of the Keesville Herald, and the editor of the Portland Argus, have lately married. There is no better evidence of the prosperity of any section of country, than for its printer to have a reasonable prospect, of supporting a family! We hope both of these printers are in their right mind.—The Baltimore Clipper says that the Siamese twins, have both fallen in love with the same young lady. The young lady has given a preference to Chang. Eng will probably adhere to his brother Chang in his attachment which will prove a barrier to the union of Chang and the lady. The law should provide for this dilemma. Those young ladies, who have not availed themselves of certain privileges which leap year gives them are respectfully informed, that in a few days their time for seeking will expire. As a friend to the ladies, we note this fact.—The supply of pork at the west, is said to exceed any former season.—Samuel Baldwin, of Lenox, Madison co. perished a few evenings since, from the effects of charcoal placed in his room while he was sleeping.—The Baltimore Clipper cautions the craft to look out for a journeyman printer, by the name of Thomas Hauptman, who has robbed that office, of \$34. The

matter of surprise to us is, not that the journeyman committed the robbery—but—where the Clipper got the \$34 to be robbed of.—The celebrated chandelier weighing three tons, recently purchased for the house of representatives, fell a few days since; destroying it, together with several of the members' seats. Providentially the house was not in session, otherwise several lives would have been lost.—One of our exchange papers says, that convulsion fits, may be cured, by drinking salt and water two or three times a day.—Judge Edwards, it is said will leave the bench, in the spring, having reached his sixtieth year.—The episcopal diocese of New York, embraces 191 clergymen, and 153 congregations.—Mr. James Flipp, one of the Harrison electors of N. Jersey, died at his residence in Sussex, while setting at his desk writing, a few days since.—The British Queen has given birth to a princess, and is doing well. It has occasioned much rejoicing through the British empire.

The festival of St. John, the Evangelist, will be celebrated by St. John's Lodge, in Greenfield, on Saturday, the 26th, at 11 A. M. Adjoining lodges are invited to attend.

ENGLISH CLERGYMEN AT THE RACES.—An English paper, the Kent Herald, gives as a matter of ordinary sporting intelligence the following instance of clerical conformity to the world:

"**CANTERBURY RACES.**—On Thursday these races commenced on Barham Downs. The day was as lovely as ever broke from the heavens, and the company was numerous, though we cannot say there were many of the nobility and gentry present. The grand stand was very meagerly attended. We noticed the *Very Reverend the Dean, the Venerable the Archdeacon Croft, E. R. Rice, Esq., M. P., Lord A. Conyngham, M. P., J. W. Henniker Wilson, Esq., Twisden Hodges, Esq., the Misses Faggs, Mrs. and Miss Webb the Rev. C. Hallett, the Rev. J. Hallett, the Rev. R. O. Tylden, &c.*"

The practice of the London Record in exposing the names of those clerical sportsmen is producing great excitement, and will no doubt correct the evil.

Married.

In Troy, Charles H Rogers, to Miss Harriet Thomas.

DIED.

In this city, Mary, wife of Alexander W. Beatty, aged 46.

At Hanover, N. J. Nathaniel Gaines, 85. At Mystic Bridge, Con. Capt. Leonard Mallory, 32. At Pensacola, Henrietta, only daughter of Com. Dallas. In Brunswick, Moses Dusenbury, 91. In Tecumseh Michigan, Gerrit Wendell, of Cambridge.

In New York, Wm. Humbleton, 39. Eliza, wife of Henry Sherwood, 26. Joseph Woods, 45. Martha, wife of John Dowland, 67. John Hague, 22. Benj. Ringold, 47. Wm. A. Lucas, 33.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Dec. 26.

Will be presented a diversified performance, both in the ring and on the stage, in which the entire strength of the company will be called in requisition.

N. B. No ladies admitted unless accompanied by a gentleman.

No spirituous liquors sold in the Amphitheatre. For particulars of each night's performance, see small bills.

Doors open at 6, performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840.—Content:—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS. EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Onesida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to \$2 75. dec 16-11

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore
 Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
 Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
 Guizot's Civilization of Europe.

Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
 Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
 Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
 Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
 Hallam's Literature of Europe.

The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
 W. C. LITTLE, Cor. Market & State.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

Alas! my sky is dark again,
Another star has lost its light;
I turn my eager eye in vain,
It bursts no more upon my sight:
And see—the bud I nursed with care,
Just as I nursed a bud before,
Like it lies crushed upon the stem,
To rear its broken head no more.

But that pale star whose gentle rays
Illumed no more my weary night,
Will kindle in a brighter sphere
And beam with never dying light.
And that sweet cherished, nurtured bud,
Now crushed and blighted on the ground,
In Heaven's own clime will raise its head
To shed fresh bloom and fragrance round.

Be still—be calm, my throbbing brow,
Look up beyond, my weary eye,
Each earthly grief must soon be past,
The heart will heave its parting sigh:
And then around that glorious throne
If God so will it we will meet
With those we loved and lost below,
In love renewed and Union sweet.

The lip convulsed—the rolling eye—
The tight clenched hand—the labored breath—
Shall wring the mother's heart no more—
Thou hast no victory here oh! Death,
The Mother's jewel's safe at last,
Bedeck a diadem of light,
The tears of earth no more can dim,
Nor sorrow pale their radiance bright.

From the Churchman.

THE SOUL-DIRGE.

"Then said Jesus, 'Will ye also go away?' "
St. JOHN, vi. 67."

The organ played sweet music
While as, on Easter day,
All heartless from the altar
The heedless went away;
And down the broad aisle crowding,
They seemed a funeral train,
They were hurrying their spirits
To the music of that strain.

As I listened to the organ,
And I saw them crowd along,
I thought I heard two voices
Speaking strangely, but not strong;
And one, it whispered sadly,
"Will ye also go away?"
But the other spoke exulting,
"Ha! the soul dirge, hear it play!"

Hear the soul dirge! hear the soul dirge!
It was dread to hear it play,
While the famishing went crowding
From the bread of life away;
They were bidden, they were bidden
To their Father's festal board;
But they all, with gleeful faces,
Turned their back upon the Lord.

You had thought the church a prison,
Had you seen how they did pour,
With giddy, giddy faces,
From the consecrated door;
There was angel's food all ready,
But the bidden—where were they?
O'er the highways and the hedges,
Ere the soul-dirge ceased to play!

Oh, the soul dirge, how it echoed
The emptied aisle along.
As open streets grew crowded
With the full outpouring throng!
And then again the voices—
"Ha! the soul-dirge! hear it play!"

And the pensive, pensive whisper,
"Will ye also go away?"

Few, few were they that lingered
To sup, with Jesus there;
And yet, for all that spurn him,
There was plenty, and to spare;
And now the food of angels
Uncovered to my sight—
All glorious was the altar,
And the chalice glittered bright!

Then came the hymn *TAISAGION*,
And wrapt me up on high,
With angels and archangels
To laud and magnify;
I seemed to feast in heaven,
And downward wafted then,
With angels chanting round me,
Good will and peace to men.

I may not tell the rapture
Of a banquet so divine:
Ho! every one that thirsteth,
Let him taste the bread and wine!—
Hear the Bride and Spirit saying,
"Will ye also go away?"
Or—go, poor soul, for ever!
"Oh! the soul-dirge—hear it play!"

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night,
Wake the better soul that slumbered.
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light,
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,—
By the rode-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,—
Folded their pale hands so meekly,—
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine.
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

From the Boston Magazine.

THE PILGRIM MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

BY MRS. HALE.

Farewell, my love!—beneath the sky

We ne'er shall meet again,
For when these lines salute thine eye
Afar upon the main
Will Mary be—yet blame me not,
Nor deem my heart untrue;
My country—that may be forgot;
Yet shall I think on you.

Farewell, my love—thy soul I know
Was fondly knit to mine,
And thou wilt grieve that I should go—
Yet might I e'er be thine?
Thou wilt not worship where I kneel,
My God thou dost despise;
And could I look to heaven, yet feel
Reproved by those dear eyes?

Farewell, my love—thy gorgeous hall
May centre earthly bliss:
And thou hast fame, and gold, and all
The world calls happiness—
These baubles have enthralled thy mind,
And thus thy bane will be—
There comes an hour when thou wilt find
They cannot comfort thee.

Farewell, farewell!—my course is bound
Across the roaring billow;
And I may rest on desert ground,
A wreath of snow my pillow—
There deep, dark forests stretch afar,
By savage footsteps trod;
Yet there the beams of Bethlehem's Star
Shall guide us to our God.

And there, in that lone world, we'll rear
To Him a shrine so pure,
Though guilty nations shake with fear
Our temple shall endure;
And faith can see Jehovah bless
Our refuge with his grace,
And freedom make the wilderness
Her chosen resting place.

Farewell!—thy favorite rose I bear
To that far distant land;
And fondly shall I tend it there,
And watch its buds expand;
The first sweet flower—I'll name it *thine*—
And e'er the soft leaves wither
I'll lay them on this heart of mine,
That they may fade together.

Farewell, a last, a long farewell,
Since thus our fate must be—
Thou wilt not follow where I dwell,
Nor I return to thee:
The favor of the world thou hast,—
But mine is heavenly peace—
And that like meteor's glare is past,
While *this* will never cease.

Farewell: the grove where oft we met,
Thou must seek alone;
There should one tear of fond regret
Gush forth that I am gone—
O, hallow then to me that tear,
And be one, *one* prayer given,
That though our paths are severed here,
They may unite in heaven.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. GH. OFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 18.]

MASONIC.

EXTRACTS

From an Oration, delivered before the Grand Lodge of the State of Rhode Island at Pawtucket.

BY WM. H. STURTEVANT.

Masons have uniformly dated their origin from the first dawn of the arts and sciences and have given a rational account of their progress to the present day. Those, therefore, who have through ages kept watch over us, with all the jealous vigilance usually excited by what they term *secret societies*, ought to be equally versed in our history and be able to affix a different date to our origin, if we are really mistaken in its chronology. This they have not as yet presumed to undertake, and we therefore claim a just title to our antiquity, till one of a paramount character can be fairly exhibited against us.

Within our own time, mysterious inscriptions and characters have been found among the rubbish of Eastern Cities, over whose ruins more than forty centuries have rolled, which have called forth the wonder of the curious, and puzzled the brains of the most learned and scrutinizing antiquary, and which none have yet been found competent to decypher, save those who are versed in the higher orders of masonry.

On these mouldering ruins, and relics of ancient grandeur, the mason gazes with awful veneration, and holds converse with the spirit of other ages, while he reads on every mossy stone, and dilapidated wall, those mystic chronicles, long since forgotten in tradition, and lost in history.

Perhaps it would be impossible precisely to determine when masonry commenced: because it rose gradually with the growth of knowledge. Every person who was so fortunate as to make any new invention in mechanism, or discovery in science, so that he possessed a *mystery*, which was hidden from the rest of the world, was esteemed a mason; for at that period masonry comprehended indiscriminately every description of art and science. No laws then existed, as at the present day, to protect this ingenious and enterprising class of mankind, and secure to them the advantages of their discoveries. Consequently they entered into compact to protect themselves, and adopted such rules and regulations, secret marks and tokens by which they were enabled to identify each other, though strangers, and render assistance, should their necessity require it.

We have seen in our day, the poor mechanic, in despite of our salutary laws, defrauded of his rightful earnings after having pioneered with much sweat and toil, through dark labyrinth in searches of knowledge and improvement. It was to provide against these unrighteous aggressions that masonry was first instituted.

It is not wondered then, that from its earliest infancy, there have always been found among the great mass of mankind a disaffected class, who have manifested the most violent hostility to the order and who are prominently characterized by an itching ear, a lying tongue and an unfaithful breast.

Such was the situation of masonry, in ancient time, while those who composed the society, were scattered throughout the habitable globe, and mingled indiscriminately with the whole human family.

The time at length arrived, when a more general and complete organization of this invaluable class was to take place, and a permanent and indissoluble bond was to link them together in eternal harmony. By the command of Jehovah himself, a mighty and majestic fabric was to be erected in honour to his name, within the holy precincts of his holy people. The wise and inspired king of Israel was appointed to execute and finish the great work; one whom we he endowed with wisdom transcendent, and whose glory had been rendered immortal in history, sacred and profane, by

Christian, Mahometan, and heathen. In obedience to the divine edict, he sent forth his summons to distant countries, and planted the White Banner of masonry on the consecrated hill of Judah. Kings and princes bowed with reverence at the command, and joyously embarked in the glorious undertaking. The Tyrian monarch sent out his most skillful artists to assist in superintending and executing the great work. There gathered together, from remote regions, the ingenious mechanics of different tongues and languages to lend their aid in facilitating the erection of Jehovah's dwelling. The Tyrian limner, with his tressel board, and the Sidonian sculptor, with his chissel and mallet, were proud to enter their names on the roll of workmen, who composed this mighty multitude. There came, also, the noble *Gibcamite*, to whose descendant masonry will forever be deeply indebted, and who wrought hard in his vocation, ere the temple was completed.

There is something not only beautiful, but even sublime, attached to this history, and might furnish a highly interesting scene for the painter, and theme for the poet.

Under the direction of the great master builder, this assembled congregation of artists were divided into different section and grades, according to their respective merits; and thus originated what have since been called the degrees of masonry. These moved in their various appointed spheres, with the same regularity and exactness, that we may see, at this day, in the operations of an army of soldiers, under the conduct of a wise and able general.

It has been estimated that upwards of one hundred and thirteen thousand free masons were present on this occasion.

In the proud forests of Lebanon, and marble quarries on the hills of Tyre, they first entered on the mighty work. The tall cedar that towered majestically to heaven, fell at the stroke of the persevering craftsman, and the song of the Phœnician sailor rose sweetly and merrily, on the evening seabreeze, as he fearlessly drove his deep-freighted float against the bold coast of Joppa.

On the plain of Jordan, between Succoth and Zarahatan, the workers of brass assembled, and cast the imperishable pillars, so beautifully described in the holy writings.

The temple of Jehovah was completed without the harsh and discordant sound of iron impeniments, and the same harmony prevailed, throughout, among the multitude of its builders.

Amid the various broils and contests which we every day witness, it is found that out of all, masonry occupies only the neutral ground on earth, where men, whatever diversity may exist in political and religious opinion, languages, country or color, can assemble and cordially extend the hand of friendship to each other in the hour of necessity and despair. From that sacred spot, pomp and power, pride prejudice and private animosity are forever banished. There the Arab, the Turk, the European and the American may harmoniously meet upon the level and part upon the square. Herein is the grand and important secret of our institution which the mason alone has ever known or felt.

I here pause to ask if indeed there is no wisdom discoverable in this structure, no strength to support it and no beauty to adorn it. Let those who attempt to controvert this opinion, call in question, if they please, the wisdom of the anointed Chief of Israel and pronounce him a fool! Let them cavil at its precepts and smile contemptuously at the handy work of God. They will find, if they search, on the catalogue of masonry, the first and noblest names that grace the pages of ancient and modern history. St. John, whose proud day we are now celebrating, was one of the most devoted patrons of our order. His name-sake too, the inspired Revelator and the favored companion of the

Savior of the world, was not ashamed, though the dark vicissitudes of that stormy age; through good report and evil report, to wear before the world, the white badges of masonry. Royalty and nobility through every age have been proud to append them to their robes, stars and coronets. On this roll we read the names of Washington and Warren, of Hamilton and Lafayette, and many others who still survive to bear witness to mankind, by their ardour for our welfare, that we are not dealing in foolery or fiction.

We have already alluded to the antiquity of masonry; and if indeed I am correct in saying that it is the most ancient of any in existence, this circumstance alone would induce us to believe that it possesses strength, when time itself, with all its frightful ravages, is found inefficient to make the slightest innovations. Destroy all that is outwardly visible, connected with the order, and still the *spirit* of masonry will survive and rise again upon its ruins. It cannot be annihilated; for even amid the demolished heap itself, it has always found a secret and safe repository, where after-ages have discovered and revived it.

In every age and in every part of the world, masonry has been doomed to encounter the formidable assaults of powerful enemies. He who professes to know a *secret*, and will not reveal it, is execrated. The engines of war and death are set in array, and the edicts of despots and the bulls of popery are issued against him. Bigotry, and scandal and falsehood are had in requisition to effect the same laudable purpose. The Tartarean jaws of the Spanish Inquisition have been expanded, and the dying groans of the persecuted masons have echoed through the portals of its horrid dungeons, while the haughty satraps of Europe have proscribed masonry, as the work of the sorcerer, and subversive of their governments.

I will, however, pass over this disgusting subject.—I have alluded to it not for the purpose of calumniating, but to repel calumny, and evince that as the storm seems to thicken around us we see the assailants every day growing more distant from their object. Amid inundation, conflagration and ruin: amid war, pestilence and death, the shock of time and the assaults of hostile and malignant foes, masonry still stands; and stands unshaken; its brazen archives and depositories have never yet been violated. Those who strike, can never know how their blow should be directed to reach its vitals.

Those who will give themselves the trouble to listen to our tradition and examine our history, unprejudiced and unprepossessed, may there find subject matter for the most delightful contemplation. We there find prominently displayed, friendship, charity and brotherly affection, and whatever else can be found in morality and religion, to deck the sacred arch under which freemasons are wont to assemble. The most beautiful eulogium, however, which can be given to the order is a simple unadorned history of progress till we arrive at the present period.

BONAPARTE AND THE POPE.

From Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.

The Emperor went to meet the Pope on the road to Nemours. To avoid ceremony, the pretext of a hunting party was assumed: the attendants, with his equipages were in the forest. The emperor came on horseback, and in a hunting dress with his retinue.—It was at the half moon on the top of the hill that the meeting took place. There the Pope's carriage drew up. He got out at the left door in his white costume. The ground was dirty; he did not like to step upon it with his white silk shoes, but was obliged to do so at last. Napoleon alighted to receive him. They embraced; and the Emperor's carriage, which had been purposely driven up, was advanced a few paces, as if from the carelessness of the driver; but men were there posted to hold the two doors open at the mo-

ment of getting in, the Emperor took the right door and an officer of the court handed the Pope to the left, so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same time. The Emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided without negotiation upon the etiquette to be observed during the time that the Pope was to remain in Paris.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

No. 1.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

It being one of the ostensible objects of the SEVEN, to promote the interests of literature and Science, to guard the lovers of the one and the devotees to the other, from imposition through the press, and at the same time to rescue from the threatening waves of oblivion any production that may possess real value, or that may be made of service to mankind, it may not be improper to remark, in our first cogitation, that we shall be governed by rules infallible as the purest and best that have ever been framed. There have been reviewers in days that are past, and there are even now, characters who consider themselves entitled to the same name, who with the most canine servility, sit calmly down to peruse from title page to finish, the volumes of every character that are every day rolling from the printer's hands. But in the midst of this class of critics, there is now another, far more noble in their pursuit, for, while they entertain the same anxiety for the well being of the world around them, that is felt by the general profession, and ourselves in particular, they scarce ever stoop, to look at more than the preface and opening and closing chapters. To men lynx-eyed as they are, and skilled in judging from indications, this is quite sufficient,—indeed, it will be seen in a moment, that it is far more than is essential to a correct appreciation of a work and of the author who gave it being. The height of absurdity, which, with this class of the profession, would be the candid acknowledgment that the books which are reviewed are never read, is seldom if ever ventured upon,—because most of them have brains of sufficient dimensions and of the proper quality, to guard against so ridiculous a mistake. It is sometimes said, with an amount of honesty of which no human being could ever have been guilty, "that we have not had time to give to the work before us that attentive examination which it so unquestionably deserves, and we shall confine ourselves to the following beautiful extract, reserving the book to some future time for a more careful perusal." Such confessions are usually written upon the last evening of the week, when, "coming events cast their shadows before," and the critics choose to be prepared for all the sunshine of conscience to which their numerous transgressions will permit them. These we let pass and those who preceded them, for they are behind the improvements of the age. Engineering in morals and intellectual science is of as much service, and we shall show as much in real practice, as engineering in physics and physical science. But that shall be attended to in some future number, and we will proceed now to the new mode of reviewing, so eminently calculated to secure uniformity of expression concerning the writer and his productions, and also to prevent the tedious and totally unproductive task of reading the whole or even any part, of works that pass under review.

Our hands fall upon Eaton's Engineering. Its title page alone will be the subject of critical examination, for here are to be found all the peculiarities that distinguish the author and his writings. "PRODROMUS of a practical treatise on the Mathematical arts, containing instructions for surveying and engineering. By Amos Eaton. A. B. & A. M., Senior Prof. in Rens. Inst., and Prof. of Civil Engineering. Ten years an acting land agent, surveyor and engineer. while pursuing the profession of Law. Member of the American

Geol. Society of Phil. Acad., Nat. Sciences, N. York Lyceum, etc."

The first word in this lengthy title page that demands particular inspection is *prodrumus*, the literal signification of which is *forerunner*. There is something awfully portentous in the single word which announces that the book before us is but an introduction, a kind of first chapter, to a volume yet in reserve, which may hereafter be let slip upon an unsuspecting public.—To us it seems to desire to say that 'I Amos Eaton have time just now, to select a few, rather more than generally interesting truths, from a mighty host in my possession, and will let you have them because your famishing minds need aliment, and by and by I will supply you with a *regale* suited in extent to the demands of science and the world.' But taken in connexion with the name of the author and the numerous titles with which that name is bolstered, to us it really does say, that "I Amos Eaton will catch you gaping pupils in the opening field of science, and make you buy my book, and make you think that I know, not only more than this book would indicate, but more than most men living." A glance at the chain of titles will render the truth of this remark sufficiently apparent. Nothing in a high degree reprehensible can be found that we have failed to notice, for the remainder of the title page is what might have been expected.—In one word, from an inspection of the first leaf, we pronounce this to be a book, in which may be found many of the practical applications of mathematical principles to the common business of life, given in language burdened with self-conceit and indicating at every step the most superficial investigation, an entire absence of profundity, an unjust claim to originality and a proud display of material of the most inconsiderable value.

The next book at hand is *Combe's Constitution of man*. See its title. *The Constitution of man, considered in relation to external objects*, by Geo. Combe. No useless drapery is thrown around the name of this book; nothing that fosters expectation never to be realized. No crutches are arranged about the author's name to give to the work factitious excellence. The title speaks forth in imperial language "there are truths here, and they have been arranged by Geo. Combe." What a majesty is there in a name so unassuming as this? We pause to remark, that the first leaf says modestly, that great principles pertaining to the relations which subsist between men and the surrounding universe are here carefully discussed, by an individual who has no fear that the book in order to be noticed needs an array of titles to follow his name. It says moreover that if not now appreciated, the time will come when it will be enough for any author to have written the *Immortal constitution of man*.

BEAUTY AND TRUTH.

To a mind that is desirous of extracting from Nature in all her departments, every deduction which can be reasonably drawn, there is scarcely an object that cannot, more or less directly be made the subject of useful application, in the way of comparison or analogy. Physical nature has become so familiar to us and the distinction between the material and immaterial has been so nicely drawn, that we seem almost to be unconscious of the existence of any analogy between the former and moral qualities. But the assertion may, we think, be hazarded, that if our mental operations were closely examined, we would find that on many occasions we recognise the existence of such analogy and act upon its results.

Nature and the human body itself were not we think, clothed in all the various forms of beauty and loveliness with which they greet us, without some object more important than the mere production of the pleasurable sensations which they naturally excite, though this effect is in its immediate and ultimate results, important and highly beneficial.

There is evidently an adaptation of our mental constitution to those ever-occurring forms of beauty with which creation is filled.—There is a chord in the human heart that vibrates at the very sight of anything beautiful, and whether this be a landscape in nature or some living being, a moral emotion is roused into action. No one can tell what beauty is, no one knows but every one feels, because its effect is to excite a feeling or emotion. A picture may be criticized coolly,

and it may be found to be correct, and conformable to what are called the rules of art, but it cannot be called beautiful, unless it excites an emotion in the mind while we gaze upon it, and cause the pulse to beat quicker, and the eye to grow brighter by the sympathy which exists between pleasurable emotions and our physical nature. Thus the features of the human face may be classically regular, they may be as correctly and exactly defined as the statues fresh from the chisel of Canova, and yet they may and will fail to move the beholder with such an emotion as it is the effect of beauty to produce. This effect is always of a moral character; we, unconsciously perhaps to ourselves, connect it with the same corresponding mental disposition. We are thus furnished with an aid necessary to our limited powers, to create an idea of moral beauty, or in other words, truth, and thus be enabled to feel a love for it, and an inclination to possess it.

In this view, the artist who portrays the image of his fancy upon the canvass, or moulds them from the snowy marble, is prosecuting an avocation of the highest importance and responsibility. Nature has furnished him with models of beauty of every kind, and by the operation of his glowing imagination he is selecting out of this inexhaustible source, those forms which please his eye, and uniting them together to produce a new embodiment of thought. He is thus adding to the store which Nature has so kindly afforded us, and it is in his power, if he be a true artist, to rouse up from their depths, moral emotions or those of a different Character.

Nothing is beautiful, but that which is true in itself or affects the garb of truth. We cannot guard always against deception and therefore we are often led to admire that which possesses this quality only in seeming. It is the province of man to be, not to seem, but he chooses the latter often in preference to the former. But that which is not, cannot always seem to be, and consequently it ceases to be beautiful as soon as its falsity is apparent.

There is a kind of beauty which excites the emotion of which we have been speaking in perhaps a higher degree than any other; it is that which may be called intellectual beauty, and the feeling it produces is (in intensity) in exact accordance with the degree of truth which we feel to be involved in it.

We will conclude these desultory remarks by describing it in the words of the poet—

"How much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find;
But with resistless force it draws
To sense and sweetness joined.

The casket when to outward show
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valued, when we know
It holds a gem within."

4.

MISCELLANY.

THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

At an age when the heart is open to every impression, and forms with the same readiness engagements and connexions, which, in a man of riper years would be the fruit of esteem and observation, St. A— was travelling from his native province to explore the wonders of a metropolis which he had as yet beheld with the eyes only of hope. In the coach which was to convey him to Paris, he found a young man of prepossessing appearance; a conversation soon began that terminated in protestations of friendship, warmly reiterated on both sides. Mutual confidence soon flowed from their lips, and all the secrets of their hearts were revealed; it was then that St. A— learned that his new friend was going to Paris to marry a young lady whom he had never seen, but whom his father and family had chosen for his bride, with the consent of her relations. The journey was finished without any accident, and they arrived in the morning at Paris, where they took lodgings in a public hotel.— Scarcely had they taken possession of their apartments when the young man was seized with a bilious colick, which, in less than two hours deprived him of his existence. Affected with the melancholly fate of his

youthful acquaintance, St. A——, whose attentions had been unable to raise him, thought it his duty to inform the father of the future bride of the overthrow of his expectations, and taking with him the letters and port folio of his friend, repaired to the house of the gentleman.

The servant who opened the door, conscious that his master expected his son-in-law, announced St. A—— as such. The father, without giving him time to explain himself, embraced him with eagerness and presented him to his daughter as her husband.

St. A——, naturally gay and volatile, could not resist the temptation of deceiving the family awhile longer, and played his part extremely well. He gave the letters, and being perfectly acquainted with the secrets and affairs of his friend, returned the most satisfactory answers to their questions. He succeeded especially in captivating the attention of the young lady, who, with side long glances admired the features and the fine shape with which nature had blessed her lover. Dinner was announced, and St. A—— was placed by the side of the timid bride; and the whole family yielded up their hearts to joy and satisfaction. The young lady spoke little, answered with difficulty, and often blushed, while St. A—— was polite and ardent in his attention to her; and though the expressions of his face were naturally serious, his conversation was pleasing and cheerful. After dinner, the father entered into all the details necessary to settle the marriage, when suddenly St. A—— rose, and, taking his hat seemed anxious to retire. "Are you going to leave us?" "Yes," answered St. A——, "important business compels me to quit you." "What important business can you have in a city where you are a stranger? Perhaps you wish to draw money from a banker? my purse is entirely at your service; but if you will absolutely have recourse to a banker, I may send somebody to transact the business for you." "No," said St. A——, who continued to walk towards the door—and they were soon in the hall—when, addressing the father. "Now that we are alone," said he, "and the ladies cannot hear us, I will tell you—this morning, a few moments after my arrival, an accident happened to me; I was taken with the bilious colic, and died. I promised to be buried at six o'clock, and you will easily conceive that I must attend the place of rendezvous; for, not being known in this part of the world, if I fail to be exact to my word, it would awake suspicions of inattention to business that would prove very prejudicial to my character."

The father listened to him with astonishment, but taking the whole for a joke returned to the ladies, and bursting with laughter, related the cause of his son-in-law's hurried departure. While they were still conversing on the subject, six o'clock struck; it was soon seven, and the family were alarmed at not seeing St. A——. Half an hour after the father sent to the hotel to inquire. The servant intrusted with the commission asked for him under his assumed name, and received for answer, that he had arrived at nine in the morning, died at eleven, and was buried at six. It would be difficult to express the surprise of the family at receiving the information; and as St. A—— left his lodgings and never visited there again, a general belief was spread around, that it was the ghost that spent the day with Mr. N——, in social enjoyment and conversation.

From the Quarterly Review

DREAD OF DEATH,

Is a common symptom in nervous diseases, and is here considered with its regard to influence on health. In these cases it seems rather to spoil life than to destroy it. "Not only the child, but the young man till thirty feels that he is mortal;" but after forty a man's thoughts are much occupied by the inevitable prospect from the fear of it. Those of authors come out in their works. One of the most remarkable is a little Essay on death by Lord Bacon; not that in his Essay, but towards the end of his works, near his will. The Curate of a London Parish, who has great experience of death-bed scenes, was asked how people generally met their end? And the answer was, "either they wish for it as a relief from suffering, or they are not conscious of it." Even Dr. Johnson who dreaded death so much at a distance, seems to have feared

that to many persons with right views, who have had a liberal allowance of sickness and sorrow, death becomes an object not so much of apprehension as of curiosity and interest. This state of mind is not only necessary for our comfort during health, but for our safety during sickness. One of the ablest physicians alive once said that in a dangerous illness, *ceteris paribus*, a Christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than a poppy, and a better cordial than an ether; and Dr. Reid gives a similar opinion in the following expressive passage:

"The habitual horror which thus overshadows the mind, darkens the little daylight of life. An indulgence of this morbid excess of apprehension not only imbibes a man's existence, but may often tend to shorten its duration. He hastens the advance of death by the fear with which his frame is seized at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered."

Contradictory as it may appear, there are well attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide by the dread of dissolution. It would seem as if they had run into the arms of death in order to shelter themselves from the terror of his countenance.

THE VIRGINIA GAME COCK.

It was in the year 18—, that I was bound for the Havana, in the brig Evening Star, when we had lost sight of the coasts, that a large eagle lit upon our yard arm. The sailors seeing him, let him remain until after dark, when one of the men, taking a large bag with him, went out upon the yard and succeeded in flinging it over him, so as to prevent his biting, and tying the bag at one end secured him until the following morning, when he was taken from the bag, and his wings clipped, and trimmed in such a manner, as to prevent his escape. He was always fed well by the men in the fore-castle, and at last became quite domesticated, and was a great favorite of the captain. He played a great many tricks to the great annoyance of the pigs on board, for any thing in the pigs' mess he would have if he took a liking to it; he was the terror of his bristly companions to such a degree, that if a pig showed his snout on the quarter deck, he was sure to "go the whole hog" on him—this very much pleased the captain, for when pigs are let loose on board ship, they are very troublesome.

The day after we arrived at Havana the captain, with several more Americans, visited the cock-pit, to have some sport. The captain bet several times, but invariably lost, at length he offered to bet five hundred dollars, that he had a Virginia game cock on board that would kill any cock on the Island. Of course he was soon taken up, and the day pitched for the fight, which was to be three days after. Accordingly, on leaving the pit, he let his companions into the secret, and proposed to them to go snacks, and throw in, to make up the bet. The captain also went around to the American captains in the port, and told them of the hoax, advising them to bet on the Virginia game cock, if they wanted to win a stake or two. The captain then returned on board, and had the eagle trimmed as cocks generally are for fight; all his feathers about the neck, which are called the cow feathers on a chicken, in consequence of their letting them fall when they are beaten, or as it is termed, cowed. He then had a little more trimmed of his wings, and in fine, disfigured him in such a manner that very few could have told it was an eagle. He was then cooped and put upon short allowance, so as to whet his appetite for the coming battle.

The news spread all over the Havana, and many flocked to see the fight between the Virginia game and Spanish cocks, and bets were made to a considerable amount. When the day of battle came, the eagle was conveyed to the scene of action in the same bag in which he was caught. The time of pitting the cocks arrived, and two men stepped out, who were selected to pit the cocks, for neither party were permitted to pit their own chicken; the man on the opposite side, produced one of the largest the Spanish breed, and fixed the heels on him. The man who was to pit the captain's cock, was about preparing a large pair of heels, when the captain told him not to trouble himself, for he fought his cock without gaffs. The captain's bird was taken from the sack, and was received with surprise by the beholders, but the Spaniard said

his cock would gaff him the first fly. The Spanish cock made a fly at the eagle and picked him with his heels pretty smartly, which raised his ferocity, which was very high before for want of food—he cast a look of disdain on his adversary, and the next fly the game Spaniard made at him, he seized him with his talons, by the breast and wing, and in an instant tore him in pieces. The fame of the Virginia game cock was raised so high, that the captain, before he left the place, sold him for an amount of money equal to the bet.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I have spoken heretofore with some levity of the contrast that exists between the English and French character; but it deserves more serious consideration. They are the two great nations of modern times most worthy of each other's rivalry; essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposite qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. Forages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like wave on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those serried walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; whole rows were swept down at a shot: the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever was his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave!—and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

It was several years afterwards, that I visited the field of Waterloo. The ploughshare had been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood, a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul and Britain, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke turned from this vortex of battle as from a volcano:—"It was," said my guide, "like a little hell upon earth." Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fitful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet clangor the team slowly labored up the hillside, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers' graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

CLARA: OR LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

BY DON TRUEBA TELESFORO D'F COSIO.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 134.

In a few months, calm was restored to Clara's bosom. Not that the phantom of Theodosio had completely quitted her thoughts. That image still broke upon her meditations at intervals, but still the intrusion was not accompanied with that intense feeling of disquietude and pain, which it was wont to bring on former occasions—a sensation of subdued sorrow, rendered endurable by the spirit of piety and resignation, which had now taken possession of Clara's heart, and even this remnant of unfortunate love, she hoped would at a future period, be converted into a tender, pure remembrance for the object, divested of all human passion, and incapable of either inflicting pain or regret. With this soothing idea the days of the novice flowed in a gentle stream, unrippled by cares or remorse, whilst those of her lover were involved in mystery. We must now revert to Theodosio, who, had by this time, become as a dead man to his beloved Clara.

The destiny of Clara had long been a subject of doubt and speculation to her absent lover, thanks to the activity of Don Gil and Father Bastos. Every means of intercourse had been so efficiently intercepted, that in the moments of grief, Theodosio entertained the most gloomy ideas, sometimes fancying that he was no longer an object of tenderness to Clara, at others, that she had sunk into an early grave. A charge of heresy brought against him before the holy office of the Inquisition, confined him to the dungeons of that terrible tribunal for a period of several months—the accusation, however was not substantial, and he was released from prison. The first use he made of his liberty, was to repair to Madrid in all haste, to ascertain the fate of his beloved Clara: the information which he gathered, filled him at once with astonishment and sorrow. One ray of hope, however, dawned upon his soul—the novice of his mistress had not yet expired, and she might yet be rescued from pronouncing a rash vow, which would bring along with it only misery and regret. Theodosio naturally enough conceived that undue influence had been used in persuading Clara to take the veil. He considered her as an addition to the list of victims, of fanatic zeal and parental oppression. With this idea, a feeling of pity and justice alone, had no other more tender sentiment actuated him, would have suggested the propriety of an attempt to rescue her from the convent.

This enterprise, however, was surrounded with almost insurmountable difficulties. But a few days remained of the noviciate, and it was not probable that in so short a period Theodosio could succeed in getting access to his mistress, and inducing her to a flight. Instigated by a tumult of dread, love, and compassion, he hastened to the nunnery, and essayed every means of informing Clara that he was sojourning in the precincts of that solemn prison house. Baffled in all his attempts, he one day adopted a step of greater boldness—he climbed the walls of the garden at the fall of evening, and hiding himself behind a cluster of trees, he struck a few melancholy strains on a guitar, which was followed by a Moorish ballad, to which Clara had always been very partial. The scheme was full of danger, but, like many other attempts instigated by boldness in the moment of despair, was accompanied with success.

Clara was sitting by the narrow window of her cell, when her ear caught the plaintive sound. She was at first startled, and imagined that she labored under some delusion of the brain. She listened attentively—her heart now throbbled with a tumult of conflicting feelings. The leading events of her mind passed rapidly and vividly before her mind. She trembled with a strange mixture of terror, hope and pleasure. She opened her window and leant forwards to ascertain if her eyes would confirm the promise of her ear. A man issued from the green bosom of a thicket, which appeared now partially tinged by the silvery radiance

of the moonbeams. Clara, with a thrill of uncontrollable emotion, perceived the form gently moving forwards. She beheld the outlines of a man resembling her lover in height and deportment: imagination filled up the picture, and the throb of her heart clearly told her that Theodosio had impiously intruded within the precincts of that sacred spot. But the sensations of terror and superstition gave way before the more genuine and powerful feelings of human nature. The pure stream of love returned to those channels of the heart from which it had been repulsed by the troubled current of superstition.

Theodosio held up a letter, and with all the eloquence of passion, conjured Clara, by signs, to admit it into her possession. He then placed the epistle in a marked spot, but yet sufficiently hidden to escape detection, and after lingering for some time, on the hallowed place which contained all that his soul held dearest in life, he at length retreated from the garden, to concert measures for the rescue of his beloved Clara. The feelings of the young novice were now excited to the highest point: the astonishment produced by the unexpected apparition of her lover, had at first completely absorbed all her powers, and she suffered no ungrateful reproach to intrude in order to dissolve the charm by which she was bound. But with the retreat of Theodosio came reflection. Clara was soon plunged into a deep and perplexing reverie. She blamed herself for the guilt which she had incurred by affording the least encouragement to the desperate of a man with whom every connexion was broken in this world—a man, whom, more than any other member of the human species, she was bound to banish from her thoughts. These painful speculations disturbed the repose of Clara during the night. To soothe the agitation of her soul, she had recourse to prayer, but even the power of fervent devotion failed in calling back the lost tranquility of her mind—that mind, despite of the efforts of piety, was chiefly occupied by the image of her lover. Alas! all the endeavors of religious zeal were insufficient to eject so powerful a tenant from the habitation of which he taken possession.

When morning came, the state of Clara's mind was, if possible, more distressing. Her sense of duty suggested that she ought not to read the contents of her lover's letter. Moreover, some whispering spirit told her that the epistle should be delivered up to the mother abbess. She was almost determined to act up to this idea, but her courage failed at the moment of putting it into execution. A stream of tenderness and of returning affection inundated her heart. The death of her lover might perhaps be the result of her severity. She had not yet pronounced the awful and hopeless vow, and the agency of her will was still unshackled. Besides the period of a noviciate is allowed to the young mind in order to weigh maturely the awful responsibility of the engagements which it is about to make. These consoling reflections came next to counsel a different course, and as the heart is never backward in adopting that alternative which is more consonant with the tenor of its feelings, Clara at length resolved to be guided by the impulse of ill-suppressed affections.

She descended to the garden, and watching a favorable opportunity, was fortunate enough to possess herself of her lover's letter, without having attracted notice, or excited suspicion. Her fingers trembled as she took up the paper. She felt (in her estimation) a guilty joy, and she sped to the secrecy of her cell; she fancied that every object which met her eyes was a severe witness of her offence, and reproached her conduct. Once again safe within her narrow chamber, she breathed more freely; but the tumult of her heart increased as she opened the letter and read its contents—they were imbued with the wild eloquence of impassioned love and despair. The perusal produced a powerful and decisive impression on the mind of the gentle and affectionate girl. After detailing the trials which he had undergone, and his efforts to obtain information with regard to her destiny, the ill-fated lover continued to dissuade Clara from the rash resolution which she had adopted. This part of the letter ran thus:—

"Clara! Clara, my own beloved—the hope of my soul—the sole principle of my life! I conjure you by that immaculate purity—by that love of virtue which is the essence of thy nature, to repel an insti-

tution which is prompted not by the voice of true religion and piety, but by the foul breath of fanaticism. Oh! listen ere it is too late—the moments are counted, and a life of remorse and despair will be the award of your infatuation. Yes, Clara, you are going to pronounce sacrilegious vows, in which the heart will have no share. Pause, I conjure you; pause ere it is too late. And if after this more solemn admonition, the pleadings of my agony and despair could be weighed in your mind, let me recall to your memory the sacred pledge of love. Have you forgotten a feeling which I deemed interwoven with the very principle of your life? Are you ashamed of that love?

"No, no; the love which I feel for you, Clara, is not the offspring of vanity, or a fleeting passion. No, it is a sentiment worthy of the object by which it was inspired—a sentiment tender as the expression of thine eyes—pure as the imaginings of thy mind—deep as the innate goodness of thy soul—a sentiment fresh like thy beauty—enduring and indelible, like thy virtues."

After these, and other earnest admonitions, Theodosio concluded by insinuating that he would convey to her the means of escape. No time was to be lost, and as the case was so urgent, the lover announced his intention of making a bold attempt.

The perusal of this letter threw poor Clara into the most powerful agitation; the conflict of her feelings produced a keen sensation of pain, yet in the midst of her emotion she enjoyed an undefinable charm in the boldness expressed by her lover; the darker phantom of sin now and then came across her imagination, but the lurid image was soon chased away by more consoling and enlivening prospects. One thing, however, puzzled her ideas, and this was, the nature of the plan which her lover would pursue to accomplish his designs. In the postscript of his letter he had intimated that in a trunk, which was to be taken to the convent on the following day, she would find the means, for effecting her escape. We must now explain.

When a young maiden takes the veil, and abjures the world for ever, the most interesting part of the ceremony is certainly that which refers to the sacrifice as connected with her personal charms. The young novice is represented as the bride-elect of the Saviour, and accordingly, on the day on which her espousals are to take place, she is attired in the most splendid habiliments. She is adorned with the most scrupulous care and rich profusion, and these worldly ornaments are exchanged by her for the humble and coarse habit of the convent; her hair is then cut short and every thing is done to give the impression that she renounces the pomp and charms of life, for an existence of penance and humility.

Don Gil Perez of course was neither forgetful of this part of the ceremony, nor disposed to let it pass without evincing his zeal. It was a matter of the highest importance: nay, a sprinkling of worldly vanity might also be mixed with this religious fervor, and he had accordingly resolved that his niece should be dressed for the approaching ceremony with all the pomp and splendor that care and expense could procure. Father Bastos approved highly the zeal evinced by the Indiano. It was an additional proof of the influence which every thing connected with religious ceremonies exercised over his mind. The preparations were accordingly made in the most expensive manner, and a passing sunshine diffused itself over the lugubrious aspect of the devotee, as he conceived that he was zealously promoting the future welfare of his niece, as well as his own. With regard to Father Bastos, he inwardly congratulated himself on the near completion of those plans which he had labored so much to bring about.

Clara, the interesting subject of so much care and speculation, was, meantime, laboring under the painful trials of dread and irresolution. The impassioned appeal of her lover had made the strongest impression on her heart. She felt half-determined to follow his wishes, but in the following moment the image of the sinful duplicity which she was committing, would fill her soul with agony and terror. The battle of her feelings was very distressing, and the nuns failed not to observe the agitation of the young novice; this, however, did not afford matter for great surprise—such displays were not of unusual occurrence in the nun-

nery on similar occasions. The painful reverie of Clara was soon dispelled by the necessity for action. A trunk arrived from her uncle, containing the dress and ornaments in which she was to be decked out for the ceremony of the morrow. Clara endeavored to conceal the emotion which she experienced when the key of the trunk was delivered to her. She would have immediately proceeded, to examine the contents, but, her desire was thwarted for the present, as she was obliged to attend the confessional, and undergo other religious exercises, preparatory to the solemn sacrifice which she was on the eve of making.

The hour for evening prayers arrived, and the quietude which Clara had felt during the day increased to a painful degree: the sisterhood repaired to the choir, with that sort of listless indifference which habit had rendered natural. The mother abbess, with her accustomed severity of aspect and solemnity of deportment, heralded her flock to the evening devotions, pride and moroseness stamped on those features which all the efforts of practised deceit could not bend to exact humility. She cast a scrutinizing look on Clara—the glance went to the young girl's inmost heart; that heart, though pure as the unsullied snow, quailed from the cold unfeeling eye of cruel superstition.—The excitement produced by her lover's letter could not be hidden from the observing mind of the abbess but she was far from surmising the real cause of so visible an emotion. She naturally concluded that it was the effect of the solemn ceremony about to take place on the morrow. Convinced, as she felt, that the young novice was one of the many victims obliged to pronounce vows in which the heart has no share, and to bid adieu to all of the pomps and deceits of a world, which alas! they were incompetent to judge—the circumstance, therefore, excited neither surprise nor indignation; the event, was of no unusual occurrence, and all that was required of a novice was an humble spirit when making the detestable sacrifice.

Prayers began in the usual solemn monotony of tone, but the mind of Clara was absent from devotion—the sensations of her young heart were harassing and painful. It was in vain that she endeavored to fix her thoughts on the religious duties for which they were assembled. She had no longer control over her will—a crowd of distressing images flocked and fled before her imagination, all full of dismal omens, all pregnant with a certain woe and horror, which though undefinable, appeared yet to threaten with a fearful calamity. The letter of her lover had thrown her into a state of wild excitement. She seemed no longer the mild, pure, pliant being, born merely to suffer and bend to the will of others. Nor did her aspect offer the image of a virgin, spotless even in the most fleeting thoughts: alas! no, a revulsion of feeling had come over her heart—good and virtuous she was still, but that angelic purity of mind was withered. She had in some measure sanctioned any steps which her lover might be induced to take in his despair, and this thought conveyed a poignant sensation to her soul.—Her sense of virtue shuddered from the lurid phantom which her weakness had conjured up in her imagination. She fancied herself guilty of some great sin, and the impression was productive of the deepest agony and remorse.

Nor was this the only feeling that pressed to distract her mind—the pathetic appeal of her unfortunate lover had gone to her inmost heart, and remained firmly impressed thereon. She could not disguise from herself that she still loved him—loved him with all the fondness of a first, a pure, deep affection, loved him with that absorbing sentiment which can alone be felt by a devoted female in the spring of life, when all her feelings are fresh, all her thoughts unsullied, all her acts beaming with the light of candor and purity. Such love partakes of a celestial origin—it is a rare boon—frequently, alas! the bitterest curse that can fall on the possessor. But there is a charm in the feeling which takes a strong possession of the mind which loves to dwell on the idea, however harrowing, and which, in the midst of dismal gloom and threatening horror, throws a soothing influence to cheer up the sinking heart. It is a cheering light glimmering thro' the darkness—a smiling flower blooming in a dreary desert.

The tumult of Clara's thoughts increased every mo-

ment. She was anxious to see the prayers ended—never had they appeared so long as in the present instance; her mind was restless—her heart throbbing to painful intensity—the wildest and most incoherent ideas played before her besotted imagination. Sometimes the prospect of escape from the life of misery to which she was about to condemn herself, came to diffuse a momentary comfort, but in the next moment the sacrifice of the morrow dispelled the illusion, and she shrunk from the wickedness of which she was guilty in harboring such criminal thoughts; this conflict of feeling grew to a degree that made her ready to faint, and she reclined for protection on the balustrades of the choir. Meantime the nuns continued mumbling the accustomed service in their usual drowsy monotonous manner, perfectly heedless of the sorrow of the novice.

What an awful moment was this! The silence of the hour—a chilling silence, and disturbed alone by the solemn voice of prayer. The melancholy and awe inspiring aspect of the place was sufficient to engender gloom and despondency in the youthful heart.—Images of woe and terror danced before the mind of poor Clara—the church seemed enrobed in dismal shadows—the saints appeared as if animated and coming forward from their niches; the solemnity of death, which presided over the place, whispered to the soul a warning of misery and woe. A fearful presentiment seized on the hapless victim—she strove to discard it from her mind, but she strove in vain, for the unwelcome and dismal thoughts broke on her meditations with ominous pertinacity. She could not pray—her whole soul was absent from the spot, and when, by a strong effort, she summoned, back her thoughts to the holy duty she was performing, she shuddered at the phantom of guilt which presented itself to her mind. She was on the point of bidding farewell to the world—of pronouncing solemn, irrevocable vows which would render her as it were dead to all the purposes of life—her whole thoughts, feelings, and desires, were henceforward to be directed towards heaven alone and yet at such an awful, and such a sacred period, she had harkened to the voice of a lover—granted his request—and was harboring criminal hopes of a rescue from her religious confinement.

A thrill of horror shot to her heart as the pealing organ spread its full, solemn, and elevating notes along the aisles of the church. That mournful sound, to which her ear ought to have been accustomed, was like a voice of death. There was something replete with dark forebodings in those sublime, yet melancholy strain. She felt an undefinable presentiment of evil working in her throbbing brain, and she trembled in every limb, unconscious of a cause for the agitation.

Theodosio had promised to supply the means of her deliverance. Were those contained in the trunk which contained the rich habiliments in which she was solemnly to renounce the world and take the vow? This thought recurred frequently to her mind. It had already troubled her from the first, but every moment it became more and more anxious and tormenting.—Perhaps a ladder of ropes—but would she have courage enough to adopt so desperate course? Again, was not this an act of guilt from which a virtuous mind ought to shrink with horror?

Prayers were ended, and the nuns, in the usual order and awful silence, having received the blessing of the mother abbess, began severally to retire to their cells. When Clara, her heart brimful to bursting, approached the abbess, the matron addressed some words of consolation, not unmingled with a certain severity both of tone and manner, which is in accordance with strict religious discipline.

"Go, my daughter," she said in a calm, austere voice, "go to thy rest, and may the Holy Virgin watch over thy slumbers—raise your soul to heaven—for to-morrow thou wilt choose the better part. Thou art a bride elect of the Saviour, and an imperishable wreath will be thy reward hereafter."

Each of these words was a dagger in the breast of poor Clara; they were so many condemnations of her duplicity; and she felt relieved when the abbess, holding forth her hand to be kissed, bestowed upon her the parting blessing for the night. With hurried speed and a panting heart the novice then hastened to her cell: she entered—closed the door—breathed a long sigh, and felt eased from the weight that pressed on

her soul. For a moment she stood as if fixed in the midst of the narrow tenement, then summoning her strength, she approached the trunk. No sooner had she touched it than she felt a cold chill running thro' her veins—her bosom heaved fearfully—her tongue was parched up—her eyes seemed burning in the sockets—a powerful, overwhelming fever paralyzed her limbs. She wept—she wept aloud—unconscious of the cause of her sorrow; but her conscience was not tranquil, she considered herself a sinful being, and a fearful voice rang in her ear the award of guilt. Poor hapless girl! thou wert good and angelic; if the shadow of sin approached thee, it was thy own gentle and pure nature alone that converted the fleeting, perishable shade, into a thing of substance!

A moment elapsed—Clara felt somewhat more tranquil. She at length resolved to open the trunk; she turned the key—her eyes were fixed for a moment—the next a scream of horror and dismay filled the room—and was echoed along the silent precincts of the cloisters. The trunk, instead of bridal ornaments, contained the breathless corpse of a man—that man was Theodosio, her ill-fated and devoted lover! She gazed again in throbbing anxiety—he might be alive; alas! no—it was too late—the chill of death was upon his brow, and his countenance exhibited the ghastly hue produced by suffocation. He had been too long kept without the power of breathing; for although he had bored an aperture in the trunk, the porters who brought it to the convent, ignorant of its contents, had placed it in a manner to render abortive the unfortunate lover's contrivance. Life was extinct. With a look of glazed horror the wretched Clara contemplated the fearful object before her. She had no tears to shed—hers was an agony beyond the power of the least passing relief. Mechanically she took the hand of her adored love—the clammy coldness of the touch called her wandering senses again to concentrate all the horrors of her situation. The paroxysm was over. Again she endeavored to deceive herself with false hopes—again those fearful hopes were repulsed by the chilling reality. She found the powers of utterance—and a loud, wild, harrowing cry disturbed, for the second time, the awful silence that reigned in the convent.

The painful sound had startled the peaceful tenants of the place. The mother abbess, and two or three of the neighboring nuns, rushed to the spot from which the dismal cry had issued—the door of the cell flew open, and the horrid spectacle struck their astonished eyes. Clara's wild and frenzied looks were for a moment withdrawn from the ghastly remains of her lover, and fixed on the stupefied nuns. The misery of her situation was increased. The mother abbess gazed for some time on the terrible scene before her, then suddenly bursting into a strain of horror—"Can this be possible?" she exclaimed. "The corpse of a man in this holy cell! Are then our sacred walls defiled by so flagrant a guilt? 'Thou wretched thing,' she added, turning to the awe-struck novice, "tremble at the enormity of thy crime—the curse of heaven is on thy head—a life of unceasing penitence can only partially atone for your sins, and serve to calm the wrath of Heaven. Prepare to be immured for the rest of thy wretched existence in the close and dismal dungeon which justice and religion have assigned for criminal females like yourself."

The sufferings of Clara had now arrived at their acme—the cup of misery was brimful to overflowing—the dreadful image of disgrace which would attach to her memory, presented a hedious train of thought to her mind; the awful aspect of the mother abbess—the prophetic terror of her words—the fearful malediction she pronounced, added to the horrors of the tragic scene, pressed so heavily on her head, that the weight surpassed all the powers of suffering. Clara spoke not a word; she looked mournfully for a moment on the abbess, uttered a low, plaintive moan, and fell on the body of her unfortunate lover. The nuns imagined this was a swoon, produced by the horror of the scene, and hastened to proffer their assistance.—Alas! it was in vain—Clara was no longer among the living—her heart was broken, and her trials and sorrows were no more. For some time the nuns harbored hopes she might recover, but when the death of the poor victim could afford no doubt, such a catastrophe, instead of the tears of compassion for the hapless fate of a lovely being, only produced in the votaries of

fanaticism a religious terror at the supposed crimes of a wretched sinner. So vast, so absorbing is the power of superstition, that it corrupts even the pure stream of female tenderness! And that feeling of compassion, which they would not withhold from the most worthless object in the creation of the moment of distress and destitution, they deny to a wretched, innocent and lovely being of their own sex!

The news of this dreadful tragedy, despite of the precaution of the mother abbess, was soon spread thro' the town, and produced a powerful sensation among the friends of the parties. Don Gil Perez was horror struck at the catastrophe. Yet, although he had been so materially instrumental in bringing it about, he nevertheless felt not the least remorse of conscience, whilst his zealous indignation was powerfully excited at the fancied crimes of his victim. The Indiano's health had for some time been in a declining state, and the fearful events which had within so short a space of time taken place among his nearest relatives, were calculated to hasten the period of his existence. His malady assumed a mortal aspect, he felt his end approach, and desired Father Bastos not to quit his side. He died calmly, as if his had been a life of blessing, comfort, and utility to his fellow creatures, instead of the accursed origin of a great sum of deepest woe and misfortune. He consoled himself with the idea that he died the death of the just, an idea which the pious Father Bastos took no care to contradict, for his plans had succeeded to the fullest extent. The whole wealth of the superstitions Gil Perez devolved on the church, and such piety certainly rendered him deserving of an immortal crown in the regions of bliss.

The funeral of the diseased *Indiano* was performed with the greatest pomp and solemnity. Masses were ordered to be said in every convent, church and chapel. Charity was distributed to all the paupers of the place, and the service for the dead was celebrated with all the state and ceremony of religion. To conclude the scene in a befitting manner. Father Bastos ascended the pulpit, and delivered a panegyric on the deceased, which in the eyes of common sense would seem like a mockery of religion. He descanted copiously on the piety, charity, and other virtues of the *Indiano* in extravagant terms, coolly announced to the congregation that his soul had flown to the realms of light, and concluded by making a contrast between the virtues of Gil Perez and his edifying death, and the guilty lives and appalling deaths of his relatives.

The greater part of the audience felt no doubt convinced by the friar's eloquence, and departed accordingly, impressed with a feeling of terror mingled with astonishment, that such pious persons as Don Gil Perez and his wife, should be the relations of such fearful sinners as Agnes, Clara, and Don Theodosio.

THE EMPIRE OF CHINA.—The *Oriental Herald* contains the following curious article upon the empire of China.

The empire of China is divided into 20 provinces; there are one hundred and eighty five capitals, and as many cities of the second order. The taxes and the duties amount annually to thirteen millions and a quarter pounds sterling—one million nine hundred and eighteen thousand tons of wheat and rice must be deducted for the subsistence of the troops and the supply of the public granaries. The civil service costs but one and half millions sterling per annum, but the military service is six times as expensive, and amounts to more than eight millions. Among the articles of the Chinese budget, we find eight millions for the maintenance of the Yellow River, two millions for the gardens of Yuen-Ming, and considerable sums for the entertainment of the Ministers of State of the first and second class, to the number of three thousand five hundred and twenty-five. The revenue of the nation in silver and in products, is valued at thirty millions sterling. The duties levied on English and American ships entering at Canton, adds about another million to that sum. The revenue of England, which possesses but twenty-two millions of population, amounted, in 1824, to one third more than that of the Chinese Empire, which, according to late enumerations, contains no less than one hundred and sixty-four millions of inhabitants. The persons in civil employment by the government do not exceed nine thousand five hundred and eleven, and the military officers seven thousand five hundred and sixty-two. The army consists

of an enormous mass of one million two hundred and sixty three thousand men, of which eight hundred and twenty two thousand belong to the infantry, four hundred and ten thousand to the cavalry, and thirty thousand to the marine."

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread has been lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

Distinguished Author.—"Gentlemen," said a ragged loafer, addressing a crowd, "I am an author." Indeed—of what? "My own misfortunes."

Fall Fashion.—Last Sabbath morning a YOUNG LADY was seen wending her way to church, with *Elssler* buttons on her wrists, and a hole as big as a ninepence in the heel of her stocking.—*Prov. Jour.*

A Toper's idea of Temperance.—Temperance is a great virtue; therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as much as any man ought to take unless he is extraordinarily thirsty, and didn't drink enough on going to bed. But even in that case, he should not exceed twelve no how.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1841.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

*** **THE SEASON.**—To our friends and patrons "from Maine to Georgia," we extend through our columns, the right hand of fellowship, and with it the congratulations which each returning "HAPPY NEW YEAR," is calculated to awaken. As a people and as individuals, we have every cause for thankfulness, that the Almighty has in His infinite goodness spared our lives, and blessed us in our many comforts. Are we not then bound, with the heart mellowed and softened as it should be, on this auspicious day, to contrast our own happy situations with that of the child of want and sorrow; and as we are blessed in our own store, so to pour into the lap of affliction, the wine and oil, which over and above our own use is only entrusted to us as faithful stewards of Him who feedeth us, and commands us in return, to feed our brother. How little will it take to bring a "happy New Year," in many a wretched family in our respective neighborhoods; and how much true satisfaction will it impart to the pillow, to carry it there, when the "still small voice" utters its monition in language never misunderstood.

MRS KINNEY—who has been the *lioness* of the day has been tried for the murder of her husband, and as a matter of course acquitted. We say a matter of course, because from an attentive perusal of all of the facts elicited on her trial, we can perceive nothing on which to ground even a reasonable suspicion. It is true that "her bright eyes," [which all handsome women have] enabled her to catch three husbands—and it is likewise true that a paper was found in the house on which was written "poison;" but there is nothing suspicious in all this. Husbands will die, and their widows have a right to marry, if it suits their taste, and "poison"-ous papers will creep in the houses of the best regulated families. We believe Mrs. Kinney to be an innocent and abused woman, and the trials she has been compelled to pass through, redound but little to the credit of the sapient public prosecutor, who has failed even to make a case of it.

VACILLATION OF THE PRESS.—The mysterious circumstances that surround the unfortunate situation of Dr. Eldridge, of Philadelphia, have of late furnished fine food for the craving maw of the press. Phrenologically, it has not only afforded it an opportunity to gratify its marvelousness, but its destructiveness. We had an article touching upon the first named propensity in our last, but the present case is of so singular a character, that we feel ourselves impelled to the making of a few more remarks. On first arresting the Dr. the cry from all quarters was, that the world never heard of such consummate villany as he had committed. He had resorted to devices to carry out his infamous projects, without number and without parallel. He was guilty of all—if not much more crime than that of which he was accused—and to crown his audacity, he had committed the unwarrantable enormity of becoming enamored of an heiress. This last uncommon circumstance was of course of a character so appalling as not, on any consideration, to be forgiven. Now, that matters are assuming something of a different aspect, and the Dr. is likely to be acquitted by a jury of his country, with the facility of a magician, the sublime press turns a handsome somerset, and the entire scene is changed. What before appeared of a character the most heinous, is with marvelous expedition transformed into quite endurable virtue. His extravagant and almost immeasurable wardrobe has been reduced to entirely consistent dimensions—his very exquisite person, to the astonishment of all, proves to be exceedingly modest and plain, and his power of making the valuables of others his own, has been entirely lost in the elevated integrity of the gentleman. Instead of everlastingly deserving *distance vile*, he is now looked upon only as the young, talented persecuted Dr. Eldridge. He will now become a man of such enviable notoriety, that we expect nothing else than that we shall soon hear, that instead of his having to pay Court to *young ladies*—be they rich or beautiful—that they will hereafter offer a premium for the privilege of addressing him.

We do not pretend to be capable of accounting for this expert manœuvring on the part of the guardian of public opinion. We would not even surmise that it may have had its origin in certain forebodings about prosecutions nor, in the still absurd idea, that the Dr. might show his indignation by a large prescription of *lead pills*; it doubtlessly arose from conscientious scruples—to assign any other reason for it, would certainly be falling short of the truth.

But to be serious. We consider such vacillating as the above would portray, as calculated neither to elevate the character of the press or mankind, and entirely unworthy of emanating from so high a source. Moreover we look upon a man's "good name" as possessing too sacred an importance, to be tossed about "like tempest-withered leaves." But while we think that a fair reputation to any one—more especially such as have to depend entirely upon their own personal exertions—is every thing; still we would not be thot as in the slightest degree countenancing crime. If the Dr. is guilty, let punishment fall heavily upon him "if he has sown the tempest, let him reap the whirlwind;" but do not prejudge—do not let the character that might otherwise have risen into fair and graceful proportions, be blasted by the merciless breath of slander.

AMPHITHEATRE.—Among the entertainments at this establishment, on Monday evening may be found the splendid spectacle of St. George and the Dragon.

Our readers will discover that we have this week devoted one of our pages to contributions from the 7, and we need not say that we have done so with pleasure. We are personally acquainted with several of the persons constituting this Literary Club; and know them to be possessed of fine abilities. Some of them are already favorably known to the public. What is signified by their numerical title, we are not masonic enough to enable us to divine. As to the character and merit of their correspondence, our readers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves. We expect to have the gratification of frequently filling the same page with material derived from the same source.

LEDDINGS convicted of the murder of his wife and the mother of 12 of his children, paid the awful penalty of the law, on Tuesday last, in the hall of our gaol. We understand that he died devoid of all conscience or feeling, for his unnatural act. The Evening Journal contains the reasons for his respite, from time to time by the Governor, which we have not room to copy. It will prove satisfactory to the public. We were fearful that the Governor would be influenced by importunity to commute the punishment; not because we lack less humanity than our neighbors, but because as good citizens, we shall ever deprecate executive clemency stepping between the law and its victim, unless for the most powerful reasons. The preservation of society and the peculiar state of the times, require a CERTAINTY, in the infliction of punishment. The law must be respected, or the offender must pay the penalty. Our courts and our officers of justice can not impress this too strongly on the minds of the community—it is only by this conservative influence that society can be kept together. The unatoned murders of Duffey, Jewett, and Labau cry aloud for justice, and the acquittal of their assassins, is a disgrace to the state, and has already opened the way to the commission of crime, which unless met firmly by the uncompromising arm of the law, will at no distant day exercise an influence which must become insupportable.

Gov. Seward, closes his remarks in relation to Leddings with the following; which should forever rebuke the morbid sympathy, of those who would have saved this abandoned villain from the fate which the laws of God and of man have so deservedly meted out to him:—

"The prisoner is first made known to us as an unfeeling and abusive husband. His wife is shut out of his house by day and by night, and is left to sleep in the cold and wet cellar; the help of neighbors and friends is called in to pacify his violent and unreasonable temper; he threatens the life of his wife; on the day which closed with his fearful crime he is found with his gun at an early hour trying to persuade her to go with him to a distance from the house; then to send her children away that he might be alone with her in the house; failing in both these efforts, he enters her room with his gun loaded; he commences a conversation with her; receiving an answer, which, although kind, evidently proceeded from a meek and broken spirit, he deliberately rises and murders the mother of his twelve children. There could be no defence but insanity for such a crime, and that defence is not attempted in this case.

The Executive therefore feels obliged to leave the law to its course, notwithstanding the sympathy the prisoner's condition has excited."

TEXAS.—An important resolution has been passed by the Texan House of Representatives in Congress, empowering the President to accept the services of 5000 men for the invasion of Mexico, allowing them to have what they may take from the enemy, and a league of land out of any they may conquer.—Texas is breathing nothing but war against her dastardly and treacherous neighbor.

Intelligence.

Counterfeit Red Back notes.—Our attention has been called to a new counterfeit. It is the five dollar red back plate, a correct imitation and very well executed the back of the bill particularly. The face seems to be a wood cut, and does not bear examination, although we'll calculated to deceive at first sight. The filling up is bad, and the paper thin. The Registers' names are poorly imitated. One of them has the name of P. D. Prindle as register. (The name is P. B. Prindle, and he signs no 5's.) The bills that we saw purported to be on the St. Lawrence and James Banks.

The probability is that the plate being a general one, will be applied to all the banking associations. The imitation of the red back is a new feature in counterfeiting. It had been supposed to be beyond the power of the art.

A DREADFUL CASE.—One of the most appalling cases that we remember is related in the Philadelphia Inquirer to have occurred a day or two ago in the lower part of Philadelphia County. A drunkard named Jarvis resided in an unfinished house in Sixth street near Catharine—and his daughter, a girl of nineteen—together with a little boy, absolutely perished with hunger and cold. The female was alive when discovered, but all the efforts of the neighbors proved vain, and she expired on Sunday morning. The little boy was dead when discovered, and two other children were perishing with want in one corner of the room. The wretched father is said to be utterly lost to all sense of shame.

It is confidently said that the New-York merchants are making great preparations for an early and extensive spring trade, as soon as the holidays shall have passed.

Mayor Varian.—We regret to learn (says the N. Y. Com. Adv. of Thursday) that the Mayor's situation is very critical, and that his symptoms have assumed an alarming character.

The Adrien Murder.—We learn from the Wetumpka (Ala.) Argus, that Dr. McLeod, and Mr. Cox, of Montgomery, who were charged with the murder of Monsieur Adrien about a year ago, have been tried and acquitted.

SHOT.—A Mrs. Stinger, of Washington township, Williams county, Ohio, got up from her bed on the night of the 18th ult., took a rifle hanging in the room, placed the muzzle to the head of her sleeping husband, and deliberately shot him dead. Jealousy the assigned cause.

SUMMARY.—Young Simes, the murderer of Professor Davis, has had his trial postponed on account of the voluntary absence of Kinkaid, the principal witness.

Judge Ernest, of Georgia, recently appeared in court clad in a full suit of silk, even to pocket handkerchief, and stock, manufactured in his own family.

Nearly a million of barrels of flour have been shipped from Cleveland the last season.

David E. Patton has recovered \$2,500 for injuries received by the falling of a promenade deck at a Sabbath School celebration in 1839, at Staten Island.

The steam boat Cherokee, recently blew up at Louisville, killing 16 or 18 persons.

Married.

On Tuesday 29th inst, by Hazeel Kade, Esq. Isaac Fuir, to Jane McLawin, all of this city.

On Friday afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Castle, Mr. Audley P. Knower to Miss Elizabeth J., daughter of Thomas Coulson, esq., all of this city.

On Christmas eve, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Win. Booth, of Albany, to Miss Lydia J. Bassett, of Waterford.

At Onondaga, Hollow, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hulin, Dr. D. Newcomb, of Albany, to Miss Charlotte N. Hooper, of the former place.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Samuel Kissam, Mr. Henry Niles, jr., of Coeymans, to Miss Maria, daughter of J. Veeder, esq., of Bethlehem.

DIED.

Wednesday morning, Cornelia, widow of Nicholas Kittell, deceased, aged 78 years.

In Stamford, Delaware co., N. Y., on the 20th inst. Mrs. Barbara Grant, mother of Mrs. Archibald Campbell of this city.

On the 15th ult., at Little Rock, Ark., Edward H. Cooke, formerly of this city.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Benj. Covell, formerly of Troy, a revolutionary soldier, in the 88th year of his age.

TO OUR AGENTS.—Will those gentlemen, who are acting as Agents, for the Register, remit any monies, which they may have in their hands to us. Will they also use the opportunity which their location gives them, of reminding delinquent subscribers, that a want of promptness on their part, subjects us to great embarrassment.

NOTICE.

AMPHITHEATRE ARRANGEMENT.

Mr. S. H. NICHOLS, respectfully gives notice that he has made arrangements, for his Box office keeper to be at No. 2 Broadway with a programme of the interior of the Amphitheatre for gentlemen to secure seats, from 10 o'clock A. M. till 1 P. M., and all Gentlemen securing seats for themselves and one or more Ladies will be called for at their residence by his carriage and conveyed to and from the Amphitheatre, without any additional charge—and he will at the same time run his large sleigh or carriage from the City Hotel every fifteen minutes, from 6 to 8 in the evening, (stopping at the office,) and convey any gentleman going to the Amphitheatre, free of any expense.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Jan. 2.

The performance will commence with the magnificent entree, entitled the Chivalric Tournament.

Songs by Mr. Dickason, Mrs. Hobd and Mrs. Nichols.

Horsemanship by Messrs. Whittaker, Madigan, Shindle, Aymett, Nichols and Misses Devine.

Grand Ascension on a single Wire from the stage to the top of the Amphitheatre.

Young the Contortionist; Clowns, May and Knapp. Masked Ball.

A new farce, in which Mr. Winchell will appear.

For particulars of each night's performance, see small bills.

N. B. No ladies admitted, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

No spirituous liquors sold in the Amphitheatre.

Doors open at 6, performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to \$2 75. dec 16-11

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guzot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

POETRY.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE
AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

January 1, 1841.

THIS MORN has ushered in the new-born year;
The passing throng arrayed in smiles appear;
Joy lights the eye, while hope each bosom fills;
The sweets of life are tasted—not its ills;
The past is fled—the future hid from view;
The present claims attention—well the meed is due.

Ah! see the hearty shake of those who meet
In town, and village, city, lane and street,
In hut, in hamlet, and in stately hall.
This day must hold its yearly festival:
'The sparkling wine flows pure as chrystal tide,
While every joy shall o'er our feasts preside;
Friends—Kindred—all—unite in social cheer,
To greet each other with a—"A HAPPY YEAR."

But while this globe its annual course shall roll,
What unseen changes may our lives control?
What acts of virtue will the good pursue?
What deeds of darkness will be held in view?
What useful arts will science bring to light,
To guide man onward in his glorious flight?
What thrones may sink, or totter to their fall?
What scenes of blood the human mind appal?
What virtue may earth's family possess?
To teach us all the road to happiness?
Tis not for man to fathom—we must wait,
Till time reveals them from the book of Fate.
The past affords Instruction—to it turn,
And from the page of History, Wisdom learn:
Nations which claimed earth's sceptre for their sway,
How are they shrunk! how frittered to decay?
As Oaks uprooted, or by Lightning riven,
Display the power—the Majesty of Heaven,
So Nations when they fall—and fall so low,
Show us the Power which struck the awful blow.
To classic Greece we turn with tearful eye,
And mark what Precepts in her Ruins lie:
Dissension's wave swept o'er her beauteous land,
Her soil seems smitten by some vengeful hand:
Where are her bards?—her sons of mystic lore?
Death sternly answers—"THEY ARE FOUND NO MORE."
And where is Rome, once mistress of the world,
Whose flag in every clime was found unfurl'd?
Degraded now she lies—the scornful lower
Of Nations who of yore obeyed her power:
Where are her Cæsars?—where her Senate?—*Aye*—
Echo will answer—"WHERE INDEED ARE THEY?"
Heroic Poland—What becomes of her?
The fallen Fief of a despotic Czar;
No chief she boasts—nor nobles' glorious fame;
But all are slaves, and fear a despot's name.
Debased, inglorious Spain: What is her state?
Dragg'd from her splendid, proud and gorgeous height;
A monument of shame—and who will take
This barren sceptre, even for Virtue's sake?
From towering skies each finds an awful fall,
Pride and Disunion mars the power of all:
But Reason cries, "Each reigning Power should know
The cause of Ruin, and avert the Blow."

America! to thee we turn;
Land of the brave and free;
For on thine Altars brightly burn
The Flames of LIBERTY:
And those who would its blessings share,
Will find its lasting Glories here.

And who dare quench these Flames,
Or even dim their Light?
Curses be ever on their names,
Their days eternal Night.

Our dear, our happy land, long may she be,
The Friend of human Woe—the Asylum of the free.

Your Carrier claims one word—tho' frost and sleet
With hasty steps he brings th' MASONIC sheet,

Whose pages bind each Brother's ardent mind

In Links of Sympathy—but unconfin'd
And wide as light; as far as man can roam,
And makes more pleasant each Subscribers' home:
Let some small boon cheer up his arduous toil;
The New Year's gift will draw a grateful smile—
His Prayer shall be—may each revolving year
Crown all your Works with Joy—Your Lives with
Friends sincere.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hym'd the Savior's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
Ye voices of the sky?

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near, though life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou?—Midst the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee?—
In heaven thou art set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet!
O star which led to Him!

VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the
house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Santa Claus would soon be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I arose from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the lustrous of mid day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eye should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen,
"On Comet, on Cupid, on Dunder and Blixen;
"To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;
"Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky!
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and Santa Claus too;
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing, of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney Santa Clause came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was slung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk;
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	2d Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 87,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	8d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the
times. Albany, 1840.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 19.]

MASONIC.

NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN.

Br. Hoffman.—Notwithstanding the severity of the storm this day, a goodly number of Companions and Brethren, associated at Porter's Corner, in this town, pursuant to previous notice, given by a committee from St. John's R. A. Chap. No 103, and St. John's Lodge No. 22, N. Y. The primary arrangements of celebrating the anniversary of the nativity of our revered brother and patron Saint were carried out in a manner highly interesting to the members of the fraternity present on the occasion, and I believe to the respectable congregation of spectators also.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.

Resolved That the thanks of this R. A. Chapter are due and are hereby tendered to our Rev. brother, Dr. P. P. Atwell for his very interesting and appropriate masonic Address delivered before us this day.

Resolved, That Messrs. A. C. Howard, T. W. Gwinn, and the choir of singers deserve our sincere thanks for their rich treat of vocal and instrumental music, on this solemn and interesting occasion.

Resolved, That the Secretary furnish a copy of these resolutions for publication.

Extract from the minutes.

JOHN S. WEED, Sec'y.

St. John's R. A. Chapter, No. 103.

West Greenfield, Dec. 26th, 1840.

At a meeting of St. Simon and St. Jude Lodge, at Channingville, the following Brethren were installed in their respective offices, by Past Master Joseph Blackburn, on Saturday evening Dec. 26th, 1840.

John M. Goring, W. M. John Wood, S. W.—Wm. Smith, J. W. Thomas Ratcliffe, S. D. Benjamin Lawton, J. D. James Hope, Treas. Benj. Lawton, Sec'y.

After the Lodge closed, the Brethren partook of a good substantial supper, got up in Br. Blackburn's usual style, which was interspersed with appropriate toasts, and the Brethren separated at an early hour.

At an annual meeting of Evening Star Lodge, No. 75, held at Masonic Hall, West Troy, on the evening of Dec. 23, 1841, the following brethren were elected officers, for the ensuing year.

Jacob Gingrich, W. M. Isaac Hitchcock, S. W. Isaac F. Fletcher, J. W. E. J. Higgins, Sec'y.—Gabriel Cropsy, Treas. W. A. Starr, S. D. Robert Snell, J. D. Eleazer Jenks, and J. Hunt, Stewards. Benj. Hoxie, Tyler.

ORATION,

Delivered before the members of Franklin Lodge No. 28, at Danville, Kentucky.

BY BROTHER DAVID G. COWAN.

BRETHREN,

Once more, by favor of Divine Providence, we are permitted to assemble to commemorate the virtues, and testify publicly our veneration for the exalted character of St. John the Baptist, one of our illustrious, departed brethren.

In every age and country in any degree civilized, it has been customary to pay homage and respect to the memory of departed worth at certain stated periods, usually on the anniversary of their entrance into the world. It should not therefore be considered strange or unusual, that the Masonic Fraternity should in common with other christians, evince their regard and veneration for the character of a personage who was

one of the most illustrious of the primitive christians and of the patrons of the science of Masonry.

But to very little purpose would it be, if our regard and veneration extended no further, than regularly assembling and moving in public and solemn procession, if we derived no improvement or advantage from it.—It is not for the purpose of paying empty honor to the memory of one, who cannot be benefited by it, but for the purpose of bringing to mind and keeping in remembrance his virtues, good qualities and example, and from these recollections of improving our own conduct by endeavouring to imitate, as nearly as our frail natures are capable, the example set before us.

It has uniformly been observed, that bringing frequently in review to the minds of men the characters of those who have performed illustrious and praiseworthy deeds and possessed exalted virtue, has a tendency to inspire virtuous emotions, and a disposition to imitate the example set before their eyes. The true aim and design therefore of celebrations such as the present, is to receive improvement and instruction; and with such views I hope we are now assembled. Well might it be said by the world, that our celebrations consisted of vain pageantry and empty show, if such were not our motives.

The institution of masonry, being one which has always preserved its secrets from an inquisitive world, has often been charged with entertaining principles and views, abhorrent to the feelings of every genuine Mason and upright man, and for the purpose of removing prejudices and erroneous impressions Masons have frequently made no scruple to declare publicly to the world the governing principles, aim, and object of their institution.

On a former occasion of the present kind, when it was your pleasure that I should address you, I endeavored to set forth some of those governing principles and the advantages attendant upon a strict adherence to them in the discharge of the various duties required at our hands. I shall therefore on the present occasion confine my remarks, principally, to the notice of some of those particulars in which we as masons may come short of duty.

The duties which masons are bound to discharge may be divided into three classes; those due from us as created and dependent beings to the supreme Grand Master of the universe, our creator, preserver, and bountiful benefactor; to our fellow men as members of the same great family of created beings; and to ourselves.

As created rational beings, we are unquestionably bound to comply in all things with the will and commands of the great creator; and, such has been the goodness of our Divine Grand Master and Governor, that, he has not left us to grope in the darkness and fallibility of our reason, to ascertain what is his will and commands, but has been pleased to reveal the same to us in the sacred volume before us.

We are also enabled, by a proper exercise of our faculties of reason, with which he has been pleased to endow us, and by which we are distinguished above the rest of created beings, to ascertain and understand some of the most prominent of our duties towards him. We cannot therefore plead ignorance as an excuse for the neglect of duty, as the path is plainly pointed out to us, but are inexcusable for any neglect or non-performance.

Among the great duties which we owe to God is reverence for his great, mighty and terrible name: to implore his benediction upon all our laudable undertakings; and to esteem him as the chief good, whence all earthly comforts flow. These are duties which all men, as created and dependent beings, are bound to observe; They are duties which we as masons are specially charged to inculcate. How lamentably then are we, as masons, as members of an ancient and virtuous institution, whose principles and precepts accord fully with the revealed word of God, and which we profess to follow, deficient in duty. Many of us fre-

quently so far forget the reverence and respect due to our creator as to take his sacred name in vain upon light and trivial occasions, descending to the reprehensible and vulgar practice of profane swearing. This is a habit degrading to the character of a well-born gentleman and much more so to the character of a mason. It is a habit which often grows upon us imperceptibly to such a degree, that we frequently violate the express command of the Creator and precepts of Masonry, unconsciously. This is a habit not only vicious in itself but it gives cause to our fellow men, not masons, to deride our institution; and the pious christian can hardly be made to believe we pay any regard to the precepts of the Sacred Volume, when they see one of its express commands daily and habitually violated and disregarded.

We are deficient in other respects in duty to our great Creator and Supreme Grand Master. We are not at all times sufficiently conscious of our dependence upon him. The precepts of masonry, which we profess to follow, direct us to implore the aid and benediction of almighty God in all our laudable and praiseworthy undertakings. The very forms prevalent among masons, which have been used and handed down to us from time immemorial, prove conclusively that our ancient brethren were sensible and negligent of their duties in this respect. The whole life of St. John the Evangelist of nearly one hundred years, is an example of strict adherence to duty which we should always endeavor to follow. This venerable saint, while high in office in the primitive Christian Church, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, took upon himself the superintendence and government of the institution, promoting the interest and prosperity of the same during the remainder of his long life, thereby evincing to the church of which he was a member and to the world at large, that he deemed the institution not hostile to, nor incompatible with, the precepts of the Christian Church, and of sufficient importance to warrant the greatest and most distinguished individuals in devoting a portion of their time to promote its prosperity.

The duties of masons to their fellow men are various. One grand object of masonry being the promotion of the cause of virtue, morality and benevolence, of the happiness of the whole human family; as a mean to attain those objects, she enjoins upon her members brotherly love, relief to their distresses of others their fellow men, and endeavors to induce all mankind to live together in peace and harmony as one great family, performing all duties that may be due from and owing to each according to their several stations and relations in which they may stand to each other while travelling the rugged path of life. The society of masons has this common object in view wherever dispersed around the globe. We as masons are bound not only to be moral and correct in our individual deportment, but it is our indispensable duty, whenever we see our brother going astray, to point out to him the course he should pursue, to give him friendly admonition and advice of the danger into which he may run, and, if necessary to reclaim him, reprove him, not with harshness and asperity, but in the temper and spirit of our distinguished and learned brother Paul, when he says, "yet count him not as an enemy but admonish him as a brother."

In this part of the duty of masons I fear many of us are deficient. We often fail to advise or admonish a brother of his foibles, imperfections, or vices, through fear of giving him offence; but this should not deter us from constant attention to this duty. We should bear in mind, that it is the duty of our brother to receive advice or admonition in the spirit in which it is given, as the effusions of a heart solicitous for his welfare and happiness. We should not suffer a proud and haughty spirit to bear away and call into action the angry and turbulent passions of our nature, which the principles of our institution teach us to subdue and keep within salutary and proper restraint.

I feel confident that if this duty of Masons was steadily and invariably adhered to, the enemies of the institution would much less frequently have cause to reproach us with the irregular or improper conduct of individuals of the order. It is highly necessary that we be strict and faithful in the discharge of this duty, lest improper habits be formed, and the observation of every one will bear testimony to the extreme difficulty of correcting or abandoning a confirmed habit. We are all so much the creatures of habit, that we should be constantly on the alert to check improper habits or propensities in their incipient state, lest they become confirmed, and we be compelled to resort to the last resource and exclude from the society a brother, who, by timely admonition and advice, might have continued in the path of virtue and a useful member of society. Those among us who have been blessed with opportunities of improvement, and whose acquirements and standing render them conspicuous among the brethren, should be careful and circumspect in all their conduct and deportment, as they are the persons looked up to by the less informed brethren as models and examples by which to regulate their conduct.

The institution of Masonry directs its votaries to live in peace and harmony with each other and if possible with all the world. We should therefore regulate our conduct in such a manner as to avoid giving offence. Masons are however no more than men, subject to the same passions and propensities as other men, and differences may take place among them, which, if attended to promptly by the elder and more experienced of the craft, may be easily healed by proper explanation or advice, but which, if permitted to remain unnoticed, might ripen into fixed and unalterable enmity. It is therefore the province of masons when informed of such a case, as brethren, as members of the same great masonic family, to enquire into, and if possible remove, the cause of such unfortunate difference, and see that strict and impartial justice be rendered to each brother.

I will here pause and answer one objection made against the institution of masonry. It is said, that, inasmuch as Masons are so invariably friendly to each other at all times and in every place, the design of the institution is hostile to or incompatible with the interests of the rest of the community; that their connection is of such a nature, as would induce them to disregard or sacrifice the interest of their fellow-citizens to advance the interest of one of the brotherhood.

The very existence of this objection I consider a high encomium upon the institution, as it shews that the precepts of masonry have been so well attended by its members, as to produce an union, harmony, and peace among them, plainly perceptible to the rest of the community.

But, for myself and the institution, I do most unequivocally deny, that there is any thing in masonry which would lead or induce its members to do the least injustice to any fellow mortal in any case whatever. On the contrary it is the express and positive command of masonry, that its members should act upon the square to all men, doing unto them as they would wish done to themselves, demeaning themselves as quiet and peaceable citizens, true to their government, just to their country, obedient to its laws.—Masons will never interfere to obstruct or prevent the due execution of the laws against any of their brethren who may have rendered themselves amenable thereto. The concord, harmony, and peace subsisting among masons, are the result of mutual trust and confidence in each other, which has never been found to exist in so eminent a degree among any set of men associated for a wicked or improper purpose. The want of confidence among such soon breaks them to pieces.

We find among the members of the human family a great variety of dispositions and tempers of mind, and masons are not exempt from those peculiarities. There are tempers impatient of control or contradiction; and fortunately the precepts of masonry, when correctly understood and followed, will tend to correct and improve such tempers. Masons are charged to exercise courtesy and affability to each other, to treat the opinions of each other with deference and respect. They will never condemn nor ridicule opinions advanced by a brother although conceived manifestly wrong, but treat them with forbearance, and endeavor rather to convince him of his error without mortification to his

feelings. A contrary course might tend to produce asperity, which is at all times forbidden. From this source the harmony and peace subsisting among us may be interrupted, if the injunctions of the institution be not strictly adhered to.

From habitual attention to and practice of the precepts of masonry in this particular, a mason improves in social intercourse and acquires power habitually to restrain and keep within proper bounds an unruly or unfortunate temper, and thence be able to derive and enjoy that calm serenity and tranquillity of mind which he may not otherwise have attained.

Almighty God has been pleased, for wise and beneficent purposes, to implant in our breasts feelings of sympathy, philanthropy, and benevolence towards our fellow men. One object of our institution is to improve and cultivate those heaven-born feelings, productive of deeds which the generous, humane, and philanthropic mason reflects upon with pleasure and heartfelt satisfaction.

The exercise of genuine charity is a mean by which we may acknowledge the goodness and bounty of Providence to ourselves, in the relief afforded to his suffering creatures, and is in the power of every one, for the tear of genuine sympathy let fall to the distresses of a fellow mortal by him who has nought else to give, is as good and sufficient a discharge in Heaven's chancery, of the obligation upon us all, as the splendid donation of the possessor of thousands,

Care should be taken that our sympathies do not become dull by being familiarized to the calls of distress unrelieved. We shall be enabled, by the course suggested, always to enjoy that satisfaction, tranquillity, and peace of mind, which are the result of a conscious discharge of duty—a duty, the discharge of which affords to the truly charitable and benevolent heart more exquisite satisfaction and pleasure than is to be derived from any other source. We should then avoid every thing which might tend to render those emotions dull and our enjoyments less.

But due care and attention should be paid to discriminate between the deserving applicant and the imposter, the vile leach, who would take advantage of your generous sympathies for distress, either feigned or the consequence of vice or extravagance.

Although a mason may extend his charities to the alleviation of the immediate wants of suffering humanity from whatever cause it may have arisen, yet he should not afford the means to continue in vicious or extravagant habits. A mason's charity may be exercised in various modes other than mere donation of money, equally useful and praiseworthy. The friendless stranger ignorant of our habits, manners, and customs, may stand much more in need of advice in pointing out and recommending the course he should pursue to acquire the means of honorable subsistence, than of mere pecuniary assistance.

Masonry enjoins upon its members, as due to themselves, to the virtuous institution of which they are members, to lead temperate and regular lives. They are directed to subdue the passions and restrain every unfortunate propensity, permitting no interference with the discharge of known duty. Of all the imperfections or vices to which frail mortals are subject, intemperance is probably the most baneful, producing debasement of intellect and rendering us less capable of filling the several stations assigned us with propriety. A habit of this kind, once acquired, grows and increases in strength to such a degree, as to be seldom overcome. It is a vice which excites and calls up without control the most hateful passions of our nature, and not unfrequently leads to some unfortunate catastrophe. Man alone of all God's creation degrades himself below the station assigned him by his creator, abandoning or destroying reason, that peculiar characteristic by which he is pre-eminently distinguished above the rest of created beings, rendering himself an object of pity and contempt to every beholder. What can excite more pity and regret in the breast of the compassionate, than the sight of a man, possessed of sensibility of heart and refinement of feeling, and every way calculated to be a useful citizen and an ornament to society, a victim to intemperance! Such instances not unfrequently occur. Let us therefore labor diligently in our several stations, keeping always in view as models for example the characters of those great and illustrious masons who have preceded us to the mansions of eternal bliss. Let our whole conduct and

deportment be such as may convince the world of the benign influence of masonry, and show that we are masons, not in name only, but in spirit and in truth, shewing by your quiet and peaceable deportment as citizens, by your love to each other, your upright, correct, and honorable deportment in the world, by doing unto others as you wish them to do unto you, by neglecting no opportunity of being serviceable to your fellow creatures, that masonry is something more than a name. By a steady course of this kind we shall stop the mouths of all the enemies and opposers of the institution.

Of all those persons who have not been favorable to the institution of masonry, the female sex would be the least inclined to oppose it, were they correctly informed of its principles and precepts in regard to themselves. Although they do not participate in the immediate labors of the Lodge, being already endowed by Divine Providence with feelings more exquisite, sympathies more tender, they are peculiarly fitted and disposed to acts of kindness, charity and benevolence; they need none of those inducements of excitements of masonry, which are necessary and proper for rough and more unfeeling man.

We love the breast, that kindly feels
The griefs which mortals know;
We love the lip, whose accent heals
The wounds of tearful woe.

The eye, that beams with pity's gem,
Is bright to every view;
Its lustre shades the diadem,
Or ruby's sparkling hue.

The form that flies to misery's aid,
To dry the Orphan's tear,
Is grace combined with ease displayed
Unrivalled by tempeer.

Woman! while these unite in thee,
We own thy magic still,
And every heart tho' proudly free,
Is vanquished at thy will.

This lovelier part of creation are never forgotten by a mason in the Lodge. No inconsiderable part of his labor is intended for their safety, welfare, and happiness. And it is no small consolation to a mason, while travelling the rugged path of life, to reflect—that, should it be the will of Providence to remove him from the guardianship and protection of those to whom he is connected by the dearest and most tender ties, he still leaves behind him a society of honorable men, who are bound by no ordinary ties to watch over, guard, and protect them from harm.

But, brethren, as all our labors here below are but preparatory to our admission into the celestial Grand Lodge, may we all, when our labors here are ended, have made such a proficiency as to be found worthy and qualified to gain admission into the presence of the Grand Council of Heaven, there to reap and enjoy the fruits and rewards of a well spent life, in a happy and glorious immortality!

A GOOD RETORT.—When the Constitution was at Malta, in 183—, a portion of her officers attended a ball given by the Governor at that place; which, by the way, was the residence of the Grand Master of the famed Knights of Malta. During the evening, as one of the officers was conversing with a lady of the place, a very forlorn, but, nevertheless, what ladies would call a splendid looking officer, in a scarlet uniform of the English army, passed by. 'Oh!' says the lady, 'do introduce me to that splendid man.' It happened our officer was acquainted with him, so he crossed over and made known the lady's wishes. Upon hearing them, our would-be Brummel drew himself up to his full extent, and muttered in the drawing tones of fashionable parlance. 'Ah! indeed! trot her out! trot her out! at the same time settling down his cravat and putting on a most killing attitude. Of course after such an answer, the American officer ascertained the lady's wishes before the introduction. 'Never mind, never mind,' says she, 'show him here.' This the officer was doing; and as he approached with the exquisite, the lady putting up her eye to his, and surveying the creature from top to toe, at the same time motioning back with her hand, exclaimed: 'Ah! ha! he w-o-o-t do—he w-o-o-t do! trot him back! trot him back!'

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

No. 2.

POETRY.

There is a beauty, and a charm in poetry: It coincides with the higher principles of our nature, and ennobles the mind by the exhibition of sublime conceptions. It is the precursor of philosophy, and the intimate companion of truth. It is the language of the soul, and is spoken throughout the dominion of nature. We can read it in the stars and measure its metrical feet in the harmony of celestial scenery. We can feel its potency in the mountain solitude, and hear its voice in the stillness of nature's wilderness. The roar of the foaming cataract can be in unison with the loudest note of the boldest heart, and the undisturbed quiet of the domestic circle harmonize with the emotions of the most timid mind, for there is poetry there. We are led by its syren voice to do homage at the shrine of greatness, and directed to look to the far distant pinnacle where she lights the torch of immortal fame. The sympathies and tender sensibilities of man are among his noblest attributes, and the poet leaving the enchanting appearance of external nature looks within his own bosom and finds the intellectual lever that can move the world—by the application of his genius can he tune the harp, and with language strike the chord that will vibrate as long as truth shall live, for should it be "crushed to earth it will rise again." He must hold communion with his own feelings, affections, and desires as well as converse with the laws that rule, and the rich variety, that diversifies the surrounding universe; and the more intimate that communion, the more pathetic the poetry, and the freer that conference the more enchanting the diction, for it is but the transcript of nature in her various forms. Could we converse according to the inspiration of passion, we should do it in the language of poetry. When man was in a primeval state, and white robed innocence was the guardian spirit there could have been no language but that of poetry—all was prompted by feeling—all was extatic—from the centre to the circumference of Eden's garden no discordant note was heard to disturb the harmony of man's rich inheritance. The warbling of the running brook—the carol of the feathered songster—and the roaring base of the potent yet harmless quadruped, could carry a trio without disturbing the tranquillity of the lovely scene. And could the lords of that little Paradise converse with less sensibility than the inferior orders of creation?—Whence could they have derived their language, and what could it have been but the echo of nature? Even the conference between Eve and the serpent must have been in the sublime strains of poetry, gentle yet persuasive. But when the die was cast, and all those pleasures were about to be hid from her enraptured vision, the deepest passion of the soul was excited to the highest pitch, and she burst forth in another metre, noble, wild, and almost frantic. And

"Must I leave thee Paradise?—thus leave
Thee native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods?"

And even Milton's thoughts "in a fine phrenzy rolling" could scarce embody forth the workings of her grief so fierce, so uncontrolled. Again the wild woods of America with all their beauty and loveliness, were the companion of the red man—their sacredness was never disturbed by the loud hilarity around their watchfires, for the wilderness inspired, and the mountain freely echoed back the joyful strain. The haughty chieftain, with all the dignity of nature's nobility could touch the heart by the melting sweetness of his Eloquence.

The shrill but exciting war whoop meets with a response in every savage breast, while it speaks volumes to the timid enemy. A few whiffs from the pipe of

peace is as effectual in staying the tide of war as the long negotiated, and systematically elaborated treaties of more civilized nations.

We have said that poetry was the intimate companion of truth, and although we live in a matter of fact world and cannot continually float in the elevated regions of an enchanting fancy, yet they are not antagonistic, but mutually unite in forming the character, refining the sentiments, and correcting the taste; and where they do not unite, the mind either plods over every day's dull scenes, or revels amid airy nothings without the intrusion of the disappointments that agitate society. The one is below the dignity of man—and would place him on a level with the brute, the other would elevate him beyond the confines of his destined sphere of action and assimilate him to the celestial intelligencies. The great chain of animated creation proceeding downward with no disconnected and unequal links from the Uncreated himself, requires that man, to preserve his order should be allied in spirit to the Heavens, and in body to the earth. His corporeal system is brought into being—performs like operations—is sustained and decays in the same manner as the brute. But its tenant reflects the bright image of Deity—acts in a higher function—feeds on richer food—and never dies. The one derives enjoyment from sense alone—the other has an inexhaustible fountain of intrinsic pleasure. And the poet whose descriptions are not according to nature, whose ideal forms are contradicted by the experience of the senses, cannot communicate pleasure to the mind, that sees the beauty, and feels the force of truth.

ENGLAND'S HEIR APPARENT,

The Disciples of Democritus have had no richer treat in the way of provocatives to risibility, than the minute particulars given in the English papers of the circumstances attending the recent accession to the royal family. Mighty as we must admit the power of woman to be, and loyally submissive as we are to her sweet sway, we are in the habit here in the wild west of conceding the flowery field of the affections as her empire, while we take upon ourselves the rougher duties of political life; and consequently the connexion of crown and coronets, sceptre and sweetmeats, regal pomp and red petticoats, is to us neither more or less than laughable: but added to this we have the spectacle of a great and grave nation in ecstasies at the unique shape of the cradle of the infant Adelaide. But why should we laugh. There is a dark side to every picture. The wise can never rejoice without trembling at the birth of any human being, much less when that being is the heir apparent of a throne, and when that throne is tossed by the restless moving of a people upon whose necks it is a grievous burden. So at least thought an old Chartist of most benevolent feelings and some foresight, with whom we had connexion yesterday through a mental magnetic channel which we cannot describe. He muttered as follows:

A child is born, and England's towers
Peal forth a welcome on the air
That else is vocal made for hours
With cries of famishing despair.
The royal mother's couch to spread
The poor have paid their only bed.

Another to the royal brood
Of princely drones is added now,
Another mouth to fill with food
Earned by the Subject's reeking brow,
Aye! from the mouth of hunger torn
To glut the high and noble born.

A Princess born! and gaudy hues
Bedeck the spires of town and tide;
And now a mighty nation views
The suckling girl with loyal pride!
O how it gilds oppression's chain
This glory of a woman's reign!

The condescending Queen has said
(To show for art her favor thus)

Her infant's cradle must be made
In fashion like the Nautilus.
O might she learn like it to ride
Nor lift the lofty sail of pride!

O might she, when the storm shall come
Which soon on tyranny shall pour,
But find a safe and quiet home
Upon some far, unshaken shore,
Or sinking from the scene of strife
Repose unknown in humble life.

THE GATHERER.

NIGHT.

Let any one who is fond of sublime emotions, take his hat and staff, and climb a hill, by a moonlight midnight. There is a part of that dust of earth, which gathers sadly upon our spirits during our daily commune with this sordid world, cast off at every step.—The very act of climbing has something ennobling in it, and the clearer air we breathe, the elevation we attain, all gives the mind a sensation of power and lightness, as if it had partly shaken off the load of clay that weighs it down to the ground. But still more when with solitude—the deep solitude of the night—we rise up high above the sleeping world; with the bright stars for our only companions, and the calm moon for our only light—when we look through the profound space, and see it peopled by never ending orbs—when we gaze round the extended horizon and see the power of God on every side—then the immortal triumphs over the mortal, and we feel our better being within us.—The cares, the sorrows, the anxieties of earth seems as dust in the balance weighed with mightier things; and the greatest earthly ambition that ever conquered worlds and wept for more, may feel itself humiliated to the dust in the presence of silence and solitude, and space and millions of eternal suns.

A Fancy Sketch.—How calmly he sleeps. A blossom of two soft summers—innocent and pure; the pillow is not fairer than that white brow; the first rose of spring time is not more delicately tinted than that round, transparent cheek. How beautiful to gaze upon; those glossy ringlets lie not more still than is the peace of the young heart within. Not a shadow has yet broken the morning sunlight of existence" and a calm as of angels rests softly upon the infant's path.—"Tis beautiful indeed; what heart can see the sleeping babe and not feel a calming purifying emotion steal over the troubled waters of the spirit. And the young mother; with what a blushing pride does she pause over the cradle of her sleeping child. Ah! that kiss—so fervent, so sweet so full of love—so—
B-a-a-a a-a-a! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-a-a!

A hem! Mrs. Smith, hadn't you better call the nurse and let her take the child out.—*Richmond Star.*

Female education.—The Boston Transcript talks like a father about educating young ladies. Only hear him:

"This bringing up daughters to think of nothing but dress, and finery, and balls, and parties, and beaux, is not discharging the duties of a mother who wishes the welfare of her children. Send them into the kitchen. Teach them to wash, and to cook, and to scour. It won't hurt them; it will do them good, both mentally and physically. Such duties need not interfere with their lessons in the polite accomplishments of fashionable life, but will make them more active, more healthy, more blooming, more beautiful than ever, apart from the intrinsic value of the qualifications a head of a family in after life."

A gentleman by the name of Stubbs, was found in Philadelphia, on Christmas eve badly—"shot in the neck." We would respectfully caution those who may feel interested, to handle fire arms, very careful on New Year's day, on account of accidents!

Jesse Smith, his wife, and three children were hurried to death, on the 22d inst. at Berkshire, Tioga county.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE DUKE OF —; OR, THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

As I was one day riding from Catania to the beautiful village of Freecastagne, in company with Signor L——, of the former place, and his lady, about four miles from Misterbianco, we passed a large, but half ruinous villa, at no great distance from the public road. The lady testified a desire of visiting it, to which Signor L—— replied, "that he supposed she wished to see the blood of the marchesa; a curiosity which," he said, "he was little inclined to gratify, as he liked neither dreadful sights nor horrible tales; it was, besides, getting late, and he by no means approved of going out of his way for the purpose of spoiling his dinner. Hearing this, and perceiving there was some strange story annexed to the house, I joined my vote to that of the signora, so that Signor L—— being fairly in a minority, was obliged to concede the point. We accordingly stopped and knocked at the door; but no one appearing, were about to retire, when a peasant, who happened to pass, told us that it was some time since the custode had been withdrawn from the villa; but that if we were desirous of seeing it, he would procure us the keys from the priest of the neighboring chapel, in whose possession they were now kept. On our accepting his offer, he ran off and returned in twenty minutes with the chaplain, a respectable old man, who held the keys in his hand. After we had exchanged compliments, he told us that the building was fast going to ruin, as none of the family to whom it belonged, that of the Marchese L—— had inhabited it since the cruel death of the marchesa many years before, the particulars of which he supposed we were acquainted with. My companions had heard the story imperfectly related; but the fact being altogether new to me, I earnestly pressed the grey headed priest to favor us with the recital. He replied that it was a long narrative; but that after we had seen the villa, if we would adjourn to his house, and take such refreshment as he could offer, he would endeavor to satisfy our curiosity. Even Signor L——'s wonted phlegm being moved, we gladly accepted the proffered hospitality. The old man turning the key in the rusty lock with some difficulty, and not without assistance, at length set open the heavy portal. The house presented nothing extraordinary in itself, nor indeed any thing that could compensate to Signor L—— for the delay of his dinner. The apartments, as in all houses of Sicilians of rank were numerous and spacious. The furniture was old fashioned, and falling to pieces from age and neglect. Our guide made no remark as he conducted us through a long suite of rooms until he reached a chamber with an alcove. At one end was a portrait of a lovely young woman, about twenty-four years of age, represented in a standing position, fondling a Maltese lap-dog, which she holds in her arms; an air of melancholy is perceptible in her beautiful features. "This is the marchesa, said the old man with a faltering voice; "it seems but yesterday since I conversed with her in this very chamber; in that alcove stood the bed in which she was murdered, and there," continued he, trembling violently,—"there is her blood!" pointing to a long dark colored streak, and several large spots visible on the stone floor. I started back, shuddering involuntarily, for I was treading on the very spot he indicated. After contemplating for some time the interesting portrait of the unfortunate marchesa, we retired to the abode of the worthy priest, eager to hear the melancholy story. Having put before us a collation of fruit, with some excellent wine from the Falde di Mont' Etna, he began his recital in the following terms.

"About thirty five years since, the villa you have just visited was inhabited by the Marchesa L—— and her niece. The aunt, who was an elderly lady, had no children, and her husband having died some time before, the family estates had fallen to his nephew, so that the widow had little except her jointure to subsist on, which induced her to fix residence in the country, for the sake of avoiding expense. The niece, who, as you have remarked, was extremely beautiful, attracted the admiration of the Duke of

M——, a nobleman of vast possessions, who, though no longer in the prime of youth, being nearly forty, boasted of a person still remarkably handsome, and indeed looked several years less than his real age.—He came frequently to the villa, and it appeared that his attentions were by no means displeasing to the younger lady, whilst his consequence and influence in the neighborhood rendered him also a welcome visitor to the elder: he had besides, been acquainted with the family ever since his childhood. The duke had a suit of importance in Palermo, and his affairs had, for a long time, rendered his presence necessary in that capital; but, unable to separate himself from the society of the younger marchioness, he put off his departure from week to week, and from month to month until his legal advisers sent word that the cause would be immediately lost, unless he came himself to support it. At length, he reluctantly tore himself away from the object of his affection, promising that his stay should not exceed three or four weeks. As many months passed, but his affairs still detained him; the delay excited no suspicion in the lady, as his letters were filled with the warmest protestations of unalterable affection.

"It happened one day, towards evening, that a most violent tempest took place; the rain descended in torrents—the thunder and lightning were incessant.—The bells of the adjacent chapel were set ringing in order to implore a cessation of the storm. The terrified ladies were praying in the saloon, surrounded by their domestics, when a loud and continued rapping was heard at the door; it proved to be a gentleman travelling in a lettiga, who requested the favor of shelter until the violence of the weather abated; this the marchesa readily accorded, and ordered the traveller to be shown into a room on the ground-floor, where he might remain as long as he thought necessary. But when, on the night coming on, and the storm continuing, the stranger made known that he was the Advocate of S—— of Catania, on his way thither from Palermo, and that he had taken the road of Misbianco, in order to visit his uncle, a canon, who resided there, the ladies to whom his relation was well known, immediately sent word, that as there appeared no likelihood of the tempest abating for the present, they should be glad of his company to supper, and that he might subsequently pass the night in the apartment he then occupied, and proceed to Misbianco in the morning.—The invitation was gladly accepted. Supper was served. The ladies found their guest, who was a handsome young man of about twenty-five, a very agreeable companion; whilst he, for his part, was much struck by the captivating beauty of the younger marchesa. The conversation, as usual between persons almost perfect strangers, ran on indifferent topics for a time, until the younger lady, anxious to obtain some information respecting the duke from a quarter likely to be impartial, asked the stranger, as if casually, what detained the duke, their neighbor, so long in Palermo; she supposed he found the gaiety and bustle of the capital an agreeable change of the sameness and dullness of the country. The guest replied in the same tone, that he had heard that business had taken him to Palermo. "And keeps him there still?" inquired the lady; "it doubtless is of much importance." "As for his law affairs," rejoined the advocate, "I know little of them; I believe it is business of a very different nature which detains him; the lately arrived prima donna has, they say, made sad havoc with his heart." The marchesa turned pale, and bit her lip with jealousy and vexation, as the young man continued. "I am told she is under his protection, so M—— is likely to be long deprived of the presence of its duke." In vain the young lady endeavored to repress her mortification, affecting indifference and even gaiety. An experienced eye would soon have detected the emotions with which she was agitated.—Her aunt noticed her confusion, and inquired the cause, but received an evasive reply. In the mean time the weather, which had grown milder, suddenly broke out with increased violence, and the conversation was arrested by a flash of vivid lightning, followed by a clap of thunder appallingly loud, and a noise as if the whole fabric were shaken by an earthquake, and was falling to the ground. The servants came running in great consternation to say that one of the wings of the building had been struck by lightning.—The aunt rose from her seat in alarm; the niece with-

in whose bosom raged a tempest still more furious than that without, took the opportunity of giving vent to the emotions with which she was convulsed; she tore her hair, rent her dress, and went into violent hysterics. When she was removed to her own apartment, the young lawyer retired, expressing his sorrow for the state of the lady, and wondering at the extraordinary effects of her alarm. In the morning he took leave of the aunt, who apologized for her niece being invisible, saying, that she had not yet recovered from the consequences of her terror on the preceding evening. The advocate promised to call on his way from Misterbianco, where he intended spending a few days with his uncle. But he did not wait for his return to Catania, to find the road back to the villa; for the very next day the canon came to thank the ladies for their kindness to his nephew, whom he, of course, brought with him. The younger marchesa was much recovered, and received the attentions of the advocate with apparent satisfaction; whilst he, in turn, became every moment more captivated by the beauty of the lady.—Instead of three days' stay at Misterbianco, he remained that number of weeks, and was a daily and welcome visitor at the villa. At the end of that period, it appeared that pride had come to the assistance of the young lady, or that the youth and amiable qualities of Don G——, the advocate, had made an impression on her heart; forgetting her noble but unfaithful lover, she became the bride of the young lawyer, who was a person of considerable property, and not dependent on his profession for support. The aunt made an express proviso that she should not be deprived of her niece's society, but that they should reside with her at the villa; Dona G—— going to Catania to transact his affairs as occasion might require.

"This agreement did not prevent Don G—— taking his bride immediately after their union to Catania for the purpose of introducing her to his relations; but their stay in that city was shorter than they had at first intended. The lady, a person of family and distinction, was invited to all the fetes and parties given by the nobility; whilst the husband, not enjoying a similar advantage, according to their ridiculous etiquette, who was not admitted into their society: an exclusion mortifying alike to both, who disgusted by this absurdity, soon came to the resolution of returning to their villa at Misterbianco, which was only a few miles distant from Catania.

"The marriage had been settled and took place so suddenly, that the confidential servant of the duke, left for the purpose of transmitting his letters to the marchesa, had only time to apprise his master that the banns had been already published, and that the marriage would take place before the receipt of the letter. On receiving this unexpected intelligence, the duke threw aside all concern for his affairs, and returned without the loss of a moment to Misterbianco. His arrival occasioned no little apprehension with the lady; but for several days she neither saw nor heard from him. At length, one morning, a polite note was left to the villa; it was from the duke, requesting the company of Don G—— and his lady to a fete, given to celebrate his return to the country. The marchesa testified some repugnance to accept the invitation, but her husband observed, that after the uncivil treatment he had received in Catania, it would be impolite towards the duke, who was superior to the prejudices of the Catanese nobles, to decline availing themselves of his attention. In fact, they went, and were both received with marked attention by the duke, who took an opportunity during the evening of whispering to the marchesa, in a sarcastic tone, that she had done well to exchange a nobleman for an advocate; to which the lady replied, with a similar expression, that an advocate was at least a more respectable person than an actress. The duke colored at the retort, but made no reply at the time. Some time after, renewing the conversation, he inquired the name of the person from whom she had received this information; the marchesa told him that every thing being now finished between them, it would be prudent, on both sides, to bury the past in oblivion, a proposal in which the duke seemed to acquiesce with some reluctance. The party at length broke up, and Don G—— and his lady returned to the villa, both contented with the events of the evening; Don G——, on account of the distinction shown to him by their noble host; and his wife, because her apprehensions of the duke's re-

sentiment and ill-will were much diminished. Don G—— continued to attend to his affairs in Catania, and was sometimes detained there several days in succession. During one of these temporary absences, a note was brought to the marchesa, requesting her to lose no time in proceeding to Catania, as her husband was prevented from returning home, and wished to see her immediately. On her arrival she was cruelly shocked to find him in prison! he had been arrested on a charge of falsifying legal documents, and was next morning to be removed to Palermo, for the purpose of having the matter duly examined into. Vexed, annoyed as he was at this calumnious accusation, conscious of his innocence, he apprehended no danger from it, nor any more inconvenience than a forced journey to Palermo, and a temporary absence from his wife; still he was anxious to ascertain from what quarter the insidious blow had proceeded. He, therefore, recommended her to remain quiet and composed in the country, without entertaining any doubt of his ultimate honorable acquittal from the disgraceful charge. Three or four weeks, at most, would, he said, restore him to his home. He was transferred to Palermo.—Thrice the time he computed sufficient to have insured his liberation had passed, and he still languished in a dungeon; not so much as having been brought into court for a hearing! In vain he petitioned the judges and the sovereign—his supplications were unheeded or rejected: in the meantime he was suffering much in his pecuniary interests from the large sums he found it necessary to lavish on the heads and subalterns of the tribunal. He was sure, he said in his letters to the marchesa, that he had some powerful enemy unknown to him, and he began to fear that without the protection of some person of influence at court, he might remain for years, perhaps for life, in a prison; he recalled to her memory the kindness and professions of the Duke of M——, and recommended her earnestly to apply to him in this emergency. The necessity of the same measure also occurred to his wife, but for a different reason, for she suspected the duke to be the secret enemy, of whose ill offices her unfortunate husband complained. After much deliberation she resolved to throw herself on the generosity of her former lover. On presenting herself at his residence, she was received with much affectation of politeness. The duke declared himself ignorant of the cause of her husband's prolonged imprisonment, but dwelt on the imprudence of her having despised the affection of a powerful nobleman for a plebeian husband, unable to protect himself. He, notwithstanding undertook to procure the release of Don G—— without delay, but on one sole condition—shocking to the ears of a virtuous mind. The lady replied with spirit, that she had taking Don G—— because she esteemed and loved him; that she would not purchase his release on the terms proposed by the duke; but would trust to the mercy of Heaven, and the justice of her sovereign, to which she was resolved to apply. She then left the house, the duke making no effort to detain her, and she returned home. Still that nobleman, whose passion was increased by his repulse, did not despair of bringing her to his own terms. Don G——, in the meantime, wrote again, saying that he had finally succeeded in obtaining an audience, but so numerous were the suborned witnesses, and so prejudiced the judges against him, that he began to despair of ever proving his innocence. His fortune was fast melting away, from the vast bribes he found himself under the necessity of lavishing on his venal judges, and other concomitant expenses. He again pressed her to entreat the duke in his favor. On the receipt of these afflicting tidings, the health of the marchesa began to give way. The duke continued to visit at the villa, and to intrude himself on her, whenever he had an opportunity; nor as a friend of the family, and of her aunt, was it in her power always to refuse him admittance. He pretended that he had done much for her husband, and would do more, but that it depended on herself to serve him effectually, and to procure his release. He spared neither pains nor expense to corrupt the domestics, and it was from her own maid that he had ascertained that it was from Don G—— that the marchesa had obtained her information respecting the opera singer.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Industry and Economy, is the road to wealth.

MISCELLANY.

TOUGH TRIPE.

A sort of original character of a servant girl, belonging to this neighborhood, engaged as dairy maid at Craignish, in Argylshire, last summer, and the first night after going home, as the family had supped on tripe before she could get her work in the byre bro't to a close, Kate was told by her mistress that she would find her share in a pot on the fire. Impelled by a pretty sharp appetite, which the fresh air of the Highlands had imparted, Kate approached one of the two pots on the fire, carrying it off into a corner, and then and there commenced an attack on what she conceived to be about a square yard of tripe. She found it darkish in the color, and about the toughest piece of provender which had ever encountered her ivory, but as she was young and blate, and, moreover, had never before tasted tripe, she felt ashamed to reject that of which she had been told all the family had partaken, and, therefore, tore away at it, now with her teeth, now her hands, and, at times, breaking it over her knees, till she managed to bolt the whole of it; inwardly ejaculating "it was mair like the hide, than the inside of any beast ever she saw."

All night her horrible night-mare moans so loudly indicated that Kate's digestive powers were being severely tested, that the guid wife cannily administered a bead of the small-still aqua to master the tripe. It was found next morning, when the household assembled at breakfast, that Kate had taken the wrong pot from the fire, and had swallowed the *dish clout*, which had been left in the water to wash the dishes! Kate thinking it was a trick, her blood got up, and she seized an old clout, with which she unceremoniously dislocated the shoulder blade of the farmer's eldest son, and shouting as a sort of warcry, that "naeboddy suld make a ropswark o' her stomach," let skelp at all, and sundry, and charged them from one room to another, till she fairly put the whole establishment to rout. A reconciliation was ultimately effected, but till the day she left the house, "the brawniest chiel" among them dared not mention the word "tripe" in Kate's presence.—*Ayr Adv.*

THE ELSSLER.—The editor of the Richmond Star has had considerable to say about this dancing woman since her visit to Richmond, and, after due consultation with his Ephraim, we presume, pronounces her a *humbug*. We give his last article on the subject, the concluding part of which, while it does credit alike to his heart and head, is a severe rebuke to those who have filled her pockets with gold, while many a needy child of want was suffering for the crumbs which dropped from their tables.

"She floated about like a fair, but very voluptuous looking spirit, and cut her toes hither and thither, and swayed her body to and fro, in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen, grey headed or not. The lovely creatures, who graced the scene, looked on enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles, the vast crowd of men shouted and applauded with all their might, and the beautiful dancing woman, giving them an extra flirt or two which set them off in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow,—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny, tapping her Wring-your-neck-off, upon the shoulder, said, 'dere, dere is de one thousand dollars almos—now let us go.' But the audience said no, and they shouted, and screamed, and thumped for her to come out, and

At that moment, in an obscure hovel, open in many parts to the cold, biting winds, without fire, alone sits a poor woman, holding to her chilled bosom her sick and dying babe, while upon a rude pallet of straw, lay two shivering little children, her children too. Her eye was heavy with watching, her cheek sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life. Still how truly, oh! how truly, answered that heart to the pang of a mother's love, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe; how fast flowed tears from eyes which had known little but weeping and sorrow through many a weary day—how deep and fervent was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief. There was no heart near to sympathise, no kind hand

to aid, no soft voice to sooth—the physician's healing heart—charity's angel arm, came not to soften the dying moments of her poor babe, and as life flickered and wavered in its fair urn, and the sobs of the mother sounded in that solitary room, as in the agony of her grief she exclaimed, 'a few pence had saved thee to me, my sweet babe,' as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumbers, 'Mother dear, give me some bread'—as the keen wind came through the crevices, and she clasped the dying child to her bosom, at that moment, a dancing woman a stranger with her wealth of thousands, and her ingots of gold and silver—made her last graceful bow, and took the princely sum which was hers, for a few moments pleasant labor.

As the spectators gave their last shout, the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to heaven, and the mother gazed in despair upon all that remained to her, of the innocent prattler, whom she so dearly loved.

'Such is life.'

AN UNCOLORED ACCOUNT OF A COLORED DUEL.

A duel between two darkies—a regular built affair, conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honor, came off one morning last week. The fight took place with pistols, of the most approved fashion, at sunrise, on a small branch of the Metairie road. We do not know what the origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, to use the phrase of one of the spectators, was "crossed in lub by de oder and dat him Dina must hab satisfashun."

We have learned from one who was present at the combat, the particulars, as they transpired. They were substantially as follows:

After having taken their stands, one of the seconds noticed that owing to their position, the sunbeams set his principal a winkin and rolling his eyes. This was a sufficient ground for interfering and he called out to the other second with.

"I say nigga, I put my weto on that possishun.—Its again de rules ob all de cokes ob hona I'be eber seen. De frection ob de sun shines rader too sebere and makes my principal roll him eyes altogeder too mnch."

"Wy, look here, didn't we chuck up a dolla for de choice ob ground, and didn't I get him myself?"

"Yes, I know you did; but den fair play 's a juba and I'se no notion ob seein my fren composed upon and lose all the advantage."

"Well nigga, I'se no notion to; I'se just as good a right to hab no notion as you is, and I sists'on settlin the matter just as we is—and—"

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once by stepping between the sun and belligerents. The two, first causes their position and all the little preliminaries being settled, each took his pistol ready cocked from his second. Both manifested a tolerable degree of spunk, although a bluish paleness spread over their cheeks. The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them both out of this world, now took his ground, Raising his voice he began:

"Gentleman' your time am com'

Both signifies their assent.

'Is you ready? Fiah, one, two, three.

Bang, pop, went both pistols at once one ball raising a dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a slantindicular course in among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one. It was now time to interpose, and one of their seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist,

'Nigga, is you satisfied?'

'Yes.'

'So is I, and I'se glad to get off so. Next time dey catches this nigga out on such a foolish exhibition as dis, dey hab to fetch me, dat will for sartin.'

'Dem's my sentiments, exactly,' retorted the other. 'When your mortal instrument of death went off, I declare I th'ot I was a gone child: but I'se so happy now gosh, let's shake hands and go back to our abocations.'

In five minutes time all hands—enemies, friends, darkies, whites, and all—were on the road home to work, perfectly satisfied with the sports of the morning.—*N. O. Pic.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1841.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. **BACK NUMBERS** at all times furnished.

A GRAVE MATTER.—During the Canadian difficulties, some two or three years since, our readers will recollect that an outrage was committed by certain individuals belonging to the British authorities, in the destruction of the Steam Boat *Caroline* while in our waters, and the murder of one or more of our citizens. Remonstrance was made to this act by our government, and the affair has since been sleeping quietly in the arms of the British ministry, who we believe, feel no disposition to wake the matter up. Some time after this outrage, the Grand Jury of Niagara, found true bills for murder and arson, against those concerned; and on such a bill a man by the name of M'Leod, has been arrested on our own territory, and after an examination has been committed for trial, for the crimes of murder and arson. These we believe are the facts of the case. Since the committal of M'Leod the Governor of Canada has laid the subject before the British minister, Mr. Fox; now at Washington; and Mr. Fox has formally demanded the liberation of M'Leod, as a Subject of her Majesty, urging that the act for which M'Leod is confined was an act of the government, which it is pretty evident they mean to justify. Mr. Forsyth, our minister, replies to Mr. Fox, in a calm and dignified manner, and with a firmness, which will call around him every American heart and arm. Mr. Forsyth assumes the ground, that the general government *cannot* interfere if it had the disposition—that murder and arson have been committed in an independent state,—making the culprit amenable to the laws of that state alone. The affair may now be looked upon as of grave import. If M'Leod is legally tried and convicted, according to our laws, *he must suffer the penalty*, though fifty British empires should threaten us. Eternal Justice requires it; and American honor demands it. The idea held out by Mr. Fox, that in time of peace, armed ruffians can invade our territory, burn our vessels, and murder our citizens, upon the mere authority of a villainous commandant, is monstrous. Mr. Fox will learn different things before he leaves us; and Sir Knight M'Nab, if we ever catch him will find, that the spurs he earned from his Sovereign in directing these murderers on our frontier, will afford him no protection, if he ever places his foot on it.

We sincerely hope that M'Leod may establish his innocence on his day of trial—both for himself, and the unhappy consequence it may lead to. The rash and premature acts of England in this discreditable affair, have in a measure committed her. England cannot escape from the dilemma in which she has placed herself, with honor. She knighted M'Nab, for the same act, which will hang M'Leod, if it is proven against him. She has justified and rewarded the principal; can she permit in honor, punishment to be inflicted on the accessory? Will our government—*dare* our government interfere with the execution of a State law? The question at issue involves serious considerations; and although we should in common with the mass of our countrymen, deprecate a collision between the two countries, yet we trust, that no American bosom will respond to inglorious compromise, when the honor of the country calls for ACTION.

A RURAL CEMETRY.—The general consideration that our city has of late bestowed upon this subject, argues so healthful a tone of public sentiment, that we with pleasure seize this opportunity to offer our mite in its favor. Nor can we withhold the expression of our approbation of the very eloquent remarks made a few evenings since upon this matter by the Rev. Drs. Wyckoff and Potter. Their object, in making them was to enlist the energy of the citizens in procuring a lot of ground, which could be tastefully fitted, as an appropriate resting place for the dead. They showed and we think rather conclusively, that Albany is far behind many of her sister Cities in manifesting that complete respect for the dead which both duty and affection prompt. Laurel Hill, Mount Auburn, and even the burial grounds of many of our surrounding villages, Poughkeepsie, &c., were severally pointed to as setting examples which it should be ours to emulate. They showed that from time immemorial, that in proportion as civilization had progressed, the respect for the dead had increased. The rude mound of the barbarian had, by the fostering hand of improvement, become exchanged for the graceful column and the stupendous pyramid; and the graves that were before made only to be forgotten, were now the haunt of the bard, and the resting place of the pilgrim. The gentlemen could not say that Albany had kept pace with this commendable spirit—its burial place, from chilling neglect, had assumed that repulsive appearance which is calculated to repel the reproach both of the relative and the stranger.

At the instigation of Dr. Welch, another reverend gentleman who has taken a great interest in this matter; a large committee was formed, comprising many of our most influential citizens, to take into consideration the practicability of getting not only a suitable and congenial spot, but one consistent with the requirement and means of the city.

On several occasions we have heard it suggested, that Tivola Valley would probably be the situation decided upon. We would most seriously object to choosing a place so near the city. Besides the rapid growth of Albany, whose commercial and manufacturing establishments would before many years encroach upon its sacred limits, it would also by its proximity to the city, become the resort of those who will carry there the hilarity of the Bar Room and the grossness of the debauch. This is a result which it is all desirable should be guarded against. Boston has very judiciously selected her place for depositing the "dust of the loved" at a distance of seven miles from the turmoil of business. This is too far for him to go, who has a wish only to gratify idle and worthless propensities: none proceed there but those who look upon the spot as possessing religious sanctity. We might urge other objections, to selecting the Valley than its nearness, but our limits will not permit. We shall content ourselves by suggesting that at a greater distance, will probably be found situations quite as eligible and far better suited to the kind of cultivation which such a spot requires.

CHANGE.—The Catholic Register and Freemans' Journal (also Catholic) have been united and enlarged, under the title of the New York Freemans' Journal and Catholic Register. These papers have been conducted with ability, and we have every belief that in the consolidation, of the two, that the new paper will lose none of its deserved high character. By the by, en passant, the Protestant Vindicator, would lose nothing by borrowing a little of the spirit of its "Popish" contemporary.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.—We have been somewhat surprised at a short correspondence, which has recently passed through the press of our city, relative to a certain neglect committed on the part of one of our churches in not supplying an old gentleman and styled himself "a stranger," with a seat. However averse we may be to making comments upon matters of this kind, we still think, that as the subject has already been much "talked about" and is evidently "one of those evils too much practised in this community," without danger of giving great offence, we may thereupon hazard a few remarks. In the first place we do not admire the spirit with which the accusation has been met—we also think that some other replicant would have exerted quite as much influence in allaying the troubled waters. The complaint, which had been publicly made, was, *by the Sexton*, publicly replied to. Whether on any other occasion he would have been made the prominent organ of the church, we do not pretend to say; nor do we discover any great impropriety in vindicating himself, so far as he is personally implicated; but we nevertheless think the charge of a sufficiently grave nature to warrant a reply from a higher source.

Although we are not aware of the particular merits of the above mentioned case, yet we are free to confess ourselves acquainted with those of a very similar character. In numberless instances—perhaps not in the same church—have we seen persons met with a like repulse. They have not only "passed into the aisle," but *through* it, without receiving the courtesy desired. One would suppose that members of churches would take an especial gratification in receiving a visitor, whether stranger or not. Acting in accordance with profession we have always believed to be quite consistent with the inestimable privileges of Christianity—besides experience has taught us to think that those men who act consistently are generally good men.

THE LEGISLATURE of this state convened on Tuesday last, in this city. Peter B. Porter, jr. was chosen speaker. Mr. Porter, is an affable business man, and will no doubt wear the honors of his station with credit to himself, and the House. As usual, there were 999 applicants for the offices of door keeper, from all parts of the state—and just 997 of the hungry expectant, returned home, some 50 or 60 dollars mints, in the way of travelling expenses. If our future legislatures would put their faces against these foreign applicants for door-keepers and wood-sawyers, we believe it would be better for all concerned. Those who can afford to come three or four hundred miles for the office are not entitled to it; and those who cannot, certainly should not be encouraged to leave their homes, with so much uncertainty. These petty offices belong to Albany; and should be given to some needy and deserving men among us. There are plenty of such on both sides of party.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The Richmond Whig contains some severe remarks on the proposition of the post-master general to increase the postage on newspapers 100 per cent. The Whig expresses too much party bitterness, upon a subject which will affect every newspaper in the land. However, the puerile suggestions of the post-master general in this matter, have scarcely elicited a remark from the press; so supremely ridiculous has the proposition been received. The force of the philippic of the Whig is therefore lost.

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POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

AMBITION.

Who e'er hath heard Ambition's stirring call
With heart unwakened by its magic tone?
What lowly peasant in his humble stall—
What king exalted on his regal throne?

How oft the bugles' martial blast hath breathed
Gigantic feelings through the warrior's soul,
While—visioned laurels round his temples wreathed—
Fancy led forth to conquer and control.

How oft the statesman's eloquence of fire
Hath flam'd some list'ner with aspirings grand,
Now fain to make a senate feel his ire
Or thunder mandates o'er a wond'ring land.

Ambition! thine 's a wild tumultuous sound,
But musical to man—He feels a God
Then stir within, and deems whole nations bound
To gaze astonished and obey his nod.

From some high throne he'd frown his awful power
Or scathe with sword as on a whirlwind driven,—
A cloud black risen in the sunshine hour—
A meteor's glare amid the calm of even!

Nor crime alone,—Ambition can inspire,
To godlike actions the puissant mind,
Fill the pure bosom with seraphic fire
To shed celestial blessings on mankind.

Alb. Med. College, Dec. 1840.

B. W.

From the Literary Pearl.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

"May we ever find in the sympathizing friendship of a congenial soul, compensation for the ills inflicted by a cold and heartless world."

SENTIMENTS OF A FRIEND.

"A cold and heartless world, in sooth, is this!
And he who seeks for pleasure 'mid its throng,
Drinks not at the perennial springs of bliss,
And knows not where true pleasure doth belong:
Oh! earth is all a desert, save the green
When friendship's living streams make glad the scene.

There sheltered from the withering sun of mirth,
'Congenial souls' their mutual healing yield
For thorns which, lie in every path of earth, [shield!
From whose deep wounds, there's no escape nor
And while the balm of sympathy pours forth,
Each deems a friend a Pearl of priceless worth!

He is but poor who makes that wealth his boast
Which 'taketh wings,' and bears itself away—
Who hath when wounded, but his gold at most,
The anguish of the spirit to allay!
And he is rich, tho' earth may deem him poor,
Whose treasure is, a friend, that will endure.

A friend be ours!—to joy when we rejoice—
To weep with us, whene'er 'tis ours to weep;
To cheer the day, with blest affection's voice,
And charm with dreams of kindness e'en our sleep:
May Friendship's prayer commend our souls to God,
And consecrate our home beneath the sod.

Cedar Brook, Plainfield N. J., Dec. 15, 1840.

From the Gospel Messenger.

CONFIRMATION.

The young are bending low before Thee now,
In the first freshness of their joyous youth;
Time's hand hath never dimmed their beauteous brow,
Nor the world's touch destroyed their spirit's truth.
The loved and lovely! they before Thee bow—
O Father; tear them and be present now.

And here are those o'er whom the blight hath passed,
Who hope, if youth be hope, no more may see;
Who at Thy feet the weary soul have cast,
And given the failing spirit all to Thee.
The gift despise not! as Thy word hath spoken,
Thou wilt not let the bruised reed be broken.

And here are those whoe'er passed the vernal morn,
And reached the evening of their mis-spent days;
Long o'er this wretched world they roved forlorn,
Plucking the sharpest thorns that mark its ways:
In pity hear, forgive their long delay,
The wanderers have returned—Behold, they pray!

A. E. C.

From the New Yorker.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

A dirge goes past on the sounding blast
As the north wind hurries by,
And the spirit's wail on the sighing gale
Moans through the wintry sky.
Hark! the passing dirge of Time is borne
On the fierce wind cold and drear,
The knell of days that can ne'er return,
The knell of the Dying Year.

It has passed along since the cheerful song
Rung out for its natal day;
O'er earth and sky it has basted by,
Nor paused on its hurried way:
Full many a smile it brought us then,
And the sigh it has left us here;
The hopes and fears of the sons of men
Have passed in the Dying Year.

And many a smile that has shone awhile
On the lips of the young and proud,
Hath flitted away, with the grave and gay,
Like the sunbeam from the cloud.
Glad voices have passed away from earth,
That gave us the Christmas cheer:
Pale sorrow has pulled their hour of mirth—
They have died with the Dying Year.

The fading gleam that Hope's pale beam
Round our path awhile hath shed,
It has passed and gone, and its knell rung on
The dirge of the early dead.
We have heaved the sigh for the loved that sleep,
We have wiped the pearly tear.
And spirits we loved around us keep
The watch of the Dying Year.

Hark! the dirge is rung for the souls that hung
On the hope of early bliss,
In a world more fair they have gathered there—
They were all too bright for this.
They waned as the changing season passed,
With the leaf grew pale and aere,
They sunk 'neath Autumn's chilling blast,
They died with the Dying Year.

Time's tireless wave to the silent grave
Is bearing us ever on,
In the steps to tread of the early dead,
Where the Dying Year hath gone.
Hark! the passing dirge of Time is borne
On the north wind calm and drear—
The knell of days that can ne'er return,
The knell of the Dying Year.

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

If e'er a pure, a sacred tear,
From pity's beaming eye can flow,
'Tis surely when death's stroke severe
Has laid the son of genius low:
Each ardent friend, each former foe,
His bier with precious dew-drops lave,
And mirth assumes the garb of wo,
And weeps upon the minstrel's grave.

The trivial throng, whose fickle praise
His strains sought vainly to engage,
Now mourn too late his slighted lays,
And wet with tears his hallowed page;
The timid maid, the studious sage,
Deplore his fate whom none can save,
And blooming youth, and hoary age,
Sigh sadly o'er the minstrel's grave.

His fondest pride, his magic lyre,
Hung on the laurel must remain,

And none shall dare to wake its fire,
And none shall rouse its strings again;
Save when they breathe a mournful strain,
As passing winds the branches wave,
To tell the thoughtless and the vain,
They wander near a minstrel's grave.

No cypress sad, nor gloomy yew,
O'er his loved tomb shall darkly cling,
But weeping beauty there shall strew,
The fairest flowers of the spring;
Soft gales around shall fragrance fling,
Fresh flowrets o'er his tomb shall wave,
And nightengales shall sweetly sing
A requiem at the minstrel's grave.

THE HEIRESS TO HER LOVER.

Fallen ere long shall my fortunes be,
Yet my faith is firm—I will go with thee!
I yield not weakly to fancy's trance,
Or the fitful flame of young romance,
I dwell with a calm unshrinking mind
On the scenes that I seek and leave behind:
My future fate in a glass I see,
And my choice is fixed—I will go with thee!

I know that my kinsman will withhold
The lavish stores of his promised gold,
I know that with vanished wealth will end
The fleeting love of each summer friend,
And that all the crowds who court my eye,
Will coldly and carelessly pass me by;
Joyless and vain was their praise to me,
Light is their blame—I will go with thee!

I know that I soon must lay aside
My splendid garments of costly pride,
And oft from my books and lute repair
To con the lesson of thrifty care;
I know that my days of frugal toil
Will but be cheered by thy voice and smile,
Yet that smile, that voice, a spell shall be
To bless my lot—I will go with thee!

I have thought on this hour with many a tear,
In the timid weakness of woman's fear;
It comes, and I rise the test above,
In the dauntless strength of woman's love;
Gaze not upon me with looks so sad,
My step is firm, and my eye is glad,
This last, last sigh for my home shall be,
Past is the trial—I go with thee!

The following piece of true poetry, replete with the
very spirit of hope and beauty, is from the gifted pen
of the late Mrs. Hemans:

DEATH.

"Why should not he, whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on his robes of beauty when he comes
As a deliverer? He hath many forms,—
They should not all be fearful? If his call
Be but our gatherings to that distant land,
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath
Of summer's winds, a voice of melody,—
Solemn yet lovely?"

LIFE.

The past, what is it but a gleam
Which memory faintly throws:
The future, but a fairy dream
That Hope, and Fear compose.

The present is the lightning's glance,
That comes and disappears:
Thus life is but a moment's trance,
Of Memories, Hopes, and Fears.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840.—Content
—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American
Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries;
Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natu-
ral History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing;
Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in
Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum.
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Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 20.]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS,

Of Liberty Union Lodge, No. 31, held in Liberty, Missouri, elected Sept. 7. 5840.

A. Lightburne, W. M. Henry C. Melone, S. W. Edward M. Spence, J. W. T. M. Bacon, Secretary. H. Colman, Treas. Andrew M'Laine, S. D. John Terrill, J. D. John Gordon, Tyler.

[It is worthy of remark, that this Lodge commenced its labors in September last, with fifteen members, and the number has now increased to forty, with several applications to be acted upon. So says our correspondent.]

OFFICERS,

Of Solomon's Lodge, No. 1, held in the city of Savannah, elected Dec. 17, 5840:—

John Hunter, W. M. James M. Folsom, S. W. Jamer Middleton, J. W. James F. Segur, Treas. James M. Jones, Sec'y. Andrew Prentice, S. D. E. Hagan, J. D. — Yokum, Tyler.

OFFICERS,

Of Zerubbabel Lodge, No. 15, held in the city of Savannah, Dec. 24, 5840:—

Stephen Gardner, W. M. John W. Nevitt, S. W. O. S. H. Dibble, J. W. N. L. Sturgeess, Treasurer. Geo. L. Cope, jr. Sec'y. John J. Kelly, S. D. J. R. Wiltberger, J. D.

OFFICERS.

Of Union Council, No. 2, held at Steubenville, Ohio.

Henry J. Hukill, T. I. G. M. Wm Leslie, D. I. G. M. Matthew M. Laughlin, P. C. of W. M. E. Lucas, C. of G. Adam J. Leslie, Recorder. James M'Kinny, Treas. Robert M'Cray, S. & S.

The Council meets on the 1st Fridays of March, June, September and December

OFFICERS,

Of Union Chapter, No. 15, held in Steubenville, Ohio.

Henry J. Hukill, H. P. Wm. Leslie, K. James S. Scott, S. Joseph Bell, C. H. M. M. Laughlin, P. S. David Wilkin, R. A. C. C. A. Kirby, Wm. Brooker and Samuel D. Hunter, M. V. Adam J. Leslie, Secretary. James M'Kinney, Treas. Rev. George S. Holmes, Chaplain. George Boggs, Marshal. Robert M'Clay, Guard.

The Chapter, meets on each Saturday before the full moon.

OFFICERS,

Of Steubenville Lodge, No. 45, held in Steubenville, Ohio.

M. M. Laughlin, W. M. James S. Scott, S. W. David Wilkin, J. W. Francis Bates, Sec'y. E. N. Dillon, Treas. Philip Young, S. D. Wm. Elliott, J. D. Robert M'Cray, Tyler.

The Lodge meets on each Saturday, before the full moon.

CIRCULAR.

The Most Worshipful the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, of Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons,

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY,

Dispersed over the superficies of the Globe, send greeting: Health, Peace, Union.

BRETHREN,

The Grand Architect of the Universe, at the creation of the world, said, "Let there be light and there was light." a physical, and a moral and intellectual light. The physical light was produced by the appearance of that great luminary which travels from the East to the West, "the majestic sun." the sublime body of physical creation. Moral and intellectual light has its origin based on the same principles; it originated with the creation of Man in the garden of Eden in the East, and progressed by propagation, by the sons of Noah from Mount Ararat to Tyre, Sidon, to the quarries of Zeredatha and the plains of Lebanon, and to Jerusalem, in the West; Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Delta of the Nile, in the South; from whence, carried to Europe by the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, disseminated among the Teutons, the Gauls, and the Britons; from thence it took its flight over to our Western Hemisphere, extending from the eastern shores of the United States, its illuminating rays pierced through the dark and dense forests, the wide plains, and the lofty mountains of the far West, and the scorching South, establishing on its onward march the altars dedicated to *Virtue, Friendship, and Order*, on the summits of the Green Mountains, the Blue Ridge, and the Alleghanies in the East, the plains of the Ohio and the Missouri in the West, branching out to the Deltas of the Mississippi, and the La Platas, the plains of Tenoxtitlan, Nicaragua, and Arequipa, and to the summits of the Andes in the South.

The rapid progress it is making through the instrumentality of the descendants of the tribe of Judah, the disciples of the Widow's Son, and the pupils of Pythagoras are such, that the time is not far distant when its benign influence will dispel darkness, idolatry, and superstition from the face of the earth by barbarian tribes inhabited, and by the laws and customs of the dark ages governed portions of our Western Hemisphere, and the altars erecting, as living monuments of the Grand Architect's wisdom and beneficence to man, will supercede and drive from the face of the earth the sacrificial altars, yet visible beacons of barbarism on the heights and the cliffs of the lofty Popocatepetl, the Chimberazo and the Pichincha, as they did from Horeb, Zion, and the Himalaya.

To test the probability of the premises above cited, let us recur to the history of the times and the countries, and more especially to our own, the analysis of which is the object of the present communication.—In the address of our Most Worshipful Grand Master, a copy of which hereby accompanies, you will see it fully developing, for which reason we abstain any further investigation of the merits of the case, and we would in addition thereto only observe, that the object of this Grand Lodge is, in virtue of the annexed resolution, to inform the fraternity at large, that, "The light shineth in the darkness, in this new-born Republic, and that the darkness comprehendeth it not."—That the principles of the fraternity are cultivated and their practices inculcated and are propagated by worthy craftsmen, within the bounds of our ancient landmarks, and that this Grand Lodge desires that the labors of the Craft within this Republic be crowned with success, producing an abundant harvest of rich and wholesome fruit for the moral, intellectual and physical benefit of worthy Brother Sojourners who may come among us, either to visit or remain permanently with us, or whom the chances of war may carry among us into Babylonian captivity, or be thrown upon our shores by the boisterous billows of the seas, at the same time, to entitle to a perfect reciprocity of feeling, sentiments, and treatment, any of our Brethren who, by the vicissitude of human life, may go into far and distant countries, and into foreign lands, among strangers, they may not be as strangers, but recognized as belonging to the house-hold of the faithful.

The general Constitutions and Laws of Masonry will be the landmarks of this Grand Lodge in the direction of its own labors, and in the government of the Lodges subordinate to its jurisdiction, and on no account will they be removed or pefaced knowingly or willingly. The Constitution of this Grand Lodge a copy of which hereby accompanied, will demonstrate the order in which the duties and labors of its Officers and Members, and of the Lodges subordinate thereto are defined, and whose faithful execution will be the constant care of this Grand Lodge.

Finally Brethren, while this Grand Lodge cherishes the best desires to preserve the Masonic customs and usages immutable, and to cultivate the most cordial and fraternal feelings of brotherly love and friendship with all worthy Masons individually, and with all regularly and constitutionally organized Masonic institutions, superior and subordinate, collectively, cannot but invite all transient worthy Masons as visitors to her assemblies, and to those of the Lodges under her jurisdiction; but on this occasion, while hailing every worthy Mason with the utmost rejoicing, for their Masonic intercourse, it must freely and frankly declare its determination of enjoining upon the Craft, within its jurisdiction, that none but those Sojourners, shall be recognized as worthy of our Masonic intercourse, protection and relief, as may come duly qualified and properly vouched for by the Lodges of which they have been members previous to their coming among us, or by other testimonials of similar category. The peculiar position in which our country is placed, like unto the Canaan, whither men of all tribes and nations, from all parts of the habitable globe, resort, makes it necessary and incumbent upon this Grand Lodge to send forth its Edicts to the Centinels that guard the avenues of her Temples, and to those stationed at the passages of her "Jordan Rivers," that no Ammonite should be permitted to pass, unless he be duly qualified and pronounce the mystic word, at whose sound the gates will be uplifted.

While this Grand Lodge, in the discharge of the sacred duties incumbent upon it, will faithfully adhere to the principles herein laid down, will also enjoin upon its own household the conformity to the same principles, and will, by all due means, endeavor to emulate the Craft within its jurisdiction, to the perfection of Masonic virtues, intelligence and brotherly love towards the fraternity at large. And that the Supreme Architect of the Universe may prosper and bless the Fraternity, is the fervent prayer, of, Brethren,

Your Brothers and Companions.

Given under our hand and the Seal of the said Grand Lodge, this 25th of February Anno Domini, 1839.—Anno Lucis, 5839.

B. T. ARCHER, G. M.
W. G. COOKE, D. G. M.
JOSIAH J. CROSBY, S. G. W.
C. DART, J. G. W.
THOMAS G. WESTERN, G. T.

Attest, GEORGE FISHER, G. S.

Whereas, The public morals of the people of Texas, as a nation, have, on many occasions, been unjustly traduced in the public prints, by the enemies of our common country, in foreign countries; and, whereas in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the conduct and comportment of the Members of the Masonic Fraternity under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, have been more or less embraced in the aforesaid calumny, and, whereas, the duty of this Grand Lodge is to support and sustain, by all just and honorable means, the good name and reputation of the Craft, and to cherish the fraternal feelings, and to cultivate brotherly love and friendship with all worthy Brother Masons dispersed over the superficies of the globe; Therefore,

Be it Resolved, by the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, in Grand Communication convened, That

the Grand Secretary give information, by suitable and appropriate Letter Circular, under the Seal of this Grand Lodge, of the organization of this Grand Lodge to the various Grand Lodges of ancient York Masons in the United States of America, the British possessions in North America, the Republic of Mexico, the Republic of Central America, and the South American Republics, also to the Grand Lodges of the various nations in Europe, affixing the signatures of the M. W. Grand and R. W. Deputy Grand Masters, and the R. W. Senior and Junior Grand Wardens, and Grand Treasurer thereto, accompanying the same with a copy of this Resolution, and a copy of the Constitution of this Grand Lodge and craving from the said Grand Lodges the circulation of this information to their subordinate Lodges, for the general benefit of the Craft.

Houston, May 11th, A. D. 1838.—A. L. 5838.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 3.

[Not wishing to mar the spirit of the following dream—narrated a few evenings since by one of our poetic brethren—we print it, as we heard it, in the "singular number"—THE 7.]

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

A summer's sun was shining cheerily upon the landscape on which I was gazing. I was then in the halcyon days of youth. My heart was beating high with the hope of unburdening the future of the many rich and pleasant objects, which were in imagination already stored up for me. All was brightly beautiful.—The subdued murmur of the sparkling rill broke upon my inattentive ear; the happy tenants of the fragrant air, breathed their thrilling notes around me; the mild and soothing breeze of summer fanned my brow, and every thing was peaceful and joyous within and around.

Filled with over-powering delight, I shut my eyes, and senses almost to the oppressive beauty of the scene, and drew within myself to luxuriate upon the unmixed happiness of my condition. Thought after thought coursed through my mind all stamped with the same character of unmingled pleasure. I was alone in the ideal world which I was forming within. No one was near to disturb or interrupt me. No sound of discord or trouble reached the spot where I stood. It was a realization of the Elysian fields with which our great classic Poet, so loved and cherished by the student, has rendered us familiar.

Thus, as I stood, I thought and meditated, and the recollections of my earlier days crowded thick upon me, when with my Vision I've sat "beneath the shade of some wide-spreading beech tree" in a summer afternoon, and while drinking in the delightful poetry and enthusiasm of this constant companion into "Sylvia's Academies," dreamed of being amid the iron-spirits of the heroic age which he has described, and warring at their sides.

I reverted to the Past and found it to have been unalloyed enjoyment; I was surrounded by the Present, and embodying in it, the idea of Paradise. I looked forward to the Future, and tried to pierce into the bosom of that bright calm azure which spread in beauty above and around me, eagerly attempting to anticipate the glorious fate which I expected it to unfold. Thus I dreamed—and as I dreamed, a short, sharp sound broke on my listless ear, which scarce woke me from my trance, but as I looked up, wondering that any discordant sound could disturb the stillness of the

place, I saw a large grey spot veiling a portion of the bright sky, and hurrying along, as if borne by some evil spirit, in the direction of the place where I stood. It had a portentous look; still I remained unmoved.—but again and again, the same short, sharp sound, though louder, rang in my ear, and now as approaching nearer, the earth, so gorgeously decked with beauty, began to groan and writh, as if in the agonies of death.

My heart began to beat with apprehension. I looked round for some means of escape. Above, the heavens were dark and threatening; around me, the wind was wildly howling and raging, and the trees of the forest were twisting and whirling through the air by the force of the tempest; below me, the solid earth was quaking as in mortal fear, and threatening every instant to engulf me in her bosom. I was overcome—my knees tottered, my pulse hesitated, and the very life-blood refused to flow. I gazed in cold horror upon the ground beneath me, waiting to see it open and enclose me within it. No means of escape were open to me, the pending blow was inevitable.—I awaited it in stupid insensibility. At last, the earth gaped under my feet. I shrieked with convulsive terror, and as I sank, threw a wild glance to heaven, and in the ecstasy of despair, uttered an ejaculatory prayer to my God. I sank, and sank, till consciousness was gone! I woke again, an altered man!

TIRADE—No. 1.

OLD BACHELOR.

This singular species of animal, in the learned language of Dr. Mitchell, 'consists of two kinds'—those who are so from necessity, and those who are so from choice. The last mentioned, from being our especial hatred, may be honored by the receipt of our especial instruction; he first being so unfortunate as to come under the general epithet of "doubtful humanity," we shall of course consign to that oblivion which must inevitably follow our indifference. Here, by the way of giving the public, the lady portion in particular, a confidence in our opinions, it may not be out of place to remark, that although we are not *at present* in the proud possession of a "better half," that it would not be fair dealing to infer that any one of us is so very absurd as to stand remaining for any considerable period, in the same moiey condition. Likewise, we throw out this modest hint to prepare society for the generous overflowing of the heart, with which, by the glorious seven, it may be one day deluged. But this is talking about ourselves. All we mean to say is—exactly what we meant to say when we commenced—that we cannot find, in the whole vocabulary of epithets, one which will in any degree, express our opinion of him who is so thoroughly abominable as to signify that he would be a *bachelor from choice*. His heart is not even the virtue of flint—fire may be forced from that, nor ice—that may be melted. He is a dull, surly, companionless dog—always fretting, and forever craving for those things which he never expects to receive. His face is one of those "beacon lights" which we ever avoid: a scare-crow which nature has placed in the corn-field of existence as a warning to evil-doers. His lip never owned a smile, nor shed a tear. Whatever his condition is like, he cannot be placed in a position so elevated, as to awaken envy, or so unfortunate as to excite sympathy. He is one of those prodigious growths, that seem to have been made only to prevent the progress of others. He is naturally enough disguised with society—it will not tolerate him; he despises women—they set not their hearts upon him; he loves himself, that being the only object in harmony with his malignant reflections. The earth, the stars and the whole beau-

tiful universe, stir not a fibre in his heart or his soul: he has but one thought and one feeling—self, all absorbing self! He is one of those accidental, non-descript, anguinely formations, which science cannot analyze and which Adam did not venture to name. Hope never visits him, despair is his only delight. He is the marble that cannot be polished, the metal which cannot be softened, the tomb-stone which no one will read. His mind is a stock, while the lizard and the serpent inhabit, around which not a spear of grass is seen, and from which arises the pestilential vapors of morbidity and corruption. To pity such a being would be to slander all the rest of mankind. He lives unnoticed, and he dies unnoticed.

FIRST YOUR LOVE.

FROM THE

Under, longing, sweet soft hope,
The golden time of first-felt love;—
The heart beholds the opening sky,
The heart in gladness, revels high,
Oh! but it ever green might bloom
The beautiful season of young love!

PHRENOLOGY ILLUSTRATED.

A gentleman who had acquired much skill in determining character from an examination of the head, was frequently invited by a neighboring smith, to examine the heads of lads to be taken as apprentices, and also of journeymen who occasionally came along. He had repeatedly condemned young gentlemen as deficient in that organization which would enable them successfully to perform the duties of that vocation, and had been singularly fortunate, in approving those only who in actual trial showed themselves really possessed of the qualities. At length a man appeared and offered his services, and the Phrenologist was called to the application of the rules of science. Upon feeling along the superciliary-ridge, and just above and behind the ears he pronounced, "I'm a valuable workman. He was forthwith employed. A few days after the scientific man was called upon by the smith. "Ha, ha, Mr. —, you made a mistake this time." "Mistake" replied he, "it cannot be possible." "O, yes you did sir." "What! do you mean to say he is not a workman." "O the best workman I ever saw, out-*he drinks like the devil*."

USEFUL HINTS.

Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime water and saltpetre, and dry, them. The flame is clearer and the tallow will not "run."

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; and then washed in warm suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be gradually heated at first; after it has become inured to the heat it is not likely to crack.

It is a good plan to put earthen ware into cold water, and let it heat gradually until it boils—then cool again. Brown earthen ware, in particular, may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran, put in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

The finer carpets are shaken, the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them wears out the threads.

Woollen should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke warm water shrinks them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woollen. Wrap them in strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollen.

VARIETY.

REVENGE.

It happened that an Englishman traveling through Khuzistan, was received and entertained in the tent of the sheikh of an Arab tribe, his entertainer, the only member of the family at home, being a daughter, who acted as hostess in her father's absence. At night the inmates of the tent, including the stranger, retired to rest; but towards morning he was awakened by shrieks and distinguished the voice of his young hostess exclaiming that she was murdered! All rushed to the spot, where they found the unfortunate girl in the agonies of death, her breast pierced with three deep stabs of a dagger. While gazing on the dying victim, and offering vain assistance, a voice was heard from a height close by, exclaiming, "Yes, it is I! I have done it—praise be to God: and I have murdered her!" All eyes were turned to the spot, where then was seen an old woman standing and gesticulating with vehemence. A rush was made towards her, and she either ran or was borne back to the brink of the river on which the tents were pitched, from the high bank of which she fell into the deep stream; and whether she perished or escaped was seen no more. On enquiry, it appeared that this sheikh, who now had to mourn the loss of a daughter, had once had a son, who, in some former fray, had been put to death by a *pehlewian* (or champion) of another tribe—an event which called forth all the virulence of the existing feud. Some short time afterwards, a stranger entered the camp, and was received with the customary cordiality of Arab hospitality. Unfortunately he was recognised by some of the tribe as the very *pehlewian* who had put to death the son of their sheikh. What was to be done? He was now their guest, and by the laws of hospitality, and by Arab customs, could not be touched. The sheikh himself was absent, and the arguments of good faith and mercy were preponderating, when the young woman now in question entered the assembly, and upbraided the men with cowardice and cold-heartedness towards their chief. "What," said she, "shall the murderer of your sheikh's son be in your hands and yet escape?—Never let this be said—put him instantly to death, or renounce the name of men!" Still, however, a reluctance to infringe on, in so direct a manner, the laws of host and guest, restrained the hands and weapons of the men, in spite of the wrath that was boiling in their breasts; and possibly the force of that consideration might have prevailed, when the young girl herself, maddened at the sight of her brother's murderer, and the idea of his escaping, seized a sword and smote him. The sight of blood was irresistible; in a moment every weapon was drawn, and sheathed in the body of their unfortunate guest—he was literally cut to pieces. The sheikh returned, and shocked at the atrocious violation of hospitality, was furious at the perpetrators; vain would he have recalled the act or repaired the injury, but it was impossible. Time passed on, and the murder, like others of the sort was forgotten by the tribe; but not by the mother of the slain. Resolved upon revenge, she had followed the hostile camp for years, and patiently watched an opportunity, which she found not until the fatal night, when the Englishman, who relates the story, was by chance a guest in the tent of sheikh, and witness the consummation of her savage vengeance.—*Fraser's Tour in the East.*

A Tough Smoker.—The Philadelphia papers are cracking up an elderly gentleman of the name of Painter, residing in the lower part of the county of Philadelphia, who has smoked for sixty seven years, on an average, about ten cigars a day, making in all, a consumption of two hundred and forty thousand and five cigars, which at a cent a piece would amount to \$2,405.

Not Murdered.—Much rumor told a falsehood. The Oswego Advertiser states that the girl who left the residence of Mr. Truman, in that village, has not been discovered, and that the rumor of her murdered body having been found is not true. The general opinion in that village is, that she went off with the knowledge of her friends.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after your last meal at night.

In illustration of the efforts of the Temperance reform in Ireland, we give the following sketch from Mrs. Hall's Ireland:

"We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork, a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them. 'My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound one, on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night! Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now.—Well the next week, he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings; so I felt there was no fear for him; and the ninth week when he came to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, one, for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a brand new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lad and good gentleman, he cried like a baby—but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or dacenter or better fed children than our own four?'"

Protection of Plants.—The Maine Cultivator states, that the best article with which to cover grape vines and other tender plants, as a protection during winter, is hemlock boughs. They turn the water, being more compact. Straw, on the contrary, which is commonly used, collects and retains the wet, and sometimes does more hurt than good. It is not so much the cold of our winters that destroys tender roots, as the wet that is suffered to freeze into ice about them.

Mullein vs Mice.—We have noticed in the foreign that the papers mullein is extensively used in the German states to prevent the depredations of mice in granaries. The plant is gathered, and the leaves and the stems placed in considerable quantities in barns and depositories of grain, and is said to effect a speedy expulsion of mice from the premises. Where trouble from this source exists, the measure, though simple in itself, might be worthy of trial.

Effects of Temperance.—When the official returns are declared—as they will be in a few days—they will exhibit these results;—That the manufacture of spirits in Ireland was less by three millions five hundred thousand and gallons in the year ending 10th October, than in the preceding year ending on the same date. The consequent loss in revenue is close upon five hundred thousand pounds sterling, or more closely 467,506l. 16s. 8d.—*Southern Reporter.*

A Paragraph suited to the Season.—Combe says the circumstances in which wet feet are most apt to cause diseases, are when a person remains inactive, and where, consequently, there is nothing to counterbalance the unequal flow of blood which then takes place towards the internal parts; for it is well known that a person in ordinary health may walk about or work in the open air with wet feet for hours together, without injury, provided he puts on dry stockings and shoes immediately on coming home. It is therefore, not the mere state of the wetness that causes the evil, but the check to perspiration, and the unequal distribution of blood to which the accompanying coldness gives rise.

bution of blood to which the accompanying coldness gives rise.

A RELIQUE.—The mahogany coffin which enclosed the remains of Napoleon at St. Helena, and which was exchanged for the ebony one brought from France, was cut up by order of the Prince de Joinville, and distributed in pieces to the officers and men of the Belle Poble and Favorite. Several pieces were dispensed of by the sailors, on their arrival in France, at from 300 to 500 francs each.

Distressing.—The Bennington, (Vt.) Gazette states that the children of a Mr. Down of that town, in playing "hanging" during the absence of the mother on Friday last slipped a cord round the neck of a little sister about two years old, which they hung up—the children dreading the child strangling became affrighted and ran to the neighbors for help, but on the arrival of the neighbors the little sufferer was dead.

A daughter of Mr. Joseph Hallet, jr. of Yarmouth, about two years of age, in the absence of her mother last week inhaled the steam from the spout of a teapot which was boiling upon the stove from the consequence of which she died in twelve hours.

CONGRESS.—The Pre-emption Bill has occupied the attention of the Senate during the last week. The Globe truly remarks that "the discussion on the important subject of the pre-emption rights to settlers on the public lands, which began in the Senate on Monday last and has continued ever since, is one which will be read with profound attention, not merely by the inhabitants of the new States and Territories, but by the people of the United States generally."

CAUTION.—It is stated, in some of the advertisements that the bills of the *Commercial Bank of Vermont*, are redeemed in this city. The bank purports to be established at Poultney, Vt, and the notes are said to be very handsomely executed. We are assured that there is no such bank in existence.

FATHER MATHEW made a third visit to Dublin on the 6th of November. In three days 33,000 persons took the pledge from him. He announced that the present number of teetotalers now in Ireland amounted to three millions of souls.

A Challenge.—The officers of the Queen's Own Hussars at Montreal, have made a challenge in the sum of £1,000 to run three miles across a country within five miles of Montreal, against any three horses now in America, weight 172lb, gentlemen riders.

Extensive Robbery.—Mr. Arnold, a Merchant of Westfield, Chautauque Co., had upwards of \$11,000 stolen from his Valice, when on his way to Albany. The Valice was found cut open and rifled near the Rail Road Depot at Syracuse.

Great Eclipse of the Moon.—There will be a total and magnificent Eclipse of the Moon in the evening of the 5th day of February next, commencing at 7 o'clock 9 minutes, and should the atmosphere be clear, it will present as sublime a spectacle as we seldom witness. The eclipse will commence at 7 o'clock 9 minutes in the evening. 2 hours and 6 minutes after the moon rises; it will be visible to all parts of the United States, the Canadas, the greater part of Mexico, the whole of South America, all parts of the Atlantic Ocean, the whole of Europe, and as far east as the meridian of Bombay in Hindostan, at which place the moon will go down partially eclipsed. The moon will set totally eclipsed at Arabia, Constantinople, Egypt, the countries adjacent to the Caspian Sea, and Moscow in Russia. The moon will rise totally eclipsed at Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon Territory, and will be visible to all parts of the earth where the moon is above the horizon.

Milking.—A correspondent says, in answer to the enquiry for a remedy for kicking cows, that if the milker will keep his nails short, not one cow in a hundred will kick; and that the use of an ointment made of linseed oil and white lead twice, will cure cracked teats.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE DUKE OF —; OR, THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 148.

At length, with the view of placing people of his own about her, he found means of inducing the greater part of the attendants to leave her service; a scheme which, however it inconvenienced her aunt and herself, did not answer the duke's expectation; for suspecting the cause, she was on her guard against admitting into the house persons whom she suspected might be concealed agents of the duke. The ladies, therefore, found themselves under the necessity of sending into Catania to procure other servants. As the steward, an old man, the only male domestic in the house, was on his way to that town for the above purpose, he met a young man in livery: entering into conversation with him, the other informed him that he had just left the service of the Contessa M——, and was now in search of another place: the old man, hearing this, offered to procure him admission into the service of the Marchesa L——, an offer which, after a few moments' apparent consideration, he declared himself ready to embrace. In the evening they returned together to the villa. The young man's appearance and account of himself pleasing the ladies, he was engaged at once. In the meantime, when the duke presented himself at the villa, the marchesa took care either to be invisible, or to receive him only in the presence of her aunt. Disappointed in obtaining a private interview, he took an opportunity of meeting her at the village chapel, to which, being a short distance, she went on foot accompanied by her new servant. Both parties being irritated with each other, their emotions could not be concealed from the attendant, who, at length seeing the nobleman violently and rudely seize his mistress by the arm, came to her assistance. As soon as the duke saw him, he started back in surprise, exclaiming, 'What! cavaliere, is it you? Are you her champion?' Then turning to the lady—'Indeed, madam, this is a proof of your fidelity to your husband, which I did not expect; it is now pretty clear why my devoirs have been so coolly received;' and then turning away, he went off scarcely able to repress the rage which was visible in his countenance. The marchesa attributed this to what indeed was its real cause, jealousy of her domestic, but she was not aware that the young man was in fact a son of the Baron L——, of Catania, who having a dispute with the family, and had left the house, and in order to evade discovery had disguised himself in the livery of one of the servants. As he had scarcely any money with him he might perhaps have returned to his parents in a few days, but his meeting with the marchesa's steward, and his engagement with her, prevented the necessity of his doing so; as he thought it only a frolic which it was in his power to put stop to at any time. But it happened that the young cavaliere who was only eighteen years of age, was detained in his menial occupations by the love which he had immediately conceived for his beautiful mistress; a fact no more suspected by her, than was his real condition; though indeed there were many who afterwards supposed that the young man had fallen in love with her whilst in Catania with her husband, and that he had, therefore, adopted the ruse of disguising himself as a servant in order to enter the house.

'Some time passed after the adventure of the chapel. The duke was still a constant visitor at the villa, intruding himself, whenever he had an opportunity, on the lady's privacy; high words were heard between them, and she was often observed to be in tears, and to show signs of terror on his leaving her. One night after the family had retired to rest, the marchesa's cameriera, or lady's maid, came to the chamber of the new servant, begging him to come immediately to the assistance of their mistress, who was calling for help. Losing no time in doing so, on his way to her apartment he met the duke coming from it; he appeared no way discomposed, but coolly said, 'Cavaliere, I have kept your secret, have the goodness to keep mine.' He then left the house.

'The health of the afflicted and harassed marchesa daily declined; sleep fled from her eyes; a slow ner-

vous fever gradually emaciated her frame: the change in her appearance did not escape the observation of her aunt, who attributing it solely to the unfortunate circumstances of Don G——, little suspected how much her valued neighbor, the duke was concerned in the alteration. At length, unable to sustain the incessant persecutions of that nobleman, the marchesa resolved on removing to the house of her husband in Catania, where she hoped to remain unmolested under the roof of his relations. She could not keep her intention so secret but that the duke learnt it from her maid. Enraged at her thus attempting to escape him, he came instantly to the villa, forced himself into the lady's presence, and was overheard to load her with the most virulent reproaches, until indignant at the outrage, or terrified at his violence, she rose and left the room. The duke instantly threw himself on horseback, and rode back with precipitation to his own castle. This scene, far from causing the marchesa to abandon her design, only served to convince of the necessity of leaving the neighborhood without further delay. Their departure was accordingly fixed for eight o'clock on the following morning.

'Eight o'clock came,—the lottigas were at the door, the elder marchesa was in readiness, but her niece did not make her appearance: after waiting some time, the servants being elsewhere employed, the aunt went herself to see the cause of her delay; not receiving any reply on calling her, and the room being still in the dark, she withdrew the curtains, supposing her still asleep; and dreadful to relate, beheld her unhappy niece bathed in her blood, already a corpse. The piercing shriek and heavy fall of the aunt, as she swooned, drew the servants to the chamber. The body of the unfortunate marchesa was examined; she had received a stiletto wound under the left breast which having pierced her heart had caused instantaneous death. The blood which had streamed from the bed-clothes had formed a lake on the floor, the melancholy stains of which, as you have witnessed remain uneffaced to this day.

'Whilst the afflicted aunt and the household were in the dreadful state of consternation consequent on so horrible an occasion, it was remarked that the new servant had disappeared; but his livery had been left behind: it was stained with blood in several places, the cuff of the right sleeve, in particular, seemed to have been steeped in gore. In this deplorable emergency the marchesa knew no one to whom she could so naturally apply for advice and assistance, as the duke of M——, so long the friend of the family. A servant was accordingly despatched to acquaint him of the lamentable event, and to entreat his immediate presence at the villa. The duke received the appalling intelligence with surprise and horror; he did not, however, seem to think his presence could be of much service to the distressed aunt; but the domestic desirous of bringing him to the villa; saying in answer to his questions, that he did not believe that the lady was yet dead, the duke started, and in great agitation inquired whether she had spoken, and ordered his horse to be saddled immediately. On his arrival he found the marchesa and the family anxiously expecting him. When he heard that the lady was already dead, he refused to enter her apartment; and being informed of the flight of the servant with the circumstance of the livery left behind being stained with blood, he declared his opinion that he only could have committed the murder, and informed the aunt that the supposed domestic was no other than the son of Baron L——, of Catania, who must have had his reasons for living as a menial in the service of her niece; he was certainly enamoured of her, and had probably assassinated her in a fit of jealousy. The duke undertook to bring him to justice for the horrible deed; and leaving the marchesa, he gave directions to the police to search every angle of the country for leagues round. It was not long before the unfortunate cavaliere fell into the hands of his pursuers; he was arrested in a fundaco, or road-side inn, on the way to Palermo, where he was taking some refreshment: he prevaricated, and showed signs of confusion when arrested, and on being informed of the cause, testified extreme horror. To questions put to him, he replied that he had left the service of the marchesa so abruptly because he had reasons for not wishing to return to Catania; and he afterwards added, that his mistress had, on the preceding evening, told him that she was on the point of proceeding to Catania next

morning, and, that it being her intention to reside with the friends of her husband, she should have no further occasion for his services. With regard to the livery, he had left it behind as not belonging to him, it being in fact that furnished him by the marchesa. His assertion of course did not obtain much credit; he was conveyed to Palermo, and lodged in prison preparatory to undergoing his trial which took place in due course. The circumstances against him, his flight, his livery stained with blood, his confusion on his arrest, were considered by the judges proofs of sufficient weight to justify his condemnation; still, there being no other than circumstantial evidence, they forbore condemning him to death. He was sentenced to the galleys for life. Whether it was owing to the intercession of his family, compassion for his youth, a secret impression on the minds of his judges that he had been hardly dealt with, or perhaps suspicion of the duke, is not known; but after the expiration of five years he received a free pardon, and the king presented him with a commission in the army. The tenor of his conduct was such, that he acquired the esteem of his brother officers, who readily believed his assertions of innocence. It happened soon after his appointment, that the regiment to which he belonged was ordered down to Catania. On passing through Misterbianco, as he was marching with his company, who had lived in the service of the duke recognizing him, called out in a loud voice, 'His majesty is likely to be well served when his troops are officered with the refuse of the galleys.' Galled at the allusion, the cavaliere turned round, and recollecting the person, 'It is true, I have been in the galleys, but your master ought to have been there; tell him so.' 'I am no longer,' replied the other, 'in the service of his excellency, but notwithstanding, I will do you the favor to carry him your message. The duke hearing this, testified his surprise at such audacity, and instantly proceeded to the colonel of the regiment, requiring him to punish the young man for his insolence. The colonel, a Neapolitan, with whom the cavaliere was a favorite, and who either did not believe him guilty, or, perhaps, as is too common in those countries, did not think an assassination for jealousy a crime entailing great dishonor, told the duke that it was out of his power to oblige him in this particular; the cavaliere was an officer, and as his majesty had forgiven his supposed offence, no one else had a right to taunt him with it. If the duke felt aggrieved, he had no doubt the cavaliere would give him satisfaction as a gentleman. The duke an excellent swordsman; and a man of unquestioned courage, after commenting on his condescension, embraced the proposal, hoping no doubt to rid himself of his rival. When the circumstance was mentioned to the cavaliere he declared himself ready to afford the required satisfaction to the duke; but as they were now in the neighborhood of the villa, in which the horrible murder for which he had so unjustly suffered was perpetrated, he would only do so in the house, and in the very chamber, in which the unhappy marchesa had been so foully murdered. The duke turned pale at the announcement, trembled as if seized with palsy, and retracting his challenge, declared that his rank and condition did not permit him to measure swords with a convicted felon; but the inconsistency and suspicious vacillation of his conduct being pointed out to him by the colonel, he again agreed to the meeting; but on condition that permission for its taken place should be obtained from the court of Palermo to which he undertook to write. Duelling being prohibited by the laws of Sicily, the duke imagined that his application would be rejected, and that he would be thus released from the dilemma of fighting in the chamber of the murdered marchesa, or of incurring the suspicion of being the assassin himself, by refusing to do so; but to his surprise, the requested permission was, in compliment to his rank, immediately accorded by the court; and no further subterfuge was open to him.

'On the appointed day they met in the fatal chamber that you have just visited—the cavaliere, bold and confident in his innocence; the duke, though, as I have said, a renowned swordsman, pale, trembling, and in a state of trepidation and confusion, which excited the surprise of those who had always known him as a person of approved courage: his language was incoherent, his knees bent beneath him. As he drew to put himself on his guard, his hair stood on end, his eyes

seemed bursting from their sockets, and dropping the point of his sword, he fled round the apartment in a state of frenzy, exclaiming: "There—there she is; save me, save me!" His friends approaching, endeavored to remove the horrible impression under which he laboured; declaring at the same time, that as the duke was evidently seized with sudden illness, the affair ought not, and could not proceed for the present; but the officer maintaining that it was the consciousness of guilt that so dreadfully agitated his adversary said, that he would not suffer the present opportunity afforded him by providence, of establishing his innocence in the eyes of the world, to be lost. He would consent to let the matter rest if the duke would before all present, (for he did not expect him to confess his own guilt.) solemnly affirm that he knew the cavaliere to be innocent of the crime for which he had been condemned. By this time the duke had considerably recovered his presence of mind, and replied, that dreadfully as he had been effected by finding himself, for the first time since the horrible deed, in the very chamber in which a person so dear to him had been cruelly murdered, and foreseeing which, he had been desirous of avoiding a meeting on an ill-chosen spot, still he would never consent to an avowal by which he could not acquit the cavaliere without entailing suspicion on himself. Those who knew him were well aware that his agitation proceeded from no other motive than that to which he attributed it; the affair might proceed.—In vain affecting composure, he again took his stand; again his tremor returned, again his eyeballs glared fixedly in their sockets; mustering all his resolution, he desperately put himself on his guard, thrusting at random, and forgetting to parry. The duel, under these circumstances, would of course have been again suspended by the seconds, but before they had time to interfere, the duke had already received the blade of his opponent in the left breast. He fell instantly, shrieking hideously, covering his eyes with his hands, and calling on some visionary being to keep off; exclaiming at the same time, "Yes, yes! I murdered her; then pointing to a recess behind the door—"there is the bloody poniard." His friends declared it absurd to pay any attention to the ravings of a person perhaps dying, certainly at the time not in possession of his senses and carried him immediately out of the fatal apartment. The hurt, when examined by the surgeon in attendance, was, to the surprise of all, found to be by no means serious, being a simple flesh wound, the sword having glanced against one of the ribs, which had preserved the vital parts from injury. In the meantime, the cavaliere and his party searched anxiously in the spot indicated by the wounded man, for the weapon with which the bloody deed had been committed. Their efforts were for a long time unavailing; at length, remarking that one of the stones appeared loose, they extracted it from the wall; and in the cavity behind, found not only the poniard incrustated and stained with blood, but also pistols and other arms, evidently secreted there by the duke, with some keys, which being applied to the locks, proved to be those of the different doors leading to the chamber of the murdered marchesa. Thus, not the shadow of a doubt remained as to the innocence of the much-injured cavaliere, or the guilt of the unhappy duke.

"Soon after the murder of his wife, the unfortunate Don G—— had been released from prison, and had returned to Catania but not until he had expended the greater part of his property in defending himself against this unjust persecution. The duke afterwards, confessed that it had been his design to have procured his detention in perpetual imprisonment, as a punishment for the calumny, for such he maintained that it was, that he had insinuated into the mind of the marchesa respecting the opera singer; but his rage against the husband gave way before the jealousy occasioned by the appearance of the cavaliere in the service of the marchesa, to whose infidelity, and not error, he then attributed her marriage with Don G——.

"After his wound, his companions lost no time in removing the duke to his own palace, where he slowly recovered the use of his reason. But when the Duke of M—— rose from his couch, he was greatly changed from the man who had so lately entered the villa, for the purpose of fighting with the cavalier. He made a deed of gift of the whole of his property to the next heir, the present duke; and shut himself up in a convent of Carthusians; where, after a due

noviciate, he took the vows. On the cavaliere, who had suffered so much from his duplicity and guilt, he settled a provision of two ounces, Sicilian money, per diem, a very comfortable provision in that country. He also directed that Don G—— should be reimbursed for all the expenses incurred during his long imprisonment, which had gone near to ruin him.—But the gifts of the penitent duke were rejected without hesitation, both by the cavaliere and the husband who refused to put themselves under any obligations to the person who had so cruelly and irreparably injured them.

"The duke founded also perpetual masses for the repose of the soul of the marchesa, and instituted a funeral solemnity which is still annually celebrated with great magnificence on the anniversary of the murder; no less a sum than seven hundred ounces being allotted for the ceremony and the munificent alms given to the poor of the neighborhood on the occasion.

"On the vigil, no peasant ventures to pass the villa. It is firmly believed; that, on that night, the spirit of the unhappy marchesa is seen to hover about the fatal spot where she so cruelly perished.

"The duke lived many years after taking the monastic vows. He died a sincere penitent; but it was long, long before all the care of his pious brethren succeeded in calming the acute reproaches of his guilty conscience."

MISCELLANY.

THE BODY OF NAPOLEON.

The latest Parisian journals contains the official account of the disinterment of Napoleon's remains, and their removal on board the frigate *Belle Poule*, under the supervision of Prince de Joinville, assisted by Count Rohan Chabot and Capt. Alexander, Commissioners appointed, the one by France and the other by England, to superintend the exhumation.

The body appeared to have suffered little change in the twenty years which had passed since it was inhumed. The three coffins—of which the exterior one was mahogany, the second lead, and the third and last mahogany—having been cut through, and the white satin sheet which covered the body removed, the form and features of the great departed lay exposed to the view of a group of his old and faithful followers who were permitted to be present, and, of many who now gazed upon them for the first time. The features were so perfect, and retained so completely their natural form and character, that General Gourgand, involuntarily exclaimed on beholding them, "*Bon! tres bon!*"

The *proces verbal*, drawn up by Dr. Guillard, surgeon of the *Belle Poule*, after reciting the precautions used in opening the lids of the several coffins, continues thus:

"Something white, which appeared to have become detached from the lining, covered, as if with a thin gauze, all that the coffin contained. The cranium and forehead, which adhered strongly to the satin, were particularly stained with it, but very little was seen on the lower part of the face, on the hands, or on the feet. The body of the Emperor was in an easy position, as when placed in the coffin; the upper members were laid at length, the left arm and hand resting on the left thigh; the lower limbs were slightly bent; the head, a little raised, resting on a cushion. The voluminous skull, the high and broad forehead, presented themselves, covered with hard and yellow teguments closely adhering to them. Such appeared also on the contour of the orbits, the upper edges of which were furnished with the eyebrows. Under the eyelids were still to be distinguished the ocular globes, which had lost very little of their volume or form. The eyelids were completely closed, adhered to the adjacent parts, and were hard under the pressure of the finger. Some eyelashes were to be seen on their edges. The bones of the nose, and the tegument which covered them, were well preserved; the tubes and nostrils alone had suffered. The cheeks were full; the teguments of this part of the face were remarkable for their softness to the touch and their whiteness. Those of the chin were slightly blue, a tint they had borrowed from the beard, which had grown after death. The chin itself had undergone no change, and still preserved the peculiar type of the face of Napoleon.

The thin lips were parted, and three of the incisive teeth very white, appeared under the upper lip, which was a little raised towards the left. The hands were perfect, not having undergone the least change. Although the joints were stiff, the skin preserved that peculiar color which is only to be found in the living man. The nails of the fingers were long and adherent and very white. The legs were in boots, but in consequence of the opening of the seams the last four toes were out on each side. The skin of these toes was of a dead white, and furnished with nails. The anterior region of the thorax was much depressed in the middle, and the sides of the belly hard and sunk. All the members covered by the clothing appeared to have preserved their shapes. I pressed the left arm, which I found to be hard and diminished in thickness. As to the clothes they appeared with their colors, so that the uniform of the horse chassours of the old guard was to be recognised by the dark green of the coat and its bright red facings. The grand cordon of the legion of honor was across the waistcoat, and the white breeches were partly covered by the hat, which was placed on the thighs. The epaulettes, the star, and other decorations attached to the breast, had lost their brilliancy and turned black. The gold crown of the cross of officer of Legion of Honor had alone preserved its polish. Vases of silver appeared between the legs, one surmounted by an eagle which rose above the knees; they were found entire and closed. As there were adhesions between these vases, and the parts they touched, I uncovered them a little, the King's commissioner not thinking it right that they should be removed for the purpose of closer examination."

The *proces verbal* goes on to state that the above particulars might have been more full, but they were sufficient to show that the preservation of the body was more complete than circumstances of the autopsy and inhumation warranted an expectation of. It then proceeds:

"This is not the place to inquire into the causes which have to this extent arrested the progress of decomposition; but there is no doubt that the extreme solidity of the masonry of the tomb, and the care taken in making and soldering the coffin in metal, have powerfully contributed to this result. However this may be, I feared the effect of the atmosphere upon the remains, and was convinced that the best means of preserving them still longer was to exclude them from its action. I eagerly complied with the desire of the King's commissioners that the coffins should be immediately closed. I restored the wadded satin to its place, after having steeped it in creosote, and then caused all the wooden cases to be closely fastened as possible, and those of metal to be hermetically soldered. The remains of Napoleon are now in six coffins—one of tin, a second of mahogany, a third of lead, separated from that within by sawdust and wedges of wood, the fifth, sarcophagus of ebony, and the sixth, the outer case of oak."

The process of opening the tomb commenced at half past 12 o'clock on the 15th of October, but in consequence of the strength and solidity of the masonry it was 10 o'clock at night when the workmen arrived at the coffin.

[THE BACK TRACK.—Our readers are perhaps aware, that we printers do not *always* tell the truth; although professionally, there is as much *verity* among the craft, (as a lawyer would say) as "can be expected under the circumstances of the case." The following article, together with a "fair trial" of the improvement compels us to take back all we said about *snow* being a good substitute for eggs. We not only ask pardon of the *biddies* for any contempt shown to their domestic arrangements during the winter; but we think an apology likewise due to those housewives whose breakfasts we have innocently spoiled. We think, however, that *snow* is an improvement in making good *paste*—if for breakfast, season, to suit the palate, if for paper-hanging purposes, the seasoning might be omitted.]

"SNOW vs. EGGS."

From the Cleveland Herald, Dec. 19.

Mr. Harris: For your character as an editor of

political paper I entertain the highest respect, but when you come to the culinary department it may be a saving of your reputation to submit your extracts to the extracts you intend to publish to the inspection of your lady. Accompanying this my lady sends a slice of pudding made according to the recipe you lately published, using snow instead of eggs. This was made to "try it." As you are a benefactor or by communicating the recipe, you certainly should enjoy the fruits of your labors.

With her compliments and mine, I remain your obliged servant.

JONATHAN GULLEDWELL.

P. S. The only objection to the pudding is the difficulty of distinguishing it from some paste we have in the house.

2d P. S. I doubt not the pudding will taste as well cold as it did hot.

N. B. Give Mrs. Gilman our thanks.

Friday evening, Dec. 18.

J. G.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1841.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To send for a copy out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.00 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE GRAND CHARTER of the State of New-York will convene at St. John's Hall, in this city, on the first Monday of February next.

JOHN O. COLE, *Grand Sec'y.*

Jan. 16, 1841.

MR. BOWEN, THE LECTURER.—Among the most interesting lectures we have listened to this season, was the one delivered by this gentleman a few evenings since, at the Assembly Chamber. His subject was the improvement of persons placed in the same lamentable situation with himself. In a plain and pertinent manner he began by showing how differently throughout different periods of history, the blind had been esteemed. At one time they had been considered objects of hatred to the Deities, and therefore barred of all commiseration; at others, from being looked upon as monsters, they were subjected to the most inhuman barbarity, generally resulting in death. It was not until the time of the Frenchman, Hays, that they were treated as at all sufferable beings. This benevolent individual, was the first to conceive a practical plan of ameliorating their condition. The first six he he took under his charge, became not only useful, but distinguished members of society. The lecturer himself gave a fine evidence of his own proficiency as a person in most intelligent pursuits. He showed himself a fair scholar, a correct and well-informed speaker, and was a highly cultivated man. Six years ago he was a fisherman. In speaking of the facility with which the blind progressed in matters of education, the alphabet, the learning of which was generally the work of months with "seeing children," as he called them, the blind, would accomplish in the almost incredibly short period of 15 or 20 minutes. This very desirable end was attained by passing the fingers over characters, which had previously been embossed upon paper. Their mode of reading is by passing the finger of both hands continually moving over the matter before them: the fingers of the left hand are pressed upon the word they are speaking, while those of the right are engaged in decyphering the one which is to follow. This is certainly a slow method of gaining intelligence, but one, as he justly observed, which if generally practised by "seeing men," would result in their reading less, but understanding more.

THE LAST YANKEE INVENTION.—A friend of ours, while travelling this winter on one of the West India Roads, that as the train of cars was leaving the station, the wheels of the engine coming in contact with a large block of snow, went buzzing around with a noise like any of the wheels of a steam engine. This however, was not the case, for the train started off without any delay. This result appeared somewhat singular. On enquiring the cause of the noise, the engine driver, who had been removed, his attention was directed to the block of snow, which it came within a few feet of the wheels, it was ejected from the boiler. From the style that such an invention must have swept and melted the snow before it, we can readily conceive that our friend was not far from the way. The sound compared its sound to that of a mad bull. The most curious part of the matter was, that the article had been made the subject of a lecture. Who will doubt after this, as to America being the true land of genius?

WORTHY OF NOTE AND PRAISE.—On Thursday afternoon last, Mr. M. Nichols gave the proceeds of an extra performance at the Amphitheatre, to the Mayor of our city to be by him appropriated to the aid of the late inundation. What makes this generosity particularly praiseworthy in the proprietor, is the fact that he is the greatest "sufferer" from the delay and damage occasioned by the flood, will not, we are informed, fall much short of \$500, to him.

MASONRY IN TEXAS.—We acknowledge with pleasure, a package from Br. Fisher, the Grand Secretary of the Republic of Texas. As opportunity serves, we shall spread them before our readers. The circular of the Grand Lodge, will be found on our first page. In a letter to us, the Grand Secretary observes—"The accompanying documents, although old, will throw light upon the origin and progress of Masonry in Texas, so little known in foreign countries, where we are looked upon as Hottentots or Comanches. The very name of Texas, is in the ears of some people in the land of Sherry and Champagne, that they would almost exclude a Texian from entering into one of their churches on Holy Sabbath. How wrong—how mistaken—how prejudicial—how uncharitable."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.—A considerable debate has been held in our Assembly on the propriety of the Governor's interfering in the case of two individuals now under sentence of death, for murder to the end, that as capital punishment may be abolished, these unfortunate gentlemen may have all the advantages resulting from a change of law. From the tenor of the debate, we are satisfied the legislature will not interfere. It is extremely regret to see any effort to alter a law recognised by the positive injunctions of the Almighty; and in this age—so indispensable to the welfare of society. We have already among us too many unchangeable villains, without attempting to open the door still wider. The notion that imprisonment will answer the purpose is visionary and fallacious. Once abolish this terrific restraint, and no man's life is of a pin's value in this community. We have too many accommodating jurors among us, without making the facilities of escape any easier.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The packet ship Oxford arrived at New York, after a passage of 20 days. All the European papers are filled with accounts of the gorgeous ceremony which took place on the 15th ult. at the interment of the remains of Napoleon. This great pageant passed off with inconceivable splendor, and with the utmost peace and quietness.—The London Herald says, that the determination of the present French Cabinet, to maintain the armed peace, gives great offence to Great Britain, Austria and Prussia.—The Queen has so far recovered as to be able to ride out in her carriage.—The definite offer of submission on the part of Mehemet Ali, has been confirmed. There has been a very extensive robbery in the Birmingham post office.—Several destructive freshets have occurred in England, destroying much property.

A NEW SCIENCE.—Mr. Buxton, intends delivering a Lecture on "Analogy or Analogised, being the doctrine of Ontology extended—proving by incontestable analogies the earth to be endowed with animality."—On Monday evening next, at Knickerbocker Hall, at 8 o'clock.

We have not had time to examine the same, but from the testimonials that Mr. B. has produced to us, from a few literary gentlemen of this city, who have perused the same, we do not hesitate in saying that it deserves a great deal of credit, for its ingenuity as well as being very curious, and we trust that Mr. B. will meet with success in his laudable undertaking, as the admittance is only 25 cents, to admit a Gentleman (with or without a Lady.)

THE CONCORDIA is the title of a club, recently formed in this city, for the purpose of improvement in musical science. It is composed principally of Amateurs. Mr. Hatet, a gentleman of exceedingly versatile musical accomplishments, is their director. The concert given by them a short time since, gave great satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable auditory. Since the time of the old Euterpean Club, the city has not rejoiced in possessing so much concentrated skill in the "harmony of sweet sound."

THE AMPHITHEATRE.—The long-talked of pageant, of St. George and the Dragon, has at length made its appearance at this establishment, in a style of splendor unequalled in the history of Albany Theatricals. It will no doubt have a fair run.

THE FLOOD, which we noticed last week, has been greater in extent, and more disastrous in consequences, than any which has preceded it, in the memory of our oldest inhabitants. Hundreds of lives have been lost, and millions of property destroyed. The damage in the vicinity of the Croton dam, in bridges, houses, lands, &c. is estimated at \$672,500, besides the loss of several lives. The destruction will be found appalling.

Four hundred dollars was realised as the avails of the Fair, recently held by the ladies of the North Dutch Church, for the benefit of the 3d Church, in Ferry street.

PERCUSSION LOCKS.—The Lieutenant Colonel of U. S. Ordnance Department recommends the use of the percussion lock for our muskets, which will no doubt be found a great improvement.

An Idea of Laziness.—Winchell, the Comedian, says he knew a man, who when he had commenced eating, was too lazy to stop.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall at all times be happy to hear from our friend in Florida. If his "K's" is to be taken as an evidence of his muse, he must never allow her to slumber.

Intelligence.

Florida News.—Forty Indians captured, and ten hanged.

The St. Augustine Herald of the 31st ult. supplies the subjoined intelligence.

Capt. Thompson, of the Walter M. arrived this morning from Key Biscayne, brings a verbal report that Col. Harney, who had proceeded into the everglades with ninety men, succeeded in discovering the town of We-ki-kak, where he captured twenty-nine women and children, and one warrior, and killed or hanged ten warriors (they were perhaps shot in the attack.)

We hope, however, that they were hanged after being caught alive, for belonging to the gang which committed the massacre at Carlos-hatchie and Indian Key; they deserved neither mercy, judge or jury—nothing but an executioner; and the people of Florida have long deplored the unfrequency of such salutary retributive examples. If these Indians were hanged, their people will see we are at last in earnest.—How much blood might have been saved had ten Indians been hanged five years ago!

Col. Harney, we are told, went in at the Miami, and came out near Cape Sable. If so, he must have gone where no white man has proceeded, and discovered a singular and important water communication across the south of the peninsula.

The party returned round the coast, leaving Capt. Davidson, who is, we are sorry to say, dangerously ill, at Indian Key. Another expedition is preparing.—Official reports may be expected tomorrow by the Wm. Gaston.

We said a few days ago that the destruction of one Indian was of more importance than the taking of Beyrout. What then must be our rejoicing when forty are captured. Our market is illuminated to night the band is playing cheerily, and the people are shouting for joy.

Last night the market was illuminated, cannons fired, and music employed to add their grateful sounds to the admiration which this affair has produced.

Disaster and Loss of Lives.—The Schooner James McClung, of Philadelphia, and bound to that port from St. Thomas, sprung a leak on the 27th ult. in lat 20, and soon after sunk; the captain and crew taking the boat. In attempting to land the boat swamped in the breakers near a quarter of a mile from the shore, and four men were drowned, viz: Jonathan Drake, of Montgomery county, Pa., aged 41 years; James Chaworth, of the same place aged 31 years; and two colored men, James Jones, of Pennsaged 46 years and James Mills, of Lewiston, Del., aged 22 years.

The Newark Advertiser gives an account of a collision of cars on the railroad near Hackensack bridge. The fog was so dense as to prevent the engineers from seeing each other until it was too late. One of the locomotives was slightly damaged.

Mayor Varian, we are happy to see, is gradually recovering from his severe indisposition.

THE PACKET SHIP GARRICK.—The N. Y. papers contain the particulars of the state of this ship up to Sunday evening. She had not gone to pieces, nor was her back broken. Her hold was full of water, however, and there was one foot of water on her between decks. All the goods between decks were got out, though some were in a damaged state. The goods in the hold, it was feared, would prove a total loss.

IMMERSION.—The ordinance of baptism by immersion was administered on Saturday last by the pastor of the Baptist Society in Norwalk, Ct, through a hole made in the ice for the purpose while the mercury was ranging 20 degrees below the freezing point.

Maj. GEN. GAINES, of the U. S. Army, is exhibiting his wife as a Lectress in the several Cities of the Union. We had supposed that the vanity of an old man to show a pretty young Wife, was at the bottom of this foolery; but the correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that they make a regular business of the thing, leaving "Tickets at 50 cents" at the usual depositories! This is really discreditable to the Army and the Country. As an officer, Gen. GAINES has no right to engage in other pursuits without resigning his commission. But above all he should not be allowed to tarnish a profession in which he holds distinguished rank, by becoming an itinerant Lecturer for money.—*Journal.*

Death by Freezing.—On Saturday last, just before night, the daughter of George Pooker, of Hog Neck, eight years, ran out to slide on the ice, which covered a mud hole, not far from the house, when the ice gave way and she sank in the mud, her head and hands only being above the ice, where she was found the next morning.—*Sag. Har. Corrector.*

Burnt to Death.—An old lady, a fortune teller, was burnt to death in Richmond a few days since while in her bed—the bed was set on fire by a shooting crack-er.

Dickens, of London, the author of "Pickwick," &c., realizes £5,000 per annum from his flowing pen.

Married.

In Bethlehem, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. Wm Henry Van Vleet, of Scho-dack, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the late John Mull, of Coeymans.

On the same evening, by the same, Mr Ezekiah Wilks, to Mrs Sarah Aikin, both of Bethlehem.

On Saturday last, by the same, Mr John Moak, to Miss Gertrude Long, both of New Scotland.

On the same day, by the same, Mr Baltus Brate, to Miss Catharine Van Zandt, both of Bethlehem.

DIED.

In this city, on Tuesday last Mrs. Ann Thomas aged 85.

On Thursday morning, an infant son of David and Susan Godden, aged 2 years.

At Francisville, William Stevenson, printer formerly of Albany. 28.

In New York, Josiah Burton, formerly of this city, aged 31. William Brown, 51. Miss Sarah Morris 33. Abner Osborn, 70. Ann Eliza Blades, 21. Harriet, wife of Nicholas W. West, 20. John Palmer 73. Mary, consort of the Caleb Ticknor, 33. Henry Oscar Taylor, 22. William McGinnissack 91. John Kane 51. Eliza, wife of James Van Buskirk, 36. John Donaldson, 70. Miss Rebeca B. Fairchild, 43. James M. Danen, 41.

In Brooklyn, Amos Dickinson, 67. At Little Falls, Mrs. Ruth, wife of Dr. J. R. Brown, 29. Also, after four years illness, Mrs. Anna, relict of Captain Moyer.

74. At Glens Falls, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. N. E. Sheldon, 28. At his residence, near New Haven, James A. Hillhouse, a distinguished American poet.

At Pine Plains, Eliza, wife of Henry R. Hammond, 27. In Sullivan, Mrs. Dalloway, 107. In Brookfield N. H., Jenny Kennison, 110.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

Mr. NICHOLS respectfully announces the engagement of Mr. Jackson of the Philadelphia and N. York Theatres, who will in future take the entire direction of the Stage Department, and produce some of the most popular melo-dramatic spectacles.

Third appearance of Mr. J. H. Hall, from the Bowery Theatre, N. Y.

Mr. Anderson and Mrs. D. Anderson, from the southern theatres, are engaged. Due notice of their first appearance will be given.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Jan. 16.

A grand routine of Equestrian entertainments, in which Messrs. Whittaker, Madigan, W. Nichols, and all the Equestrian performers will appear.

Serious and comic singing by Mrs. Nichols, Messrs. Dickinson and Plumer.

The performance will commence with the
SWISS COTTAGE.

To conclude with the grand spectacle of
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

In preparation, the grand melo-dramatic spectacle of El-Hyder.

For particulars of each night's performance, see small bills.

Doors open at 6, performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

N. B. No ladies admitted, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

Notice—The performance will hereafter be so arranged that the Theatre will close by half past 10.

Equestrian manager, Mr. Needham; stage manager Mr. Jackson; clowns Messrs. May and Knapp.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Cxsackie.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Telf, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Thencey Mir, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.

James Cavanaugh, Watertown.

Myron L. Burwell, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Borodino.

Robert King, Rochester.

Francis Milo, Kingston, U. C.

Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.

Isaac Cromie, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

J. H. McMahon, Memphis, Tennessee.

James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.

G. L. Cope, Jr., Savannah.

A. C. Davis, Portsmouth, Ohio.

D. M. Sheffield, Tallahassee.

A. S. Pister, Columbus.

Isaac Nichol, Wellsburgh, Va.

Richard B. Dallam, St. Louis, Mo.

H. Colman, Liberty, Missouri.

COMPTROLLERS' OFFICE Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. Thereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication, true bill by law will amount to \$2 75.

dec 16-11

NEW BOOKS, received at W. G. LITTLE'S Bookstore

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Gibbon's History of Europe.
Miss Stoddard's Story of the South.
Madame de Staël's History of France.
Hoffman's Chances of Fate, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 South street, corner of Jam streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOK every description made to order. Price of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of the above books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respect fully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the same establishment the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING, in the most neat and durable manner. Persons having to bind or rebind books, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction was given. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1841.

POETRY.

MASONIC ODE.

For the Masonic Register.

For the Festival of St. John the Baptist.

Companions, who have travelled o'er
The rugged road, where erst of yore
Our ancient MASTERS proudly bore
The humble badge we wear;
From north to south, from west to east,
Come, Brothers, mingle in the feast,
In honor of our Patron-Priest,
Whose name we fondly bear.

Come, all ye pilgrims of the earth,
What'er your country, rank or birth,
Come, taste the fount of Mystic Mirth—
'Twill smooth the troubled sea;
Come, in this URB the relic lies
To chase the darkness from your eyes—
Come, see the LIGHT—'twill make you wise,
And set your spirits free.

What charm has station, or renown,
A monarch's palace, or his crown,
A Papal Chair, or Pontiff's gown,
Without the faith we hold?
All is but empty, idle meed,
Compared with our MASONIC CREED,
Which, in the pilgrim's utmost need,
Supplies the want of gold.

Come then, thou pilgrim, take this KEY,
It will unlock a mine to thee,
'Twill set the mourning prisoner free,
And from his foes 'twill save:
'Twill drop the foeman's pointed steel,
'Twill make the proudest monarch kneel,
'Twill in a BROTHER'S BREAST conceal
The secrets of the grave.

Then follow well the plumb and line—
Obey your Architect Divine—
So thro' your life your works shall shine
In charity and love:
And when the Grand Omnipotent Eye
Shall lift the curtains of the sky,
And beckon to the LODGE on high,
We'll rise and soar above.

Till then, this MYSTIC KEY shall bind
Kindred and tongues of every kind,
Together in one common mind,
Of BROTHERHOOD below:
And thro' life's troubled sea of care
We'll conquer, or we'll learn to bear,
And ever bright our Jewels wear,
Thro' chequered weal and woe.

For the American Masonic Register.

CHILDHOOD.

See that beautiful guileless creature
Sporting 'midst her childish toys;
Youth's bright vision lights each feature,
Hope's gay future swells her joys.

Light and wanton falls her tresses
'Round her brow of fairest hue;
Her lips inviting fond caresses,
Laughing eyes of purest blue.

Constant lisping—gleesome prattle.
As to each lov'd object fondly clinging,
Now hugs her doll and now her rattle—
One moment weeps, the next is gaily singing.

Unknown to her the cares that age doth bring,
The woes inherent to our lot;
She to the flowery present fondly clings,
Griefs like hers are soon forgot.

See the mother fondly viewing
Her tender offspring's sportive tricks;
Her watchful care oft renewing,
Whilst she guides her tottering steps.

Who'd dissolve this charm of pleasure,
Or creak of life's impending grief;
Youth's short hours are heaven's best treasure—
Hours like hers, are bright as brief. W.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE KISS OF WEDDED LOVE.

BY JAMES A. BERTHELOT, OF FLORIDA.

Give me of Wedded Love, the holy Kiss,
Bestow'd with rapture, and receiv'd with bliss—
Where soul embracing soul in union sweet,
Not only lips, but hearts together meet:
Give me the kiss that wants no fancied aid
From warbling nightingale in myrtle shade;
From flow'r enamel'd, mead or secret bow'r
Beneath the moon's pale beam at midnight hour.
Be mine the kiss that's given without a fear—
That stains not honor, and that wakes no tear:
The kiss whose raptures gold can never buy,
The kiss that's ne'er remembered with a sigh:
Give me the Kiss of Innocence alone,
The hallow'd Kiss that I can call my own.

HOMES AND GRAVES.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

How beautiful a world were ours.
But for the pale and shadowy one
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,
That stalketh in its app!
Glad childhood needs the lore of time
To shew the phantom overhead:
But where the breast, before its prime,
That carrieth not its dead,
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit sees no tomb!

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead:
Some secret of his soul had taught
That lesson dark and dread!
And, oh! we bear about us, still,
The dreary moral of his art,
Some form that lieth, pale and chill,
Upon each living heart,
Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave!

To boyhood hope,—to manhood fears!
Alas!—alas! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place of tears.
A cradle for the tomb!
If childhood seeth all things loved
Where home's unshadowy shadows wave,
The old man's treasure hath removed,
He looketh to the grave!
For grave and home lie sadly blent
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years—and then, the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hear
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth;
A shade, within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved room,
And one dear name, he vainly calls,
Be written on a tomb,
And he have learnt, from all beneath,
His first, dread, bitter taste of death!

And years glide on, till manhood's come;
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair:
A darkness, from the churchyard shed,
Hath fallen on each familiar room,
And much of all home's light hath fled,
To smoulder in the tomb,
And household gifts that memory saves
But help to count the household graves.

Then, homes and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world:
But drearier days must yet betide,
Ere sorrow's wings be furled;
When more within the churchyard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home,
Till home unto the old man's eye,
Itself appears a tomb,
And his tired spirit asks the grave
For all the home it longs to have!

It shall be so,—it shall be so!
Go bravely trusting—trusting on;

Bear up a few short years—and, lo!
The grave and home are one!
And then, the bright ones gone before,
Within another, happier home,
Are waiting, sonder than before,
Until the old man come—
A home where but the life-trees wave;
Like childhood's—it hath not a grave!

SATAN.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire,
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear uplifted in thy hand;
The gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant—stern—sublime—
Armed in despair—and scorning time.

On thy curled lips is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain;
Thy mighty cheek is firm though pale;
There smote the blast of fiery hail;
Yet wan wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The king is in thy eyeball's beam;
Thy form is grandeur, unsubdued,
Sole chief of Hell's dark multitude,
Thou prisoned—ruined—unforgiven!
Yet fit to master all but heaven.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrann Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and America; Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pakeney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 21.]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS,

Of Phoenix Lodge, No. 58, held in Lansingburgh—
Elected Dec. 27th, 5840:—

S. S. Bingham, W. M. Daniel King, S. W.—
Geo. Olmeyer, J. W. S. D. Smith, Treas. L. Ransom, Sec'y. David Colvin, S. D. Nathaniel Jaccocks, J. D. D. N. Van Pelt, Jesse Tallman, Stewards. Thomas Hanley, Tyler.

OFFICERS,

Of Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, held in the city of New York—elected Dec. 24th, 5840:—

Daniel H. Vansice, W. M. William L. Hall, S. W. Charles C. Hubbard, J. W. Sylvester Spencer, Sec'y. John B. Costa, Treas. Hial Bassett, S. D. George Glazier, J. D. Lewis Deforest, Nehemiah Case, Masters of Ceremonies. Francis Boss, Peter Bradish, Stewards. James Thorburn, Tyler.

OFFICERS,

Of Solomon Council, No. 9, held in Portsmouth, Ohio—elected Dec. 3d, 5840:—

A. C. Davis, T. I. G. M. James Lodwick, D. I. G. M. William P. Gray, P. C. of W. Rev. Erasmus Burr, Chaplain. R. H. Pattillo, Treas. Moses Gregory, Recorder. Geo. Stevenson, C. of G. Wilson Gates, G. S. & T. Joshua Barber, Sentinel.

OFFICERS,

Of Portsmouth Chapter, held in Portsmouth, Ohio—elected Dec. 1st, 5840:—

R. H. Pattillo, H. P. Arthur C. Davis, K. Wilson Gates, S. Murtaugh Kehoe, C. H. Geo. Stevenson, P. S. Washington Kinney, R. A. C. Thos. S. Currie, Treas. Moses Gregory, Recorder. Geo. Shultz, Wm. P. Gray, James Lodwick, M. of V. Joshua Barber, Sentinel.

OFFICERS,

Of Aurora Lodge, No. 48, held in Portsmouth, Ohio—elected Dec. 7th, 5840:—

George Stevenson, W. M. George Shultz, S. W. Moses Gregory, J. W. James Murfin, Sec'y. B. Work, S. D. John Fryer, J. D. Rev. E. Burr, Chaplain. Joshua Barber, Tyler.

ORIGIN OF MASONRY IN TEXAS.

Extracts from an Address, delivered before Holland Lodge No. 1, on its formation at the city of Houston, in the Republic of Texas, 5838.

BY M. W. ANSON JONES, ESQ.

BRETHREN.

In pursuance of the duty prescribed in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, the Grand Master and his Officers have this evening the pleasure of making their first annual visitation to this worshipful and respectable Lodge. We are both proud and happy, Brethren, to be able, on this occasion, to congratulate you on the prosperous and successful situation and progress of Masonry in Texas.—But a few months have elapsed since the re-establishment of this Lodge and the establishment of those in Nacogdoches and San Augustine; and the Order already boasts of near two hundred Masons in full communication, which number is now rapidly increasing by the accession of new and worthy members. The recent establishment of the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, by the unanimous consent and con-

currence of the three Lodges existing by virtue of Charters from our elder Sister, the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, is an era in our institution, which, binding us altogether in one friendly union, promises to our future welfare the happiest results. Union is one of the great principles in our Order; and ever has been and still is our best guaranty for prosperity and strength. The bond, now so fortunately existing, we doubt not it will ever be your wish, as it is your interest and that of the fraternity in general, to preserve and defend.

Holland Lodge has arrived at its present state of prosperity and usefulness through many and various difficulties. Originally established at Brazoria, it had but begun to shed its benign influence over a small band of devoted Brethren, when the revolution commenced. By this disastrous event its members were scattered and dispersed, and for near two years this labor was interrupted. The unfortunate Fannin, one of these, was murdered on the Plains of Goliad by the tyrant who oppressed our country, and some others died in its defence. The temple consecrated to your labors was ravaged by the enemy, and its records, jewels and furniture destroyed. The scattered fragments which desolation had spared, were gathered together in this City in October last; and, by the aid of a few brethren a new Lodge has arisen like a fabled Phoenix from her ashes, and as if purified by the fire through which she has been doomed to pass, now shines with a brighter lustre and promises long to continue a light and a beacon to the hearts of those who worship at the altars of Masonry in Texas. It has the high honor now of numbering among its members, men who are alike an ornament to society and to Masonry; men who have gallantly sustained the cause of human liberty on our fields of glory and in the councils of the nation; and more especially one, who, like our immortal Brother George Washington, has ever been "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

With such materials and such skill to use them as you possess, we have the utmost confidence that the work intrusted to your care will be properly executed, and the prosperity of Masonry be still promoted by your united and harmonious labors.

Intimately connected with the prosperity and respectability of the subordinate Lodges and of Masonry in Texas, is that general policy which it is the province of the Grand Lodge to define and establish. Previous to any remarks upon this, however, it becomes my duty to say a few words upon the subject of the creation of the Grand Lodge, the manner and objects of its Constitution, and the useful purposes which it is intended to subserve.

The history of Masonry in the United States, which has been the guide in the formation of the Grand Lodge of Texas, clearly demonstrates the right which two or more Lodges inherently possess, when they exist in an independent State, of renouncing the allegiance which they owe to the Grand Lodges from whom they derive their powers, and of forming for themselves a separate and distinct Grand Lodge co-extensive with the municipal governments in which they are established, to the support of which they will contribute, and the authority of which they acknowledge and obey. This transfer of allegiance and subordination, finds precedents in the examples of every State government in the United States, and Grand Lodges have thus been formed in all of them by the free and voluntary consent of the subordinate Lodges, who, sensible of the necessity of a government of their own, which was composed of Representatives chosen by themselves, have, in every instance, resorted to their inherent right of establishing such a government for their particular control. In this manner, and for these purposes, the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas has been established. Its objects are to give union, strength and harmony to the different Lodges in the Republic; to be the arbitrer in all cases of doubt or difficulty, and to

determine questions which concern the general welfare and common good. The great and rapid increase of the Order in Texas, requires that it should have a common head and a separate government, from the establishment of which many useful purposes will be accomplished. Instead of being governed by a foreign and distant power, where it is not personally represented by individuals belonging to the respective Lodges, who are always best acquainted with its true wants and interests, it now has a government of its own, with which it is identified, and whose intelligent course, it is justly to be presumed, will always be such as will most conduce to the promotion of the general good.

The three Lodges which composed and constituted the Grand Lodge of Texas, date their independence of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, from the 12th December last. Though they still continue to work under the Warrants of Masonic power, which they received from the latter Grand Lodge; yet, from the time above specified, they voluntarily transferred their allegiance, as they had an inherent right to do, to the Grand Lodge of Texas; all dues, therefore, which accrued from this Lodge to the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, up to the 20th of December last, it is proper should be paid agreeably to the Regulations of that body; since that period, however, the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas has been organized, in conformity with the ancient customs and usages of Masonry, and from that date is entitled to receive the established dues. So soon as it is convenient it will be proper for this Lodge to surrender the Charter, which it now holds as its authority for working, and to receive from the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas, a Dispensation or Charter in the place thereof. This course, adopted by all the Lodges, will place the Order upon a uniform and harmonious footing, and relieve us from all those differences of views and opinions which might arise from a conflict of Masonic jurisdiction purporting, as now, to be held over the same extent of country.

All the Lodges in the Republic of Texas owe allegiance and due subordination to the Grand Lodge of the same, and should all derive their power and authority from one and the same source. By this means it is hoped that uniformity may be established in our labors, union and harmony in our councils, and strength and stability given to our institution throughout this whole Republic. Order is nature's first great law, and has been established in Masonry, since the time when the Almighty Architect first brought system out of chaos, and light out of darkness, and it is now an essential principle of Masonry, without which it could not exist. No masonic temple can ever be raised without it.

The Constitution and Laws adopted by the Grand Lodge, will be furnished you, by our Grand Secretary, so soon as the same can be published. I need not enforce the propriety of a strict conformity to the same upon the minds of this intelligent and respectable Lodge; for you, Brethren, are already aware of it.

Masonry is yet in its infancy in Texas. Many of its members are young; and those who are older, having been brought together from different and distant States where some difference of Masonic forms and regulations exist, necessarily differ in opinion on many points not vitally essential, and, in proportion as we mingle together, will wear away and generally disappear, and it is confidently hoped that, at no distant day, we shall all harmonize in one uniform system throughout the Republic. The general policy of the Grand Lodge has been framed and adapted to this great and desirable purpose.

EMINENT MASONS.

1.] ST. ALBAN—was born at Warham, now St. Alban's Hertfordshire, England. He was the first who suffered martyrdom for the Christian religion in Brit-

ain. He was beheaded A. D. 303. The old constitutions affirm that he was employed by Carausius to environ the city of Varulam with a wall, and to build him a splendid palace. He was a celebrated architect and zealous patron of masonry. In an old manuscript, destroyed in the year 1730, the following anecdote is told of this eminent man! "St. Alban loved Masons well, and cherished them much, and made their pay right good; for he gave them ij s. per weeke, iij d. to their cheer; whereas, before that time, in all the land a Mason had but a penny a day and his meat, until St. Alban mended it. And he got them a charter from the King and his counsell, for to hold a general counsell, and gave it to name Assemblie. Thereat he was himself, and did helpe to make Masons, and gave them good charges."

2] **ST. AUSTIN**—After having spent some time at Rome, whither he had been on a pilgrimage, returned with forty other monks, among whom the sciences had been preserved, to England in the year 557. By these men the principles of Christianity were propagated among the people, and by their influence, in little more than sixty years, all the kings of the heptarchy were converted. He was a firm patron of Masonry, and encourager of architecture. He appeared at the head of the fraternity in founding the old cathedral of Canterbury; the cathedral of Rochester; St. Paul's, London; St. Peter's, Westminster; and many other public buildings of great merit.

3] **ÆLFRED**—or Alfred, the Great, youngest son of Æthelwolf, king of the West Saxons, was born in the year 849, at a place supposed to be Wantage, in Berkshire; and succeeded to the crown on the death of his brother Æthelred, in the year 871. No prince studied more to polish, and improve the moral condition of his subjects, than Alfred, and no one ever proved a better friend to Masonry. His example and powerful influence produced a speedy and effectual reformation in the dissolute and barbarous manners of his people. Hume furnishes the following particulars of this really great and good man:—"Alfred usually divided his time into three equal portions: one was employed in sleep, and the reflect on of his body by diet and exercise; another in the dispatch of business; and a third in study and devotion. That he might more exactly measure the hours, he made use of burning tapers of equal lengths, which he fixed in lanterns; an expedient suited to that rude age, when the art of describing sun dials, and the mechanism of clocks and watches were totally unknown. By this regular distribution of time, though he often labored under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, blessed with great leisure and application, have done in more fortunate ages." Masonry claimed a great part of his attention; and he encouraged the mechanical arts of every description; invited from all quarters industrious foreigners to repopulate his country which had been desolated by the ravages of the Danes; introduced manufactures; patronised the inventor or improvement of any ingenious art, and appropriated a 7th part of his revenue to the maintenance of a large number of workmen engaged in rebuilding his ruined cities, castles, palaces and monasteries: founded the University of Oxford, and ended a glorious life, after a reign of twenty eight years, on the 28th of October A. D. 900.

4.] **ATHELSTANE**—was the grand son of Alfred; and like him an eminent patron of masonry. He succeeded to the throne in 924, and appointed his brother Edwin, patron of the Masons. He enjoyed the esteem of all the princes of Europe: was beloved and honored by his subjects. One blemish only, historians have been enabled to find in his character, and that is of so doubtful a nature, it had perhaps been better omitted. He was the first anointed king of England, and translated the Bible into the Saxon tongue, A. D. 930, (in the words of an ancient manuscript, written in the time of Edward IV.) "when he had brought the land into rest and peace, built many great works, and encouraged many masons, from France, who were appointed overseers thereof, and brought with them the charges and regulations of the Lodges, preserved since the Roman times." On the death of his brother, he undertook in person the direction of the lodges, and the

art of Masonry was propagated in peace and security.

5] **ELIAS ASHMOLE, ESQ.**—a celebrated English philosopher and antiquary, and founder of the Ashmolean museum at Oxford—was born at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, the 23d May, 1617. He filled many offices, civil and military, but is more generally known as a diligent and curious collector of manuscripts.—he wrote the "history of the Order of the Garter," which obtained for him great popularity. He was elected, says his biographer, "a brother of the company of Free Masons; a favour esteemed so singular by the members, that kings themselves have not disdained to enter themselves the order." The following is his own account of the matter: "I was made a Free Mason at Warrington, Lancashire, with Col. Henry Mainwaring, of Kerthingham, in Cheshire, by Mr. Richard Penket, the Warden, and the fellow crafts, on the 16th October, 1646." Mr Ashmole gave considerable attention to the study of Masonry, and had commenced the compilation of its history. Of this, Dr. Knipe, of Christ-church, Oxford, observes; "As to the ancient society of Free-Masons, concerning whom you are desirous of knowing what may be known with certainty, I shall only tell you that if our worthy brother E. Ashmole, Esq. had executed his intended design, our fraternity had been as much obliged to him as the brethren of the most noble Order of the Garter." He died at South Lambeth, May 18, 1692.

6.] **JAMES ANDERSON, ESQ.**—This gentleman is known in masonic history, as one of the committee (with Dr. Desaguliers) appointed by the Duke of Montague, then Grand Master of Masons in England, to revise, arrange, and digest the Gothic constitutions, old charges, and general regulations. They were both men of genius and education, and executed the business entrusted to them in a faithful and acceptable manner. The work was printed in 1723, under the following title: "The Book of Constitutions of the Free-Masons: containing the History, Charges, Regulations, &c. of that Most Ancient and Right Worshipful Fraternity. For the use of the Lodges."

SEWING ROOM CHIT CHAT.

Bachelors are doubtless often exceedingly interested in the conversation of young ladies over their sewing, the delightful little technicalities of sewing phraseology are so profoundly and interestingly inexplicable. A plough boy listening to a scholastic disputation in Greek, may know just as much about what is going onward as a bachelor in a back parlor, when young ladies are plying the needle. "Cut it bias and stitch it up with herring bones, then take the gusset and fasten it up with a stomacher!" Now what can such talk as that mean? What is a "gusset?" Will any lady tell us what a gusset is? "Hem-stitch the gore!" What is a *hem-stitch*? and what is a *gore*? Are there any such words as these in the English language? Ought women to be allowed the use of such an unknown tongue? Why it is dangerous. Who knows what conspiracies and rebellions they may contrive and arrange within reach of our ears, before our faces under our very noses, by means of this unintelligible and mysterious language? If secret institutions are supposed to be dangerous to society, what are we to think of such an influence as this? Gracious powers! Our wives and daughters discoursing beside us in sounds that convey no meaning to our ears! A dozen female visitors chattering, and we not understanding one word of the conversation! Is it not time to look into this subject and see how far our negligence has betrayed us into danger? Why, at this very moment, who knows but the whole female race is about to rise and revolutionize mankind? Under the new administration we hope to see this subject investigated. These women should be looked to. They should be made to tell what they mean by "poplin" "gussets," and "gores," and such outlandish and unchristian words that no honest man can comprehend. "Cutting bias" may mean cutting throats for all we know. In the name of sense what are we to understand by "herring bone stitches?" What subtle mischief may there not be at the bottom of all this? Let it be seen to! In the name of safety let the women be "opinioned!"—*Picayune*

LIT REARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

No. 4.

WHO ARE BRUTES?

To no being in the wide universe is the noble nature of man so obvious, as to himself: and in nothing is his great power of discrimination so apparent, as in the distinction he every where perceives between his own species and the brute creation. He arrives at it by no tedious process of observation, by no slow step of logic; but intuitively. He is not even dependent upon any higher intelligence for information upon this point. The rejector of revelation, who cares for no future, employs himself only in reference to his present state and feels only the wants of the brute, is still firmly convinced that he is something more. We ask him what has produced the conviction, and he answers that he has a soul. But has not also the brute? We can trace our term "soul" back no farther than the Latin "*Anima*," or Greek "*Pneuma*," which meant nothing more than the living principle, hence they gave not only a soul to brutes, but to plants.

A nice observer would conclude that the contempt which our lordly race is in the habit of casting upon the brute creation, was reciprocated. The impetuous and irritable farmer is frequently rebuked by a look of cool and philosophical wonder from his ox.

Why certain excesses peculiar to the *genus homo* are denominated brutal is unaccountable. The only animal (the hog) whose habits might be brought as a justification for the epithet, has been found by Phrenologists to be laboring under a large development of alienativeness, and is therefore wholly excepted from responsibility.

I knew one who could see the soul through the eye of his friend. I have seen the same in a horse, what human eye is so big with "high resolve?" Nor does the eye belie his real character. Who is there that has seen and has not loved his patient meekness, his noble and graceful mien, his affectionate and watchful care, his self-sacrificing devotion; he (the man not the horse) is a brute.

The Shepherd's dog is worth more to the shepherd than a man. He can place more confidence in his intelligence as well as his integrity. Man will without provocation beat his spaniel, while it lays in meek submission at his feet and licks his hand as if to wash away the stain of the unmerited insult! Which has the soul?

The bee and the beaver are better builders and the ant is a better provider than man. The bird of passage is more wise, for it knows its way to an unseen home. Which has the soul? "But," it is objected, "that by which animals perceive, remember, compare and choose, is *instinct*;" while the cause of the same results in man, is *reason*—"wonderful distinction!"—what is instinct? It seems then so far above reason that it should have a better immortality. "But" it is again said; "it is *reason's* peculiarity to be susceptible of *education*." Begging pardon of our scientific students, I believe the Dog, Horse and Elephant to be scholars more apt than they. That they cannot pronounce long Latin names will be no objection with men of common sense. If the donkey should be cited as less expert, it should be remembered that with *them* there are no colleges where one Ass may learn to imitate the braying of another.

We would not be understood to say that the high opinion entertained by man of his own powers, savors in the least of egotism; for it is a known rule of law that slander of a class is not slander, and a libel upon a community is no libel; and it is no more than a fair application of this rule to say that the fulsome adulation of a species is no flattery. The maxim "Let another praise thee and not thine own lips" is from a very antiquated source, and if not obsolete, was evidently intended for individual use. It is one of the beneficial results of the "division of labor" produced by civilization, that all the pleasant sensations of self-praise may be produced without any of its odium. Thus while it would be very improper for two individuals to speak half that they think of their own merits, they may "change works" and laud each other to the skies with perfect propriety. Nor do we think that man's sense of his high destiny is at all exaggerated; we only fear that he underrates that of his fellow brute. We may laugh at the Indian who thinks that in his Elysian hunting grounds

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."

but how do we know that he is wrong? From revelation? If we look for the relative position of the two classes there, we find it given with more truth than flattery, and doubtless the Divine Spirit might say now as well as in the days of Isaiah. "The Ox knoweth his owner and the Ass his master's crib, but my people do not know, Israel doth not consider."

TO ———.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

There's something in that deep blue eye,
At times so lovely, and so sad;
There's something in that high white brow
That thrilling shoots through every vein;
There's something in that beauteous cheek
And in that sweetly smiling lip,
That kindles in my beating heart:
A flame that never can expire.

WHAT WORDS MAY DO.

An article which will be found to contain some pathos, much egotism, and considerable morality.

We are more apt to say things than to consider their consequences; and we are not aware of the good or evil that our every unguarded expression produces.—The virtue as well as the necessity of kindly speaking, the following narration will serve to illustrate:—

Some months since we had occasion to visit an extensive jewelry establishment in a neighboring city, for the purpose of having a piece of plate delicately polished. The proprietors finding us somewhat troublesome, particularly as to the service required, with the avowed object of having it readily attended to, but—as we had the charity to suppose—the real one of getting rid of tedious customers; ushered us into an upper apartment, where ourselves and our wishes were made known to the mechanic who was to perform the operation.

He was a man who had apparently seen his sixtieth year. His frame evidently retained much of the vigor of manhood, but his thin locks of hair—scattered over a head that a phrenologist would call "fine"—had become prematurely white, and indicated to the beholder "an acquaintance with sorrow and misfortune."—Through a pair of spectacles, which he evidently wore to assist a feeble sight, he eyed us—for strangers as we thought ourselves—unusually close. However, as his look partook more of surprise than suspicion, we did not allow it to annoy us. Yet he evidently had some

object in this scrutiny. During the few minutes of our explaining our want, and in fact, during the whole time of our stay, he seemed unnecessarily abstract—and it was with much difficulty that we made ourselves comprehended. Once, and only once, did he wake from his reverie; and that was when one of the proprietors, for the purpose of directing our attention to some curious object, called us by name. He then turned his face upon ours with as much eagerness as if he would have penetrated the very workings of our thought. This action lasted but a moment. With a less intense expression of countenance, he again busied himself with the matters before him; yet we could discover in his look of deep satisfaction that he had evidently convinced himself upon some point of enquiry which deeply interested him. We need not say that the strange conduct we witnessed in him had so far attracted our attention as to have taken a firm hold upon our curiosity.

Not many mornings after the interview above described, we were honored with a reciprocal visit from the old gentleman. He came apparently to get a more definite understanding of our wishes, though, as we shall hereafter discover, with the evident intention of satisfying himself upon a matter which more thoroughly occupied his mind. We had reason to suppose that we were however unconsciously, the cause of some of the uneasiness he so continually exhibited. After considerable hesitation, he requested that he might be permitted to see us for a moment alone.—We passed into an adjoining room.

Upon his carefully closing the door and as carefully removing his spectacles, he turned, and looking at us smilingly, yet keenly in the eye, said,—“do you not remember me?” But seeing we did not recognize him, he continued—“How should you? I am so changed, and you met me but once—then but for a moment. Still,” said he—grasping our hands with an energy which showed the depth of his emotion, yet considerably to our discomfiture—“I have often thought of that meeting with a pleasure that I cannot express; and the happiness I now experience in holding you by the hand, is a delight I had long abandoned as hopeless.”

From the warmth of the old gentleman's expressions and the ignorance on our part of meriting them, we began seriously to entertain doubts as to his sanity. Still we did not know but what we might have come in possession of some forgotten relative, or, what would have been better in times like the present, that try both pockets and souls, have, by some freak of fortune come in possession of a cotton plantation, or some such sweetener of the "bitter cup." But upon very little reflection we were satisfied the last could not be the case: such success would have been too good—yet from not having an overabundance of relatives, we did not know but the former might be the true conjecture. But again, we thought of his deficient sight. This at once solved in our minds the dilemma, and we informed him he must have mistaken us for other persons.

"No! no!" replied he impatient at our distrustful tone, "the voice, manner, look, all are yours. It can have been no others!" The certainty with which he spoke caused us to make no further reply and he again commenced.

"I am not mistaken in the name? yours is—"

"——," said we, aiding his memory.

"You resided in —— in July, 18——"

We assented.

"On an anniversary day of that month, about twilight, do you not remember meeting with a person considerably beyond your years in a loathsome state

of inebriation? The old gentleman's voice trembled as he spoke.

The light at last began to break in upon us—we had an indistinct recollection of such an adventure.

"You kindly volunteered to support him on his way home—he roughly refused your kindness—do you remember, when he did so, what you said to him?" Here again the old gentleman passionately shook us by the hand, while the tears coursed down his cheeks in a stream. He continued, almost stifled with emotion. "You did not say much "my dear friend I pity you," is what hundreds, under the same circumstances, might have said. But although," continued he in calmer tones, "those words are in the mouth of every body, and have become almost meaningless; yet the tone and manner in which they were then said, made them every thing to me. The next instant I was myself. I felt as if a thousand arrows had been lodged in my heart. Ah! if I now am any comfort to my family—if I am looked upon with regard by friends—if I have any hopes for the present or the future; to that single expression, and that alone am I indebted for them all."

The old gentleman ceased. Unlike the most of heroes he has not since his reformation, surprised the world by "writing a book" or by the transaction of any "wonderful feat." He is simply an industrious mechanic—well skilled in the department he pursues; has the honor of being in full communion with the church, and we think we may safely assert that he appears quite as comfortable, as if he had seized upon the admiration of mankind, by the "vaultings of proud ambition."

ON DIT.

The memory is a net work whose meshes, irregularly expanding and contracting, suffer the lesser and sometimes more important truths to glide through and away, while at the same time, with almost palpable inconsistency, it retains the details and general principles of certain subjects with wondrous security.

THE DEAD NAPOLEON.—A Paris correspondent gives the following singular anecdote, connected with the funeral honor paid to the great Emperor:

You are aware that the *convo* reached Courbevois on Monday afternoon. In the night of that day two men *en bourgeois*, or, if you will, in plain clothes, presented themselves on board the Dorade steamer. The elder of them desired leave to approach the imperial remains. He was refused, but a whisper from him to the officer in command produced an immediate change. He was instantly admitted, and ushered to the platform. He gazed for a moment, fell heavily on his knees, and, burying his face in his hands and resting both on the foot of the coffin, he remained for twenty five minutes, weeping and in prayer—the former certainly, for his face was deluged in tears. When at the end of that time he attempted to rise, whether from emotion or that he was benumbed by the dreadful severity of the night or from both causes together, he was unable, and was obliged to call for the assistance of some sentinels who were at hand wondering at the spectacle, and who now found it was Marshal Soult.

Insanity from breaking a vow.—The Boston Post tells the following story:

A woman, laboring under an extreme degree of religious insanity, was brought up before the police on Tuesday. Some months ago, she took an oath never to drink ardent spirits, and having on one or two recent occasions, departed from her vow, the thought of it has turned her brain. When brought into court, she threw herself upon her knees, and began to pray as rapidly as she could utter the words—"O, Lord, forgive me." She was sent to the Asylum for the Insane at South Boston. She has not been an intemperate woman.

THE NATURALIST.

From the London Metropolitan.

SNAKES AND SNAKE CHARMERS.

It is only on visiting, and residing for a time in India that one can become thoroughly sensible of the immense benefit conferred by St. Patrick upon Ireland, when he preached his famous

"sarin
That gave the frogs and toads a twist,
And banished all the varmin."

among which we may reasonably include *snakes* of all kinds and degrees. To new-comers in Hindostan, and particularly to those of nervous temperament, these creatures constitute a source of perpetual alarm.—Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in a morning, after a feverish night perhaps; languidly you reach for your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes, and on turning it upside down, and giving it a shake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe (as they are called, probably from their domestic propensities,) wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you should be musically inclined: you take your flute from its resting place, and proceed to screw it together, but find, on making an attempt to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there sought and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your endeavor to give it breath with your mouth makes Mr. Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably cold, and, ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.

Such incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who had been long resident in it, might only smile at the new-comer's uneasiness, and tell him that these little intruders are perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact, it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable under their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known that all these creatures are not innocuous. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had possibly been indulging too freely over night; at least, when he arose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most volitionally, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the east. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough as he thought, to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when, to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and spectacled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturbers nose. "Oh, murder!" cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a full hundred yards from the spot. Hero he told his story in safety, and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of firearms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was

sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honorable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house-furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seemed to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jock, and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Jock's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help! Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bed-clothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavored to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement. Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bed-fellow, which he at once felt to be one of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and, lastly, over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl backwards and forwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer, whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his round, he perceived a crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as one of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter. "When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he. "About nine o'clock last night," was Jock's reply. "Why didn't you call the guard?" asked the officer. "I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't, so I just lay still." "But you might have been bit: did you know that you would have died instantly?" "I kent that very weel," said Jock, but they say that snakes winna meddle with you, if you dinna meddle with them; so I just let it crawl as it liked." "Well my lad, I believe you did what was best after all, but

it was what no one man in a thousand could have done." When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose him to the chance of passing another night with such a bed-fellow.

It has been frequently asserted that the most tremendous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, does not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time. This statement is to be taken with some reservation. When our Anglo-Indian army were called to the field a few years ago, to teach a lesson to an obstinate native potentate, two of our soldiers left a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to indulge in a bathe. They had a portion of jungle to cross, and, in doing so, the foot of one of them slipped into a sort of hole. This proved to be an old elephant-trap; this is to say, a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see whither his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight, which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm, would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot, he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up, and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with firearms. The creature was still there, and, indeed, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan-shot, both used at once, brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin, for holding the regimental colors, and would have been large enough for the purpose. But it was entrusted to unskilful hands, and got withered and wasted in the preparation.

The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at a call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in ridding private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. One of these serpent-charmers will assert to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and partly from motives of fear, and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward, if he succeeds in showing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India, is that the snakes and their charmer are old friends, that he hid them there, and of course, new where to find them; and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shake by the circumstances which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district, chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra, of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth. This, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening he returned to his dwelling considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit

valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man," he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra: "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse!

I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the envenomed bite which had killed him. No, he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, for which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men in the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course, the poor serpent charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow as, has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras.

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

From the London Metropolitan.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

"Sans un petit brise d'amour
On s'ennuie même à la cour."

The approach to the ancient city of Grand Cairo is enchanting; contrasted with the barren sands of Alexandria, it appears a terrestrial paradise, and the eye of the traveller rests with delight on the broad majestic hills, its verdant fields, and their groves of graceful palms and sycamores.

The city itself is a most miserable place, and although containing a population of three hundred thousand souls, does not possess a single street that in Europe would be deemed worthy of that appellation. Most of the public buildings, and even some mosques of great magnificence are situated in mere lanes, while the dirt and rubbish with which they are encumbered render walking almost impossible. What most surprises the European at Cairo is the singular contrasts it ever moment presents to his view, and the opposition in the manners, costumes, garb, and complexion of the inhabitants to every thing similar in his own country.

The pasha resides in the citadel. The new palace that he has constructed is unquestionably the most splendid in the Turkish empire; its internal decorations combine the magnificence of the East with the classical taste of the West—the talents of some of the first artists from both quarters having been employed in its establishments.

The only objects worth seeing in the vicinity of Cairo, though very different in their nature, are—1st. The ancient sepulchres of the caliphs, which by good judges are considered as the purest specimens of Saracenic architecture; their elegant domes peering above the groves of cypresses, and glittering in the sun, produce a magical effect. 2nd. The shabara, the favorite palace of Mohammed Ali, about three miles from Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. The palace itself is small, but the gardens are vast and magnificent. In the middle of an orange grove is a kiosque, one of the most elegant and fantastic creations that, even in the East, the eye can light on. Ascending by a magnificent flight of marble steps, you enter a beautiful portico; when this portico is past, a beautiful quadrangular colonnade of white marble is discovered, surrounding a piece of water, upon which there are two or three barges, gilded in the most costly manner, and attached by silken cables to the columns. A highly ornamented balustrade surrounds the whole, from which several flights of steps lead down to the water, guarded by statues of crocodiles, of colossal dimensions. Off this colonnade are several splendid apartments, the entrance

to which is concealed by purple curtains of silk and gold, that beautifully contrast with the dazzling whiteness of the marble columns.

It is here that the pasha comes to repose from the toils of the divan, and to recreate among his women. Happy the Circassians who are admitted to the kiosque—it is considered as the highest mark of favor that their haughty master can show them. The pasha takes great delight in rowing them about the piece of water, and, on reaching the middle he upsets the bark, lightly clad in a calico caftan and a juba. He has no difficulty in reaching the colonnade by swimming, where he throws himself on a heap of luxurious cushions spread for his reception, and contemplates the scene with an air of mock gravity, while the black eunuchs are seen precipitating themselves from the balustrade into the water, to rescue the half-drowned Odaliskoe.

How strictly in character with Turkish barbarity is this cruel diversion of the pasha's! Mohammed's virtues, it would appear, are, after all, but merely superficial, for if we only penetrate their polished exterior, we discover a core of unenlightened barbarism. Like all his countrymen, he looks upon the loveliest part of the creation as the mere instruments of his brutal pleasures, as inferior beings in the scale of creation, brought into this world to please him by their beauty, and to gratify his caprice.

What a fine subject for a picture in the hands of a skilful painter the above scene would make! The splendid kiosque with its marble colonnade, the black forms of the eunuchs skimming the glassy surface of the wave, to rescue the terrified Circassians, who in their fright, expose those charms which modesty seeks to conceal; while the haughty pasha is seen on his luxurious couch, feasting his eyes on their half-naked charms, and their cries.

The court of Egypt fully realizes the vivid descriptions of oriental grandeur and magnificence that we read of in the eastern tales, and carries back the mind of the spectator to the days of Haroun Alrachid. The Nubian guard, mounted on beautiful white Arabian horses—their splendid dress of scarlet and gold—and their jet black and glossy skins; the functionaries and pages in their rich costumes; the pipe bearers, with the gilded appurtenances of their office, present an ensemble of oriental and picture-que that dazzles the imagination. Mohammed Ali is both costly and magnificent in his habits; he is fond of fine and richly caparisoned horses, and of lofty dromedaries, and he spares no expense to gratify his favourite taste.

The court is never so brilliant as during the feast of the Beiram, when the pasha retires to the shabara, and shuts himself up among his favorite women. At this time, the apartments, are brilliantly illuminated, the colonnade filled with the pasha's officers, some reclining, smoking on the rich divans, others conversing and examining their costly arms. At night, when the moon rises, silencing with her rays the glassy surface of the placid water in the centre, you may behold groups of young Turks, in their blood-red shawls, casting an envious and voluptuous eye on the element still warm from the charms of the beautiful Circassians; while the breeze from the Nile wafts the sweetest perfumes, and the air resounds with the delicious strains of Mozart and Rossini, played by the military bands of the pasha. The effect of such a scene is more in character with the legends of fairy land and romance than with the sober realities of the nineteenth century.

To obtain a clear view of contemporary history is always difficult, but the future historian will unquestionably rank Mohammed Ali as one of the most extraordinary men of his age. He has shown, that in the hand of a skilful politician the most different means may be applied to the same ends. In Egypt, a studied aggregation of every abuse that can tend to desolate and oppress, to break the spirit of a nation, to damp its industry, had for centuries been in full operation. The difficulties he has had to overcome were immense, and his labors have evinced the power of a single mind in overcoming obstacles when inflexibly applied to the pursuit of a single object.

When we were at Cairo, pioneers were at work constructing a carriage road between that city and Alexandria, and since our return to England, we understand that a diligence, on the plan of the American

stage coaches, has already been sent out, for the purpose of running between the two cities. But the most important feature in the history of Mohammed's career is the labors of two English engineers, who, by boring have discovered water in several places of the desert. The absence of this element in those immense regions has been the greatest barrier to the civilization of Africa, and directly proves how correct were the conjectures of many learned antiquarians, that the ancients were acquainted with the art of procuring this necessary element. Indeed it would be difficult to account otherwise for the immense and magnificent ruins that strike the eye of the traveller, in various parts where, at the present day no water exists.

The person of Mohammed Ali is imposing—a dark piercing eye, a clear marble oriental complexion, a long white beard that imparts a patriarchal air to his whole exterior, and a benignant smile. The spectator, while gazing on him, can scarcely imagine that he is looking on a man, who conceals the most profound dissimulation under the guise of frankness, possesses steadiness to pursue his ends, flexibility to vary his means, and the art of coloring his own ambition with the most specious pretences of justice and public utility. But it must be recollected that Mohammed is a Turk, and we ought to measure him by the standard of his own country, ere we too hastily form an erroneous estimate of his character.

THE GATHERER.

Resisting Temptation.—Three Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay became converted to the temperance cause, although previously given to "put the enemy in their mouths that stole away their brains." Three white men formed the charitable resolution of trying their sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red man. The first one recognized his old acquaintance, and with an "ugh!" and making a high step, he passed on. The second laughed, saying "me know you!" and walked round. The last one drew his tomahawk, and dashing it to pieces, exclaimed, "ugh! you conquer me—now I conquer you."

Illuminating Apparatus.—For the purpose of rendering distant stations discernable by during the trigonometrical survey, Lieut Drummond has constructed an instrument in which a globe of quick lime is exposed to the flames of alcohol urged by oxygen gas in the focus of a parabolic reflector. The lime under this treatment, when the experiment is made in the most perfect manner, emits a light eighty three times as intense as that given out by the brightest part of the flame of an Argand lamp; and this, concentrated and reflected by the mirror, has enabled the officers employed in that survey to connect very distant stations in the night time, in the most satisfactory manner.—*Eng. Paper.*

THE TELESCOPE.—The son of a spectacle-maker of Middleburgh in Holland, happening to amuse himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and thumb, and varying their distance, perceived the weathercock of the church spire opposite to him much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down. This new wonder excited the amazement of the father; he adjusted two glasses on a board, rendering them moveable at pleasure; and thus formed the first rude imitation of a perspective glass, by which distant objects are brought to view. Galileo, a philosopher of Tuscany, hearing of the invention, set his mind to work in order to bring it to perfection. We can now view the magnificent system of the planet Saturn, by means of this instrument as distinctly as if we had performed a journey eight hundred millions of miles in the direction of that globe which at the rate of 50 miles an hour, would require a period of more than 1300 years to accomplish.—*Dick's Ch. Phil.*

New Lock.—A Mr. Williams, of Bristol England, has invented a lock without a keyhole. The means by which it is opened can be made in any variety of form—as a ring, a seal, a pencil case, or attached to a case whip or watch-key, or seal. The lock itself can be applied at a much lower price than any other English patent lock, and its advantages are that it is impervious to dust or wet, and cannot be picked.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR. (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE GRAND CHAPTER of the State of New-York, will convene at St. John's Hall, in this city, on the first Tuesday of February next.

JOHN O. COLE, *Grand Sec'y.*

Jan. 16, 5841.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—We have on sundry occasions expressed our views upon this subject, and we hope not altogether without avail. It is in our legislature at present a topic of great interest, and there appears so strong a bias in favor of its abolition, that we feel we should not be doing justice to ourselves or our readers by withholding our opposition to such a measure. We are satisfied that it is not rightly appreciated by the people, who are too apt to leave the entire consideration of laws to their representatives.—Was it properly understood, they would pause long before they sanctioned a measure which is so materially to affect the vast interest of community. Therefore we say, agitate the question. If it shall then be found just, let capital punishment be struck from our statute books.

We have felt ourselves called upon particularly at this time from the introduction of resolutions in the house of Assembly praying for delay in the execution of two persons now under condemnation until this matter should be settled upon. These resolutions were the production of Mr. O'Sullivan, well known as one of the editors of the Democratic Review and at present a member of the lower house. However much ability the gentleman may have displayed on other occasions, on this, his heart has got so far the mastery of his head, we think as to give a considerable evidence that his views are not always to be relied upon. It is time that gentlemen like himself began to reflect upon the results there course is calculated to produce. They should remember the case of the king, who, in the abundance of his sympathy, had pardoned a man for murder at eight different times; but while signing his death-warrant for the committal of the ninth, was asked by one of his subjects whether he, the king, or the condemned, had been the cause of the destruction of the last eight lives. Of course his majesty was *non plussed*. So we think will be Mr. O'Sullivan and others when they look upon the amount of crime they are striving so to sanction. Take off the restraint, and the next instant outrage rises superior to justice.

The fallacy of substituting imprisonment for death, has been so repeatedly shown that it is wonderful that men of character and power can still be found countenancing its doctrines. Even Tuscany, possessing the mildest government, and the purest peasantry, has found indispensable the restoration of her capital punishment laws. In Louisiana, the only one of our states which has abrogated this necessary restraint, capital crime has increased, allowing for the increase of population, from fifty to seventy five per cent.—There is but little doubt that that State, like Tuscany,

will have to return to those laws, which although severe, are the only preventive of murder. Some cry that they are "relics of a barbarous age." Because it originated in a barbarous time must it necessarily be corrupt. Experience does not say so. Others, with a less show of honesty, say their object is to inflict severer penalty, and speciously institute a comparison between the continual horrors of perpetual imprisonment, and those cut short by immediate death. This is well enough in talk, but what is it in practice? Suppose a man contemplating murder, would he sooner be arrested from the committal of the diabolical act, by thoughts of imprisonment or death. One brings with it the terrific dread of being sent unprepared to meet the offended majesty of heaven, while the other is full of hope, that he may have such time given for repentance as will wash away the guilt.

We are no greater lovers of this sad punishment than Mr. O'Sullivan and others—we look upon its infliction with eyes quite as full of tears—we approve of it only from a firm conviction of its necessity.

HILLHOUSE THE POET.—The death of this gentleman, is an irreparable loss to American literature.—Both in this country and Europe his productions have been esteemed as possessing the double merit of being sound in principle, at the same time full of poetic energy. His mind was of too pure a character to pursue a popular course; this accounts for his works not having been as extensively read as those of many of our less powerful authors. Those, however, who have taken pleasure in reflecting upon what they have read, justly place him among the first writers of the age.—The design as well as the glowing imagery of "Haddad" and "Percy's Mosque," have in our language scarcely been surpassed. When our literature shall have become so complete, as to warrant collecting and arranging in a durable form, we shall then see the dramas of Mr. Hillhouse placed, as they deserve to be, in the very front rank. He died the present month at his residence N. Haven, Ct. Commencing the year with the death of such an individual, brings with it a feeling of sadness which we hope not often to experience.

A correspondent, writing from Liberty, Missouri, says:—"We had a procession on the anniversary of St. John, and including visiting brethren, our number exceeded 80, and all the right-kind of brethren. This effort, considering we are bordering on the confines of civilization, may be taken as something of an evidence, that the good spirit has not ceased to exist, at least in our own section of country."

The brethren of Borodino, Onondaga co. are about holding a meeting to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning the Grand Lodge of this State, for a Charter to commence labor at that place.

JACOB TEN BROECK VAN VECHTEN, Esq. for several years the Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, of this State, died in this city, on Tuesday last, after a distressing and protracted illness of nearly three years.

The incipient steps have been taken to form a new Lodge in this city, by the name of Washington Lodge, No. —. Geo. S. Gibbons, W. M. John Owens, S. W. and James Steward, J. W. A dispensation to commence labor, will we understand, be immediately applied for. The new Lodge, will embrace a portion of Mount Vernon Lodge, together with several brethren, at present not members with any Masonic body.

Mr. Whale's Grand Fancy Ball, comes off on Wednesday evening next, at Stanwix Hall. If we are to take the programme, as published, as any evidence, it will be a splendid affair.

New German Dictionary.—The learned lexicographers, the brothers Grimms, have been induced by the King of Prussia to settle at Berlin, in order to undertake a dictionary of the German language.

MR. HOFFMAN.—I am pleased to discover symptoms of life among the literary gentlemen of Albany. The absorbing incidents and topics of the late political campaign, seemed to have at least suspended animation, in those from whom we might have expected contributions for the gratification and improvement of the friends of science and literature; but the last numbers of the Register justify the expectation that a new impulse has been given to some of our writers, who evince the power and disposition to give us something better suited to our taste than dry and unprofitable political discussions. The combination of the "7" to amuse and instruct us, is a favorable indication; and I hope they will follow up their well begun labors, and thus give increased value and interest to the Register, as well as exercise to their fertile pens. While they hold up to view in their true colors the disgusting displays of the inflated egotist, and point us to the unpretending modesty of the meritorious author, while they deal "equal and exact justice" to all, and give us the labors of taste, talent and genius, the public will appreciate their efforts, and award to them their approbation. Let them go on, and so long as they pursue their course they appear to have marked out for themselves, you may well be proud of their acquaintance, and value as others do their contributions for your paper.

W.

Intelligence.

The following, from the Boston Herald, is a pretty fair specimen of what we are coming to. If we prove McLeod guilty, we will not only hang him like a dog—but our "dam'd countrymen" will make crow's meat of any man who takes his part.

IMPORTANT FROM THE FRONTIER.—We learn from a gentleman who arrived in this city last evening at 12 o'clock, in whose veracity we think we may depend, that another most cowardly attack has been committed on the Disputed Territory, upon three American gentlemen by some fellows calling themselves 'mounted patrols.' It seems that the gentlemen above named viz.—Thomas F. Templeton, George Cady and John H. Kenwick, were proceeding from Bangor to Canada, and on their arrival near Madawasca, a party of armed British soldiers met them. Mr. Cady inquired of one of the soldiers, the most direct road to take. He gave him the necessary information, when four others came up and asked Mr. Cady some impertinent questions as to the object of his journey; Mr. C. replied very properly and proceeded to turn the horses into the road, when one of the squad stepped in front of the carriage and asked what the feelings of the people were in relation to the burning of the Caroline. Mr. Templeton said they were very naturally indignant at such a distasteful act, and that every true American warmly expressed a hope that McLeod, the leader of the offenders, should suffer the severest punishment of the laws of the country. "If McLeod burnt that old hulk," replied the soldier, "he deserves our thanks, and if a hair of his head is injured, you and your damned countrymen will be made to repent in dust and ashes." The gentleman made no other reply to this insolent remark than to request the leaders to allow them a free and unmolested passage.—But four or five of the cowards seized the reins, and charged the gentlemen as "spies," and refused to let them pass unless they subjected themselves to a search. The gentlemen remonstrated upon this unparalleled proceeding, and as they were unarmed, not having even a cane to protect themselves with, they were unable to offer any resistance. One of the ruffians then seized Mr. Cady by his throat and attempted to pull him from the carriage, the other two gentlemen threw the soldier from the carriage who fell prostrate in the

street. The whole party then came up and made a dreadful attack upon the gentlemen, during which Mr. Cady was knocked down with the butt of a musket, and Mr. Templeton received a severe wound in the shoulder with a bayonet; Mr. Kenwick attempted to escape by running, but one of the party fired upon him, and he received a ball in his right thigh—he fell to the ground from the wound. At this stage of the crisis one of the officers came up, and checked further hostilities. He immediately procured assistance, and had the wounded gentleman conveyed to the camp and medical aid immediately procured for him. After which they were by their request taken to the town from which they last came, where a deposition was drawn up and the facts above recorded sworn to.

Mr. BACKUS, the Deaf and Dumb Printer, whose life was consumed by the conflagration at Canajoharie, has just returned from a visit to New York, Hartford, Norwich, Boston, &c., with the means of resuming his business, and making his houseless family comfortable and happy. Never did benevolence dispense its blessing more worthily or with a more liberal hand.—He desires us to tender, for himself and his wife, their mute but heartfelt thanks for the generous sympathy which has so abundantly relieved them.

Mr. BACKUS hopes to get out the first number of the "MONTGOMERY PHOENIX," which is to rise from the ashes of the RADII, by the middle of February.—In that paper he will make particular and appropriate acknowledgments of the kindness and generosity of his fellow-citizens.—*Journal.*

Late and important from Texas.—The last running steamship Neptune, Capt. Rollins, arrived yesterday from Galveston, bringing dates from that city to the 31 inst.

The news from the frontier, if true, is highly important. A letter had been received at Austin from San Antonio which declares positively that it is the intention of the Mexican Government to invade Texas. According to the letter the loan of \$3,000,000 lately obtained by Mexico is to be expended as follows: \$2,000,000 towards purchasing and arming two steamships to act against the Texian navy; the balance to be applied in carrying on operations by land: Gen Arista to have the command of the invaders. His first object is to take possession of Galia and San Antonio, and then propositions will be made to the Texian Government of course the latter will not accept.—*New Or. Pic.*

Shocking Accident.—A man named Henry Cramer was killed instantly yesterday forenoon at the mills of Mr. John H. Catkamier, in this village. He was engaged in oiling the machinery near the large cog wheel when his coat was caught in the cogs of a small wheel and he was drawn in, the cogs passing downward across his body from shoulder to hip, forcing out his heart, liver and entrails—and mangling his person dreadfully. The small cast iron wheel was broken by its action upon his body. He was a German by birth, and has been in this country about 2 years, during which time he has lived with Mr. C. His age was 35 years and he was a steady, industrious man. He has left no family, nor has he any relative in this country.—*Poughkeepsie Tel.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN DEAD.—It is stated that Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, died on the 29th of September last. A junta of five members of the legislature have succeeded him in the government. Francia caused himself to be declared Dictator in 1814, and his management of the affairs of the government over which he presided, was marked with wisdom to the day of his death. He was truly and extraordinary and worthy TYRANT—for tyrant he was in the most extreme sense of the word.—*N. Y. Standard.*

WAR.—The Montreal Transcript spits fire after the following fashion:

"The government of England will protect McLeod from *infamie* and a thousand American lives will be sacrificed for every hair of his head, if harm befall him."

Keep easy man, for if McLeod is guilty, he must suffer, and "no talk back" about it either.—*Atlas.*

A deaf and dumb man of Lopurville, who has been educated at one of our northern asylums, having satisfied himself, on some reading on the subject, that his infirmity might be remedied, recently punctured the drum of his ear with an instrument of his own, and restored the lost sense. The most remarkable feature in the case is that, from not being able to articulate a sound at the time of the operation, he acquired the use of the language in a few hours, and in four days was capable of taking part in a sustained conversation.

Melancholy Event.—On Monday evening last Mr. James Smith, of Mountjoy township, met with his death in a sudden and unexpected manner. We understand he went to descend into the cellar, and the steps having been removed contrary to his knowledge, he was precipitated to the bottom, and died instantly, supposed from a dislocation of the neck.—*Geltyburg Sen.*

Fishing Bounty.—Between Thursday the 31st, and Wednesday, the 6th inst., \$61,000, were paid by the Collector of the Port of Barnstable, to the owners and crews of 260 cod fishing vessels.—*New Bedford Reg.*

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, Jacob T. B. Van Vechten Judge Advocate General of this state, aged 40 years.

At Rensselaerville, Albany co., Hon. Apollus Moore, 76. Judge M. was one of the earliest settlers in this town.

On the 19th inst. Eliza Yates, daughter of Theodore Olcott, aged 4 years.

On Tuesday, at the residence of his son, William Bennen, 75 years.

At Coeymans, Rachel, wife of Christopher S. Vincent, aged 26.

In Rensselaerville, on the 17th inst., Robert, only son of the late Asa Colvard, aged 39 years.

At Waterford, Dr. Elisha Porter. In Hudson, Theodore B. Tallmadge, 28. In Rahway, N. J. Sarah, wife of Thos. A. Green, 38. In Dracut, Mass. Hon. Benj. F. Varnum, 45. At Detroit, Nicholas Wales, printer, 30. At Auburn, Capt. Jared Gardner, 72. At Berlin, Conn. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Bishop, 70. In Gaines, Orleans, David Swan, 49.—At Havana, John M. Whidden, formerly of Mobile, 40.

In New York, Peter Martin, 62. Sarah, wife of J. J. Merian, 27. Henry Shaw, 32.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Jan. 23.

Triumphant success of the Drama of EL HYDER—received on its first representation with shouts of applause, by a crowded and delighted audience.

Mr. Jackson, as El Hyder.

Mr. J. H. Hall, as Hamet.

Mr. Whittaker, as Mat Mizem.

Mr. Plumer, as Ichander.

Mrs. D. S. Anderson, as Zada.

Mrs. M. Anderson, as Harry Clifton.

With a variety of Horsemanship by Messrs. Whitaker, Madigan and Shindle: Songs by Mrs. Hood, Mr. Plumer, the elegant vocalist, and Mr. Dickinson the comic vocalist.

In preparation, and will be speedily produced, the drama of TEKELI, or the siege of Montgatz.

For particulars, see small bills.

Doors open at 6, performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

N. B. No ladies admitted, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

Equestrian manager, Mr. Needham: stage manager Mr. Jackson; clowns Messrs. May and Knapp.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840.—Contains—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and America: Navies; Mrs. Bodington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bingley; Winthrop; Pultney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS. EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Ten ple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollon Lodge,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollon Chapter,	Troy	3d Monday.
Apollo Encampment,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Evening Star Lodge,	Lansburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Phocuz Lodge,	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Olive Branch	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Genesee Encampment,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Onida Chapter, 67,	"	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st Saturday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tryan Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

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COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 4, of the Revised Statute. Thereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to \$2 75. dec 16-11

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Shak-peare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

POETRY.

MASONIC SONG.

When a Lodge of Free-Masons are cloath'd in their Aprons,

In Order to make a new Brother ; [Stands,
With firm Hearts and clean Hands, they repair to their
And justly support one another.

Trusty brother take care, of Eave-droppers beware,
'Tis a just and solemn occasion ;
Give the word and the blow, that workmen may know
There's one asks to be made a Free Mason.

The Master stands due, and his Officers too,
While the Craftsmen are plying their stations ;
The Apprentices stand right for the command
Of a Free and Accepted Mason.

Now traverse your Ground, as in duty you're bound,
And rever the authentic oration,
That leads to the way, and proves the first Ray
Of the Light of an Accepted Mason.

Here's Words, and here's Signs, and here's Problems
and Lines,

And here's room too, for deep speculation ;
Here Virtue and Truth are taught to the youth,
When first he called up to a Mason.

Hieroglyphics shine bright, and here light reverts light,
On the Rules and the Tools of vocation ;
We work and we sing the Craft and the King,
'Tis both duty and choice to a Mason.

What is said or is done, is here truly laid down,
In this Form of our high installation ;
Yet I challenge all men to know what I mean,
Unless he's an Accepted Mason.

The ladies claim Right to come into our Light,
Since the Apron they say, is their Bearing ;
Can they subject their will ? Can they keep their
Tongues still ?

And let talking be changed into hearing.

This difficult task is the least we can ask,
To secure us on sundry occasion ;
When with this they comply, our utmost we'll try
To raise Lodges for lady Free-masons.

Till this can be done, must each Brother be mum,
Tho' the fair one should wheedle or tease on ;
Be just, true and kind, but still bear in mind,
At all times that you are a Free-mason.

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze---
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And Joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways ;
Come, while sweet thoughts like summer buds unfold-
ing,

Waken rich feelings in the careless breast---
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come---and secure interminable rest !

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown---
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone.
Those who now love thee, will have passed forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee---
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy Spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be !

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die---
Ere the gay spell which Earth is round thee throwing
Fade like the crimson from a sunset sky !
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given
Which lights up Sorrow with a fadeless ray---
Come---touch the sceptre---win a hope in Heaven---
Come---turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
And shining brightly in the forward distance,

Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal !
Home of the weary ! where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss---
While o'er their dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not---early---choose a lot like this !

RICHES, PLEASURE AND GLORY.

O haste not to the gilded shrine,
Where Fortune throws her favors round !
Let nobler views thy soul incline
To turn where higher honors shine,
And truer wealth is found.

O seek not for the rosy bower,
Where Pleasure fills the sparkling bowl !
O yield not to her witching power---
For when she gives her richest dower,
She chains the captive soul.

And think not yonder brilliant scene,
Illumed by Hope, all meant for thee,
The darkest clouds will intervene,
And grief appear where joy has been,
And frowning Misery.

Tempt not the wild and steep ascent,
Where proud Ambition waves her plume,
There Guilt may scowl or Care torment,
Repentance raise the vain lament,
And Malice seal thy doom.

O do not think that Glory's crest,
Though bright it shines, brings nought of care !
Bliss never builds its halcyon nest
On wild ambition's stormy breast,
Nor sheds its radiance there.

Then what is all that mortals deem
Enchanting, lovely, bright, or dear ?
Life's gayest space is Fancy's dream---
Its brightest glance a fading beam,
Dissolving in a tear.

All things on earth must change or die :
That beautiful but drooping flower ;
In beauty's fairest, freshest dye,
When morning opened met the eye,
But faded in an hour.

Still cruel Disappointment tries
To stab young hope when up she springs ;
Or if, indeed, too high she flies,
She bids her blackest clouds arise,
And round her tempest flings.

O Life is but a winter scene !---
A thorny, wild, and toilsome way.
With some sweet spots of cheering green,
Or sunny hours that intervene,
To break the clouds away.

But never were the trifles here
Designed to satisfy the mind.
The spirit, in its high career,
Is fashioned for a nobler sphere,
And will not be confined.

THE IMPRISONED.

He started from his sleep. The chain
Clanked on his stir-ling limb,
The fatal truth came back again,
Like an ectoed curse to him.
Chained and alone---his proud heart rose,
Like a tided river then :
And his curse went forth as the Samiel goes,
To the doomed abodes of men.

Ye've bound your gyves upon the hand,
And fettered down the form,
And trampled on the free-man's land,
With his father's blood yet warm.
Ye've bound me where the sun is not,
Where the star-light never falls,
But ye humble not the kingly thought
That mocks your guarded walls,

The soul, the godlike soul is free,
Its glory is not dim,
It gathers sterner energy
From every tortured limb.

Dream ye that feelings nursed as mine
Are touched by human ill ?
The form beneath its chains may pine,
The soul is mighty still.

And heavier ye may bind the chain---
My spirit shall not quail ;
Though madness revel on my brain
The heart shall never fail.
Ye cannot crush---for it the deep,
And burning sense of wrong,
Through every weary hour, shall keep
Its thirst of vengeance strong.

That sleepless vengeance ! it will come---
A whirlwind upon earth.
The dungeon stone---the very tomb
Shall send its summons forth.
The injured spirit sleepeth not,---
It may not be confined---
The tyrant's hand hath never wrought
A fetter for the mind !

MIND.

BY WM. LEGGETT.

Let others praise the hue
That mantles on thy face,
Thine eyes of heavenly blue,
And mein of fruitless grace ;
These charms I freely own,
But still a higher find ;
'Twill last when beauty's flown---
Thy matchless charm of mind.

The damp of years may quench
The brightness of thine eye ;
Time's icy hand may blanch
Thy cheek's vermillion dye ;
Thy form may lose its grace ;
Thy voice its sweet control ;
But naught can e'er efface
The beauties of thy soul.

What's beauty but a flower
That blooms in summer's ray ;
When pours the wintry shower,
Its charms will fade away :
The mind's a rich perfume
That winter can not chill ;
The flower may lose its bloom,
But fragrance lingers still.

Stars gem the vault of heaven
When day's last hues decline ;
As darker grows the even,
With brighter ray they shine :
Thus, in the night of years ;
When youth's gay light is o'er,
More bright the soul appears,
Than ere it shone before.

The leaves when autumn blusters,
Forsake the tree and die,
But failing, show rich clusters
Of fruitage to the eye :
Thus time, in flying, snatches
Thy beauty, but displays
One charm that all o'ermatches---
A soul that ne'er decays.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 22.]

MASONIC.

From the Missouri Western Star.]

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

The anniversary of St. John, falling on Sabbath the Liberty Masonic Lodge, held the usual celebration on Monday the 28th. A number of affiliated members were in attendance from the adjoining counties, swelling the procession to about eighty persons. The day being fine, a large concourse of citizens from the country witnessed the pageant. The spectacle was new to many—being the first of the kind on so large a scale in upper Missouri.

Of the services at the church we are unable to speak not having been able to force an entrance beyond the door. With our characteristic modesty we held back till the house was crowded to overflowing, and then had to turn away disappointed. From a passing glance obtained through a window the display of beauty and fashion must have been highly imposing, and our eyes did sparkle to obtain a nearer view. Our readers will therefore suppose what they please of gay dresses, and dimpled cheeks, and lustrous eyes, and coral lips wreathed in smiles,—we cannot help them.

The addresses by the Rev. Messrs. Rennick and Hogan are spoken of in the highest terms, being eminently appropriate, and producing a feeling of deep solemnity throughout the assembly.

The dinner prepared by Mr. Huggins was superb. The table fairly groaned with eatables. We are sure at the time we did not think we operated on the viands and delicacies, more than was fairly our duty, and would be complimentary to our host, but an intolerable headache for the last three days, tells a different tale.

The sociability and genuine good feeling evinced, spoke volumes in favor of the Institution, and has left an impression upon our memory never to be erased. The proceedings throughout were conducted, with great order and decorum, and went off with an eclat, highly flattering to all concerned. In a word we anticipate the happiest results from the celebration, softening down asperities, and promoting the kindly and better feelings of our nature—while our hopes are accelerated that ere long the great principles of peace, charity and good-will, shall obtain an abiding place in every heart, binding the family of man in one vast brotherhood.

ADDRESS

Delivered before Aurora Lodge, No. 48, at Portsmouth, Ohio, December 27, A. L. 5839.

BY G. S. E. HEMPSTEAD.

WARDENS AND BRETHREN.

While I, with gratitude and pleasure, acknowledge the numerous instances of your friendship and confidence: permit me again to claim your indulgence, while I direct your attention to a few of those important duties which as members of the craft are enjoined upon you.

As pilgrims from the East you are assembled, as brothers and companions in fellowship and *Brotherly Love*, you are convened to commemorate the social relations which bind you together as Masons.

Time will not permit us to go into an extensive exposition of the history of our order. It is sufficient for the present to know that its origin is so remote, that there is no clue by which we can fix the period when it did not exist. It has survived the reign of barbarism, the rude shocks of Gothic violence, the convulsion of exterminating war, and the savage fury of bigotry and persecution. It has withstood the thunders of the Vatican, the proscriptions of imperial despotism, the terrors of the Auto da Fe, and the tortures of the Inquisition. Our society has seen the North pour forth

its Barbarian swarms, she has seen myriads from the Baltic, like the overflowing of the mighty deep, quaff the delicious products of Italy. She has beheld the destruction of the arts, and the expiring throes of the gods of Liberty. She has seen consuls and Patricians drag the chains of Gothic bondage, whose triumphant banner waved over the prostrate eagle. She has seen Mahomet arrayed in blood, riding in triumph. She has seen the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth, and yet, my friends, she survives. The angel of desolation has not yet flapped his wings over her, her port or incense still exhales its odors, the cherubim still protect with their wings the altar and the ark, and Aaron's rod still buds and blossoms. Why, it may be asked, has she not shared the fate of societies, systems, cities, nations and empires? I answer, because her vestments are unspotted, her precepts pure, and her pretensions humble. Although her principles are based on the immutable laws of truth, and justice, although she justly claims such high antiquity, and has survived the persecutions of barbarism, the anathemas of the church the denunciations of Popes, the edicts of emperors and kings, and the infuriated malice of political jealousy and intolerance; How is it that any are found so steeled against truth and justice as to entertain prejudices against our order? Why is it that an institution, so humane in its design, so mild and peaceful in its movements, should excite the suspicions, the envy and the censure of mankind? As we are just beginning to emerge from the torpor of that deadly simon of fanaticism, bigotry and political intolerance which has but lately passed over us; it may not be unprofitable to inquire to what these withering attacks upon the craft are to be attributed and what are their effects?—The perpetuity of our institutions; and the history of her persecution is conclusive evidence that her precepts and principles have never raised up a single enemy against her; but the imprudence, inconsistency or negligence of her professed friends and followers have been the cause of all her troubles. Those who have been placed as guards, have been unfaithful, and by falling asleep upon their posts, have permitted unprincipled and base intruders to enter the temple and mar its beauty. To the numerous, incautious and unworthy admissions of our brethren of a sister State, may be traced the troubles and persecutions; which for the last twelve years have vexed the brotherhood; but, fortunately for the craft and the world, these evils work their own cures, and during the persecutions which invariably follow indiscriminate admissions, the craft is purged of its dross, the chaff is sifted from the wheat, and the lodge comes forth like gold seven times tried in the fire to convince the world that although she has enemies even among her own household, yet her precepts and her principles will sustain her as long as time shall last. Masons have frequently failed, and come far short of their duty; and while humanity remains in its present fallible state, perfection is not to be expected. No, my friends, when the millennial trumpet shall sound, then may societies be formed, whose members will be free from reproach; until then, let us labor and strive to bring ourselves and all with whom we are associated as near to perfection as possible. To do this, we must require a strict compliance with the precepts of the order, from all who are within its walls, and permit none to pass the threshold without the strictest scrutiny. Permit no candidate to alarm this lodge until discretion, candor, and independence shall have passed upon his merits. The mere fact that you know nothing against an individual is not sufficient evidence to justify you in admitting him to the privileges of the order. You should require some positive evidence in his favor before you extend to him the right hand of fellowship. The duties which as Masons we are bound to perform are numerous and important, easy to understand and not difficult to discharge. They are comprised under three

heads: those which we owe to our God, those which we owe to our neighbors, and those which we owe to ourselves. To elucidate them all or even to name them is not our present attention. We will call your attention to a few of them, and leave the rest to be explained and enforced by our lectures and charges.—Every Mason, my brethren, who uses the name of God, in any other manner than with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his creator; is not only guilty of highly unmasonic conduct, and places himself upon a level with the lowest dregs of humanity; laws which as a mason he is most solemnly bound to obey and support; we should either expunge from our lectures and charges this prohibition to use the name of Deity irreverently; or evince by our conduct that we do not regard it with indifference and contempt. We must remember that eye which ornaments the insignia of our order is intended, to impress upon our minds the omniscience of the Almighty; that he is omnipresent, that he will scrutinize our acts and apply with exactness the square to determine with certainty whether the sword of justice shall save or destroy.

Charity is one of the leading virtues and prominent duties of masonry. That charity which pours the oil of joy into the wounds of the faithful, heals the broken hearted, comforts the distressed, supplies the wants of the needy, and receives with open arms the widow and the orphan, those who have lost comfort, their only stay and support. It is the duty of charity to wipe the tear from sorrow's weeping eye, to restore the faded blush of health to the woeful cheek, and give the welcome hand of friendship to the wandering child of poverty and distress.

Do you hear the faint whisper of complaint, the distant wailings of misery and woe, fly with winged speed as the messengers of consolation and relief; let the widowed mourners and fatherless victims of wretchedness and want bless the hour which bestowed on them the franchise of the lodge.

Are there any who have lost their companions, their protectors? Let every brother, who wears the badge of innocence and purity, the mantle of zeal and fidelity, be a solace in the hour of affliction, a companion in adversity, a participator in the cares and perplexities of this nether world. Are there any who need the hand of a kind, indulgent and affectionate father: who are compelled to buffet the rude billows of the world, and contend with the angry and conflicting passions of a careless, unfeeling community: in every one let them find a father and a protector, let not one arm be unstretched that can guard them against the rude and callous blasts of a selfish world. Are there none, my brethren, who need those acts of charity and benevolence? If there are none now, there may be before tomorrow's sun sinks in the west and with his dying beams gilds the horizon, yes, ere aurora ushers in another day, the veil of oblivion may drop from its suspension and shroud beneath her sable mantle the heart of many generous, many a faithful, many a feeling brother. And is it not presumable, among the number who may thus early become tenants of the tomb, there may be some who will be compelled to leave behind the companions of their bosoms, the partners of their cares, the participations of their joys, and the pledges of their love? Many of you can realize what such a separation as this would be, and it is to you I address myself. Placed in this disagreeable situation, then, and then only would those who survive experience the benefits, which flow, pure as the waters of the crystal fountain, from the ordinary and salutary provisions of our order.

Brethren think on these things; let the charitable hand of masonry be extended to cheer the drooping spirit of the disconsolate and the afflicted, for remember, with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again.

Before we leave this subject permit me to mention

[The editor of this paper is not a Mason.]

one species of charity which is attended with many social benefits, and without a good degree of which harmony cannot be long preserved in any lodge. I mean that charity which restrains us from thinking and speaking too unfavorably of each other. Mankind are too prone to indulge in this species of uncharitableness; to ascribe the worst of views and motives to those who differ from them in the common occurrences of life. The organization of the mind and the structure of society will create a variety of opinions, and if these do not disturb public order or endanger public welfare, ought we not to give credit to others for the same purity of views which we are conscious of possessing ourselves. That it is, the tree is known by its fruit: but, brethren, if you be under the influence of personal feeling or are governed by impulse, let me caution you, to judge not lest ye be judged.

He who connects himself with all mankind: I mean when he embraces and practices the golden precepts of the order, he is recognized and known as such, at the Eastern, the Western, the Northern and Southern boundaries of the world. And when thus connected, and that too by the strongest ties which can possibly bind man to man, he ought to imbibe and practice such principles and governing rules as will promote his own interest and at the same time advance the good of the whole. In our ordinary transactions we should ever walk on the level and act on the square. Moral rectitude, correct deportment, a strict adherence to truth, and a proper regard for every thing calculated to advance the interest of mankind; in conjunction with a decent respect for the religious opinions of all will ever have the effect to promote the prospects and welfare of every mason. And, brethren, while discharging the duties which we owe to others, let us not be unmindful of those which we owe to ourselves; ever remembering that in proportion as we respect ourselves and our own rights, in the same proportion shall we have the respect and protection of others.

I have before remarked that by the careless and unguarded introduction of strangers among the workmen, our ancient and honorable institution has been brought into disrepute among the pious and candid. This is a matter in which we are all interested and one which requires our utmost diligence and attention. To obviate the difficulties which must ever result from this source, we have only one rule, which is to mark well the entering in of the house with every going forth of the sanctuary. At the building of King Solomon's temple there were guards placed at the East, South and West entrances, to see that none passed or re-passed except those who were duly qualified. In like manner the officers of this lodge are placed as guards in the moral and Masonic temple to scrutinize carefully the general character of those who present themselves as candidates for the mysteries of our order.

Does any one offer himself who is possessed of a covetous disposition, is he desirous of monopolizing all to himself? mark well the entering in of the house, admit him not, he will have no affection for the general good. Is he often in difficulty with his neighbors, dictatorial and arbitrary in his opinions: always first in his own cause and right in his own eyes; mark well, if he be admitted he will have no respect for the opinions of others and no regard for good order and subordination. Does he spend his time idly, is he intemperate in his habits, neglectful of his family; mark well the entering in of the house—he is not a good husband and he can never be made a good Mason. Is he addicted to lewd company or does he advocate their principles; mark well the entering in of the house: for of such an one, says our first most excellent grand master, "He goeth straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter: as a foal to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strikes through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." Is he cruel, oppressive, overreaching his neighbor; mark well the entering of the house—if he be admitted he will have no attachment for the object; heaven born charity is a stranger to his bosom: the poor and destitute will never find a home under such a roof. Does he often speak reproachfully of his neighbor, trumpeting abroad the faults of others; mark well, a brother's character is not safe on his tongue.

Does he speak lightly of religion and deny the inspiration of the Scriptures? Mark well, the entering

of the house, let every gate be duly guarded; for if you take from our order the authenticity of the Holy Bible; that greater light in Masonry, total darkness must ensue. If the unhallowed foot of the Atheist presumes to step upon our pavement, spurn him from hence, for he can never frame to pronounce the Shibboleth of masonry; and if by his duplicity he should gain admission and should dare to approach the veil of the sacred tabernacle where incense burns to the Lord day and night—let the guards be assembled, drive him from thence, for he is not a true descendant of any of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. The introduction of such characters is calculated to produce confusion among the workmen; they are not fit materials for the masonic edifice; they are neither oblong or square, there is no part of the building to which they can be applied; neither can any of the working tools of the craft be adjusted upon them. If you use the twenty-four inch gauge, there is no division to be found, no part for God, no part for charity; bring the plumb line to them, they neither stand upright before God or man; lay upon them the square of virtue, put the mallet and engraver's chisel into the hands of the most skilful workman and no appearance of friendship, morality, or brotherly love can be found; lay upon them the level and who would be willing to be placed upon a level with them; lead them to the circle of benevolence, present them with the precious jewels, they have no eyes to see them, they will cautiously avoid them; point them to the rounds of Jacob's ladder, they cannot climb, for heaven born charity has no habitation within their bosoms; use the trowel, there is no cement of brotherly love and affection, for they always daub with untempered mortar; such materials have not the mark of the craft upon them, they are unfit for the masonic edifice, and ought to be thrown over among the rubbish.

Let us, Brethren and Companions, this day, while we encircle the altar of virtue, pass an irrevocable decree of exclusion against every vice and impropriety, which has ever intruded itself within the walls of any lodge; let us raise the cautious hand of repulsion against the approach of profligate infidelity, and with salutary discipline terminate the evil use of untempered mortar.

Then, my brethren, and only then may those who occupy the porch of the temple realize the many valuable and important principles of divine truth, which are there inculcated. Impressing these well upon their minds they may advance to the inner chamber, there to obtain rules by which to reduce them to practice; then shall the folding doors of the *sanctum sanctorum* be opened to them, when they will be presented with a rich treasure of theoretical and practical morality, which if their hearts have kept pace with their understanding will convince them of the unlimited power of the Lion of the tribe of Judah. They may now be presented with a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving him who receiveth it; and here will they be convinced that punishment, however slow, will overtake the unfaithful and the negligent; many important religious and moral obligations may be here unfolded to them, and they will, in the language of an ancient companion, be required to "lay aside all malice, and guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings." If they have obtained the confidence of the craft, and are well skilled in the work, they shall be instructed in the art of governing themselves, and those over whom they may be called to preside.

Having attained this eminence, let them be carried back to the completion of the temple; when the capstone was brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace be unto it: the ark safely seated; the most excellent masters prostrate before the Eternal, praising his goodness and mercy; the fire of heaven burning not only upon the altar, but in the hearts of the faithful and true.

Finally, brethren, let them be exalted to the top of Pisgah where the glory and goodness of the most excellent high priest of our salvation, shall be laid open to their views, let their pass word be, "the Lord our righteousness and strength;" place upon their breastplate, faith, hope and charity—faith in God, hope in immortality, charity to all mankind and love to God supremely. Let them be divested of the vices and superfluities of life, and thus put on the mitre and the robe, up on every part of which is engraved in letters of gold, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

THE GATHERER.

FATHER SULLIVAN.

On board the steamboat to Boulogne, an Irish gentleman gave us, on honor, a specimen of a sermon which he declared he heard Father Sullivan, of Baltimore, deliver. Father S., says the narrator, was a worthy stout man, with a red face, who found his parishioners rather slack in paying their Easter dues, and he took the following simple means to quicken their apprehension. Preaching to them about the gathering-time he said,—“My christian hearers and worthy parishioners, we must all die. You must die Tim Hearty, though fat and big you are; and you must die Mistress Hennessy, though you are a likely and decent woman. You must die, Ned Casey, though you have slated your new house; and I must die, though I am a priest of the parish, and have the care of all your souls—the Lord between you and harm—to account for the great and last day. Eh! then, I am thinking, honest men, what account I will be able to give to God Almighty of ye all, from the top to the bottom of the parish. I will have to walk at your head on the day of judgment, carrying all your sins on my back, and standing before Goodness to excuse you from the devil and his angels, who will be roaring and stirring the fire to roast ye—the Lord spare ye from his hands. Eh! then, when I'm at your head, Goodness will ax me, 'What kind of a congregation have ye here, Father S——?' and I will say, 'Pretty like other congregations, my Lord.' Goodness will then ax me, 'How are they off for drunkenness, Father S——?' and I will answer, 'Mighty decent please the Lord.' And so Goodness will go through the ten commandments, and the precepts of the church, and the cardinal virtues, and the seven deadly sins, and may be it is a good character I will be able to give ye, my Christian hearers. But when Goodness axes, 'How were they off, Father Sullivan, for paying their Easter dues?' what answer shall I give to that, ye blackguards? Now mind me, honest men, next Sunday, will be Easter-day, and let me see what an answer I'm to give the Lord.—*London paper.*

"SHE HAS LEFT ME."

There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote related in a London paper, of an artist. He was an American, and had come hither, (he and his young wife) to paint for fame—and a subsistence.—They were strangers in England; they had to fight against prejudice and poverty—but their affection for each other solaced them under every privation every frown of fortune. They could think, at least, "all the way over," the great Atlantic: and their fancy (little cherished here) had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes they had left behind. A gentleman who had not seen them for some length of time, went one day to the artist's painting room, and observing him pale and wan, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered only, "She has left me," and proceeded in a hurried way with his work. She was dead!—and he was left alone to toil, and get money, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, and all his hopes, was cold: and fame itself was but a shadow! And so it is that all we love must wither and die away! 'Tis a true saying, yet a wholesome moral belongs to it. The thread of life is spun; it is twisted finely, and looks as if it would last forever. All colors are there—the gaudy yellow and the sanguine black—dark as death; yet it is cut in twain by the shears of fate, almost before we discern the peril.

BUNYAN AND THE QUAKER.

Bunyan had a native turn for wit and repartee which appears in the following story. Towards the close of his imprisonment, a Quaker called on him, probably hoping to make a convert of the author of the Pilgrim. He thus addressed him, "Friend John I am come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for thee in all the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last."—"If the Lord hath sent thee," returned Bunyan sarcastically, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail these twelve years past."

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORIC COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 5.

MONASTIC EDUCATION.

In an age like the present, when the civilized world, upon one side of the Atlantic, is distinguished for its profound researches, into all the departments of science and letters, and upon the other, for its rapid marches in invention and improvement of almost every description connected with practical life, it becomes a question of moment whether the seclusion from society, suffered by the students of the one, be as beneficial in its general effects upon the world, as the domestic and more natural life enjoyed by the other.—Upon no one point has there hitherto been an opinion so unanimous among the learned of the professions.—All have united to a member, in maintaining that the cells of the cloister, the secluded rooms of a college, and the attic of a distant retreat, were essential to the thorough mental discipline, upon which eminence in subsequent life, so directly depends. Aside from the world, and its cares and vexations, has been supposed to be the only condition, which could gain to the student distinction in any profession. Upon this opinion, all the institutions of learning have been established and conducted. The society of those alone occupied with similar subjects of investigation has been permitted, and that only for purposes of intellectual culture. Such are the schools of Germany and France. In our own country, while relics of the forms of the eastern world are still entailed upon us, there is far less even in our most strictly conducted halls of science, of exclusion from society, than is felt by the German students. The consequences of the different modes of training, as well as educating, are among the records of history. In the land which has given being to a mental philosophy, that excites the admiration, and at the same time the pity of the world, men are found capable of sustaining an amount of intellectual labor almost incredible. Men are there met with, whose researches are only limited by the volumes of their immense libraries; whose aliment is knowledge, and whose lives are an almost ceaseless feast; who can name to you the myriads of beings that crowd around us upon every side, and who can tell of their distinctive habits and peculiarities, with whom the mysteries of science are familiar;—but with all this, men who with scarcely an exception, have so etherialized all the doctrines of common sense and of the scriptures, as to become the fountain of absurdities in the affairs of every day life, and a nation of infidels. Wives are degraded from the rank of companionship with their husbands to the station of servants, and men are alone the representatives of the race. Who ever heard of a Somerville, or a Hemans among the ladies of Germany? Turn to our own country. Three or four years at the farthest is the whole period of life at college, and large proportions of this time are spent at home. Young men become sufficiently acquainted with the great principles of science, during their course at our institutions, to make in after life such men as Washington, Franklin, Fulton, Rittenhouse, Whitney, Rumford, and Bowditch;—men who have contributed more to ameliorate and bless the condition of mankind, than all the students Germany ever knew. They have been permitted to live enough among men, to know that there

is a world around us, which can be made productive of happiness, if it is known, and which if not known, may keep us in constant pain. Among us, women are educated and made fit companions for men. The social affections are cultivated, the intellect is made the instrument of man's nobler nature,—his feelings; the fireside is a scene of joy, smiles gladden the countenances of youth, and the bible is revered. Honors are open to men of industry and genius, and arts are promoted. Invention is encouraged, and every discovery converted upon its announcement to the world, into an engine of good to the community, and to the nation. The reverse of this is in a great measure true of the country which proudly and justly claims to be the sun of literature and science to the world; and if these are among the consequences of the different systems of training, the superiority of our own, becomes sufficiently apparent.

GALLANTRY OF A BLIND MAN.—Bowen, who had the misfortune to lose his sight at an early period of life, in a public lecture which he recently delivered in this city, told to a delighted auditory numerous lively and instructive anecdotes, in which he himself had been the principal actor. From among the number, we have taken the liberty to select the following. He was a guest at an evening party. A Lady present, who from Mr. B's wearing spectacles, was not conscious of his misfortune, took occasion to express her aversion for the blind—they were so helpless! Feeling the remark rather keenly, he determined upon taking a little revenge upon her ladyship. Accordingly he slipped out of the room, and by the aid of a friend, succeeded so well in disguising himself, that on his return he was not recognised. He was now introduced to the company as Mr. W——, a student on a respite from Cambridge, well known to be the son of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic persons in that section of the country. We suppose "money" in this case proved to have "a power and a dominion." To leave the impression that he was able to see, he seized a book, which as good fortune would have it, turned out to be a Mathematical Treatise by Newton; and he soon appeared so intently absorbed in its contents as to have altogether forgotten the presence of company. The lady was not long in manifesting an interest in the young student, by sundry inquiries about his prospects, etc., and fell in raptures about the profound love which he discovered for books. It had grown somewhat late; and she was preparing to return home, he volunteered to act as her escort. From her ready acceptance of his proposal, it seemed exactly to accord with the lady's desires. Their way was through a pleasant rural region. The stars and the scenery around them, were naturally topics of discussion; in all of which Mr. B. appeared to take so amiable an interest, that his companion felt not only assured of his capacity to see, but also to feel. Of course, the journey was short. The beauty of it was that she did not learn until several weeks after, by whom she had been gallanted; when she did, she was constrained to declare that blind persons were not quite so helpless as she supposed. To crown the whole, in a fit of determination to be revenged on herself, she accepted the first proposal of marriage that was made to her, which was by a blind man. Mr. B. in his exceedingly pleasant manner, said he did not know whether he ought to congratulate himself upon not being the happy individual.

POLITICAL PROGRESS.

"Thus we find in the progress of the human race, that the simple authority of the family chief passes through a species of oligarchy into a practical democracy; and ends at no very distant period in the nomination of an hereditary sovereign."

[REV. MICHAEL RUSSELL, L. L. D.]

There are many reasons why the doctrine of "the progress of the human race should be always a popular one, and more why it should be so at the present time. Aside from our vanity, we can now have no idea of living without "going ahead." It matters not that we are dwarfs in body and cowards in soul, that our models are all of antiquity, that we have no poet like Homer, no philosopher like Plato, nor christian like Paul; we must still admit the "progress"—it is treason to doubt it. We must advance if our neighbors have to recede to make it apparent. We must advance, if, as a good old deacon would have it, we "advance backward."

It is convenient under these circumstances that we are not confined to any definite standard. As in the vast space that surrounds our globe, there is strictly no such thing as up or down, and each individual is at liberty to point upwards in this direction or that according to his longitude; so in morals and politics all are right in insisting upon the "progress of the human race," according to their own ideas of progress, and it must be conceded to each one who claims it, that "he is the man" and that wisdom would die with him were he not kind enough to give it to the world in a book.

Thus Mr. Russell has found that the "progress of the human race" is *through* a democracy, and to be perfected in that political system when the Executive, being hereditary if not despotic, may be a woman or a babe, and commonly is an idiot. It may seem strange to some, in the light of Mr. Russell's theory, that almost all of the barbarous nations of the world are monarchies; but it should be remembered that they have existed long enough to arrive at perfection, while we are an infant people, and might doubtless take profitable political lessons from the inhabitants of Congo and Hindostan.

At all events the opinion of one so eminent in the eyes of Colleges and Reviews, and whose histories are our School Books, should be approached with reverence, and if apparently absurd we should attribute it to our ignorance and his unfathomable profundity.

A HINT TO GIRLS.—We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to encase their delicate hands. Ladies by some curious kind of hocus pocus, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits or murdering the king's French may be a good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in very shallow waters. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife.

PHILLIPINAS.—We object to this one sided game—this finding a double almond, sharing it with a lady, and then having to pay a forfeit when next she encounters you. It's worse than robbery—no foot pad ever cried "stand and deliver" with so much nonchalance, as do the girls shout "Phillipina?" If you say it first, the little devils have such funny ways to get rid of prying; sometimes they will give you a kiss—that's something—sometimes they will let you beat them to a ball, or concert, and sometimes they pay up like men—very unwillingly. But the most audacious piece of swindling we ever knew, heard of or conceived of, was perpetrated on us. We *phillipinaed* a girl, just as slick as a whistle; and she acknowledged caught, and promised us an *Annual*. The next day she sent us an *almanac* for 1841!

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE NUPTIALS OF COUNT RIZZARI.

At La Bruca, a romantic village situated between the cities of Syracuse and Catania, stands the baronial residence of the Dukes of La Bruca, a magnificent old edifice, which about fifty years since was the scene of the tragic event I am about to relate. The duke, its proprietor at the time, had an only daughter, of about eighteen years of age, possessed of unusual beauty and accomplishments; these, and the large property to which she was heiress, made her hand eagerly sought after by almost all the young men of family whose birth and fortune could entitle them to the honour of so high an alliance. From amongst these her father would gladly have permitted her to select a suitable companion. But her affections were inalienably engaged by the second son of Count Rizzari, of Catania, an intimate friend of the duke. The favorite lover was about the same age as the young lady, and had, ever since her recollection, been the companion of her childhood. A cadet with little or no fortune, was a match to which, if there had been no other obstacle, the pride of the duke would never have consented; there was, moreover, the further impediment, that the young man was intended for the church, and consequently destined to celibacy. The cause of the lady's aversion to her other suitors was soon evident to both families, who were equally anxious to put a period to inclinations likely, if unchecked, to terminate in the misery of both parties. The count resolved to remove his son from the spot where, enchained by early associations and excited by the continual presence of the beloved object, there seemed but little probability of his overcoming his misplaced passion.

Young Rizzari was accordingly sent to Rome, in order at once to finish his studies, and obtain the advantage of an introduction to individuals of rank and influence in the church. An ecclesiastical life was not Rizzari's natural vocation, and he resolved internally not to embrace it, trusting to chance and time for the birth of some event favorable to his hopes and passion. Indeed, it soon proved so, beyond what his most sanguine expectations had led him to anticipate. His elder brother, who had married subsequently to his departure, died, unexpectedly, without issue, a few months afterwards. Though really attached to his brother, the vast change in his circumstances and prospects prevented his feeling the loss so acutely as would otherwise have been natural. On receiving a summons to attend his afflicted parents, he lost not a moment, as may be imagined, in returning to Sicily. The heirs of families of distinction are never permitted to enter either the military or ecclesiastical professions, and in event of the younger brother's succeeding to the prospect of the paternal inheritance, the vows, if taken, are usually dispensed with by the court of Rome. The young count thus saw in an instant both impediments to his marriage unexpectedly removed. His father, at his solicitation, soon proposed to his friend the duke, the union of the two families in the persons of those respective heirs; an offer which was accepted with pleasure by the duke, and with delight by his daughter.

An early day was appointed for the nuptial ceremony, which the Duke determined should be celebrated at his feudal residence at La Bruca. Invitations were issued to all the nobility of the neighborhood for many miles round. Of such extent were the preparations, that a fête so magnificent as that intended had not been heard of for many years. The whole country was in motion. Congratulations poured in from every quarter, and all seemed interested in the happiness of the young couple. But there was one person, the Cavalier—, [at the request of the friend who favored me with the anecdote, I suppressed his name, that of a noble family at present existing in splendor in Catania,] who did not participate in the joy and satisfaction manifested by others. This individual, who was remarkable for his wealth, his accomplishments, and his handsome person, though still in the flower of life, was of an age which doubled that of the intended bride of the young count. One of her most impassioned admirers, he had during the residence of Rizzari at

Rome, made proposals to her father. His family and wealth sufficiently recommended him to the duke, but having prevented his daughter from choosing the objects of her affections, he resolved at least not to force on her a match disagreeable to herself; and, therefore, whilst he testified his own readiness to accept the offer, referred the cavalieri to his daughter for a final answer. She at once gave him a negative so decided, as to have extinguished hope in any bosom smitten by a passion less consuming and uncontrollable than that of the cavalieri. Undeterred by refusal he continued to press his suit with an importunity, and even violence, which instead of removing difficulties, soon heightened indifference into aversion; yet, calculating on the apparent impossibility of her being united to the object of her early flame, he relied on time and absence for obliterating from her heart the impression made on it by young Rizzari, and assiduously persevered in his unwelcome attentions. Great then was his rage and disappointment at the death of the elder Rizzari; and the arrival, proposal, and acceptance of the younger as a husband of the lady, whom self-love had persuaded him was sooner or later destined to be his own. Tortured at once by all the pangs of an unrequited passion, and by a devouring jealousy, proud and vindictive by nature, even beyond the wont of Sicilians of rank, the favored lover became the object of a hatred too deadly to be depicted by language, and the cavalieri was heard to threaten a vengeance as terrible as were the bad passions which raged with such irresistible sway in his own guilty breast.

Soon after the acceptance of Rizzari, the cavalieri disappeared from Catania; some said he had retired to one of villas in the neighborhood, others that he had gone abroad; in fact no one knew whither he had betaken himself. The happiness of the lovers left them little time to think of the cavalieri and their fancied security did not permit them, for a moment, to fear, or even dream of, the effects of his disappointment or resentment.

The happy day at length came; the marriage was celebrated in the village chapel, which was thronged to excess by rich and poor, noble and peasant. At the very moment when the enraptured bridegroom placed the emblematic circle on the slender finger of his lovely bride, a contemptuous and discordant laugh, so loud, so long, and so strange in its expression, that it resembled rather that of a fiend than that of a human being, was heard far above the hum and murmur of the assemblage in the chapel. Such extraordinary rudeness instantly drew the attention of all present; but to their astonishment, although the ominous peal still continued, it was impossible to ascertain the individual from whom it proceeded. When it at length ceased, the ceremony continued, and the affront, if it was meant for one, was soon forgotten in succession of circumstances of a more agreeable nature.

Every room in the superb old mansion, the bridal chamber excepted was thrown open to the assembled hundreds: neither expense nor labor had been spared, that could in any way add to the luxury and magnificence of the occasion. The tables groaned beneath the innumerable delicacies placed before the noble company, who were entertained in the vast hall of the chateau; and ample supplies gladdened the peasants and dependants of both houses, who were feasted on the lawns and gardens before the palace. The banquet at length ceased. The villa and the grounds were alike splendidly illuminated, and soon after night-fall dancing commenced both within and without the building.

The bride, whose present felicity was so greatly in contrast with her late expectations, was observed to be in remarkably high spirits, making no affectation of concealing the happiness which pervaded her. After the ball had continued for some time, and all satisfaction and pleasure, two persons, masked and dressed in the costume of peasants of the country, entered the principal saloon and instantly began dancing, throwing themselves, with garlands which they held in their hands, into a variety of attitudes: it was observed that they both acquitted themselves surprisingly well, but one, from the contour of figure and lightness of movement, was suspected, though both were dressed in male attire, to be a woman. It is requisite to remark that the ball was not in mask, and that it is customary in Italy and Sicily for masks, when they join a company, to make themselves known to the master of the

house, as a security against the introduction of improper or unwelcome persons. This etiquette was not observed on the present occasion, but the masks entering with gestures expressive of a request for admission, they were received without difficulty, it being probably looked upon as some device for adding to the amusement of the party. Their performance exciting the admiration of the company, the grace and ease of their movements became the subject of conversation. It then appearing that they were unknown, some of the guests, curious to discover them, hinted that it was time that they should unmask in order to take some refreshment; this, they with signs—for they spoke not—at first declined, but being pressed, signified in the same manner that they would only discover themselves to the master of the house. The bridegroom was accordingly called from the side of his bride for the purpose: good humoredly joining his friends in soliciting the strangers to make themselves known, they gave him to understand, always in pantomime, that since such was his desire, they were willing to gratify him, and that if he would retire with them for a moment, they would unmask, but to him alone as they wished to preserve their incognito from the rest of the company.

The count and the masks withdrew together. In the meantime, the music, the dancing, and all the pleasures of the joyous scene went on. The absence of the bridegroom was scarcely noticed by any one except the bride, who, with eyes wandering in search of him, more than once testified her surprise at his stay. In about twenty minutes, the same two persons, as was evident from their figure lately masked as peasants, re-entered the ball-room, but their dress was changed; they were now in complete mourning. Between them, one supporting the head, the other the feet, they carried a third so carefully and entirely enveloped in a large black vest, that neither his form nor features were distinguishable. As they moved slowly on with measured pace, they pretended by signs to express their grief for the death of the person they carried. An appearance so ominous on a nuptial night, excited sensations of an unpleasant nature; but no one thought proper to interfere in a pantomime which strange and ill-chosen as it was, they conceived permitted by the master of the house. The masks having reached the middle of the room, deposited their burthen there, and began to dance round it in a variety of grotesque attitudes, caricaturing sorrow. At this ill-boding and unaccountable scene, the high spirits of the bride instantaneously forsook her, and were succeeded by an almost preternatural sensation of dejection and horror. Looking anxiously round, she again, in a faltering voice, inquired for her husband. The sister of Rizzari, one of the bridesmaids, struck by her sudden paleness and ill-suppressed agitation, asked if she was indisposed. She replied, that she felt oppressed by a sense of anxiety and alarm, of which she could not conceive the origin. Her sister-in-law told her, that it was nothing but the evaporation of her late unusual high spirits, which, as is often the case, were succeeded by a causeless depression. Just then, the masks having finished their feigned funeral dance advanced to the bride; and one of them, the male, drawing her by the sleeve, spoke for the first time loud enough to be heard by those around, "*Venite a piangere le nostre e le vostre miserie*"—"Come and and weep for your own misery and ours.")

A chill went to the heart of the bride at these ill-omened words. She drew shudderingly back, and fell almost insensible in the arms of her sister-in-law. A murmur ran round—it was manifest that the cause of the bride's alarm was owing to the extraordinary proceeding of the persons in mask, who, perceiving the impression they had excited, hastily withdrew. In an instant they had disappeared; but wither they went or what became of them afterwards, was known to no one.

In the meantime, the bystanders remarked in surprise how well the person lying on the floor performed his part of a dead man: not a limb stirred, not a muscle moved, nor was he perceived to breathe. Curiosity prompted them to touch him, and lift his arms—they fell heavy and motionless by his side; his hands too was cold to the touch—cold as that of a corpse. Surprise led them farther—they uncovered his face—O God! it was that of a corpse, and that corpse was the bridegroom!

Who shall paint the dreadful scene that ensued? Exclamations of surprise, shrieks of horror, cries for the mask—here females swooning in terror there men running to and fro with drawn swords—thus inquiring the cause of the sudden disturbance—then denouncing vengeance on the murderers!—all was distraction and confusion! Her terrified friends instantly hurried away the trembling bride, anticipating some horrible event, as yet unconscious of the whole extent of her misfortune. As they bore her off, the name of her husband, dead, murdered, strangled, fell on her ears; insensibility for a few moments relieved her from the exquisite agony of her situation. They carried her to the bridal chamber—in that chamber had the accursed deed been perpetrated; the disordered furniture showed signs of a struggle; the instruments of death lay on the floor, and on the nuptial couch the infernal assassins had cast a branch of funeral cypress, the token of their premeditated and accomplished vengeance.

The duke, in whose bosom rage and anguish predominated by turns, stationed himself with a party of friends, with drawn swords, at the doors of the palace, whilst a strict but ineffectual search was carried on within. In a few minutes, the party, late so joyous broke up in consternation; hundreds instantly went off by different roads in search of the murderers, but all pursuit was unavailing. The police subsequently lent its aid: every angle of the country, for leagues round, was explored in vain. The perpetrators of the atrocious crime had escaped; nor, indeed, were they ever satisfactorily discovered.

Suspicion fell on the cavaliere; but though the most rigid search was made, he was not to be found. Some time after, it was discovered that he had left Sicily, to which he never returned, and was residing at Vienna.

It was rumoured, but the truth was never clearly ascertained, that he subsequently confessed himself the author and actor of this horrid tragedy, and gloried in the daring and fiend-like stratagem by which he had so signally accomplished it.

The widowed bride never recovered the shock. Her life was for some time despaired of. As soon as her strength enabled her, she retired into her convent, where death, the best friend of the wretched, ere long put an end to her sufferings.

MISCELLANY.

DR. FRANCIA.

The N. Y. Evening Tattler sketches the important events in the history of Paraguay, and gives the following summary glance at the character and events in the life of Don Jose Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, lately deceased, one of the most extraordinary men of this or any age.

At this epoch rose the star of Dr. Francia. His life and character show how circumstances may make the man, and disappoint all calculations of his future course in new circumstances, when such calculations are made on his early character. Dr. Francia was the son of a French emigrant. He was intended for the church, and pursued his preparatory studies in the institutions founded by the Jesuits at Assumption and Cordova. In the reign of the Jesuits, it had been their policy in Paraguay and Uruguay, to exclude all foreigners; in those institutions it was, that he learned probably, the same policy, which afterwards governed him. He went no farther in theology, however, than through the canon law, and that diverted his attention to jurisprudence to which he turned his study.

He became a highly successful advocate, and was distinguished for generosity, disinterestedness, ability, and decision. He was chosen one of the *cabildo*, or council of Assumption, and afterwards *alcalde*, or municipal judge. No man was more popular and widely esteemed than Francia; and when, in 1811, the provisional government was erected, D. Fulgencio de Yegros was chosen President, and De Francia, Secretary. As he happened, however to be the only man of any brains in the government, he soon became the government. If his colleagues disputed his wishes, he still insisted; and if they would not give way to him, he would retire into the country, protesting he would have nothing more to do with the administration of

public affairs. As his colleagues could do nothing without him, he was of course always called back, and begged to take his own way.

In 1813, Dr. Francia, induced his colleagues to call a second political convention. He wishes a more acknowledged participation in public business, and as he was the only member of the convention versed in business and books, he easily arranged matters as he chose, and procured the choice of two consuls, himself and De Yegros, to manage the government, instead of the old form of a President. His next move was to persuade Yegros that the better way was for them to reign separately, four months and four months and by taking the first four months himself, he got eight of the year for which they were chosen. When Congress came together again, at the end of the Consular year, he brought Rollin's Ancient History forward, and offered it as a standard, for the names and character of the officers, and induced that body to make still another change, and establish a Dictatorship.

So little was Francia's real character and ambitious views suspected, that the Congress made no difficulty in making this change, and agreed to elect Yegros to the Dictatorship. This did not answer; and Francia, by serving the sapient legislators in a way which can only be described by the euphonious modern term 'humbugging,' actually twice deterred the balloting; and in the meanwhile so set his creatures to work, that he was chosen Dictator for three years. Yegros, who had felt sure of the election, kicked a little, but Francia managed to elude and quiet him, took possession of the old Spanish Government House, and busied himself so successfully in the three years, to lay a good foundation, that he was in 1837, without any difficulty chosen Dictator for life.

He had marked his enemies; and his first study was to watch them. He discovered their conspiracies, frustrated them, and executed some hundreds as an opening sacrifice to his reign. He had secured the attachment of a small army of about 5,000; with whom and his spies, he put down every shadow of resistance. He concentrated all the functions of state in himself, and made his word law. He cut off all communication with the neighboring countries, and from his position had none with countries off the continent. Until about ten years ago, no individual, native or foreign was allowed to leave Paraguay, and the means and success with which he enforced this prohibition were truly wonderful. During the latter ten years of his reign, his policy has been more liberal; and he has uniformly favored the arts, industry, &c. among his people. One thing is certain, that though at his accession the noble families hated him, and though he broke down all aristocracy but himself, the one aristocrat in his dominions, the common people appear to have been attached to him.

His people consisted, of Creoles seven-tenths, Indians one-tenth, black, mixed, and old Spaniards, one-fifth. Out of these he raised a militia of 20,000, with which he so successfully repelled the invasion of the Buenos Ayreans, when they sought to force him into their confederacy, that they were content to let him alone ever after; and he as uniformly repulsed attempts at peaceful intercourse, as he did demonstrations of warlike approach.

Among the instances of his detentions were two Swiss travellers, Rengger and Longchamps, whom he caught botanizing and mineralizing in his territories in 1819, and detained six years, till 1825. These gentlemen published afterward a narrative of their experience in his Dictatorship's dominions, which was republished in London, 1830. His most illustrious prisoner was, however, the Chevaliere Aime Bonpland, the associate traveller with Alexander Van Humboldt. Bonpland went, in 1818, to Buenos Ayres, as Professor of Natural History. In 1820, he undertook to follow up the river Arana, in Paraguay called the Paraguay. On the banks of this river, while still in the Buenos Ayrean limits, he founded a colony of Indians for the culture of the herb used in South America as tea. This tea is called *matte*, and tastes worse to a Yankee than Matty himself does to a whig—as we can bear witness from proof on the spot. Good or bad, it is used all over the continent, and is a staple of Paraguay. Like Mehemet Ali, Francia was personally interested in the trade of his dominions, and did

not choose that Paraguay tea should be raised any where else, if he could help it.

So one fine morning, the Chevalier Bonpland found himself in difficulty. A detachment of 800 of the Dictator's troops destroyed his plantations, and carried him and a large number of his Indians, prisoners to Paraguay. Francia made him, at first, physician to a garrison, then employed him to survey roads, but did not release him until the poor botanist had been a prisoner nine years. The early friend of Bonpland, Humboldt the British Minister, Canning, the British and French Consuls at Buenos Ayres, and the French Government applied to Francia for the release of the unlucky naturalist, but it was not granted till 1831.

Of latter years, other travellers have penetrated into the "enchanted commonwealth" with better success. They represent the Dictator as having been exceedingly plain and active in his habits. Usually unsocial, he could nevertheless try a practical joke.—He helped himself *sans ceremonie* to one trader's stock—making such selections as he liked; and when the poor fellow requested payment, he found he had waked up the wrong passenger, and was fain to pocket his loss.

To sum his character, he was no worse than most men would be in the possession of absolute power, and better than most. His crimes were steps of cruelty, necessary to confirm his usurpation. His public acts were for the good of his country as he understood it; and he certainly deserves some credit, for the freedom of Paraguay from the anarchy which has unsettled other South American Republics. Naturally shrewd, he took advantage of the loyalty of the inhabitants, and professed to acknowledge Spain's authority till 1826, when the old stock had died off. Then he declared Paraguay independent, and in 1827, Don Pedro of Brazil recognized the Dictatorate of Paraguay. This was the only recognition he coveted, and, so far as we know, the only formal recognition he ever received. In a word, he was an able despot; and we doubt whether any succeeding ruler will govern so quietly. We do not know to whom the succession falls; and have no idea that the integrity and independence of the Dictatorate will be continued.

PERILOUS EXPLOIT—A CHILD CARRIED OFF BY AN EAGLE.

An infant, in the care of Charles Stewart, a boy ten years old, has been carried off by an eagle to his nest in the mountains. The distracted mother, with a boy and a feeble old man followed it. Having reached the summit of a crag by a circuitous path, they could now descry the two eagles to which the nest belonged, soaring aloft at a great distance. They looked over the cliff as far as they could stretch with safety; but Peter was so well acquainted with the place where the nest was built, as at once to fix on the very spot whence the descent ought to be made, the verge of the rock there projected itself so far over the ledge where the nest rested, as to render it quite invisible from above. They could only perceive the thick sea of pine foliage that rose up the slope below, and clustered closely against the base of the precipice. A few small stunted fir trees grew scattered upon the otherwise bare summit where they stood. Old Peter sat himself down behind one of these, and placed a ledge on each side of it so as to secure himself from all chance of being pulled over the precipice by any sudden jerk, whilst Charley's little fingers were actively employed in undoing the great bundle of hair line, and tying one end of it round his body and under his arm-pits. The unhappy mother was now assisting the boy, and now moving restlessly about, in doubtful hesitation whether she should yet allow him to go down. When all was ready Charley Stewart slipped the skain dhu into his hoe, and went bodily, but cautiously over the edge of the cliff. He was no sooner fairly swung into the air than the hair rope stretched to a degree so alarming that Bessy Mac Dermot stood upon the giddy verge, gnawing her very fingers, from the horrible dread that possessed her, that she was to see it give way and divide. Peter sat astride against the root of the tree, carefully eyeing every inch of the line ere he allowed it to pass through his hands, and every now and then pausing, hesitating, shaking his head most ominously, at certain portions of it, here and there, appeared to him of doubtful strength. Meanwhile, Charley felt himself gradually descending, and turning round

at the end of the rope, by his own weight, his brave little heart beating, and his brain whirling, from the novelty and danger of his daring attempt—the scream of the young eagles sounding harshly in his ears, and growing louder and louder as he slowly neared them. He reached the slanting surface of the ledge, and found the child between two eagles. Fearing that it would be worse than hazardous to trust the hair line with the weight of the child in addition to his own, he undid it from his body. Approaching the nest, he gently lifted the crying infant from between his two screeching and somewhat pugnacious companions. The moment he had done so, the little innocent became quiet, and instantly recognising him, held out her hands and smiled and chuckled to him, at once oblivious of all her miseries.

Charley kissed his little favorite over and again, and then he proceeded to tie the rope carefully around and across her, so as to guard against all possibility of its slipping. Having accomplished this, he shouted to Peter to pull away—kissed the little Rosa once more, and then committed her to the vacant air. Nothing could equal the anxiety he endured as he beheld her slowly rising upwards. And when he beheld the mother's hand appear over the edge of the rock and snatch her from his sight, nothing could match the shout of delight which he gave. The maternal screams of joy which followed, and which came faintly down to his ears, were to him a full reward for all the terrors of his desperate enterprise. For that instant he forgot the perilous situation in which he then stood, and the risk he had to run ere he could hope to be extricated from it.—*Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Tales of the Highlands.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE GRAND CHAPTER of the State of New-York will convene at St. John's Hall, in this city, on the first Tuesday of February next.

JOHN O. COLE, *Grand Sec'y.*

Jan. 16, 5841.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL.—This book, which was promised the public some time previous to the holidays, has at length come to hand, and in so worthy a style, that we think the editor Mr. Griswold, or whoever may have been the cause of the delay, will be forgiven. We esteem biography as a class of literature calculated to produce the best results; it has all the beauty of history without any of its tediousness; it is superior to fiction, as it deals in facts. It gives to those who are pursuing the 'bubble reputation,' an opportunity to see and avoid the follies of others, while at the same moment it displays to them examples of virtue and perseverance, that will give to their desires such fervor and energy as time cannot efface. The finely modded notice of the much neglected Van Schaick, does great credit to the head as well as the heart of its writer, Mr. Bloodgood. It is what we have a right to expect from one related to the deceased, by ties of companionship and affection. Professor Dean has displayed the characteristics of our old employer, he much lamented Judge Buel, in a style of simplicity and truth well suited to the subject. Any one who reads this notice will scarcely fail to become convinc-

ed of the fact so well established, that perseverance meets no obstacle which may not be overcome. Mr. Buel has given to the cause of agriculture in our country an impetus that must long be felt. There are a number of other biographies contained in this beautiful volume, which if our limits would permit, we should be glad to mention. At this time we cannot do better than recommend its purchase by our readers. We would, however, remark that we think Col. Stone, in giving an excellent outline of his father, expends rather more words in apologising for so doing, than there appears any necessity for. We discover no reason why affection should not have united with it integrity enough to give an honest as well as a warm history of the character subjected to its examination.

MARVIN, BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—We were among those of a crowded audience who listened to the lecture a short time since at the hall of the Association; and we feel confident in saying that the same gratification we experienced was enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. A kind of pride steals over us, when we think of Mr. Marvin as a townsman, and look at the path so gayly strewn with the flowers of fame, he has pursued for the last few years. His efforts for temperance, his odes and his addresses have endeared his reputation to us, and we plead guilty to the charge of being a strongly prejudiced friend. This last lecture upon the attainments of youth, was rich with thought and nervous expression—a specimen of chaste and elevated composition—and a volume of truth. The grand doctrine that experience is of little value unaccompanied with philosophic reflection was strenuously maintained, the importance of care in the selection of reading, earnestly commended, and the whole enforced by a luminous exposition of the consequences which follow in the train of inattention and neglect of those great governing principles to the student. The style of elocution was of the highest order, and without uttering a whisper that should rise for the sake of elevation, we feel bound to say in justice, that we have never been regaled to an equal extent from the same desk. There may have been a single point or two in which we differ from our friend, but we feel no disposition to bathe our pen in censure.

☞ The communication of our friend in Louisville, has been received, and we duly appreciate the spirit which dictated it. We respond to the sentiments expressed, most heartily, and we have made up our minds, some months since, to entirely remove the objection hinted. The claims heretofore made on our columns, have been met more in good nature, than of a sense of their propriety. Our friend can make such use of the fact, as he thinks proper.

AN APALLING PROSPECT.—The Montreal Transcript, says a hundred thousand American lives will be sacrificed for every hair of M'Leod's head if any harm befall him. According to this estimate, unless Mc. has a bald pate, some thousands of millions of American lives will have to be destroyed before the anger of Mr. Bull will be appeased!! What a tremendous long tail our cat has got.

The Amherst (N. H.) Farmers' Cabinet says that during the recent freshet a drove of eighty-two sheep was carried away in attempting to cross the Souhegan river, and all but eighteen drowned.

The widow of the late celebrated statesman, Charles James Fox, is still living at St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, England. She is near her hundredth year.

Colored Voters.—Mr. Culver stated in the House, that there were about 51,000 colored inhabitants in the state. Several petitions have been presented praying a further extension of the right of suffrage to them. Should the prayer of the petitions now before the legislature be granted, some 12,500 would be voters.—*Albany Atlas.*

[One would suppose "the balance of power" full objectionable enough in this state, without placing it in the hands of 12,500 colored voters, of the "good, bad, and indifferent" kind. Take us as a nation, at present we appear to be fast approaching that grand climacteric of our destiny, which has been the subject of political prophecy. We once supposed that we were one of the Simon Pure democrats; but an examination of our hearts, with but an occasional squint at the times, satisfies us of our Aristocracy. We should not dare say so, if we expected an office.]

LIABILITY OF TENANTS.—In the Marine Court, on Monday, (says the N. Y. Sun,) Justice Randall charged the jury that a tenant occupying premises that were destroyed by fire was exonerated from the date thereof. This is important, if good law, as a different opinion has generally prevailed upon that subject.

☞ We are requested to say, that Mr. Buxton will in a few days repeat his lecture (which owing to adverse circumstances was thinly attended) on "Analogy out Analogised." It is certainly ingenious, and if viewed as one of the humbug of the day, it has the merit of being quite amusing.

It appears by report of the State treasurer, that there was paid to the Adjutant General and the acting Quartermaster, for the expenses of the militia, called out to the Helderbergh campaign, \$21,500!

David Leavitt, esq., of Brooklyn, has subscribed \$5,000 towards increasing the permanent fund of New York theological seminary.

CLAIMS UPON MEXICO.—The Secretary of State has given notice to persons having claims upon the Mexican Government to present the necessary evidence at the Department in Washington.

Intelligence.

The case of McLeod.—A general impression prevails, and we acknowledge having aided to produce it, that McLeod has been indicted and is now awaiting his trial. Immediately after the destruction of the Caroline, the grand jury of Niagara county found bills of indictment against McNab, Drew and others, but not against McLeod. He is now in confinement simply by virtue of a magistrate's mittimus, and his case will be laid before the grand jury at its next sitting. There is no doubt that an indictment will be found, and the trial will probably come on at the April term of the general sessions of Niagara county.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

THE METHODISTS.—It appears that the number of members belonging to the Wesleyan body of Methodists is now as follows: Under the care of the British and Irish Conferences, 428,729, namely—in Great Britain, 323,178; in Ireland, 27,047; in foreign stations, 78,504; under the care of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Upper Canada, (in 1840) 16,384; under the care of the American Conferences, in 1828, the date of the last returns, 692,341: total number of members; 1,137,424. The number of preachers, regular and supernumerary, was, in Great Britain, 1,078; in Ireland, (including 25 missionaries,) 159; in the foreign stations, (including assistant missionaries,) 315; in Upper Canada, 127; in the American connexion, 3,322, total number of ministers, 5,021. Grand total of members and ministers throughout the world, 1,142,465.

From Florida.—The Savannah Georgian of the 18th inst., says the steamer Newbern arrived from Pilatka brings intelligence that some five or six hundred Indians had presented themselves at the different posts a few at each, but whether to leave the country, is not known. It was also reported that an attack had been made on Fort Walker, but no particulars were given.

The National Intelligencer of Monday says:—"In conformity to usage, we learn the Senate of the United States has been summoned by the Executive to meet in this city on the 4th of March next, for the transaction of business (being of course of an Executive character, connected with the commencement of a new Administration, the formation of a new Cabinet, &c.")

A horrid occurrence took place on Christmas morning at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Francis street, Dublin. One of the planks upon which the people are accustomed to kneel, owing to the pressure of the people standing on, broke. This created an alarm, and a rush was made for the door, and so great was the crowd that more than a hundred people were thrown down and trampled upon. Three persons were killed, and several more severely injured.

New method of Perforating Glass.—The Annales des Mines says—Put a drop of spirit of turpentine on the spot where the hole is to be made, and in the middle of this drop a small piece of camphor. The hole can be then made without difficulty, by means of a well-tempered borer, or triangular file. Solid turpentine answers as well as the spirit and camphor.

Three Legacies.—A lady recently died in Massachusetts, leaving three important legacies, viz.; \$500 to a Society, \$500 to a congregation, and several poor relations to the community.

The Pittsfield Sun states that a young man, named Wm. Ward, while riding with a young lady named Martha Williams, in that village, on Sunday evening last, missed the road and drove off a precipice fifteen feet high on to the track of a railway. He had an arm broken and his head injured, and the young lady's ankle was broken, and a comb driven so deeply into her head that it could not be removed with the fingers. She is now in a very critical situation but is expected to recover.

A Man killed by a Bear.—A St. Albans Vt., correspondence of the Boston Mail, writes that two men John C. Clark and Jas. Owen, while chopping wood about 2 miles from St. Albans, was attacked by four large bears. Mr. Owen was squeezed to death by one of them. Mr. Clark escaped uninjured, after having despatched two weighing about 500 pounds each.—*Daily Adv.*

DUELLING.—The St. Augustine Herald states that Dr. Pelot, of Jacksonville, died last week of the wound he received by him in the duel fought with Mr. Babcock, a lawyer from New York, a short time since.—They met at Cumberland Island—duelling rifles—half ounce balls—distance 35 yards. All the business, we understand, was from the commencement conducted according to the established usage.

Whaling in the Pacific.—The whale ships alone in the Pacific ocean number 460 sail, amounting to nearly 300,000 tons and manned by 12,000 seamen. Not less than \$12,000,000 of capital has been invested in and actively employed by, one branch of the whale fishery alone; and in the whole trade is directly involved not less than from 50 to 70 millions of property.

GERMANY.—The reigning Duke of Brunswick, whilst out on an excursion with the King of Hanover, shot himself in the head with his own gun.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—The frozen body of Henry L. Wheeler, was found on Tuesday afternoon last, in a field belonging to Warren Chaffe, in Cambria, Niagara county.

Destructive Fire and loss of Life in Philadelphia.—At one o'clock on Saturday morning, a fire broke out in the umbrella manufactory of Wright & Brothers, 125 Market street, above Third street. The rear building, with its contents, and the upper part of the front building, were entirely destroyed. The loss in goods is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, which is only partially covered by insurance. No. 123 occupied by Wilmer & Brothers as a fancy goods store, and No. 127, by Wood & Abbot, dry goods dealers, were considerably damaged, with a loss of merchandise in the premises of about thirty thousand dollars, which is covered by insurance. Thomas R. Evans, shoemaker, No. 129, had about \$200 worth of goods damaged by water. Several other buildings were slightly injured.

About two hours after the commencement of the fire the wall fell. Oscar Douglas, aged 27, and Mark S. Rink, aged 22, two firemen, were killed, and David Orick, also a fireman so severely injured that he is not expected to survive.

Erasing an endorsement is Forgery.—The supreme Court of Ohio decided, recently that an endorsement on a note purporting that a partial payment had been made, and which endorsement was written by the maker in the presence, with the concurrence, and by the direction of the payee, is a receipt, the alteration of erasure of which by the payee will be forgery.

The destruction of property by the late freshet, on the Lehigh coal and Navigation company's works, appears by correct account, to be between two and three hundred thousand dollars.

A heavy draft.—We are told in several of our exchange papers, that Mr. Van Buren has not drawn one farthing of his salary since he was installed, and intends to set in his bill on the 4th of March next for \$190,000

The legislature of Kentucky have refused to repeal the law prohibiting the importation of slaves into that state.

The whole number of newspapers published in Great Britain in 1840 was 519—London 125, provincial 240, Scotch 64, Irish 90

A dancing master was taken up in Natchez, recently, for robbing a fellow boarder. He said he commenced cheating a printer, and after that, every thing rascally seemed to come easy to him.

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, by J. N. Wyckoff D. D., Mr. G. C. Davidson, to Miss E. Humphrey, daughter of William Humphrey esq.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Mayer, James A. Strickland, to Miss Eliza A. daughter of Volkert D. Jewell, both of this city.

In this city on Wednesday, the 20th inst, by the Rev. Noah Levings, Mr. Oliver Boutwell, of Troy, to Miss Phebe Ann Ogden of Albany.

At Troy, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Beman, Mr. R. M. Pease, to Miss Abby E., daughter of Mr. Granville Slack, all of this city.

In this city, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. Edward R. Brown, to Miss Mary A. Doyle, daughter of the late Dennis Doyle, all of this city.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, the Hon. CHARLES E. DUDLEY.

In New York, Garwood Hinman, late of Catskill 25. Martha G. wife of C. H. Pond, 32. Charles Clark, 48. Josiah W. Wentworth, 89. Isabella, wife of Wm. Gavin, 45. Eben H. Webster, of Portland 39. Elias Van Benschoten, 96. John T. Mitchell, 30. Amelia, wife of Sam'l M. Gardiner, 25, Miss

Elizabeth Skidmore, 27. Peter T. Gilbert, 50. Joseph G. Clark, 56.

At Adams, Mass. Rev. John Leland, 86. At Jackson, Mich. Morgan S. Moore editor of Michigan Gazette. At Richmond, Va. Rev. A. H. Cohen, pastor of Jewish persuasion. In Vincennes, Ind. Mary, wife of Capt. Robt. Bantlin. At Plattsburgh, Mrs. Cornelia, wife of Charles Slosson, 28. At the same place, John Wait, 59.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Jan. 30.

The performance will commence with a grand entrance of 12 horses.

Song by Mr. Plumer.

First night of Mr. W. Nichols on three horses, without saddle or bridle.

Trial of skill by the Company, in which little Aymar and Shindle will appear.

Favorite song by Mrs. Hood.

The Chasaw Indian, by Mr. Madigan.

Comic song, by Mr. Dickinson.

Horsemanship by Mr. Aymar.

To conclude with the highly applauded drama of TEKELI, or the Siege of Montgatz.

Tekeli, Mr. Jackson.
Alexena, Mrs. Hood.

For particulars, see small bills.

Doors open at 6, performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

N. B. No ladies admitted, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

Equestrian manager, Mr. Needham; stage manager, Mr. Jackson; clown Mr. Knapp.

In preparation a grand Equestrian Drama, with new scenery, &c.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 23 Jones street, New York City.

Tallmage Fairchild, Cxsackie.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Telf, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.

James Cavanagh, Watertown.

Myron L. Burwell, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Borodino.

Robert King, Rochester.

Francis M. King, Kingston, U. C.

Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.

Isaac Cronie, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

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James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.

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CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam Streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOK** every description made to order. Paper of any size relied to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.

Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.

Guizot's Civilization of Europe.

Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.

Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.

Hoffman's Cancer Practice, vol. 3d.

Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.

Hallam's Literature of Europe.

The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

POETRY.

BYRON AND NAPOLEON.

The Boston Courier says, that the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon, from the Island of St. Helena, to Paris, by the government of France, was predicted by Lord Byron, in the subjoined extract, and is but another verification of the wonderful prescience of truly great minds :

"But where is he, the modern, mightier far.
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones;

Whose table, earth; whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result is yon lone isle,
And as thy nature urges, weep or smile,
Smile, for the fettered eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
His name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore.
The fleet; that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast.

Can glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit of the fettered dust?
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists;
Naught if he sleeps—nor more if he exists;
He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though so scant;
Her honor, fame, and faith, demand his bones,
To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
Or carried onward, in the battle's van.
To form, like Guesclin's* dust, her talisman,
But be it as it is, the time may come,
His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.†"

(a) A celebrated warrior, and Constable of France in the 14th century.

(b) Ziska was a General of Bohemia, and having gained many victories over the Emperor Sigismund, he was seized with the plague, and directed his skin to be tanned, after his death, and used as a drum head, to animate his soldiers in battle.

TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

BY R. HOWITT.

How glad, how beautiful! you steal
Our hearts into your play,
And with a sweet delusion chase
Life's weariness away.
We gaze, until we fondly deem
You thus will ever be,
A little race, distinct from us,
From man's disquiet free.

We are not light as playful winds,
Nor graceful as the flowers;
And gladness flashes from your eyes,
Whilst sorrow is in ours.
Boys! can you ever grow to men,
War's horrid game to learn?
Girls! must you lonely women be,
Their distant doom to mourn?

A blessed life, a blessed lot,
Should yours be evermore;
The light which gathers round you now,
You send far on before.
Coloured from this your future life
In fancy is as fair;
Alas, alas! ye know it not—
Glad pilgrims unto care.

From the United States Gazette.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year is gone, and numbered
To mingle with eternity—
Another year with all its record,
Of good or ill my soul for thee.

How is it, say thou trembling spirit;
Speaks conscience in approving tone?
Or with a voice above the thunder,
Condemning in the year that's flown,

How is it, say that retrospection,
Comes back the season sweet to thee—
In cheering spots of recollection,
Green islands on a summer sea.

How is it, say hath wisdom led thee,
In all the ways the step hath gone,
Or hath the Syren's song of pleasure,
Led thee still to lead thee on.

Then think how swift the hours are winging,
That measures out life's narrow span,
And then how great that little moment,
Its last importance unto man.

Eternity, the shore we'er nearing,
And Heaven's unfading joys the prize,
With harps of gold and crowns of glory,
Forever in the upper skies. J. M. L.

A MOTHER.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing;
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever overgrowing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh! who can half the fervor tell;
That burns in all she's saying?

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breath of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when like evening's star,
Her course has ceased before us,
From higher worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

KISSING.

AIR—"Good morrow to your nightcap."

"Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.
"It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by name,
'To tak' a kiss, or grant you aye;
But, gude sake! no before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk,
Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

"Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk:
Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

"It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this.
But, loch; I tak' it sair amiss
To be so teased before folk,
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
When we'er alane ye may tak aye,
But fient a nane before folk.

"I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As any modest lass should be;
But yet, it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.

Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

"Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush so sair
As ye hae done before folk,
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk:
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But ay be dounce before folk.

"Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At any rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

"But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk:
And when we'er ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk."

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE
Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to \$2 75. dec 16-11

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 23.]

MASONIC.

ORATION.

Masonry had its origin in an early age, when architecture was less known than at present, and when those skilled in it, formed a more distinct and important class of society, than they now do. Assembled in vast numbers whilst rearing the stupendous edifices of antiquity they became by the pursuit of one common object, more closely united as individuals. A knowledge of their own art, in which each part is dependent on others, for beauty, symmetry and strength, applied to man in his relations to his fellow men, suggested the plan of our present society, and induced the attempt to rear a moral edifice, in which the weak and apparently discordant parts, should be united in one strong and beautiful whole. To accomplish this, they blended with their mechanical pursuits, the cultivation of the most sublime morality, and the practice, of what are now esteemed, the most exalted christian virtues. They were then, as they now are, possessed of secrets that were necessarily shrouded from the world; and rendered their meetings mysterious to the uninitiated.—Curiosity induced some, and a discovery of the beneficial effects of the institution, led others, who were not operative Masons, to seek admission into the society, until the limits that originally circumscribed it were entirely passed, the individual pursuits of its members wholly disregarded, the practice of its moral virtues only required, and speculative masonry, as it now exists, and has existed for ages, was established.

Antiquity has always been the boast of every human institution; and when united with the continued affection of its members, has been, and ever must be regarded, as evidence of inherent excellence, and of the basis on which it has been established. This is true, as well of civil, as religious institutions. Governments that have long withstood the assaults of foreign and domestic violence, that remain unsubdued by war, and unshaken by faction, are regarded with reverence, and studied with attention. We discover in their organization some peculiar merit, and thus bind their subjects together, and enables them to withstand the influence of time, and the violence of man's ever mutable passions.

We will not now attempt to ascertain, whether Solomon, or any other man is entitled to the appellation of founder. It cannot be expected that we will point to the page of history, and shew when and where the society commenced. Had it been organized for political purposes, used as the means of overturning governments, arming itself in warlike panoply, and hedding the blood of its opponents; history would have shewn its rise and progress. But as instead of surrounding itself with terrors, exhibiting the cruelty of religious fanaticism, or the ensanguined glory of martial achievement, we find it in the still and silent walks of private life, operating on man individually, and seeking alone his moral perfection; we should search in vain through the blood stained pages of ancient history, for any notice of its existence. Let us then rest satisfied with the latest date, that even the enemies of the society may be pleased to assign it; and we shall have more of antiquity to boast, than any other institution now in existence. The breath of the destroyer has swept from the earth generation after generation of mankind, empires have risen, flourished, fallen and been forgotten; the monuments of human wisdom, greatness, and power, vainly deemed imperishable; have crumbled into dust, under the mouldering hand of time, whilst Masonry still survives, her splendor, her usefulness, and the number of her votaries, still undiminished. Nor has persecution conquered the affections of her followers. Tho' threatened by the imperial edict of an Alexander, openly assailed by a cruel and bloody Ferdinand, besieged by ignorance

and superstition; the battlements of her fortress still rear themselves proudly to view, and her banner floats broadly on the breeze.

The temple of Masonry is open to all who approach its portals with proper recommendations. There is here no distinction made, in country, language, manners or religion. The Laplander and Hotentot, the Indian and Parisian, the Christian and Mahomedan, may each find ready entrance; and participate freely, in the rites, ceremonies, enjoyments, benefits, and duties common to all. The barriers that divide nation from nation, the distinctions that obtain in different grades of civilization, the antipathies engendered by religious differences, must all be disregarded in a society that professes to view the whole species as one family, descended from the same stock, enjoying the same rights, owing the same duties, subject to the same calamities, liable to the same errors, and advancing to the same common end. There are duties which man owes to his fellow man, of whatever kindred or tongue he may be; and which our common creator alike requires of all. To ensure the discharge of these duties, to break down the prejudices common to the human mind and soften our feelings toward each other; Masonry was originally established, without reference to any particular faith, and therefore cannot now peremptorily require any other religious qualification than belief in a God. Let none be startled at this declaration, or suppose there is any thing in the tenets of the society, inimical to christianity, or that encourages a disbelief in that religion. What it leaves every member free in the profession of any faith subordinate to the belief in a Deity, its precepts and injunctions have an intimate connexion with the Holy Scriptures, and foster and cherish the feeling, that are there particularly recommended. But why should I say more, when the presence of our reverend brethren on this occasion, should satisfy even the scrupulous.

But the principles of the society deserve and demand a more attentive consideration.

Brotherly love and charity are the two main pillars, on which the whole fabric rests. Had a selection been made from the moral virtues inculcated by the word of God, of such as should form the basis of an institution established for the security of man's happiness here; none could have been found so eminently calculated to attain the end, as brotherly love and charity.

Man is not formed by nature to exist in a separate and isolated state, living by and for himself alone; but is, and must be dependent, on the affections of others, on their sympathy in the hour of distress, and their rejoicing in his prosperity, for half his happiness here below. The path we have to tread through life, is rough and barren of enjoyment; but Providence has kindly planted here and there a flower, whose beauty and fragrance, cheer us onward in the way. Brotherly love is one of the brightest and richest colors. By a wise organization of the human mind, its joys are increased, and its sorrows diminished by participation. Does an occasion of unusual or unexpected rejoicing occur? We instantly hasten to him, whom nature by a congeniality of feeling and sentiment, has marked for our brother, and in the gladness that brightens his countenance find our joy redoubled. But if our fortunes shall be overcast with gloom; if the world shall frown on us in adversity, the sympathizing pity that beams from the eye of fraternal love, shall heal our wounded spirits, and animate us to renewed exertion, by the consciousness that our lives, our happiness, and our welfare still interest those who are connected with us, by the ties of blood, or the bonds of the Masonic union. The want of this sympathy, has borne down many, whose spirits were of the noblest cast, and who were fitted to walk this earth proudly erect, dispensing joy and happiness around them; and if Masonry has saved one such, from the gloom of despair, or the darkness of the grave, her name should be hallowed, now, and forever.

But charity is the most brilliant jewel with which

Masonry adorns herself. This stands pre-eminent among the virtues that God in his holy word, calls on man practice. It assimilates him more nearly to that perfection possessed only by the Deity, and united with faith, qualifies him for admission into that happy throng, that surrounds the throne of the Eternal God. What sight can man behold, so calculated to excite his admiration and elevate his opinion of his species, as a fellow being, blessed with all his largest wishes can embrace, overcoming all temptation to sensual indulgence; seeking those who are poor, distressed and broken-hearted; dispensing liberally of the abundance committed to his care; raising up those whom misfortune has prostrated, and binding up the wounds an unkind world has made. Or by what does man attain so nearly to moral perfection, as by regarding the faults errors and imprudences of his fellow man with pity and charity, casting over them a veil, to screen them from public gaze; remembering that all are liable to error, and all need from God, the exercise of his attribute of mercy. In vain should I descant on the beauty of this ennobling virtue, or point to the high destiny of its unostentatious follower, since it has employed the pen of inspiration, and its value has been fixed by the impress of the Almighty's seal. The necessity of practising it, is visible every day. We are all subject to reverses and casualties, and even the most prudent, may by a continued series of misfortunes be reduced from affluence, to the greatest depth of indigence. No one can be exempt from the influence of those changes that are daily taking place, and when in the varying scenes of life, he who a little before, was in the enjoyment of ease, comfort and contentment, shall be overtaken by poverty, plunged in distress, and oppressed by afflictions almost beyond his endurance; he must seek relief in the pitying eye outstretched hand of "Heaven-born charity." And man has been betrayed into errors and faults, he will find claimors raised against him by the world that would drive him to despair, but for the interference of angelic charity, who soothes his troubled spirits, and sweetly wins him back to the path of virtue.

Do misfortunes befall a brother of our order? Charity that might be slow in advancing to his relief, is roused by Masonry, and urged to a prompt and effectual discharge of her duty. His brethren freely and cheerfully contribute the assistance that his necessities require, and their abilities admit. He now tries the brotherly love that others have professed for him, and finds himself borne by it above the gloom that surrounded him, and enjoys the bright prospect of better, and happier days.

Has a deceased brother left behind him a distressed family? Masonry will seek them out in the hovel to which they have retired, to conceal their sufferings from the world, and bring charity with her, will gladden the lowly spot with their presence, wiping the tear from the widow's eye, consoling and sustaining the bereaved orphan.

Has a brother committed a fault? It will not be blazoned to the world, for its harsh and clamorous censure; but will receive the secret, gentle, but no less effectual strictures of the brethren; and thus may a fellow man be saved from utter ruin and desolation. This is the charity of masonry—this is the charity of christianity.

Beside these grand distinguishing characteristics, masonry has other moral features, that must please the philanthropist, and command the respect of mankind. Whilst she in an especial manner requires the discharge of duties between the brethren, she forgets not those that each individual owes to himself, and the country in which he lives. It is therefore necessary, that each brother shall "so demean himself, as to bring no disgrace on the fraternity at large;" that in all his relations with other men, he preserves his integrity unsullied; and that through life, he continue "to square his actions by the rule of virtue."

When we consider the principles of the society, a

difficulty presents itself, in overcoming the almost natural tendency of the human heart, to a contrary practice, and in binding in close union, men, whose feelings, and passions, and principles, and conduct, are so widely dissimilar. The means are most happily adapted to the end. No one can gain admission into the fraternity, to whom any brother objects, or with whom any of us are unable to associate, on terms of the most cordial friendship. No one can be admitted, until the brethren by a strict investigation, are satisfied that his character is unblemished, and that he will faithfully discharge all his masonic duties. When entrance is thus gained by the unanimous consent of the Lodge, the frequent meetings enjoined by the rules of the society, and the free interchange of feelings and sentiments, develop the qualities and dispositions of all, strengthen the bonds of friendship and interest, each in the welfare of mass, firmly resisting the boisterous waves of life's tempestuous sea. But if any one after admission, shall by crime or misconduct, show himself unworthy of enjoying the high privileges of membership, he may be expelled, with infamy more indelible than results from the sentence of the law; and it becomes at once the privilege and duty of all, to preserve the character of the whole body, by lopping off the offending member. These regulations must of necessity exist, where the duties are reciprocal, and can only be terminated by death or expulsion; or the affections of all would be quickly alienated from a society where they were bound to assume, or constantly to sustain the relation, of brother, with persons they could not respect as individuals.

Whilst Masonry is pursuing its noiseless course, offering "peace on earth, and good will to men," it is strange that it should be opposed by men, whose known character, gives to their opposition too imposing an appearance, to be entirely disregarded. That despots, who see danger in every secret meeting, where their emissaries cannot gain admission, should endeavor by threats, and by actual death, to crush the society, is not astonishing; but that it should be opposed by any in this enlightened country, can proceed only from a misconception of its tendencies.

Some more suspicious than well informed, suppose our secret meetings, are used for political purposes. This is not the case. The only single injunction that has any relation to our political duties, is that we be quiet and peaceable citizens, paying proper obedience to the government under which we live. Our Lodges are not places, where the disturber of the public peace, and the plotter against government, can find willing ears into which he can insinuate his poison. Party spirit has no place here. Though the world without may be torn with political faction and strife, though son be arrayed against father, and brother against brother, and the wild roar of discord be heard, even to the walls of the lodge; within, all is peace and quietness, and tranquility. It is true, that those who display talents there, whose deportment is such as to create respect and win esteem, must and will possess influence; and it is equally true, that the attachment there existing between the brethren, will extend itself to all their social relations; but if any, through the medium of that friendship, should endeavor to involve his brethren in political cabal, he would not only find disappointment in the attempt, but would quickly lose the influence by which he hoped to succeed.

Many really good men suppose there is some concealed evil in an institution, wheresome of its members depart so far in practice, from the principles they publicly confess. But is it candid thus to judge of a society, from the fault and errors of particular members? Would it not shock the reason and feelings of every person in this assembly, to pronounce christianity an imposture, or assert there is any thing in the system, to make a man vicious? And yet if you subject it to this test, and decide on its merits, by the conduct of some of its professors, it is liable to the same objection; for I appeal to any experienced christian here present, to say, whether, he has not seen, even at the communion table of his Savior, some, who required the utmost stretch of charity, to be judged worthy of such exalted distinction. Away then with an objection that applies equally to the religion established by Heaven, and to our society of human origin, and which must apply to every moral institution, as long as man remains the fallible and erring creature that God has made him.

It has been urged, that if the society is possessed of any knowledge, or any secret that would be beneficial to mankind, it should be revealed. Surely we might be permitted to enjoy the privilege accorded to all, from the inventor of harmless medical compounds, to the mighty statesman, who wields the destiny of nations. The very existence of the order, and the only security for beneficial results, depends on the inviolable preservation of these secrets. That they are harmless, no one can doubt, that they are of importance to ourselves, we know and assert; and that they will never be disclosed to the world, we are entirely confident.

It has been usual to point to the names of Washington, and other illustrious men, inscribed on the roll of masonry; as an answer to all objections, and proving conclusively, that the society deserves general approbation; and I confess I cannot understand how any American, whether he be a christian or not, can distrust the moral or political tendency of an institution, that has been in an especial manner, patronised by the "father of his country." But if any such then be here, we ask him to apply to the only remaining source of information, to satisfy himself by reading the volumes published on this subject, by the conversation of enlightened masons, and by the closest examination of the lives and conduct of those, who are acknowledged by all, most perfectly to perform all their masonic duties. To a judgment thus formed, we are entirely willing to submit, and with the utmost confidence, that it will be favorable to masonry.

We feel assured, that when thus understood, it will become a favorite with all classes. It will be so with the benevolent man, because its design like his, is to render the ills of life more supportable, to parry the stroke of adversity, or heal the wound it inflicts,—it will be so with the christian, because it is auxiliary to the religion he professes, and does all that human means unaided by divine influence, can do, to render man perfect as a moral being,—it will be so with men, because it is established chiefly for his moral and worldly benefit,—and it will be so with our fair friends, because its grand object, is to engrain on the hard nature of man, those principles and feelings, that are their peculiar and adorning characteristics.

VARIETY.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

In olden time, it is said that the inhabitants of a certain town in New Hampshire, consisting chiefly of Irish or Scotch presbyterians, adopted the following custom. As soon as their fields were planted and sown, their priest, accompanied by the elders, deacons and farmers, went from field to field, offering up a short prayer over each, that they might receive the fruits of their labors in a plentiful harvest. One day while engaged in this pious perambulation, they arrived at a field, where the priest stopped, took a keen eyed survey, and after some hesitation, addressed his flock to the following purport:—"My friends and brethren, it will be of no use to pray over this field till there is more manure spread upon it; for otherwise, even the prayer of a righteous man, however fervent, can not be effectual."

Squeezing of the hand.—Squeezing the hand with some persons is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is truly surprising. We must take hold of a lady's hand as we should a hot potatoe; afraid to give it a squeeze lest we should burn our fingers.—Very fine, truly! Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand we got in clutches, especially of a fair one; and the ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession—and that he has a heart one hundred times smaller than the eye of a cambric needle.

A fellow in Philadelphia was summarily punished the other evening. He was following a gentleman and lady along the street and annoying them, by singing a vulgar song. A sailor walking the same direction, and observing the fellow's conduct, knooked him down, bowed to the gentleman, and passed on.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 6.

Hogarth's a line of beauty considered, and a new theory advanced by the "Seven;" whereby they show how the world may become seventimes happier than it ever was before.

Start not, gentle reader, at what may seem the boldness and novelty of our declaration. We cannot so far prove recreant to the trust confided to us, as to mince matters in the least. We must tell you honestly, that the world, as yet, has known nothing of real happiness. To us however, it is given to put it on the right track. Atlas like, we have it resting upon our shoulders, and from its tendency downward, we are impressed with the conviction that it needs reform.—Cheerly we enter upon our task. But first, that we may not fall out by the way, let us have a perfect understanding, with each other;—let every switch in our mental rail roads be secured and set that, so far from running off the track, we may together roll up the incline plain of our friendly journey with even more than modern improvement rapidity.

REFORM then is our watch-word. Upon this, we shall bring all our energies to bear; and to accomplish it, we shall take the liberty to cast about us to the right hand and left—we shall poke into many a forbidden corner of this fair creation. Error and folly whenever found, must be subjected to our scrutiny and correction. What is low in the past, we shall raise up—what is too high in the present, bring to its proper level.

We respect antiquity, but not for "antiquity's sake." Like a certain nameless class of the fair ones, she even saught wedlock with happiness, and yet died in a state of "single blessedness." We love her for her honest efforts; but her wise men were not true philosophers. They could never find; as we have, the armor of Vulcan, the Panacea, the Catholicon and the Philosopher's Stone. They were ignorant of the Elements—the principles of true happiness. And without these, of what use are all the fine arts and learning of the ancients—of what use, the steam boats and rail roads—the balloon and submarine vessels of the moderns? Happiness is, after all the *sine qua non* of every individual—old bachelors alone excepted.—"Surely! and who can be so stupid as to deny your position, and yet who is happy?" Not too hasty, gentle reader! Follow us patiently a step or two farther, and our word for it, we shall fairly demonstrate to you that,—though there is but little of it about among the present "purse proud" generation—its elements have for a time been practically known, and that to us is left the business of fully developing them, and thus rendering the world seven times happier than it ever was before.

Hogarth! who has not heard of the immortal Hogarth! He has but just passed from the stage of existence. Still the eager, anxious throng of his admirers are gazing after him as if, with their short sight, they would penetrate the curtain that separates him from them. But what means that shout that echoes from pit to gallery—"Hogarth's line of beauty!" What means it? Ah! we have it now. This noble artist was, doubtless, the first to say that the curve or waving line was more pleasing to the eye than the straight or right line. How plain—how almost self-evident his dictum when once announced; and yet who but Hogarth would er-

er have discovered the fact on which so much of our happiness depends? Unlike the majority of those who preceded him, he studied nature. He saw that she was consistent with herself—that the whole, harmonised with each part—each part with the whole.—He also saw that she delights in curves, and thence concluded that the eye of man—her noblest production—was so constructed as to receive its highest pleasure from the observation of curves and circles and wavering lines.

How beautiful his reasoning, and how legitimate his conclusion, allowing the correctness of his premises! and this, we are confident, the slightest observer cannot deny. Whether we contemplate the vast concave of heaven, or the bold and beautiful arches of a nutshell. Whether we follow along the graceful windings of the majestic river, or the equally delightful ones of a pumpkin vine—whether we ascend to the mountain top, or go down into the deepest well.—Every where, above, below, around us, nature starts to view, rich in all the delicate pencilings of "Hogarth's line of beauty." "But why then is not man as completely happy now, as he ever can be?"

Student, merchant, mechanic and lamp-lighter yours is not the shepherd's lot. You see—you know nothing of nature arrayed in her glory. Surrounded with the rubbish of your own imperfect combinations, her volume is to you a dead letter. But despair not. You observe her predilections for rotundity. You see that happiness is measured out to man, in proportion as it abounds. Take your hint from these facts. Suffer not so important a lesson to be lost upon you. Abandon at once the square and "square rule" and take to circles. Instead of surrounding yourselves with sharp corners and obtuse angles, let every thing that comes from your hand bear the impress of rotundity. Never go straight to the object you would attain. Take a zig zag course. True! you will be a little longer in securing it, but think of the happiness that is to follow. It will be increased seven fold, and *sex*, you know, is the acme of perfection.

Patient reader, having now, as we conceive, fully redeemed our promise, we would take a friendly leave of you by throwing out a few suggestions as to the practical application of our theory. Are you a legislator, ambitious of an imperishable name, make laws at once that hereafter all public works—such as railroads, canals and rivers—shall consist of a concatenated series of consecutive circles. See to it, however, that in doing this, you do not cause some of our majestic rivers to run up hill. Are you a seafaring man, adapt your vessel to the model of those of our dutch ancestors. Let them be a perfect circle. You may not sail quite as fast you now do, but, as the saying is, you will "go on swimmingly." Depend upon it your comforts will be increased. Are you a lean, hungry, snarling, snappish specimen of humanity, court the society of our aldermen. A single glance at their fair round proportion, will dissipate your bile, and make you love yourself and all your kind. Are you a legal gentleman, abandon your straight forward course with your client. Lead him about in a mazy round of circles. He will be mystified and amused, you made happy—provided he has enough of the "where-with-all." Are you a parent, blessed with a mischievous lazy son, make yourself and your neighbor happy, and him *smart* by giving him a yard or two of the waving line. And last though not least, should our noble theory receive the honor of a perusal from the fairer portion of creation, to them we would say, increase your prospects for a "favorable hit," by drawing around that delicate spot of rouge on either cheek, sev-

en concentric circles, and your conquests will be complete.

Thus we might run through all the occupations and professions in which our race are engaged, and show how, in each, the pleasures of its duties would be enhanced by the introduction of the circle; but as the ingenious mind needs nothing more than a fair start on the right track, we leave this hasty out-line with the world. If it has discrimination enough to see its consistency and usefulness, well and good. If not, rest the evil upon its own head. Our skirts at least are clean.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Man was made for society. The dungeon inspires a chill but little inferior to that of death, and hopeless solitude is sublimely terrible. The savage derives enjoyment from the reflection that he is not alone, and the congregated brutes demonstrate the fact, that they even were formed for society. In order to preserve the social compact and enjoy its benefits it is necessary to establish laws and regulations by which it must be governed. Every member of the community, must yield up some of his natural rights for the general good and the collective body has the power and is bound to take measures to protect and defend itself. And when the compact has once been formed, when the government becomes established, and can exert itself with energy, every individual, however humble he may be, can claim protection, and feel himself secure. All have recognized the right which man possesses of defending himself. It is a law of his nature to protect himself and family, and not only this, he is bound to render assistance even to the stranger. But we cannot argue from this that it is right for a community of men to visit the criminal with capital punishment, for though society may be treated, in many respects, as an individual; yet it possesses not the particular characteristic that gives to the individual his only right of defence. It is not called upon to act at the moment, for that would be the destruction of all Law and Society, and mobocracy and lynching would be the order of the day, while the individual's only excuse for taking the life of the assassin that assaults him is, that should he wait for the Law it would be too late.—The fatal deed would be accomplished and justice might never overtake the criminal. Again, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, exclaims the advocate for capital punishment, as if that, being taken from scripture, would silence every objection; but where we ask, is the justice of the law of retaliation. Is the life of the poor, debased and inhuman wretch who murders the innocent and noble, to be put in comparison with that of his victim? No! and well did the sagacious Solon decree that the man who put out the eye of an one eyed man should lose both of his; and further, shall we steal of the thief and swear false against the perjurer, or, burn the house of him who has committed arson? All perceive the folly of such a course, yet it is the Law of retaliation, and we might as well apply it to those as to murder. The object of the criminal Law is not that of expiation, it seeks not revenge, nor is justice as powerful an attribute as mercy; its aim is to prevent crime, either by reforming the criminal, or deterring others from the commission of the same offence, and the great question would seem to be, how can this be best accomplished. Shall we execute the murderer, or shall we inflict some milder punishment? If we execute, there is little chance of reform; and the prevention of crime, then would seem to be the only thing in its favor. We are inclined to think that it is not the severity, but certainty of pun-

ishment that prevents crime. The criminal looks not at the few who suffer the penalty but the many who go clear. He therefore boldly launches into crime, and if perchance the Law does reach him he feels that he has fallen a sacrifice, and attributes it to his ill fortune. Let the punishment be mild, and inflict it invariably. Then the community would feel no sympathy. Jurors would not forget their oaths and clear the guilty, nor would the Judges recommend the criminal to the mercy of the executive. We should not hear of the annual commission of eighteen murders in one city, nor would petition, after petition, go up to pardon the criminal, or commute his punishment.

MISCELLANY.

TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove, that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong conclusive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps.—Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see the tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if not one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Some things are much easier than others. A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to buy the furniture.

The Lancaster Gazette offers a new remedy for the tooth-ache, which is, to boil the head and shake the bones out.

ANECDOTE.

Every body recollects the story about Sam Rodgers, the poet and punster, being announced, at a party in Paris, as Mons. le Mort, by a servant who mistook him for Tom Moore. We heard a gentleman tell a story of himself some years ago, quite as good.

He arrived in Paris at noon one day, in the year 18—: he found all his countrymen prepared to attend a splendid party at Versailles; they were loud in expressing their regrets that he could not accompany them; they were very sorry—but the thing was impossible—full court dresses alone where admissible, and to obtain one then—'twas vain to think of it. He listened patiently—told them to leave him to himself—he was sure he could find amusement some where.

No sooner were they gone, than he began to dress, and in an hour, he was on the road to Versailles, fully equipt, blue coat, white vest, nankeen pantaloons. At the door of the splendid mansion, in which the company were assembled, his further progress was opposed by a servant whose livery was far more showy than his own costume. He affected the utmost astonishment at the interruption, and would have again passed on. The servant pointed to his dress, and by word and sign, signified that it was not *comme il faut*, and he must retire. "Dress—dress," exclaimed the traveller, "not pass not enter—why it is the same dress that is worn in the General Court at Boston." No sooner were the words uttered, than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet "booming and booming" preceded him, and with a loud voice announced, Mons. le General Court, de Boston; to the infinite amazement of the Americans in the group, and the exceeding delight of the new made General.

THE LEGENDARY.

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story.

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, every thing about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the choirists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused the more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less upon Bonaparte than his were upon her. "Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him." No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this, the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprung forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words—"Do not drive out in your carriage to-day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside. "Citizen-Consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!" "How so?" was the reply. "There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a real, massive bomb,

charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled! Things had been so arranged, that in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint Cloud. Fouché must be told of this—Dubois must be warned!" "Not a word to them!" replied Bonaparte; "the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them; and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time. "Duroc," you will come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb and removed it?" "I have, Citizen-Consul." Come, then let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte. The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confident Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison, the winters at Saint Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month, which the republicans well called *nirose*, and, in the evening, Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp Lauriston, the Generals Lannes and Benthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying, "Citizen-Consul! Citizen-Consul! read—read!" Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, Madam?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done." "Citizen Consul!" cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands. What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterward said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprang off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions, "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

"The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was but issuing from the street of Saint Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The infernal machine had exploded? Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied: Bonaparte was only perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines: "In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street Saint Nicholas!" The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box in the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrap-

ped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognised as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said he quietly but quickly to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries: I must see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but, to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upwards, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone: no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The isle of Elbe became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe: and, finally the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed their fallen chief were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not agirl, yet young enough to have retained unimpaired that beauty for which she would have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment. "Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

She emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman, "follow the advice! Be warned; it is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning her head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterward, he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of three warnings, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh," replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female, related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel-Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

A HINT.—Before you set up for a critic, furnish yourself with the tools.—*Manners.*

THE ANTIQUARY.

For the American Masonic Register.

SCARCITY OF BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Romans wrote these Books which they wished to endure, either on parchment, vellum or paper, made of the Egyptians *Papyrus*. The latter, being the cheapest, was most commonly used. But after the Saracens conquered Egypt, in the seventh century, the communication between that country and the people settled in Italy, and in other parts of Europe, was almost entirely obstructed, and the *Papyrus* was no longer in use amongst them. They were, therefore, obliged, on that account, to write their books on parchment, or vellum; and, as the price of that was high, books became extremely rare, and of great value.—We may judge of the scarcity of the materials for writing from one circumstance: there still remains several MSS. of the eighth, ninth, tenth, and following centuries, written on parchment, from which former writing, had been *erased*, in order to substitute a new composition, perhaps not worth a cent. In this manner, it is not improbable, that many valuable books of the ancients perished through the ignorance of the monks and others, who were not acquainted with their real worth. A volume of Livy, Virgil, Tacitus, or other good author, might have been erased to make room for the legendary account of a pretended Saint, some account of a Tournament, or other worthless Tale.—Montfaucon affirms; that the greater part of the MSS. which he had seen (those of a later date excepted,) were written on parchment, from which some former writing had been erased. Many of these are to be seen at the Radcliff Library, Oxford. It has however, been lately asserted, that a method of restoring the *erased* letters to that degree, that they may be legible, has been discovered by an application of Ammonia.

As the want of materials for writing is a great reason why so many of the works of the ancients have perished, it accounts likewise for the small number of MSS. previous to the eleventh century. Many circumstances prove the scarcity of books during these ages. Private persons seldom possessed any books whatever. Even monasteries of considerable note, had only one Missal. Lupus, Abbot of Ferrières, in a letter to the Pope, A. D. 855, beseeches him to lend him a copy of *Cicero de Oratore*, and *Quintilian's Institution*, "for" says he, "although we have parts of those books, there is no complete copy of them in all France." The price of books became so high, that persons of a moderate fortune could not afford to purchase them. The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the *Homilies of Ilainon*, Bishop of Abberstadt, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Even so late as the year 1471, Louis XI, borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, for the Faculty of Medicine, in Paris; and he not only deposited in pledge, a considerable quantity of Plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him, as surety in a deed, under a considerable penalty to restore it.

Anthony Panormita, offered to sell an estate that he might be enabled to purchase a copy of *Livy*. Of this circumstance, we have a curious account, in a letter by Panormita himself to Alphonsus, King of Naples, to whom he was Secretary: "Sire—You have informed me from Florence, that the books of *Livy*, written in a poor hand, are to be sold, and that they ask for them 100 crowns" [a considerable sum at that time] "I beseech your majesty to cause to be sent to me this King of Books, and I will not fail to send the money for it. I beseech your prudence to let me know, whether Paggins, or I do better—he who to purchase a *farm*, near Florence, sells *Livy*; or I to purchase the *Book*, sells my land? Your goodness and modesty induce me to put the familiar question to you. Farewell and triumph."

History does not record the fact; but it is sincerely hoped that the King sent him *Livy*, without subjecting the Scholar to sell his land.

Commodore T. H. Stevens of the navy died at Washington on the 21st inst. At the age of twenty he commanded one of the vessels engaged in Perry's ever memorable battle on Lake Erie.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From the London Metropolitan.

MASQUERADING IN ITALY AND SICILY.

The carnival is very gay in Sicily; all classes seem at this season to relinquish every serious thought and occupation, and to give themselves up entirely to diversion. I have spent the carnival in most of the great cities in Italy, but in none have I found it more brilliant and lively than in Catania. The Italians, in general, do not understand the assuming and supporting a character so well as the English; but their masquerades have, notwithstanding, infinitely more spirit than ours. Their object is entirely different. We seek little more than to go respectably through some role we have assigned ourselves; our assemblies in mask are therefore only a species of play in patchwork. We come to see and be seen—they to see, but not to be seen; to discover the motions of others, yet conceal their own. We strive to divert others, they to satisfy themselves, and to do a thousand things which they cannot accomplish at any other season. The women are especially fond of the carnival, and as soon as one is terminated, look forward to the next with impatience. At Florence they have a not inappropriate saying: *Il carnevale e il paradiso delle donne ed il purgatorio degli uomini*. The carnival is the paradise of women and the purgatory of men. Indeed, I have known many a husband and lover not quite so pleased at its approach as his wife or mistress. It is nowhere carried on with greater spirit than in Catania; towards the conclusion, it becomes one incessant round of extravagance and diversion. The rich drive through the streets from morning to night, disguising themselves, their domestics, their carriages and horses, so as not to be recognizable. In this condition they form parties, drawing up in battle array, and come to fierce engagements, using sugar-plums and comfits as their missiles, sacks of which are carried in their vehicles for the purpose, and which, if they strike the face, as I often experienced, give no contemptible blow. Ladies, whilst under the sharp and incessant fire, whilst the populace also masked, and formed into a thousand ludicrous groups, eagerly pick up the scattered ammunition.

All-night there are masked balls at theatres, which are attended by all classes; nor do people of rank disdain to leave their boxes and mix in the festivities of the *pleata*, or pit. Throughout Italy and Sicily, all who tender their money, and are decently habited, are admitted without distinction, from the shoemaker to the prince; yet instances of improper or unbecoming conduct rarely or never take place, as the slightest breach of decorum is instantly punished by the *cavaliere d'ispezione*, or inspector, who is always a nobleman, and has the right of imprisoning offenders. I have seen in Florence the Grand Duke and Duchess mix without any reserve in the crowd at the Pergola or Opera House, on the night of the *Gran Vegliata*, when not less than six thousand people of all ranks and descriptions have been present. In Catania they are somewhat more particular; all are admitted and mix together, but there the nobility, only, enjoy the privilege of taking off their masks, or keeping them on at pleasure; an infringement of this rule would inevitably consign any non-noble to prison, for at least the remainder of the carnival.

At one of these assemblies, a genteel looking, well dressed man, invited the Princess of R—— to dance with him; fancying she recognized him as an acquaintance, she politely consented. As the gentleman reconducted her to her seat, he took the opportunity of thanking her for the high honor conferred upon him, and removing his mask, discovered to the surprised princess, that she had been dancing with her hair-dresser. The aspiring tinsler, however, paid dearly for his ambition, with a month's imprisonment, and the loss of the lady's custom.

In England, where people affect an equality, and where Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm says, the greater part of the nobles spring from sugar hogsheads, butter firkins, and wine casks, there is no instance in which the different orders thus join for a moment in any thing resembling free intercourse. We have no saturnalia of this description. We have no slaves, John Bull will sturdily reply. This peculiarity, which, it must be owned, does not say much for the urbanity of our

character, arises from the real distinction of classes, lying in England, not between noble and plebeian, but in the far wider and more obvious separation of rich and poor. Which nation is, in this respect, most worthy of applause, I leave to the decision of my readers, for my own part,

"Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto."

THE GATHERER.

SUBELTY OF LUNATICS.

The subelty of lunatics, in avoiding the exposure of their weakness, is illustrated as follows. It is told by Erskine, in lord Mansfield's own words:—"A man of the name of Wood had indicted Dr. Monro for keeping him as a prisoner when he was sane. He underwent the most severe examination by the defendant's counsel, without exposing his complaint; but Dr. Bailie having come upon the bench by me, (lord Mansfield,) and having desired me to ask him what was become of the princess, with whom he had corresponded in cherry-juice, he showed in a moment what he was. He answered, that there was nothing at all in that; because having been (as every body knew) imprisoned in a high tower, and being debarred the use of ink, he had no other means of correspondence, but by writing his letters in cherry-juice, and throwing them into the river which surrounded the tower, where the princess received them in a boat. There existed, of course, no tower, no imprisonment, no writing in cherry-juice, no river, no boat the whole was the inveterate fancy of a morbid imagination. I immediately" continued lord Mansfield, "directed Dr. Monro to be acquitted; but this man, Wood, being a merchant in Pilpot-lane, and having been carried through the city on his way to the madhouse, indicted Dr. Monro over again for the trespass and imprisonment in London, knowing that he had lost his cause by speaking of the princess at Westminster; and such," said lord Mansfield, "is the extraordinary subelty and cunning of mad-men, that when he was cross-examined on the trial in London, as he had successfully been before, in order to expose his madness, all the ingenuity of the bar, and all the authority of the court, failed to draw from him a single syllable upon that topic, which had put an end to the indictment before, although he had still the same indelible impression upon his mind, as he had signified to those who were near him; but conscious that the delusion had occasioned his defeat at Westminster, he obstinately persisted in holding it back."—*Law Magazine*.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—The whole secret of choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—EXPLORE THE CHARACTER. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance; for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify a romantic love, though thousands may reasonably inspire that gentle esteem, which is infinitely better. A woman-worshipper and a woman-hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world; for, if the characters of women were thoroughly understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

CROMWELL'S ENERGY.

Professor Limbroch, (says Mr. Rutt, in his recent valuable publication of the diary of Thomas Buxton, Esq.) relates a noble instance given by Oliver Cromwell, Protector of England, of interferences with the "unrighteous practices" of the Holy Office. "Thos. Maynard, Consul of the English nation at Lisbon, was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, under pretence that he had said or done something against the Roman religion. Mr. Meadows, who was then resident at Lisbon, advised Cromwell of the affair; and, after having received an express from him, went to the king of Portugal, and in the name of Cromwell, demanded the liberty of Consul Maynard. The king told him it was not in his power—that the consul was detained by the Inquisition, over which he had no authority. The resident sent this answer to Cromwell and having soon after received new instructions from him, had again audience of the king, and told him that, since his majesty declared he had no power over the Inquisition, he was commanded by Cromwell to declare war against the Inquisition? This so terrified the King and the Inquisition, that they immediately freed the consul from prison."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 if in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE GRAND CHAPTER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK—met in this city, on Tuesday last, and continued in session for two days. The Grand Chapter was well attended, and its proceedings were, in comparison with late years, unusually interesting. From the information obtained through the representatives of the subordinate Chapters, in various sections of the state, it would appear, that Masonry is gradually, and *wholesomely* recovering from the shock which it sustained from the effects of Anti-masonry. In several places, where, six or eight years ago, Lodges and Chapters had entirely ceased from labor, the truly "blessed spirit" has again shown itself, and both Lodges and Chapters have resumed their business under the most favorable auspices. There is evidently a returning sense of reason among our opponents, who in many instances regret their violence; and there appears to be a corresponding disposition on the part of our brethren to meet the remnant of such opposition as may still exist, in that spirit which is so strongly inculcated by the rule of action laid down for us; but at the same time to pursue the "even tenor of our way," in that which will resuscitate and add stimulus to the efforts of the order, in the legitimate sphere, which as Masons and Freemen, we are authorised to move, without calling any man "master."

By a vote of the Grand Chapter, the Grand Sec'y, was directed to furnish for publication such an abstract of the proceedings, as may be expedient, and which will be of interest to the masonic body, which we will endeavor to obtain for our next paper.

On the motion of M. E. Comp. Herring, after an interesting discussion, the Grand Chapter, appointed a committee of five Companions in the city of New York, to receive and welcome the General Grand Encampment, and the General Grand Chapter of the United States, who will, convene in that city during the ensuing summer. As there will undoubtedly be committees appointed, with direct reference to this object, from the other two Grand Bodies of this State, the occasion and event will be one which will vie with any similar Masonic Jubilee, and we anticipate the happiest results from it.

The following Grand officers were elected for the ensuing year.

M. E. Richard Ellis, of New York, G. H. P.
 " Benjamin Enos of Madison co. D. G. H. P.
 " Joseph Cuyler, of Fulton co. G. K.
 " E. S. Barnum, of Oneida co. G. S.
 " John O. Cole, of Albany, G. Sec'y.
 " Gerrit W. Ryckman, of New York, G. Treas.
 " John Bull, of Columbia, G. Marshal;
 Ebenezer Wadsworth, and Joseph Enos, Grand Visitors, Abram Sickles, of Albany, G. Sentinel.

The Abolition of Horse-Racing in New Jersey is engaging the attention of the legislature of that state and an earnest effort is making for the passage of a law to prevent all horse-racing in the state,

THE BRIDGE.—It is a matter of much wonder with us that Albanians, with the sad evidence which the last six weeks have given of the great necessity of some certain communication with the opposite counties, can, for a moment, hesitate in giving the petition before the present legislature for a bridge, their undivided support. It cannot be but well known that our commercial pursuits have suffered in many respects, from the lack of this necessary appendage. We have been informed by one of our merchants, that since this freshet commenced, that the extra cost, to him, in getting a team twice across the river, excluding loss of time, was \$30. On one occasion they crossed at Catskill, and the other at Troy. Besides these individual instances, which must be numerous, there are others which materially affect the interests of the public. Our mails have been delayed—the trade between this and the places opposite, which is not inconsiderable, has been for the time effectually suspended—"last, though not least" the obstacle which the freshet offers to the crossing of milk-men, has caused such an excitement in the domestic circles, that we fear *nothing but a bridge*, will subdue either the wrath of the women, or the tea-less looking visages of the men.

But not to trifle with grave affairs. The repeated effort to carry this necessary project into effect, has been as repeatedly defeated by the fear which our citizens have been continually manifesting relative to Trojan opposition. We know of no claim that Troy has upon us, that we should be continually subjected to her views of what is best for ourselves. Has she not been sufficiently often the recipient of our liberality, to allow us, without interference, to secure this natural right? Did not the Rail Road which she is at present laying from Schenectady, and which directly opposes the interest of our own from the same place, receive, sans remonstrance, the sanction of the Senator from our city. But if we are only true to ourselves, Troy cannot prevent our receiving this grant. Opposition will be as nothing in the scale, if we but unite; and that we do so, and at once, convenience, future prosperity, and the safety of life demand.

The meeting held in the rotunda of the Exchange, on Saturday evening last, displayed spirit, which if properly seconded by the action of the people, must eventuate in securing the charter. Mr. Stevens in an able address, could not have failed to convince all present, that we have the power, if we will determine to use it. Our necessities never called for the aid of all our energies more than now. When the eastern R. Road shall be completed, let us be prepared with a bridge, so as to be able to bring its train of cars, where the charter requires they should be brought—into our city. Stopping at Greenbush, which must be the case providing the bridge is not made would make this road to us of but little avail. Its charter was secured by our citizens, and our stocks are predicated for its building—where then is the reason that our city should not receive some of the benefits thereof?

The Pennsylvania legislature are about passing a law imposing a fine of \$500 on any gentleman who may marry a colored lady and likewise imposing a heavy penalty on the clergyman, who may lend himself for the occasion. We look upon this as an unwarrantable interference with a certain two of the five senses of man.

Arrangements are being made in New York to receive the Governor of New Jersey, on his arrival at that city from Washington.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—One of our correspondents of the "7" has devoted an article to this subject; and perhaps argues as *reasonably* as can be expected on an *unreasonable* subject. There are always two sides to a question, and we are ever willing to hear any man talk, provided we have the liberty of *talking back*.—We shall answer some of his objections at some future day.

A NEW PAPER.—Mr. James Duffey, late of the Albany Bee, presents the public with a well filled and interesting sheet, to be published once a week, in this city at \$2. per annum, entitled "The Examiner." Mr. D. is a fellow-townsmen, a practical printer, and a young man of fair talent, and character. We wish him every success in his laudable efforts.

Invasion of Texas.—The latest New Orleans papers state that no further doubt is entertained at Galveston, of the design of the Mexicans to make a descent upon Texas. About fifteen hundred Mexicans are already concentrated at San Patricio, on the Nueces, under the joint Command of Vasquez, Roderiquez, and Bradburn.

Mr. Buxton, will repeat his lecture on Analogy out Analogised, on Monday evening, at Knickerbocker Hall.

LAND Sales.—Public sales of government land, will take place at the land office in GENESEE, Michigan, on Monday 10th day of May next; at IOWA on Monday the 24th of the same month.

Intelligence.

As the case of M'Leod, now imprisoned at Lockport, is one of much consequence, we shall from time to time keep our readers apprised of the situation of his case. A short time since, an attempt was made to bail M'Leod, which was partially successful. The following extract from the proceedings of a public meeting, at Lockport, will show how the matter stands.

Whereas, the case of Alexander M'Leod, arrested and held to bail for a capital offence, has become a matter of serious importance, and to which the attention of our fellow-citizens in every part of the country is directed, we as citizens of the village of Lockport, and county of Niagara, feeling anxious that such steps should be taken in the matter, as shall be consistent with our rights, the supremacy of our laws, and a vindication of our national honor, disavow all intention of prejudging the case of said Alexander M'Leod or to do ought that shall have a tendency to prevent said M'Leod from having a fair and impartial trial acting on the legal maxim, that the accused should be presumed innocent until proved guilty. Therefore,

Resolved, That we are highly gratified that Capt. Wm. Buel has seen fit to place M'Leod again in custody, especially as it is but a few days before the sitting of our Court, when the Grand Jury will pass upon his case, under the direction of the Court.

Resolved, That we highly approve the recent answer of Mr. Forsyth to the unjust demand of Mr. Fox for the discharge of said M'Leod, and the sentiments of Messrs. Fillmore, Cushing, and Alford, delivered in Congress, fully meet our approbation, and are such as the exigency of the case, and the honor of the nation called for.

Important from Montreal—Union of the Canadas—First Parliament.—We learn from Montreal, that Governor General Thompson will issue his proclamation on the 8th inst. declaring the union of the two Provinces, and for the assembling of the new Parliament at Kingston in May next.

Kingston, the new capital of the United Province, is situated at the lower end of Lake Ontario, nearly opposite Oswego and Sackett's Harbor.—[N. Y. Herald.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Friday evening last the dwelling of Mr. J. Starr, of Henderson, in this county, was consumed and three children, the eldest 6 years, the youngest 18 months perished in the flames. It appears that Mrs. Starr was absent on a visit to one of her neighbors and that Mr. Starr was also a short distance from the house—on an errand—when the house took fire. Previous to leaving the house the parents placed the two eldest children in a bed, and the youngest in a cradle, designing to be from home but a very short space of time; they returned, but to witness the awful destruction of their hopes. The remains of the three were found lying together, proving that the youngest had sought the company for the eldest but to share with them a most horrible death. *Watertown Jeffersonian.*

Sugar from Beet Root.—In Bohemia the manufacture of sugar from beet root is very great. Of 52 manufactories, there are at present 46 at work, not to mention many refining houses. There are also nine manufactories for syrup from potato meal. During the last working season, 35,000 quintals of sugar were made. A great part of this goes to Austria.—*N. Y. Standard.*

Canadian Tobacco.—Upper Canada tobacco, raised between Niagara and Detroit rivers, is an important article of export from Quebec. The runaway slaves and free blacks of Virginia, Kentucky and elsewhere, who have settled there, have carried with them a practical knowledge of its cultivation.—*Id.*

Peace between England and China.—By the packet ship North America, Capt. Lowber, we have London papers of the evening of the 6th and Liverpool of the 7th.

The chief news of importance is from China and India. Great Britain seems to be sweeping all Asia before her arms.

The Chinese question is settled—the War in Cahool is terminated—and Mehemet Ali is thoroughly and effectually subdued.

Our advices are from Bombay to the 1st ult., Alexandria to the 24th ult., and Malta to the 28th.

Shortly after the capture of Chusan, Admiral Elliott, in proceeding to the Pecho river, was met by a mandarin of the third rank of the Chinese Empire, though some accounts say by the Emperor himself, while others affirm that Admiral Elliot had arrived at Peking, and had an audience of the Emperor.

The Emperor had agreed to pay 3,000,000 for the expenses incurred by the British in making war; other authorities state 2,000,000 sterling as indemnity for the opium seized, and 1,000,000 for the expenses of the war.

The Emperor, either himself or through his officers, has expressed pacific intentions to the Admiral, and he disavows the actions of his Commissioner Lin. This latter indeed, has fallen into disgrace, and the Emperor offers to surrender him into the hands of the English, to be dealt with as they think proper.

Chusan is not to be given up until the treaty is signed.

The death of Rear Admiral Sir Philip B. Vere-Brooke, the officer who commanded the Shannon in her engagement with the Chesapeake during the last war, on which occasion he was severely wounded, and for which he was made a Baronet, is announced in the last London papers.

Explosion.—An explosion of the steam boiler in the India Rubber Factory, Providence, R. I., took place on the 29th inst., killing several persons.

Terrible.—A Mrs. Mair, of Freedom township, Ill., on the 1st inst., in a fit of insanity, threw her infant into the fire, by which it was burnt to a crisp. The little sufferer made frequent attempts to escape the flames but as often did the insane mother thrust it in again, until it perished amid the embers. Mrs. M. has heretofore been subject to fits of mental aberration.

A man of gentlemanly appearance dropped dead in Cambridge street Boston, on Friday evening last.—He proved to be Judge Butler of Augusta Maine.

Shocking Calamity.—The Kalamazoo Gazette says on Tuesday evening last, while Elder Mack and his wife of Prairie Ronde, were from home, their house with five persons in it, was entirely consumed by fire.—*Buff. Com. Adv.*

A Harrisburgh paper gives a case of absence of mind thus:—A girl who was of our first love, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in a bashful repudiation she blew us out of the door, and drew the candlestick behind the door and kissed it.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, Mr. Evert J. Lansing, merchant, to Miss Harriet Maria, daughter of William Gladding, all of this city.

On Saturday morning, the 30th ult., by the Rev. A. R. Speers, Mr. William A. Fitch, to Miss Jane Brown all of this city.

On Thursday, the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Crounce, of Guilderland, Mr. Samuel Rankin, of this city, to Miss Mary, daughter of Wm. Merrifield of Guilderland.

DIED.

In New York, Monday evening, Jan. 25th Henry Green, son of T. G. and Loretta Wait, aged 6 years and one month.

In this city on Sunday last, Hannah wife of Edwin Thomas, aged 38 years.

In this city on Saturday last, Amos S. Wescott, aged 45 years. On Monday evening, Harriet, wife of Albert Dibble, aged 20.

At Woodstock, James W. Daniels, formerly of this city, aged 27.

On Saturday evening, Alida, daughter of Elijah and Mary Dygett.

At Newtown, L. I. Gertrude, wife of Wm. Sacket, 52. At Barre, Mass. Seth Lee, 70. At Hamilton, Madison co. Cotton Mather, son of Rev. N. Hendrick. In Pa. Rebecca, wife of the Hon. Henry A. Muhlenburgh, 59. In Troy, Martha Farling, 61. In Berlin, Rensselaer, James Main, 96. At Pittsfield, Mass. Mrs. Rebecca Gardiner, mother of Judge Gardiner, of Rochester. In Binghamton, David Crocker, At Rodman, Jefferson, Nathan Strong, 72. In Norwich, Nathan Pendleton, 68. In Owasco, Dr. Jorish Brevier, 58. In Norwich, Elder Burdich, 76. In Roxbury, Mary, wife of John B. Gould, 43. In Litchfield, Wm. Bacon, 81. At Fort Neck, L. I. Miss Maria Onderdonk, 80. At Brooklyn, Mrs. Catharine Mintoyne, 70.

In New York, Catherine, wife of Thomas Alsop.—Sarah, wife of Gen. Peter Van Zandt, 70. Madeline, wife of Isaac Gibson, 30. Rosetta, wife of the late John R. Skiddy, 68. Ann, wife of Capt. Wm. Rysdyk, 36. John Shatsell, 36. Miss Julia Ann Barnes. Mary Heutis, 21. Francis Marrier, 22. Charles Murray 57. Mrs. Ann Brown, 46. Dr. John W. Ansley, 32. Wm. Henry Hicks, 29.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Feb. 6.

The performance will commence with the
IRON CHEST.

Sir Edward Mortimer Mr. Jackson.
Willfred Mis. PRESTON.

Alter which, in the circle,

Star and Waltz Entree.

Songs, by Mrs. Hood, Messrs. Dickinson, and Plummer.

Horsemanship, by Messrs. Aymar, Madigan and Shindle.

Mr. Young, the astounding Positionist, will appear. On Monday, Timour the Tartar.

For particulars, see small bills.

Doors open at 6 o'clock performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

N. B. No ladies admitted, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

Equestrian manager, Mr. Needham; stage manager, Mr. Jackson; clown Messrs. May and Knapp.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Oliver Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.

Tallmage Fairchild, Oxsacke.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Test, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Wood, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowskill.

James Cavanagh, Watertown.

Myron L. Burwell, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Bordino.

Robert King, Rochester.

Francis Milo, Kingston, U. C.

Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.

Isaac Cromie, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan

J. H. McMahon, Memphis, Tennessee.

James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.

G. L. Cope, jr. Savannah.

A. C. Davis, Portsmouth, Ohio.

D. M. Sheffield, Tallahassee.

A. S. Pfister, Columbus.

Jacob Nichols, Wellsburgh, Va.

Richard B. Dallam, St. Louis, Mo.

H. Colman, Liberty, Missouri.

George Fisher, Houston, Republic of Texas.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to \$2 75. dec 16-11

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOK every description made to order. Paper of [any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the m. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
Around are unexampled buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown,
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolves in star showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me—and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have not hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
Who walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away my life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

THE LAST DAY.

From the "Omnipresence of the Deity." by Robert Montgomery

Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn have gloried in their birth:
We live and toil—and triumph and decay—
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away;
And thus 'twill be, till heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more!

O! say what Fancy, though endowed sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And earth be dashed into eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around!
But while the skies are shattered by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-shot star—
Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurled!

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays;
Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,

And now immingled in a sea of light!
Till romping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire clouds quivering through the sky;
Like sea foam pashed upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And lo! the sea: along her ruined shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar!
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throes,
Bounds, swells and sinks, like leaping hills of snow!
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble and while earthquakes sound,
While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our horror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned Deity?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around!
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who careered in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are plucked from every isle and land and tomb
To hear their changeless and eternal doom!

Now while the universe is wrapped in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath the canopy of flame, behold
With glittering banners at his feet unrolled
Earth's Judge!—around seraphic minstrels throng
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song:
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death dirge o'er departing Time!

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on eternity's dread brink expire;
Fain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unrolled.
The last the fiery chaos hath begun
Quenched is the moon! and blackened is the sun!
The stars have bounded mid the airy roar;
Crushed lie the rocks and mountains are no more:
The deep unbosomed with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin like creation's tomb!

And lo! the living harvest of the earth,
Reaped from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds, and blazes from afar!
And, like an ocean vollied from his throne,
Roars the deep thunder of his judgement tone!—
Winged on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The cursed, with hell uncovered to their eye,
Shake, shrink, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheered the winter hearth—do they return?
Joanna Baillie.

Come home! there is a sorrowing breath,
In music since ye went;
And the early flower-scents wander by
With mournful memories blent:

The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*Brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved, come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid sea?
Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! Life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring;
And swift birds o'er the mind!
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
—Still, your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

GATHER RIPE FRUITS, O DEATH!

BY THOMAS RAGO.

Gather ripe fruits, O Death!
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,
Pass on, and touch not youth's bright sunny bowers,

There are enough for thee
Of hearts that long for thy serene repose,
That fain among the lowly-laid would be,
Pierced deep with festering wounds that will not close.

Go to the desolate,
Whom thou hast robbed of every star-bright thing,
On whom the smiles of hope no longer wait,
Whose loves have passed upon the morning's wing.

Go to the wearied frame,
That seeks to slumber on the grave's cold breast,
That finds life's pleasures but an empty name,
And longs to flee away and be at rest.

Go to the saints of God,
Whose souls are weary of the world and sin,
Who fain would tread the path their Saviour trod,
And greet the tomb that lets heaven's glories in.

Take these, take these to rest,
But smite not childhood in its mirthful play,
Snatch not the infant from its mother's breast,
Steal not the loved and loving ones away!

Gather ripe fruits, O Death!
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,
Pass on, and touch not youth's bright fragrant bowers

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 24.]

MASONIC.

A GENERAL CHARGE TO MASONS.

Delivered at Christ church at Boston on the 28th of December, 1749.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BROCKWELL, A. M.

The principal intention in forming societies is undoubtedly the uniting men in the strictest bonds of love; for men, considered as social creatures, must derive their happiness from each other: every man being designed by providence to promote the good of others as he leaders his own advantage: and by that intercourse to secure their good offices, by being, as occasion may offer, serviceable unto them.

Christianity in general (for I now enter not upon the melancholy divisions so rife among us) never circumscribes our benevolence within the narrow confines of nature, fortune, profit, or personal obligation. What I would advance is this: That we restrain not our love to our next neighbor only, this being merely a point of convenience,—nor to our acquaintance solely, this being the effect of inclination purely to gratify ourselves. We are not to caress our friends only, because gratitude and common justice require even that at our hands. Nor yet those especially from whom we expect to receive benefit, for this interest and policy will prompt us to—nor our relations only, for this the ties of blood and mere nature dictate. Nor is our love and charity limited to them particularly who are of the same church or opinion with us; for by the very same reason that we are induced to believe ourselves in the right, they may imagine themselves so too: and what we may judge to be a perfection among ourselves, they may condemn as a blemish. Be it so then, that in some points, or rather modes of worship, we may differ or dissent from each other, yet still the *LOVE* reconciles even these. There we all meet amicably, and converse sociably together. There we harmonize in principles, though we vary in punctilios. There we join in conversation, and intermingle interests. There we discover no estrangement of behaviour, nor alienation of affection. We serve one another most readily in all the offices of a cordial friendship. Thus are we united, though distinguished; united in the same *grand Christian fundamentals*, though distinguished by some *circumstantials*: united in one important band of *brotherly love*, though distinguished by some *peculiarities of sentiment*.

Freedom of opinion thus indulged, but its points never discussed, is the happy influence under which the unity of this truly ancient and honorable society, has been preserved from time immemorial. And whoever is an *upright mason*, can neither be an Atheist, Deist, or Libertine. For he is under the strictest obligation, to be a good man, a true christian, and to act with honor and honesty, however distinguished by different opinions in the circumstantials of religion. Upon which account MASONRY is become the centre of union, and the means of conciliating friendship among men, that have otherwise remained at perpetual distance: causing them to love as brethren, as heirs of the same hope, partakers of the same promises, children of the same God, and candidates of the same heaven.

We read, that when Tertullus pleaded against St. Paul, the chief accusation whereon he founded his plea; was his being *ring leader of the sect of the Nazarenes*—and this sect (said the Jews) we know that everywhere it is spoken against. And wherefore was this sect so spoken against? Was it from any evil they knew of its professors? Or from mere ignorance or blind prejudice? We find nothing of the former, but undoubted proof of the latter. And this I take to be pretty much one case, in respect to masonry as flowing from the same corrupted principles. I have had the honor of being a member of this ancient and honorable society many years, have sustained many

of its offices, and can, and do aver, in this sacred place and before the *grand ARCHITECT of the world*, that I never could observe ought therein, but what was justifiable and commendable according to the strictest rules of society; this being founded on the rules of the gospel, doing the will of God, and the *subduing the passions*, and highly conducing to every sacred and social virtue. But not to insist on my own experience, the very antiquity of the constitution furnishes a sufficient argument to confute all gainsayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpose, ever lasted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual trust and confidence is founded, soon divides and breaks them to pieces. Nor would men of unquestionable wisdom, known integrity, strict honor, undoubted veracity, and good sense, (though they might be tree panned into a foolish or ridiculous society, which could pretend to nothing valuable) ever continue in it, (as all the world may see they have done, and now do) or contribute towards supporting and propagating it to posterity.

As to any objections that have been raised against this society, they are as ridiculous as they are groundless:—for what can discover more egregious folly in any man, than to attempt to vilify what he knows nothing of? At that rate, he may with equal justice abuse or calumniate any thing else that he is unacquainted with—but there are some peculiar customs among us; surely these can be liable to no censure: hath not every society some peculiarities which are not to be revealed to men of different communities?—But some among us behave not so well as might be expected: We fear this to be too true, and are heartily sorry for it: let us therefore every one try to mend one another. But even this objection is of no weight with a man of ingenuity and candor. For if the unworthiness of a professor casts a reflection upon the profession, it may be inferred, by parity of reason, that the misconduct of a christian is an argument against Christianity. But this is a conclusion which I presume no more than what he must subscribe to, who is so unreasonable as to insist on the other.

Upon the whole, then, it appears, that the rules of this society have a direct tendency to render conversation agreeable, as well as innocent; and so to influence our practice, as to be useful to others, and profitable to ourselves; for to continue in amity and maintain a fair correspondence, to be disposed reciprocally to all offices of humanity and to act upon mutual terms of benevolence, which are the characteristics of christianity, are likewise the cement of this society.—And how good it is to assist, comfort, and to relieve the oppressed, I need not now observe. Nor is it less obvious, how pleasant it is to contribute to the innocent delight, and promote the lawful advantage of one another; and always to converse with security without any, the least suspicion of fraudulent, injurious, or malicious practices.

Now, in order to cherish and promote this harmony within doors and without, let us first lay hold on the surest means to stop the mouth of detraction, by endeavoring to lead a pure and unblemishable life.—Let us consider my brethren, that not the reputation of one only, but that of the whole society is affected by a brother's misbehavior. Invested as we are with that distinguished *BADEX*, which at this day is the glory of the greatest potentates upon earth, we should scorn to act beneath the dignity of our profession.—Let us then walk worthy of our vocation, and do honor to our profession.

Let us rejoice in every opportunity of serving and obliging each other; for then, and only then, are we answering the great end of our institution. *Brotherly love, relief, and truth*, oblige us not only to be compassionate and benevolent, but to administer that relief and comfort which the condition of any member requires, and we can bestow, without manifest inconvenience to ourselves. No artful dissimulation of af-

fection can ever be allowed among those who are upon a level: nor can persons who live *within compass*, act otherwise than upon the square, consistently with the golden rule *doing as they would be done by*. For among us, every one is, or should be, another self; so that he that hates another, must necessarily abhor himself also; he that prejudices another, injures his own nature; and he that doth not relieve a distressed brother, starves a member of his own body. But this relief is not to be bestowed upon the idle, indolent, and extravagant; but upon the unfortunate, industrious, successful brother.

Let us next remember the regulations of this society are calculated, not only for the prevention of enmity, wrath, and dissention, but for the promotion of love, peace and friendship; then here surely conversation must be attended with mutual confidence, freedom and complacency. He who neither contrives mischief himself against others, nor suspects any against himself, has his mind always serene, and his affections composed. All the human faculties rejoice in order, harmony, and proportion; by this our society subsists, and upon this depends its wisdom, strength, and beauty:—Let therefore no narrow distinctions discompose this goodly frame or disturb it symmetry; but when good and worthy men offer themselves, let them ever have the first place in our esteem; but as for the abettors of Atheism, irreligion, libertinism, infidelity, let us, in the words of the prophet, *shake our hands from them* just as a person would do, who happens to have burning coals or some venomous creature fastening upon his flesh. In such a case none would stand a moment to consider; none would debate with himself the expediency of the thing; but instantly fling off the pernicious incumbrance; instantly endeavor to disengage himself from the clinging mischief: so should every upright mason from such perilous false brethren.

There is one essential property which belongs to our craft, which had liked to have slipped me, and which however condemned, is highly worthy of all applause; and that is *secrecy*. All that should be disclosed of a lodge is this, that in our meetings, we are all good-natured, loving, and cheerful one with another. But what are these secrets? Why, if a brother in necessity seeks relief, it is an inviolable secret, because true charity *vaunteth not itself*. If an overtaken brother be admonished, it is in secret; because *charity is kind*. If possibly little indifference, feuds, or animosities should invade our peaceful walls, they are still kept secret; for *charity suffereth long, is not easily provoked, thinking no evil*. These and many more (would time permit) which I could name, are the embellishments which emblazon the mason's escutcheon. And as a further ornament, let us add that aromatic *spig of cassia*, of letting our light so shine before men, that they may see our good-works; and that whereas they speak against us as evil-doers, they may, by our good works, which they shall behold, glorify God.

EXTRACTS FROM A MASONIC DISCOURSE.

BY GILES F. YATES, ESQ. OF SCHENECTADY.

The object of Freemasonry has ever been to promote the best interests of mankind. It has patronized the arts and sciences, and particularly architecture, and its concomitant sciences, geometry, which is synonymous with Masonry, and of heavenly birth. In fact, we have reason to believe, that one of the primary designs of the Masonic institution, was to improve in architectural science by the mutual communication of knowledge connected therewith, and that ancient geometry was in part what now exists under the appellation of Freemasonry. Even at the present day, the latter has much to do with angles, triangles, circles, squares, and perpendiculars.

It may be proper here to observe, that originally the craft consisted mostly of operative masons, and that no regular Lodges were constituted until the erection of

king Solomon's temple. According to holy writ, upwards of one hundred and thirteen thousand craftsmen, besides seventy thousand laborers and bearers of burdens, all under the superintendence of three grand officers, were employed in that glorious undertaking. These, after the cap stone was laid, dispersed to different parts of the globe, widely disseminating the principles of the craft. From the connection and intercourse between the Hebrews and the inhabitants of Tyre and Egypt, and the attachment of the latter to hieroglyphic symbols, we can readily account for the introduction of those principles into the last named countries. The sun of masonry which arose in the east, soon enlightened the west; and soon the north and south were favoured with the benignant influence of its beams. We are informed, that several hundred years before the christian era in Asia, associations of Freemasons under the name of "Dionysian artificers," made great improvements in architecture, and were distinguished for their science. And in the fourteenth century in Europe, an itinerant association of operative Freemasons, consisting of men of different countries, erected many public buildings which have excited the admiration of the world. Their lodges have been emphatically termed "seminaries of instruction in the sciences and polite arts."

Among the numerous durable structures and magnificent edifices, erected under the auspices of masonry, I shall only point you to the stupendous pyramids of Egypt, the lofty temples of Damascus and Ephesus, the city of Alexandria, the tower of Pharos; and in later days, St. Peter's church at Rome, St. Sophia's at Constantinople, St. James's Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral, the palace of Elysium at Paris, the palace of Loo in Holland, the palace and hall of Westminster, the London bridge, & the masonic hall in Philadelphia.

And if masonry has been a *patron* it has been a *preserver* of the arts. In those ages of the world when the dismal cloud of barbarism, pregnant with ignorance and superstition, overshadowed the earth, then a knowledge of the most valuable arts, was with danger and difficulty preserved by our ancient brethren, which having been transmitted to posterity, has contributed, in no small degree, to refine and civilize the world.

During that dark period too, masonry was the only institution which had for its object the alleviation of human misery. Since the advent of the prince of peace, christianity and masonry, like twin sisters, have gone hand in hand in the blessed work of charity and love. Before that happy epoch, as a writer has observed, alms houses and eleemosinary institutions were unknown. Poverty (except among the masons) was without a friend, and the humble supplications of distress, were lost amid the proud pursuits of ambition, the wild and terrible slaughter of arms and the sweeping desolations and cruelties of persecution, anarchy and despotism.

'Twas thou, blest masonry, that brought
The choicest gift to man;
And thou it was the lesson taught,
E'er since the world began:

That charity can sooth each pain,
Relieve mankind from woe;
That masonry hath power to gain
A paradise below.

The ligaments of affection, which bind the heart of one mason to another, must from several circumstances peculiar to the masonic institution, be more strong and endearing than the ordinary ties of humanity.—Hence some our brethren have often, in cheerful compliance with their obligations, and influenced solely by the zeal which masonry inspires, assisted their fellow brethren, oppressed by the chilling hand of poverty.—Although such charitable acts may not always be dictated by love to the Deity, yet, to say the least, we cannot be blamed for using adventitious aids to urge to virtuous actions.

Do you ask for examples of our charity? Go to yonder widow, bereaved by the unrelenting king of terrors of the dear partner of her bosom, her only support in life: who revives her hopes, and soothe the keen wound of her afflictions? 'Tis the genius of masonry! Go to yonder helpless orphans; who supply their wants and snatch them from the vortex of destruction? 'Tis the genius of masonry! Go to yonder mendicants of Eastern hemisphere, craving

from stinted wealth the bread of charity in vain: who cheers, comforts and supports them? and the answer again will be, the benign genius of masonry! Lo! who enters the dark and cheerless abodes of yonder loathsome prison; wipes the scalding tear from the cheek of its inmate, a poor unfortunate debtor prostrated by the hand of an unforgiving creditor?—who?—'Tis the guardian spirit of masonry! These, my friends, are not pictures drawn by fancy, but by the sober pencil of truth. I can point to living instances in proof of my assertions—instances too, independent of those accounts of benevolence contained in the records of the Lodges; accounts which we trust, will be found duly posted to their credit in the grand ledger of eternity.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

T.

NO. 7.

GRINDING POETRY.

This is truly an age of invention. It has been called an age of discovery, and an age of improvement; and there are those who speak of it as the age of steam;—but without entering seriously into the discussion of the superior claims of any one of these titles to the honor of being prefixed to the age in which we and our contemporaries live, we think it may justly be considered the age of invention. We might give the reasons which have led to this conclusion in which we conscientiously confide, but it is of no importance to the subject before us, and may therefore be passed over.

Instruments have been planned and constructed for every department of labor, to such an extent as to render the use of the human hand of little consequence, and there may almost be seen a gradual tapering and reduction in size of the fingers and palm, as if the world had entered upon that millenium to which the indolent look forward with such yearning. Were this beyond all question true, and stalwart hands no longer to be found among us, it is not certain that it would surprise the world, more, than the naming of an invention, to which the reader's attention is now solicited.

We remember to have met not long since in the random roaming of an eye over the Association rooms, or elsewhere, a description of an important machine for grinding poetry. The caption excited a smile, for it revived the tale of a nameless manufacturing establishment, where, if brambles of hemlock were furnished at one extreme, white ash rakes would appear at the other; and of a 'factory' in which if a full grown sheep be driven in, the course of a few moments, shell combs, mould candles, morocco shoes, knife handles, roast mutton, and broadcloth coats, each deposited in its own apartment, would be the product; and of a 'mill,' which converted old bachelors into spruce young beaux, and maids of three score, into blooming damsels of seventeen. But this has nothing to do, or very little, to be scrupulous, about these things, with the grand piece of machinery to which our attention was directed by the title of the article.

As nearly as we can remember, for in matters of this kind, the memory is usually called from home upon urgent business, the article went on to say, that the instrument was to be supplied with scattering leaves from Shakspeare, Campbell, Hemans, and other poets to any extent that might be desired, a two feet rule, a

few hundred compasses, every one went off as fast as the dictionary, containing all carry him. After riding in emendations and improvement miles with the rest of the tion, beside a copious synopsis, where a lane diverged, I thought I recognised springs were attached to one end, and through in my be adjusted to the kind of poetry to cut, I turned Pathetic, Sentimental, Didactic or any to save which the fancy of the experimenter might suggest. In the interior were wheels, which were moved by a weight after the manner of a family clock,—that does not go by a spring, of course.

Upon winding it up one mealy afternoon, and setting the springs to the Sentimental, the following appeared:

Wearied of the world and all its busy scenes,
I went into the garden and hid among the beans;

An important pin seemed here to have given away, and some derangement attended it, for nothing but a deluge of hiatuses under the escort of the two feet rule came through. These were restored, and the springs set to the didactic.

At the close of the day when the hamlet was still,
And nothing was heard but the soft murmuring rill,
A cricket came forth from his nest in the wall,
And opened his speech with a terrible squall.

Not knowing precisely what the insect might say, and feeling anxious to guard the ears against painful sounds, that might blunt their acuteness, and prevent them from hearing distinctly all the music of the poetry, the weight was instantly arrested and the springs changed to the pathetic.

On a log, there sat a frog,
Crying for his daughter,
Tears he shed till his eyes were red,
And then jumped into the water,

and drowned himself. This needed completion with the pen, but it was quite satisfactory, when the melting nature of the subject was taken into consideration—which might itself alone have so expanded the last line as to produce it beyond the use of the two feet rule. The springs were set again to the sentimental;

When life's last evening shall draw near,
And care's deep shadows lengthen round,
Oh, may I be lighted to my bier, [pound.
With hope's dipped candles, say sixteen to the

For the sake of seeing what would be the result, the springs were set midway between the sublime and the worldly—and the following appeared.

When wrapt in flames the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's red lightnings melt the harmless snow,
It will not be strange if sleighs are laid aside,
And people take a wheel coach when they wish to ride.

A breath of air from an adjoining apartment whirled a leaf from Virgil and a page of the Iliad to hand, and they were cast into the machine. After a repose of a few moments, and an adjustment of the springs to the lugubrious, the following appeared—

Senex Grimes, that agathos old anthropos, est mortuus
We shall nunquam see him plus,
He used to habere an old blue togam.
All buttoned down ante.

This unintelligible jargon was arrested by a seizure of the weights in the manner adopted once before.—Without pondering a moment upon the meaning of the stanza, the verse was cut short and the springs arranged anew.

They were set to the heroic, and after a protracted grumbling among the wheels there came forth in successive explosions, as if discharged from a field piece—the following;

Remember, remember the twelfth of December,
'Twas the birth of a glorious plot,
A deep toned rumble! and your walls will crumble
!—and the "7" will all be forgot.

Here we stopped and drew down the paper with

POPULAR TALES.

DICK DENNETT; OR THE SANGUINE MAN.

"I who was once a happy wight,
And high in fortune's grace,
And did spend my golden prime,
In running pleasure's race;
Am now enforced of late
Contrariwise to mourn,
Since Fortune's joys
Into annoy,
My former state to turn."

OLD CAMBRIDGE SONG.

Dick Dennett was an ancient chum of mine; we were bosom friends in those halcyon days when sea-saw, or a turn out to cricket on Wednesdays, was bliss supreme; he was a rattle-pated, harum-scarum, merry fellow, always plotting, and always failing—a piece of human wildfire—a sample of fleshly champagne. Dick's father was a wealthy merchant, and allowed him lots of pocket money, yet did Dick ever eschew the pastry man the fruit woman, and the vender of scented soap, and all the other providers on their periodical visits, for he had an everlasting score with each, and his fate so willed it, that so certainly as any one of these personages appeared, so surely was Dick found to have just rid himself of his last "persuader" with the other. A Welsh workhouse might have been supported on his expenditure, and a half-pay captain would have committed suicide on a tithe of Dick's dunning. I quitted our scholastic abode some time before him, and as he was never much given to pen and ink, I heard nothing of him for some few years, although, during that period, I addressed more than one letter to him, and I had ceased to think of ever meeting him again, when sauntering down Rotten Row one afternoon, my attention, in common with that of others about me, was taken by a splendid phaeton, which was going down the drive at what is technically called "no rate at all." Now, although I admit it is one of the pomps and vanities of this sinful world, I must own, I do love a handsome turn out, and commend me, when a horse is in question, to a slapping pace. I always had a yearning that way. When a boy, the best translation, I ever made, was the fall of the chariot of the sun, from Ovid; and in older days I have foresworn bright eyes, and suffered billets to plead in vain, that I might occupy the box with Harry Stevenson, and do London to Brighton in five hours. Even at this, my eleventh hour, I sustain myself on the hope that I may drive four before I die. O it's an occupation to my taste! there's excitement in it; and then the smirks and smiles that hedge in the gentleman coachman along the road, and the dear little delightful companions—that are sure to go by a coach that's driven by "such a nice man." And it's so easy and so innocent to make up a lie to oust any fellow who pollutes the box, when a feminine temptation comes across. But, Lord, how I wander! women, wine, and horses, are my weak points. Prythee, excuse me, reader; if you are a politician, think I have been discoursing of the national debt; if you are a lover, think I have been laudatory of your mistress; if you have ever conducted a drag, think of the ribbons, and I shall be forgiven.

But to return. I stopped to admire the phaeton, and was leaning over the rail to see it pass, when suddenly the driver, a young and fashionable drest man, pulled short up, within a foot of me, and thrusting his body forward, in eclipse of his companion, surveyed me with a hurried and eager look, which I rather at a loss to account for, returned with an imperturbable stare, and without altering my position, till a simultaneous note of recognition burst from each other, and the next moment Dick Dennett and I clutched hands with all the warmth that old associations and surprise give to friendship. That night I dined with him at the Clarendon—for he was in full feather; his father had become a contractor, (conviction in a word, as Cooley says,) and had amassed an immense fortune, out of which he made his son a superb allowance; and in order to get through it, Dick had purchased a commission in a crack regiment of cavalry. Before we parted, he pressed me much to dine with the mess next day, at Hounslow, but as I had booked my place by the Edinburgh mail, I was obliged to decline; and so, with

many assurances of mutual friendship, and a provisional appointment for another meeting, we separated as happy as good will and good fellowship could make us.

On my return I found Dick's regiment had gone to Ireland, and I again lost sight of him. And although I wrote him twice, I got no answer; but I knew him for an Idler, and a procrastinator, and suffered no astonishment from his silence. About a year after this, I found a card on my table, "Mr. Richard Dennett—th Hussars, and next day I shook hands with Dick in propria persona.

"You've heard the news?" he said, after some small conversation.

"No; what news? I answered.

"Have you heard nothing," he continued, "within the last three months, bearing on my family?"

"Not a word."

"Then I must tell you," he said; "it's all up with my father."

"Surely not! I hope not," I said.

"A fact, my dear fellow; too true a hard cut on me."

"I regret it Dick, from the bottom of my soul."

"I knew you would," he replied, "or I should not have told you; but my father's affair is not the whole—or the worst. On the 4th of last month I attained the age of twenty-three years, at which period my grandfather was pleased to prophesy in his last will and testament, that I should arrive at discretion to use 23,000*l*. Now the fact is, I became discretionary long before; and, in order to preserve my body intact from the profane hands of Mr. Levy and his brethren, I gave warrants of attorney, to fall due simultaneously with my legacy, to the amount of some 500*l*. or 600*l*. over it; and to pay that, I sold my commission, knowing it would be madness to attempt to stay in the regiment without either fortune or allowance."

"Good heavens, Dick! I exclaimed; how did you manage to spend 23,000*l*. at your age?"

"The simplest thing in the world, my dear fellow. I was a man of taste."

"And you reckoned upon your father's liberality, while you spent your own money."

"Precisely so. But, come," he added, "*il me reste encore mes beaux yeux, and a marriage de raison* may retrieve all. I have not lost time lately. I have a charming woman in my eye, and I fancy I am in hers, and in a tenderer part. Rather aged, but lots of brads: to-morrow I'm off again to Cheltenham, where she resides; keeps a capital place there. In a fortnight or so I expect all will be right. I have only been up just now for a day or two, to speak to Elmore about a couple of hunters, and something for a cab, and to consult with Palmer on a dressing case. You shall hear from me on the happy occasion—adieu."

"But you'll dine with me, Dick?"

"Not to-night. I shall be in town shortly again, and then we'll fraternize for a night—good bye."

"Well, good bye," I said, "and luck attend you in your speculation!"

"*Au revoir, my dear boy,*" said Dick; "excuse my haste. By-the-by, if you hear of a box at Melton, here is my card—just drop me a line."

And so, with a repetition of good wishes and adieus, we parted. It was shortly after this that I left England, to make tour on the continent, where my stay was unexpectedly eked out two years, and during that time I had no opportunity of gathering any tidings of Dick. On my return I accidentally learnt from a person who had some slight acquaintance with him, and who saw him shortly after my departure, that he had married a rich widow at Cheltenham—the same, I presumed, that he had mentioned to me, and that he was then residing in some *eclet* near Oxford. There accordingly, while on a short stay with a college friend, I inquired after him, but could only ascertain that he had quitted his establishment there about a year before, and was then rusticated somewhere near Malvern.

In the course of the ensuing summer I was with my sisters at Hereford, from which we made a short visit to Malvern, and in the course of our stay here a party of men was got up to visit. The day, which was clear and beautiful at setting out, became gloomy and overcast in the afternoon, and as we were breaking up to return, the storm commenced, the wind rose fiercely, and the rain fell in sheets; *sauve qui peut* became the

order of the day, and every one went off as fast as he could persuade his nag to carry him. After riding in this way some three or four miles with the rest of the cavalcade, I came to a place where a lane diverged from the main road. This lane I thought I recognized as one I had occasionally passed through in my rambles, and thinking to make a near cut, I turned down it, and, as generally happens in trying to save distance, I lost my way. The night was coming on; it was then almost perfectly dark; my horse was jaded, for we had been racing during the day; the rain poured, and I was thoroughly drenched and bewildered in a labyrinth of lanes and cross roads, beyond the possibility of self-extrication. In the midst of my perplexities I fell in with a servant mounted on a donkey, with a couple of panniers, who was bearing home the remnants of our repast, and who, being a stranger to the country, had involved himself in the same predicament as myself, and from a similar cause. This man I immediately enlisted into my service, sending him on exploratory excursions down every path that intersected our way; but all in vain, not a house was to be found, or sound indicative of habitation to be heard. At last, on the confines of a bleak common, stuck down in the corner of a half cultivated garden, with a ragged shrubbery, and some effort at undulation of path, I espied by the light of the rising moon, a hybrid kind of habitation, something between a small farm-house, and a cottage ornee in decay. Its stuccoed front had lost half its substance; one or two panes in the lower windows were patched with paper—a rickety porch straggled round the door, and the garden gate hung on one hinge. Leaving my horse with the man, I walked to the door, which, lacking a knocker, I tapped smartly with my whip. A long silence ensued. I knocked again, and presently heard a window above me very gently pushed up, and a man's voice, after a pause, inquiring what I wanted. I told him I had lost my way, and begged he would have the goodness to direct me on the road to Malvern. This he briefly did, and was about wishing me good night, when recollecting that it was somewhere in this neighborhood that I had been told Dennett resided, I requested he would inform me whether he could tell me where Richard Dennett resided!

"O, Lord!" cried the voice, to my surprise, and the head vanished at the same moment. I heard a quick run on the stairs, the door was lugged open, and, to my utter astonishment, Dick himself caught me by the hand; but *O quantum mutatus ab illo!* the cavalry man and the charioteer were sunk in the figure before me. He wore an old and greasy figured silk dressing gown, a regimental chaco, bright with use, begirt his brows, and his sether parts were adorned with cord small clothes, blue worsted stockings, and high-lows, that seemed never to have made an acquaintance with blacking, and which were both unlaced. Dick put my horse into a back shed, that had been a stable, and then led me into a small back room, where he had been indulging a cold collation, by the light of a small tin lamp, stuck in a candlestick, and smelling villanously of coarse oil. Poor Dick! I saw him falter and I heard him stammer as he ushered me in. I saw the fates had not been propitious, and I would have saved his feelings.

"You are engaged, perhaps; if so, pray make no apology," I said; "I'll drop in some other time; family men, you know, are privileged."

"No, no," said Dick, "you see, I've grown so domesticated; the fact is, Mrs. Dennett's on a visit, and the woman is gone with her, and my fellow has got a holiday to see his grandmother, and I'm alone; so my dear fellow you'll excuse all that's amiss. Is it not Pliny, or Livy, or Horace, or some other old heathen, who says the study of antiquity makes the mind antique? Well, so it is with me; I've rusticated so long among the boors here, that I've got as boorish as them myself at last; but sit down," he added, "while I get some candles." And so saying, he quitted the room.

During his absence I made a survey of the room; it was small, and had a latticed window: a dirty paper covered the walls, which many rents displayed to be as dirty as itself; over the fire-place was a gun a fox's brush, and two peacock's feathers, branching over an oval mirror, which the damp had rubbed off half its quicksilver. On either side of the mantel-piece hung a pair of spurs, a Mussulman pipe, a tobacco pouch, a

bridle, and a regulation cavalry sword; a table was in the centre of the apartment, and on it, without a cloth, was laid a cold ox-cheek, a saucer of pickles, a blue plate, a black horn-handled knife and fork, and two jugs of ale; a worn and smeared carpet of a gaudy pattern, half screened the black boards; opposite the fire-place was another old table, with flaps, bearing Pierce Egan's Life in London, and a well thumbed volume of Tom Jones; over it was suspended an oil painting, (wanting a frame,) exhibiting a portrait of a red-faced, thin old shrew, and on the chimney-piece lay a razor, a shaving-box, a broken dressing case glass, a pocket-comb, a pincushion, and a pack of cards—a pill box, and a China bottle, with dead flowers. I had advanced thus far in my inspection, when Dick re-appeared with a couple of "lights," the one in a tall brass, the other in a japanned bed-room, candlestick. "You see, my old friend," said he, "what poor helpless wretches we are without women. And now fall to. This is but sorry fare, but the air here, and exercise, make these plain dishes savory; and faith, I find they agree with me better than what may be called cookery. By-the-by, your Sanco Panza, the man with the ass—is that the style of attendants in London now?—desires me to inquire what is your will regarding him; he says he has a wife and nine small children, and he's anxious to get safe to quarters. You stay here to-night, that's settled—and that I insist upon."

Now I had wholly forgotten my stray squire, in contemplating Dick's boudoir, so I mentioned at once to Dick our ramble, and the chance that had guided me to his door! and having accepted his invitation being anxious to hear of his adventures, I asked him if he could direct the man to Malvern, by any road that would enable him to reach it in an hour or two. Dick undertook to do this, and the fellow having been summoned to the presence, and admonished aside, by me, to leave his hampers behind him, was gladdened with one of the jugs of ale, and dismissed with a message from me, and instructions for his guidance on the way.

"It happens most unfortunately," said Dick, "that you should pop in just now, when Mrs. D. is away; for I've grown so temperate of late, that I did not miss it before, but really, I find she has taken the key of my cellar with her, or mislaid it, and there's not a blacksmith within a day's march."

"Don't mention it, my good fellow," I answered; "but by-the-by, although for myself nothing can be better than this excellent string of yours, but in those hampers, if the man has not gone yet, there is some brandy and Madeira. We'll just see after him." And so saying, I caught up a light and sallied forth to the stable, whither Dick followed. "He's gone," said I; "but he has left his hampers, I find, and taking a handle, while Dick took the other, one of them was soon encamped by the side of the supper table."

I perceived Dick was a little more silent during this performance than previously, and I felt all the delicacy of the operation. "The fact is," I said, "I have given over wining, especially when home brewed like yours is to be had; but I know you of old, and that the habit is strong with you; and as I shall stay tomorrow, and shall want your company, and you will consequently have no opportunity of riding over to Mrs. Dennett for her keys, I can't allow my intrusion to rob you of your enjoyments; so you must be content to put up with the contents of this basket, and forego your own cellar till I become moveable—lo here, *imprimis*, is some brandy, next three bottles of Madeira, and lastly, two of port." This quieted Dick's mind, and having accounted myself in some of my friend's habiliments, my own being wet as sponge bags, I sat down, and committed havoc that would have done no discredit to a "bloody and devouring boar," on Dennett's ox-cheek, after which we broached the Madeira, I depreciating it, however, as poor stuff, while I was loud in the praises of his simple fare.

Our repast ended, we assailed the port, and eke the brandy, until Dick became first jolly, then garrulous, and then sad. "I am sorry, Dennett," I said, "that I was not fortunate enough to effect an introduction to Mrs. Dennett."

"D—n her," responded Dick, "you're better without it."

"Petty treason," I exclaimed.

"Do you see that old brimstone," he continued,

pointing to the painting I have mentioned; "that's a flattering likeness of her—she's ten times older and uglier, and her tongue is infernal and eternal in its workings."

"But how came you to make such a match?" I asked.

"I was mad blind, my dear fellow," he said; "and I was poor, and she professed herself rich."

"And was she not?"

"Need you ask that? look round you; the cursed old Tartar, she did me there; but fill up, while I drink the cholera to her, and then I'll tell you how I was bit."

"You know that after my father's affair, I was on the look-out to mend my fortunes. You also know that I had set my eye upon a widow. Well might Sir Rodger de Coverley warn all men against the set: only make me free from this one, and if ever I touch my hat to another, may I have such another life as I have led with this one. She has brought envy, hatred strife, and all uncharitableness into my breast. The last time I was in London incog., I watched a work-house slave, yoked to a watering truck. An old companion accosted him, 'What, Wiggins, my boy, you reduced to this?' 'Ah!' said Wiggins; 'but never mind that, I've had one piece of luck lately howsoever—I've lost that old widow I married.' Lord, how I envied him his luck, and his loss, even with the truck to boot. And only last week I was so struck with the squalid wretchedness of a woman who was tramping down the road with six or seven children, that I had rummaged out all my loose coppers to bestow on her, when, seeing my intention, she began to propitiate me, muttering out, 'A poor widow woman sir.' My bile almost choked me at the words, and I buttoned up my pockets, threatening to take her up for a vagrant. But, however, to return to my story, the old woman, for she dates coeval with my grandmama, seeing me once or twice in full fig, and hearing that I had belonged to the Hussars, and was a fellow of monstrous possessions, arrayed herself forthwith against me. I was asked to dinners, and family parties, and I, like an ass that I was, believing the old crazy skeleton was enamoured of my fleshy appearance, was close and punctual in my attendance on her, until at length, one night—be it ever marked with a black stone, having overcome with brandy the nausea that the contemplation of my task occasioned, I avowed myself, knelt, swore, hugged, and was accepted. I was all haste to fix the happy day, while her passion was in its ardor, lest cooler moments might bring some word of a settlement of the dust on the dowager. I pressed for what the happier wretches at the Old Bailey call a short day—it was granted; the day but one succeeding my declaration was appointed. Not a whisper of a settlement. And upon that day I converted her into Mrs. Dennett. As I handed her from the carriage, on our return from the church, an acquaintance passed, and nodded with a smile, and I shrank within myself, as I saw him leer jestingly at the waddling anatomy. And that is Mrs. Dennett, said I; and it is for this that I have drest and driven these four years, and spent—but no, not exactly for this; I must dress and drive yet, and madam's ducats must pay the reckoning—allons, we must eat olives to Rediote wine. Well, our honey moon passed without any remarkable event, except that I learned to blush; and I had been married about six weeks, when, on entering the dinner-room one day, I found the table only laid for two. I forgot to tell you Mrs. D. had a fine family of daughters. How is this, Mrs. D?" said I; "don't the girls dine with us to day?" "No, my dear," she answered. "Where do they dine?" I asked. "O, not with us," she said. "Pray, where, then, may I inquire—is there any secret?" "O no," she replied. "Then where are they?" "They are gone." "Gone—where? what on earth do you mean?" "They are gone to London, my dear."

"What the devil are they gone for?" I exclaimed. "I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. D. "Not know?" I cried; "Did they go without your consent?" "Yes." "Then you've had some quarrel?" "No." "Pray madam, have the goodness to explain yourself. Where are the girls?" "Well, my dear," she said, "you are so violent. I told you they were gone to London." "But on what errand?" "O my dear Richard," said the old Jezebel; "Matilda was of age to day, and then she burst out into a loud bellow, and applied her handkerchief to her eyes. Well," said I, "that was to be

expected, in the course of time. What has that to do with her going to London?" "Every thing—O every thing," she sobbed. "You know she was the youngest!" "Yes." "And according," she continued, "to poor dear Mr. Ramsbottom's will, all my control over the girls and the property was to cease when she attained twenty one. 'Mr. Ramsbottom's will,' I cried; "O what a fool—what an idiot I have been! And do you then mean to tell me that your daughters and your income have gone together?" "Not all," she spluttered out. "And pray, madam, how much remains?" "All my own marriage portion in the funds, settled on myself." "On your-self—hum; and how much may that be?" "Why, it is not so much as it was before the funds were reduced." "Will you have the goodness to answer my questions without more of this prevarication?" "I ask you, what is the yearly amount of your present income?" "O dear Richard," she answered, with a strong effort at effect, "I am sorry for your sake, to say it is only seventy five pounds." "Seventy-five pounds—seventy five pounds!" I repeated again. "And have I yoked myself to an almost putrescent carcass, for seventy-five pounds a year, when I paid my valet a hundred?" "O you ungrateful wretch, cried the beldame, dropping the handkerchief and the pathetic. "O you brute! is this your love? did you not vow to me that your motives were pure and disinterested? is this all the return for my bestowing my hand upon you, and refusing so many good offers? Wasn't there Drumpington—?" "Of the West Middlesex Militia," said I; "and a half-pay ensign of the line." "Ah," said she, "but he was a captain somehow. And did not I dismiss Dr. Mackillabody—?" "A quondam apothecary's errand boy, and now an Aberdeen M. D.," I rejoined. "The short and the long of all this is, madam, that you have practised a dead swindle upon me, and we are a couple of beggars." "Beggars!" she exclaimed. "Why where is your property?" "Neither here nor there, madam," I answered; "I'm not worth the price of a potatoe in the world."

To be Concluded in our next.

VARIETY.

USEFUL HINTS.

Pork may be salted, particularly for Bacon, without barrels. Nearly all the western pork is salted in bulk, that is, piled up in one corner of the room like a pile of bricks, and sprinkled with dry salt. It is well to overhaul it once, to see that the salt touches all parts. I never eat better bacon than that made in this way, without a drop of pickle.

To keep bacon hams in summer.—Pack them in a flour barrel, in clean dry ashes of charcoal; head up the barrel and put it up stairs, where it is as dry and cool as possible.

Pickled Beef and Pork, in the South and West, is apt to sour. Take it out and smoke it dry—throw away the old pickle or cleanse it by boiling. Smoke the barrel thoroughly and repack the meat.

Don't throw away the Udder of your beef Cow.—Salted, smoked and dried, it is rich and delicious eating. Boil and eat it cold like tongue. Try it.

Lard never spoils in warm weather if it is cooked enough in frying out.

Wash your butter thoroughly in cold water, and work out all the buttermilk.—pack it in a stone jar and stop the mouth air-tight, and it will keep sweet forever.

Tomatoes are an excellent preserve.

Sweet or Olive Oil is the certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally and externally.

To cure scratches on a horse, wash the legs with warm strong soap-suds, and then with beef brine.—Two applications will cure the worst case.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it. Try it coarse. This is the secret why Western "dodgers" are so good.

Rice is often over boiled. It never should be boiled in more water than it will absorb while boiling.—Put two cups of rice in three cups of water, and in eight minutes after it commences boiling, it is done.

"Whosoever discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend and be faithful unto him."

SPLENDID VIADUCT.

Last week was completed the greatest work, of its kind, ever executed in this country. This is the Stockport Viaduct. The contractors being Liverpool men (John Tompkinson and Samuel and James Holme, builders,) hundreds of people went from this place, on Dec. 21st to view its completion. The Manchester and Birmingham direct line of railway now runs over *not through*, the town of Stockport. The arches literally stride over that large town. Standing in a valley in Cheshire, the town of Stockport is too low for the level of the railroad. Mr. Buck, the engineer, had the first stone laid on the 10th of March, 1839, and the last, or capstone, on the 21st of December, 1840. Thus, in 21 months was completed a viaduct, based on the solid rock, of 26 arches—22 of 63 feet span and 4 of 20 feet span. The length is 1786 feet. It stands 111 feet above the Mersey, which flows beneath, and is thus 6 feet higher than the Menai Bridge. The foundation, in the sand stone, is 6 feet deep, and 9 feet of stone work above ground. From thence to the springing of the arches, the piers are of brickwork, and the huge bonds of the same material. Brick was used as less likely, when well made, to chip, splinter, or decay. The quantity of bricks used amounted to 11,000,000, there were also used 400,000 cubic feet of stone, and the whole cost £70,000. The utmost settling in the whole work, after taking the wooden supporters from the arches, is half an inch.

A great saving has been effected by raising this viaduct to such a height, as it reduces the works on each side of the valley, and lessens the expense £50,000.—It has been made 1786 feet long, because they had to span all the streets. It is the first time that, for such a work, brick has been chiefly employed. This great world will long be a matter of wonder to the world.—*English paper.*

COMING THE DELICATE.

We saw a couple of yellow darkies on Sunday, a stout boy and his sweetheart, and the way they tortured the Queen's English would have given Dr. Johnson the hysterics. They were returning from church, and as we passed them the 'fair nigger,' who was resting languishingly upon Sambo's arm exclaimed: 'Dar! look; dar! de berry ossifier whar de gentleman detracted one of my teef.'

"Whoop! you doesn't say so, Miss Rossetta."

"Yes, but I does though."

"Poor ting! didn't de operation gib you uncommon acruciation!"

"Not berry. I only fainted three times, and de doctor gib me camfire and sitch me too. You eber hab any ob your teef sacrificed, Sambo?"

"Yes dear, seberal."

"And didn't you swoon like me did?"

"Neber de fuss time."

"Dat's bekos you belongs to the hard sec. If you was soft, like I is, you would have fainted shua."

"Oh, Miss Rossetta, believes you speaks de truf.—When I comes to distract your soft tenderness wid my hard disabilities, den I make stravagant spressions.—But if you'll allow me dat sollicitous pleasure ob presenting dis buckay to you, we'll block de painful subjeck on which we's been talkin for a more lubly teem?"

MCLEOD INDICTED.

Correspondence of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

LOCKPORT, Feb. 6, 1841.

The Grand Jury of the county came into court this forenoon, with a bill of indictment against ALEXANDER MCLEOD for the murder of AMOS DUFFEE, at the time burning of the steamboat Caroline. The case had engaged the attention of the jury since Wednesday morning; and the testimony of a large number of citizens was given in. Of the twenty jurors present, nineteen it is understood, were for the indictment of murder.

The prisoner was brought before the court this afternoon, and after being apprized by the District Attorney of the finding of the jury, he was remanded to jail by an order of the court, until the next term of the Oyer and Terminer, which commences on the 4th Monday of March next, when his trial in all probability will take place.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT MASONS.—We take great pleasure in presenting the prospectus of Comp. Herring, in another column, to which we invite the attention of our Masonic friends. Mr Herring is the present Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of this State; and from his acknowledged ability, both as an artist and a scholar, there can be doubt but that the forthcoming work, will be worthy of his high attainments, as well as the exalted subject which will engage his attention. The publication of the "Portrait Gallery," in Numbers, on the days proposed, will bring it within the reach of almost every mason, and the completion of the work, will place in the hands of the subscriber (with but little inconvenient expense, because scarcely perceptible) a splendid work, worthy of being transmitted to the children of every mason. Comp. Herring has requested us to act as his agent in this city in the collection of subscriptions and monies, as well as in the distribution of the Nos. as they may arrive, which we will cheerfully do. All orders from abroad, can be sent to Comp. Herring at New York direct.

THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION.—We have received a copy of the transactions of this flourishing exhibition, and are pleased to learn that the object for which it was established, i. e., the promotion of the arts, of design—has been to a remarkable degree attained. It was formed about two years since, under the direction and patronage of several gentlemen of taste and wealth. It is so happily organised that all the members, which are now about 1000 in number, are directly interested in its results. It makes a depot where Artists can place those productions which have not been ordered in continual public exhibition. The subscription of members is, after current expenses have been met, given to the purchase of such pictures, stationary, &c. belonging to the exhibition as a committee of taste, previously appointed by the Association, shall find possessing real merit. The efforts thus collected, are afterwards by lot distributed among the members. By this means our readers will perceive artists sell their productions, and the members, besides enjoying the advantages of at all times visiting the exhibition, by having good efforts placed in their possession receive a practical knowledge of art. Another, and no mean inducement to persons joining this Association, is the engraving which is yearly sent them. This engraving is made at the express direction of the society, from a painting selected from their own exhibition, each of which copy is supposed to be worth \$5. Five dollars is the price of membership.

GRIMES is delivering a course of lectures upon his favorite theme, phrenology, at the united solicitation of members of the legislature and students of the Medical College, in the Assembly Chamber. A call from so high a source Mr. S. has a right to esteem as a great compliment. We have on several occasions heard him, and do not hesitate in saying that he is a man of great genius and acquirement. The most creditable part of the matter is his being entirely a self made man.

ALBANY APPRENTICES LIBRARY.—By reference to another column, our readers will perceive, that Mr. Nichols has offered the use of the Amphitheatre on next Friday evening, for the benefit of the Apprentices Library. This institution is at present laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, which materially affect its usefulness, and the trustees are unable to devise any more feasible means of raising funds to meet the present exigency, than the one so generously offered by Mr. N. This Library was instituted in 1821, for the benefit mainly of young mechanics, and it may be emphatically termed *their* institution. It contains several thousand volumes—has a respectable class of readers of both sexes, and if the Benefit now sought for, shall realise the just expectation of the trustees, means will be immediately obtained to defray the incidental expenses, as well as to add a liberal addition of new books to the shelves. The bill of Fare, on the occasion, will be new and attractive, and we trust that the mechanics of the city, and particularly the young men, will take this BENEFIT in their own hands and fill the house to overflowing.

Those gentlemen desirous of assisting in the disposal of tickets, for the occasion, will be furnished, on application to either of the trustees.

ORATORY AND MUSIC.—Professor Brouson, who is highly celebrated as a lecturer on Oratory and Music, gives a regular course of lectures the ensuing week, at the chapel of the Female Academy, assisted by Christian, a German vocalist, of great repute. Prof. B. brings with him the most satisfactory testimonials and references; and there is no doubt, but a large auditory, will welcome his arrival among us. See Advertisement.

A distressing fire occurred at Quebec, on the third of this month in the destruction of a house occupied by Mr. James Smilie, a silversmith: Mr. Smilie and his wife, a servant maid, and an apprentice were burned to death.

The Rev. Comp. Salem Town, of Cayuga co. was unanimously elected Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter of this State, at its recent convocation. We inadvertently omitted his name in the list of Grand officers, published.

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Hoffman.—As your journal appears to be a good family paper, in which I often find useful receipts, permit me to pay you back again, by the following, which I have tested in more than a hundred instances, with entire success, in the cure of Chronic Rheumatism, and impurities of the blood. Take one oz. of the chips or shavings of lignum vitæ wood, three oz. of rheubarb root, twelve oz. of sarsaparilla, 1 oz. of Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. orange peel, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of liquorice root; bruised up, put the whole in a vessel with eight quarts of water, place it on a slow fire, and simmer down to four quarts, then carefully strain it, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of clarified brown sugar, and if made in summer, keep it in a cool place, to prevent souring. For an adult take a wine glass, before eating, three times a day. The patient will find it a pleasant beverage, operating as a gentle purge. It must be taken from ten to twenty days faithfully and the patient, must eat and drink temperately.

N. B. If any of your readers will take my prescription, I desire to be informed through you, when a cure is effected; this being the only "fee," expected by the Doctor.

U. S. Bank shares sold at 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ in New York on Tuesday. The bank refuses all paper but its own in payment of debts.

The Masonic Address, and other favors, from Louisville, Ky. have been received.

Married.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Castle, Henry Morris to Louisa Hart, both of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday last, Mathew Gill, 68 years.

On the 6th inst. Cornelia Maria, wife of Moses Cook. On Sunday last, Mary Sanford, wife of Peter Gansevoort, and daughter of the late Chancellor Sanford, aged 27 years.

On Friday last, Hugh Van Steenburgh, son of the late J. B. Van Steenburgh, 21.

At Providence, R. I. Cornelia N. daughter of John Buxton, aged 12 years.

On Saturday evening, Miss Elizabeth Clover, aged 67.

In New York, Henry A. Pinckney, 21. Laura Theresa, wife of Charles M. Leupp. Mrs. Hesther Durant, 44. Jemima, wife of Richardson Vanderwater. John Breman, 67. Mrs. Martha, wife of Wm. Pratt, 51. Mrs. Emeline wife of Thomas Wood, 20. Catherine M'Donnell, 68. Catherine Ann, daughter of John Seyder, 21. Catherine, widow of Frederick Castine, 63. Mrs. Elizabeth P. Avery, 71. Miss Sarah Wilder, 35. Lydia, widow of Abram Green, 70. Angelina, wife of David Simpson, 26. James Mount, 81. In Troy, Mary, wife of Sheldon Morris, 27. At Penn Yan, Aaron Remer, Esq. In Boston, William Badger, 73. In Woodbridge, Conn., Lieut. Isaac Northrop, 91. In Kinderhook, Mrs. Maria Van Buren, 86.

At Niagara Falls, Mrs. Jane, consort of the Hon. Augustus Porter, 62. In Williamstown, Mass. Samuel Kellogg, 50. At Waterford, Rev. Cyrus Stebbins, 69. At Crown Point, Rev. James Murdock, 86. In Hudson, Bennet Osborn, 56. At Paris, James Le Ray de Chaumont, formerly of Le Raysville, Jeff. co. 75.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Albany Feb'y. 9. 1841.

Sir, The undersigned, Trustees of the Apprentices Library in Albany, take the liberty of introducing it to your notice.

This Library was raised for the laudable purpose of disseminating useful and practical knowledge, among all classes of Apprentices. A class hitherto too much overlooked and neglected midst our philanthropy. This institution is now destitute of funds to support and sustain it, and give it interest to its numerous readers. If it should meet your approbation and prove consistent with your interest and other engagements, to set apart the avails of one evening of your Amphitheatre, (which from its propriety of management offers a source of pleasure to our citizens) to give a benefit to this laudable institution. We can only express our best wishes that a generous public will not be backward in rewarding you suitably for your disinterested generosity, towards the mechanics and apprentices of Albany.

JOHN TAYLOR.
JAMES ROBINSON.
GIDEON HAWLEY.
JOHN DAVIS.
L. G. HOFFMAN.
R. L. KEARNEY.
JAMES S. GOULD.
TIMOTHY SEYMOUR,
Trustees.

Mr. S. H. Nichols.

Albany, Feb'y. 10th 1841.

Gentlemen,

Your favor of the 9th inst. is duly received, and I take the earliest opportunity of informing you of my sincere attachment, to all charitable Institutions, which

are designed to promote the welfare and happiness of the rising generation; and it affords me much pleasure to have it in my power to be able (in a small degree) to join with my fellow citizens in promoting that which all good citizens duly appreciate, useful and practical knowledge amongst all.

To your request I cheerfully tender you the use of my Amphitheatre, for Friday evening, February, 19th, 1841, for you to select such a bill of attraction as will promote your laudable object.

Yours respectfully,

S. H. NICHOLS.

To John Taylor, Jas. Robinson and others.

A CARD.

The Trustees of the Apprentices Library would beg leave again to present for the favorable consideration of the public the wants of this institution, which they have in charge. Some three years ago they were induced to appeal to the public generosity, by the institution of a fair, to extricate the Library from the debts which were then hanging over it, as well as to meet the necessary incidental expenses, as also to enable the trustees, to make such additions to the Library as its interests demanded. The result of that Appeal to our citizens was attended with success. A sufficient amount of money was then obtained, to free the institution from debt—to pay the incidental expenses, for a considerable length of time, as well as to make several valuable additions to the shelves of the Library.

It is now upwards of three years since the Library has made any claims to the benefactions of the public, which can be supported in no other way, and the Trustees encouraged by the generosity of their fellow citizens, would make another earnest appeal to their kindness by asking their assistance to relieve the Library from its pecuniary embarrassments; in the manner they now propose, which will be within the reach of almost every individual.

Mr. S. H. NICHOLS, the proprietor of the Albany Amphitheatre, in reference to the embarrassments, under which the Library at present rests, has, in the kindest manner, offered to set apart one night of the use of his splendid and well conducted establishment, for the benefit of the Library, with the privilege on the part of the Trustees of selecting such bill of fare, as will be appropriate to the occasion, and at the same time meet with the approbation of all classes of their fellow citizens.

In order to remove any objections which might be entertained of this mode of raising money for the Library, the Trustees are happy to say, that the objectionable features which have formerly been urged against amusements of a similar kind, are in the present instance entirely removed,—no improper person being permitted to visit the amphitheatre, and the use of ardent spirits, being entirely driven from its walls. Mr. Nichols deserves well of the community in the good order and character which he has given to his establishment, and his recompense is to be found, in the worth and respectability of his patrons. These remarks are made in justice to the proprietor, as well as in reference to the views of the Trustees, in making this selection for the public approval and patronage; and they trust that this their appeal to the public bounty, in behalf of a useful institution will be met by a corresponding effort to sustain the Library.

Young Henry, the Midshipman who was murdered by the Cannibals at one of the Feejee Islands, was a son of the late John V. Henry, of this city.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

Albany, 10th October, 1840

NOTICE—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June, 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True by law with amount \$2 75.

dec 16-11

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Brethren.—We have been witnesses of the effects of one of the most extraordinary delusions in regard to our Institution, which in any land or age have tried its strength or durability.

That jealousies and fear of an Institution every where conducted on liberal principles, should have excited a spirit of opposition in arbitrary or tyrannical governments have never surprised us; but when our Order was attacked in our own land, and the people our own neighbors and friends, were excited by false, malicious, and absurd accusations against it; when we saw families disturbed, societies convulsed, and individuals of eminent virtue and station denounced and persecuted, we deplored the folly and fanaticism of our enemies, and sought by patience, and quiet and orderly deportment to assuage the bitterness of our revilers, and to turn the hearts of our misguided accusers. We knew that our Institution was devised in wisdom for the improvement of society in every land, and could not long be left as a mark for the scorn and derision of demagogues and fanatics, nor remain an object of terror to the well disposed.

The delusion has passed away—there has been a redeeming spirit in the midst of the storm—a spirit of inquiry after truth, which has wrought out for us a vindication, and fixed it in the popular mind. Once more our Order has free course, and has resumed its place as the medium of union, friendship, and kind offices amongst 'good men' of every rank, station, party, sect, and profession in the land. What we could not do when compelled to defend ourselves against the inglorious assaults of an organized and reckless faction, we can now do: we can take high ground; we can place our Institution in its true position; we can openly declare its principles to attentive hearers, and verify our declarations by the testimony of the greatest, the purest, the best beloved and venerated men, whose names adorn the brightest pages of our country's history. We have it in our power to shew, that so far as Freemasonry from having a tendency to corrupt the morals, weaken the faith, impede the justice, contract the soul, or relax the patriotism of its votaries, our country stands indebted for a large portion of its welfare, honor, and security to the members of our Fraternity.

This high position it is my intention to maintain by a work which I propose to publish, if sustained by the approbation and aid of the Fraternity to the necessary extent.

To test this, I offer the following plan for the publication of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States.

To place the work within the reach of every member of the Fraternity, it will be published in numbers, in the imperial Octavo form, at periods of one or two months, at 50 cents a number, payable on delivery, and will extend as is supposed, to about fifty numbers, forming five large volumes. Each number will contain three Portraits engraved on steel, and occasionally other illustrations, with biographies written expressly with reference to the Masonic character and acts of each subject, (so far as materials can be obtained,) as well as to his private life. For the fidelity, accuracy and beauty of the work, the responsibility will rest alone on the editor and proprietor.

JAMES HERRING, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Extract from the minutes of the Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, Dec. 1st, A. L. 5840.

"The Grand Secretary then asked permission to present the prospectus of a work which he contemplated publishing, under the title of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States. The proposed Address to the Fraternity and the prospectus were then read; whereupon the following Resolution was unanimously adopted."

"Resolved.—That this Grand Lodge highly approve of the proposed work of the Rt. W. G. Secretary, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons,' and recommend it to the patronage of the Fraternity."

In Grand Chapter, of the State of New York, Feb. 3d, 5841.

"Resolved.—That the Grand Chapter of the State of N. York, do approve of the work proposed by our M. E. Companion James Herring, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons,' and while they commend it to the support of the Fraternity, to give to the author free access to the Records and Archives of this Grand Chapter, for such information on our Masonic History as may be necessary for his work."

Extract from the minutes.

JOHN O. COLE, Grand Secretary.

LECTURES ON ORATORY AND MUSIC.—Professor BRONSON, (assisted by Mr. CHRISTIAN, a German vocalist,) commences a Popular Course of Lectures on these subjects. (condensing his text into six,) Tuesday evening, Feb. 16th, at eight o'clock, and continues each succeeding Friday and Tuesday evening, in the chapel of the Female Academy, Pearl street; interspersed with singing, and reading and recitations, from some of our principal poets and orators—descriptive, sentimental, patriotic, moral, amusing and trivial. The object of these Lectures are, to present an entirely new mode of developing and training the Voice for reading, speaking and singing; greatly extending its compass, increasing its power and music; a new method of learning the letters; of spelling, and teaching reading without a book, and then with a book; the causes and remedies of hoarseness and excitation; of the bronchitis and certain pulmonary diseases; and a new how almost any one can read, speak and sing for hours, without injury; disclosing the supposed mysteries of polyphony, (or ventriloquism,) showing how filmist how any can acquire it; commencing a new system of mental and vocal philosophy.

Single season tickets for the course, \$2; trip's do. do. for a lady and gentleman, \$3; family do. do. for 5 of its members, \$5; single admission for one evening, 50 cents; triple do. do. \$1. Programmes, testimonials, and references, at the principal book and music stores; where season tickets are for sale.

N. B. Mr. Bronson will give practical instruction in mental and vocal philosophy to individuals and classes of ladies and gentlemen in the day time, at Concert Hall, 46 State st. 2d story; where he may be generally found.

POETRY.

THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I knew him not,—I sought him not,—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest:
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,
Again I was his choice,
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice:
I sought him not,—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain:
And when he left me, how I longed
To hear that voice again!
I wondered why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm,
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guessed the cause;
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deigned to praise?
What could it be—but love?

Oh! little knew I of the word,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant,
Each word of praise sincere.
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listened and believed,
And little dreamt how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own.
Oh! why is she so beautiful?—
I cannot blame his choice,
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

There is not a spot in this wide peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth:
'Tis the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot
Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot.

May the blessings of God,
Ever hallow the sod,

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers, in accents unknown,
Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?
The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,
But it breathes not the tones of our dear native land!

There's no spot on earth
Like the land of our birth.

Where heroes keep guards o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend
The dear names of parent, husband and friend;
Which taught us to lip on our mother's soft breast,
The ballads she sung as she rock'd us to rest.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod,

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod!

May Columbia long lift her white crest o'er the wave,
The birth-place of science, the home of the brave;
In her cities may peace and prosperity dwell,
May her daughters in beauty and virtue excel;
May their beauty and worth
Bless the land of their birth,
And heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior passed away.
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain, holding sway,
Or lowlier, destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now.
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow;
Expression has not yet waxed weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak.
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonored and forlorn,
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who cannot hear—
Oh! deaf forever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is wo;
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell;
The heart bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life, till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

CHINESE POETRY.

From "Wang Kequo Lwan Pih Neen Chang Han:
or, The lasting Resentment of Miss Kequo Lwan
Wang," we take the following specimens of Chinese
poetry. Here's a poetical assignation:

"In secret I take these words and send them to my
lord,

But do not inconsiderately open your lips to other
people!

This night the door of the fragrant apartment will not
be locked,

And when the moon changes the shadows of the flow-
ers, let my lover come."

And here is a Chinese lady in a passion, because
her lover has deceived her:

"As I lean against my door-post, and in grief and si-
lence meditate on by-gone scenes,

I sigh; alas! my dream of wedded bliss has now van-
ished like a smile!

Love in early life stirred up the rambling fibres of pas-
sion, and dragged the green and tender buds of
my heart astray,—

Rage now follows like a torrent, and shrinks these
green buds to the withered red of resentment!

Then, I said, My lord will return true to his promise,
as Spring to her revolving period;—

But now, alas! full well I know that 'all is vanity!'
I turn my head, and lean against the railing, the pain-
ful spot of our long farewell—

And all my sorrows, for ten thousand years, I lay at
the door of the false and cruel east wind!"

TO MY MOTHER.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Thy cheek—it is pale my mother,
And the light of thine eye is dim—
And the gushings of gladness that used to fill
Thy cup of joy to its brim,
Come, like the visits of angels,
So 'few and far between.'
That I feel the reed is a broken one
On which thou art doomed to lean.

'Tis a bitter thing, my mother,
To look on a parent's decay—
To behold the Spoiler's ravages,
As he tears life's bloom away:
'Tis bitter to look on the furrows
He ploughs in thy godlike brow—
To weep o'er the gems of intellect
That are rayless, and sheenless now.

But there is a thought, my mother,
That is balm to the wounded heart—
Though the gift of life is a frail one,
And from it we soon must part,
There is a haven of gladness,
For the weary heart a home—
Where the sight of joy is never dim,
And sorrow never come.

On that blissful home, my mother,
Thine eye is often bent,
Like a tiny child's on a wished-for thing—
So longing—so intent.
O, how pure in the eye of Heaven
Must the heart of the Christian be—
So entirely fixed on that home above,
From earthliness so free.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for
the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to
receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.

Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsack.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Teft, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Wood, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 25.]

MASONIC.

WASHINGTON LODGE No—

At a meeting of this Lodge, recently formed in the city of Albany, and empowered to work under a Dispensation from the Most Worshipful Grand Master Morgan Lewis, Esq. Past Master Lewis G. Hoffman being duly authorised by warrant, proceeded to install the following officers of the new lodge, as were named in the Dispensation, in due form.

George S. Gibbons, W. Master.
John Owens, Sen. Warden.
Thomas Stewart, Jun. Warden.

After the new lodge had been legally formed, and the officers taken their respective seats, the brethren composing Washington Lodge, proceeded to the election of their Subordinate officers, with the following result.

John A. Sickles, Sec'y.
Robt. Erwin, Treasurer.
Henry Smith, Sen. Deacon.
Wm. Connelly, Jun. Deacon.
Abram Sickles, Tyler.

Who were severally installed by the W. M. elect.—
On motion it was.

Resolved, That the regular meetings of Washington Lodge be held, on the 1st and 4th Thursdays of each month.

Resolved, That the thanks of the officers and brethren of Washington Lodge, be due, and we take this opportunity of tendering the same to our worthy brother L. G. Hoffman, for the able and courteous manner in which he had discharged the duties imposed on him by our Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Resolved, That the proceedings be signed by the Secretary, and published in the American Masonic Register.

JOHN A. SICKLES, Sec'y,

THE GRAND LODGE OF MISSOURI,

At its annual meeting in October, 1840, elected the following Officers:—

M. W. Priestly H. McBride, of Paris, G. M.
R. W. Alex. T. Douglass, of St. Charles, S. G. W.
R. W. John Orrick, " " J. G. W.
" Geo. H. C. Melody of St. Louis, G. Treas.
" Richard B. Dallam, " G. Sec'y.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master, then made the following appointments, to wit:

R. W. Joseph Foster, of St. Louis, D. G. M.
M. R. Hiram Chamberlain, of St. Charles, G. C.
W. George Wilson, of St. Louis, S. G. D.
" E. S. Ruggles, of Potosi, J. G. D.
" S. W. B. Carnegg, of Palmyra, G. V.
" John Simond, of St. Louis, G. Marshal.
" Thomas Andrews, " G. Sentinel.
" Edward Klein, " G. Steward.
" D. S. Jamison, " G. S. R.
" E. Owens, " G. Tyler.

The Grand Lodge of Missouri, meets in St. Louis, Mo. on the first Monday in October, in every year.—There are about twenty subordinate lodges working under its jurisdiction, and masonry is in a very flourishing condition in the State.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ALABAMA, FOR 1841.

M. W. E. Herndon, of Gainesville, G. M.
R. W. J. A. Whetstone, of Washington, D. G. M.
" Blake Little, of Jamestown, S. G. W.
" D. H. Vahnest, of Moulton, J. G. W.

" L. S. Skinner, of Tuscaloosa, G. Treas.
" A. P. Pfister, " G. Sec'y.
" Rev. J. H. Thomson, " G. Lecturer.
" " J. E. Jones, of Livingston, G. Chaplain.
" Wm. Gorman, of Gainesville, G. S. D.
" Alex. Sample, of Independence, G. J. D.
" J. H. Owens, of Tuscaloosa, G. Tyler.

For the American Masonic Register.

At the Quarterly meeting of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, in December, a communication was read from the Rt. W. G. Lodge of Hamburg, constituting the W. Fredorik Liese, Past Master of Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, the Representative of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, in the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. The W. Brother Liese being in attendance, clothed in the peculiar costume of the G. L. he represented, the Grand Lodge was raised, as a token of respect to the G. L. of Hamburg, and the W. Brother was introduced by the Grand Secretary, and conducted by the Grand Deacons to the East, where he was addressed by the Grand Master as follows:—

W. BR. LIESE,

It is with great pleasure I receive you as the Representative of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of Hamburg, in the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

The representative system which has recently been adopted by this Grand Lodge promises great and general usefulness. An increasing desire for information is manifesting itself throughout the whole Masonic fraternity, and I know of no plan so well calculated to effect the desired object, as that which makes it the duty of the Representative to communicate to his constituents, all useful and interesting information, that may come to his knowledge. With the adoption of this system commences a new era in the history of this Grand Lodge, and I hope to see it carried out to its fullest extent, not only for the interest and gratification of our own members, but because its benefits will be participated by the whole fraternity.

I congratulate you on the high honor which has been conferred on you as the first Representative of a Continental Grand Lodge in the United States. To your hands has been committed a great trust and responsibility, which for the honor of this body, as well as for your own representation, will require the exercise of discretion, industry and talent.

In communicating with the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of Hamburg, you will please convey to them the assurances of our highest esteem and respect, and that we most cordially greet them, in the presence of their Representative with the right hand of Fellowship.

The W. Brother Liese made the following reply.

RT. W. DEPUTY GRAND MASTER,

The distinguished honor which has been conferred on me by the R. W. Grand Lodge of Hamburg, I am fully sensible of; and while I hold the commission of Representative of that Masonic government, which is the most ancient in Germany, I shall neither forget the responsibilities which rest upon me as such, nor the duties which I owe to this Grand Lodge.

I anticipate the happiest results, from the friendly intercourse now opened between the Fraternity in the State of New York and in Germany, and shall be gratified by rendering every facility to the other Grand Lodges of the United States, which desire to establish an intercourse with the Grand Lodge of Hamburg.

The representative system has been long established in Europe, and is the means of preserving union and harmony amongst the various branches of the GREAT FRATERNITY. The intercourse between this country and Europe is now so constant, that every embarrassment to Masonic intercourse ought to be

removed, and I shall be ready to aid every worthy Brother departing from this country to, or arriving from my FATHERLAND.

I shall not fail, Rt. W. Brother, to make known to the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, the fraternal sentiments you have expressed, and the cordial welcome you have given to their Representative. I accept and grasp your right hand of fellowship, in the name of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, most affectionately and sincerely.

At the close of this address the W. Br. Liese, and the Grand Master gave the right hand of Fellowship, in token of the friendship and union between the two Grand Lodges.

The Grand Master then delivered the following Address to the Grand Lodge.

BRETHREN,

The interesting ceremony of receiving this evening the first representative of a Masonic Government on the Continent of Europe in this Grand Lodge offers me the earliest opportunity of addressing you on the subject, and of presenting my views of the necessity and importance of the system which is now in operation to unite the great Masonic Family in an intimate correspondence and harmonious action. This Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodges of the several States and Territories of this Republic, are to all intents and purposes independent Masonic Governments exercising, according to the fundamental constitutions of the Order, supreme and unquestionable jurisdiction over the institution and its members within their several boundaries: enacting laws for their guidance, distributing honors and rewards to the deserving, and punishments to evil doers. Every member of the Order is, therefore, equally interested in the acts of the masonic government as he is in those of the civil government under which he resides, and has an equal right to be informed on one as on the other. Each Masonic Government regularly established, and recognised by its peers, is but a part of one great institution, spread over the whole earth, and bound together by one fundamental constitution. Administered by each government, not only for the advantage of its own people, but for the interest of the whole fraternity, and these governments are in fact in their limited spheres, what the governments of nations would be if administered, not for their own little section of this wide world alone, but for the benefit of the great family of man.

The duties of the masonic governments correspond with those of the civil governments of States; they are to promote the peace, security, prosperity and happiness of the People: in times of danger to afford protection, by the wise application of their own powers, or by the powers of their allies; in periods of prosperity, to give the best direction to the current of popular activity, by the elevation of the standard of knowledge of virtue, by cultivating foreign relations and internal improvements. Such has been the course pursued by this Grand Lodge, steadily and undeviatingly through the whole period of the present Grand Mastership. Amongst the means which have been adopted to strengthen and secure the union, integrity, and purity of the Order is the system which is now gradually going into operation, and which when fully developed, will concentrate in this body every facility for the communication and reception of intelligence, and for the cultivation of those fraternal relations throughout the world which constitute the unity, usefulness and glory of our institution.

The information we shall have a right to expect from our representatives in foreign Grand Lodges, while it will enlarge our knowledge, will undoubtedly elevate the standard by which the importance of our Order is to be estimated by ourselves, these are a part of the effects anticipated from the system.

The Foreign correspondence of the Grand Lodges was formerly limited, except on some extraordinary occasions, to an annual pamphlet from each; these were received by the G. Secretary, and placed in the hands of a committee for examination, during the annual communication, and by them usually reported on in the briefest possible terms. To the fraternity at large, little, if any information found its way through the committee of foreign correspondence, on the legislation of the Masonic Governments, or the important movements every where made in relation to our Order. But the attention of the Fraternity has within a few years been drawn to these subjects. Every where within this jurisdiction, there exists a strong desire for information, not only as to what this Grand Lodge is doing, but what all other Grand Lodges are doing.—This desire after information on all subjects relating to the progress and state of the Order, affords a sure evidence that the spirit of the Institution is vigorous and active; and it is the duty, and has been the determination of the Grand Officers to afford every encouragement to the increase and diffusion of useful knowledge. Our foreign correspondence has been largely extended, and is still advancing in extent and interest, and the result has been an increased demand for the publications of this Grand Lodge, so that the very large editions of the transactions usually printed, will now scarcely suffice; and the committee on foreign correspondence, at the last annual meeting reported their inability to get through the examination satisfactorily during the three days of the session. Our foreign correspondence has now commenced in a form, new on this continent, but, long approved in Europe, and the system now only awaits the action of the Grand Officers of several of the Grand Lodges of America, to bring new laborers into the field. We are informed that the Grand Lodge of New Jersey has instructed their Representative to invite the co-operation of the Foreign representatives in this great work, which will no doubt be cheerfully complied with, and I will add that any assistance in the power of the Grand Officers will be willingly afforded.

HUSBANDRY.

CARE OF STOCK.

From December until April, in our northern climate, and in a greater or less degree in more southern ones, the great business of the farmer consists in the care of his domestic animals. One of the great sources of loss to the farmer is the wretched condition in which his animals are frequently kept; their wool, their milk, and their ability to labor, are in a great measure determined by their keeping during the winter. Without shelter, without water, without food, or with at best an irregular and partial supply, it must be expected that disease will invade his flocks and herds, and occasion losses that months of labor will be required to counterbalance.

Domestic animals must have shelter; it is as necessary for them as it is for man, and one may as well talk of comfort without it as the other. Few things are more trying to the man who has a soul, than to see a flock of sheep crouching in a corner of the fence half buried in the snow; a few lean cows, their feet so drawn together by cold and hunger that all might stand in a half bushel; half a dozen swine of the alligator breed, squealing, and their noses imploringly turned to the place where the trough should be; and the same air of discomfort pervading every thing on the premises. Where animals are kept in this way we instinctively expect to find the windows of the house stuffed with cloaks and old hats, and the owner at the fire-side of the nearest tavern or grog shop—and rarely will such expectations be disappointed.

Animals should be salted in the winter with great attention and regularity. Farmers are too careless about it this in summer, and are apt to neglect it altogether in winter; a course which requires reformation at once. It is necessary for their health, gives an appetite; and, summer or winter, they should always have access to salt.

Feed your cattle regularly, whatever may be the kind of food. This half starving animals, feeding them as it suits your convenience, keeping them without salt or water, and thinking they can get along without shelter, is bad policy, and should be repudiated at once

by every man who would be merciful to his beast, or find in his pocket satisfactory evidence that keeping stock is not a losing business.—*Cultivator.*

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHIMEDES.

Archimedes was born at Syracuse, and related to Hiero, king of Sicily: he was remarkable for his extraordinary application to mathematical studies, but more so for his skill and surprising invention in Mechanics. He excelled likewise in Hydrostatics, Astronomy, Optics, and almost every other science; he exhibited the motions of the heavenly bodies in a pleasing and intrusive manner, within a sphere of glass of his own contrivance and workmanship; he likewise contrived curious and powerful machines and engines for raising weights, hurling stones, darts &c. launching ships, and for exhausting the water out of them, draining marshes, &c. When the Roman Consul, Marcellus, besieged Syracuse, the machines of Archimedes were employed; these showered upon the enemy a cloud of destructive darts, and stones of vast weight and in great quantities; their ships were lifted into the air by his cranes, levers, hooks, &c. and dashed against the rocks or precipitated to the bottom of the sea; nor could they find safety in retreat; his powerful burning glasses reflected the condensed rays of the sun upon them with such effect, that many of them were burned. Syracuse was however at last taken by storm, and Archimedes, too deeply engaged in some geometrical speculations to be conscious of what had happened, was slain by a Roman soldier. Marcellus was grieved at his death, which happened A. C. 210, and took care of his funeral. Cicero, when he was *Questor* of Sicily, discovered the tomb of Archimedes overgrown with bushes and weeds, having the sphere and cylinder engraved on it, with an inscription which time had rendered illegible.

His reply to Hiero, who was one day admiring and praising his machines, can be regarded only as empty boast. "Give me," said the exulting philosopher, "a place to stand on, and I will lift the earth." This, however, may be easily proved to be impossible; for granting him a place, with the simplest machine, it would require a man to move swifter than a cannon shot during the space of 100 years, to lift the earth only one inch in all that time. Hiero ordered a golden crown to be made, but suspecting that the artists had purloined some of the gold and substituted base metal in its stead, he employed our philosopher to detect the cheat; Archimedes tried for some time in vain, but one day as he went into the bath, he observed that his body excluded just as much water as was equal to its bulk; the thought immediately struck him that this discovery had furnished ample data for solving his difficulty; upon which he leaped out of the bath, and ran through the streets homewards, crying out, *I have found it! I have found it!* The best edition of his works is that of Torrelli, edited at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, fol. 1792, by Dr. Robertson, Savilian Professor of Astronomy.

VARIETY.

THE OBSTINATE SAINT.

In all Sicilian cities the number of churches is very great, every church has its patron saint, and every saint has his procession; that of St. Sebastian, in Catania is not the least remarkable; he is a favorite in all Catholic countries. Perhaps not one in the long catalogue of saints has so often exercised the genius of painters;—in any extensive collection you are sure to see his martyrdom a dozen times repeated. He is in great estimation in Catania, and deservedly so, having been known, even in these degenerate days to give proofs of no common sagacity. A tradesman was some time since taken ill, and having more confidence in the saint than in the doctors, vowed, if he recovered, to make him an offering of a certain sum. His prayers were heard and accepted; but according to the proverb,

Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.

which may be translated,

By danger scar'd, in sickness faint
We vow whole thousands to the saint:
But for his pains, the peril past,
The simple saint gets chous'd at last.

Maestro Guiseppe, for such was his name, forgo his promise; but it was not easy to cheat St. Sebastian. The day of his festival came round, and in the course of his profession he had to pass by the habitation of his short memoried devotee. Wonderful to relate, when he came opposite to the door, though borne on the shoulders of twenty stout porters, he made a dead stop; nor could all the efforts of his bearers, nor all the prayers of the priests, induce him to stir a single step. Many were the attempts of his brawny supporters to move him: in vain, they might as soon have moved mount Etna; in vain they lagged and tugged from before, and pushed and shoved from behind; in vain the populace wept, the priest prayed the porters swore, the saint would have seen them severally blind, hoarse, and broken-winded, before he would have bugged. The contest was plainly unequal and the reinforcement of twenty broad back Capuchins advanced to put their herculean shoulders to the task; but the saint, more indignant than ever, as if to show his contempt at this assistance, now absolutely retrograded, stern foremost, on the procession which followed at his heels, overthrowing and rolling porters, priests and populace, men, women, and children, promiscuous in the mire. How long matters would have continued in this state there is no saying; the pertinacious saint resolutely maintained his ground, and would probably have kept it to this day, had not one of the priests shrewdly conjectured that the saint was displeased with some one in the neighborhood, when another fortunately recollected the vow of Maestro Guiseppe. Great was the clamour and indignation of the pious populace; St. Sebastian was allowed on all hands to have reason on his side; a thousand tongues called at once on Maestro Guiseppe to pay the saint his due, and his door was already yielded to the hands and feet of a zealous multitude, when the dismayed and astonished votary came trembling forth with a bag of money in his hand, which, having first demanded pardon of his offended patron for the shortness of his memory, he reverently consigned to the priest. The effect was instantaneous and wonderful; the saint a moment before heavier than lead, became at once light as a feather, and to make up for lost time was observed to move down the street at double his ordinary pace, smiling, as many spectators are ready to swear, as he went; whilst the applauding populace followed shouting. "A miracle! a miracle!"

RATIONALE OF PROPERTY.

Why, it has been asked, should man be allowed to appropriate more than is necessary for his support? We ask what support is meant? The momentary satisfying of his hunger by shooting a deer or plucking a fruit? Is he allowed to shoot several deer and dry the meat for the winter? Is he not allowed to cultivate a tree which shall give him fruit for certainty, so that he may not be exposed again to hunger, the pain of which he knows already? May he not cultivate a patch of land to have corn for his children? If he has slain a buck to satisfy his hunger, is he allowed to appropriate the skin to himself and call it his own? If the industrious fisherman sails to the bank of Newfoundland to appropriate to himself the unappropriated codfish, has he no right to catch as many as he thinks he and his children shall want for the whole year?—But they cannot live upon codfish alone: may he not take so many codfish as to exchange part of them for other food, for clothing? Does supporting his family not include the sending of his children to school?—May he not catch some more to save the money he may obtain for it, that, should he perish at sea, his wife and children may not suffer from want or become a burthen to others? Where does the meaning of support stop? Why should it apply to the satisfying of physical wants only? There are wants far higher than these, the wants of civilization? We want accumulated property; without it, no ease, without ease no leisure; without leisure, no earnest and persevering pursuit of knowledge, no high degree of national civilization. Aristotle already lays it down as the basis of high civilization to be free and have leisure.—*Lieber's Manual of Political Ethics.*

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

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no. 8.

WORKS OF FICTION.

There are many subjects of great importance upon which the opinions of thinking men have always been widely different, and in regard to none perhaps, more so than the propriety of reading works of fiction, and especially that portion of them commonly styled novels. While some insist, not only, that their influence is harmless, but also that they are necessary and productive of many good effects, others with equal sincerity and zeal, are disposed to maintain that effects the most deleterious and melancholy are to be ascribed to the perusal of them. As the practice of reading these works is very general, and seems to be so firmly persisted in, notwithstanding the many admonitions which have been blazoned abroad from the most respectable sources against it, and as the question in itself has therefore become an important and interesting one, we may be pardoned for inquiring into the cause of this diversity of sentiment, and attempting to discover on which side the mistake lies, if either party be wholly wrong, or (which would be the more pleasant task) endeavoring to show how the opinions of both of these classes may be reconciled. And here, in view of this last object, we may remark, that it will go far in attaining it, if we keep in mind the important fact, the absurdity of reasoning upon the influence of any thing from its abuse solely. It is true that if by some strange tendency in our nature, sound things were always abused, in a greater degree than they were used, it would be wise, if no means of remedying it were discovered, to forego the advantage derivable from the latter, in order to avoid the evils flowing from the former. But this would not in many instances be the part of wisdom, and we are inclined to think that we are not called upon, by the existence of such unusual circumstances, in the case of works of fiction, to adopt a course of this kind, the propriety of which in any case is at the best, problematical. We are to remember that there is scarcely a faculty or source of enjoyment given to man, which is not more or less abused, and they who see the injurious consequences of this course, and desire to prevent them, would seem to attain their object best, not by withdrawing that source of enjoyment, or destroying that faculty, or preventing its exercise, but by teaching and inculcating the manner of using them as they were naturally intended to be used. Much of the difference of sentiment on this subject to which we have alluded, has undoubtedly arisen from the views of those who are opposed to the reading of works of fiction, being based upon the effects of the abuse of them, and from their mistaking the remedy to be applied.

This remark will however only apply to the more moderate of this class; there are others who take higher ground and maintain and attempt to prove the baleful tendency of all works of fiction, because they are fiction, and also on account of their general light and imaginative character. To such we are willing to give a fair hearing, and carefully to consider all they have to advance, although we are free to admit that however substantial their arguments may be, however convincing to our reason, our hearts would heave many a sigh when we were compelled forever to abandon our Shakespeares, our Scotts, our Miltons, and many more, and forget too forever, the many sweet and endearing lessons

which we had imbibed from their glowing and eternal pages.

Of this latter kind of opponents there are two classes; one, who are incapable from their very nature of appreciating the use of fictitious works; who, having no imaginations themselves, are unable to understand its developements in others. They are mere matter of fact men, who rank a supposition with a falsehood, and condemn the most beautiful fable or creation of the imagination, as a deliberately formed tissue of untruths. With such men it is idle to reason; their intellect may be strong and clear enough, but they want the appropriate faculties to which such works are principally addressed. Nor are such men to be despised. They are useful in many departments of physical or mental exertion for which the possession of these faculties would render them less fit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAUL AT LYSTRA.

Iconium had heard and felt

The sifting, heart revealing call,
In meek submission numbers knelt

Receiving Jesus as their all.
But Jewish pride and Gentile spite
Resist and banish Gospel light.

"O Lystra hear the word of life!

The God that made the world is one.

Forsake this vanity and strife,

And find a Savior in His Son."

The speaker needs no artful gloss,

He tells of Jesus and the cross.

His beaming eye and earnest tone

Collect the gazing crowd to hear;

The manner meets their sense alone,

Attracts with love and awes with fear.

Their impious praise with grief he meets,

Then stoned, his blood bedews their streets.

Such the perverseness of the heart;

The man who brings the Lord's command

Is forced in sadness to depart,

Or hell's seductive arts withstand;

Is marked with persecution's rod,

Or, worshiped as himself a God.

FULTON.

Fulton possessed genius. It was not to be confined by the impediments that poverty might cast in its way, or overcome by the persecution of the ignorant! For though he was born in obscurity, and possessed but few advantages, yet his genius burst every barrier that would feign have held it fast, left far in the rear every envious competitor,—rose to the summit of the temple of fame, and there inscribed his name; a name that will live as long as time shall be—a name that will echo upon our ears as long as our mighty rivers are navigated by the majestic steamboat, or our extended railroads traversed by the rapid car.

Mankind are indebted to no individual more than to the distinguished Fulton—no single person has accomplished more, or is there any one the products of whose genius confer a greater benefit upon the human race.

Like him who tamed the wild lightning, was he destined by a wise providence to be a blessing to the world, and acting on principles as noble as his genius, he could not be swayed by private interest, or bribed by the gold of the British aristocracy; for while England was desirous of maintaining the empire of the Ocean, she could not look with composure at the inventions of an individual, whose object was to restore to all nations the liberty of the seas.

For years did he labor with assiduity and perseverance, to bring into use his sub-marine ships, and with these he hoped to render the highway of nations open to all. He was not to be discouraged by vexatious disappointment—but opposition seemed only to add ardor to his lofty mind, and increase his confidence in the utility of his noble designs. Conscious of the rectitude of his own conduct, and the advantages the world would derive from his inventions, he proudly persevered amid the jeers and scoffs of the community, and accomplished more than he anticipated. Intense must have been the emotions of his bosom, when the first steamboat was to proceed up the beautiful Hudson; he could hear the whispers of his most intimate friends rejoicing that their fortunes and reputations were not engaged in so fruitless an enterprise, and he knew, that not thirty persons in the city of New York, believed that she would be of the least service. Imagine his anxiety as she proceeded from the wharf, and glided majestically even against the rapid current of the river. All he had was engaged in the enterprise, and all his future hopes were centered there.—And what a spectacle must she have presented to the astonished multitude who thronged the banks of the river, and who described her as bidding defiance to the winds and waves and spouting a galaxy of flame to light her on the passage,—there was it clearly demonstrated that "knowledge is power"—there was it satisfactorily proved that fear is the offspring of ignorance—for there was genius triumphant.

But however great may have been the genius of Fulton by nature, however much above the common level of mankind were his talents, yet he never would have been distinguished, had they not been cultivated by the severest discipline. Deep did he drink at the fountain of abstract science, and close was the application of thought upon any thing that would bear on the glorious design of benefitting the world. Nothing seemed too arduous to be undertaken, or too difficult to be overcome. You might see him with a countenance pale with unremitting thought, investigating perhaps some important truth at noon of night, and then arising from his sleepless couch, to note some new formed plan, or follow out the chain of thought, regardless of the passing hour, or failing nature's slow decay. And the requiem that was sung over the infuriated Kirke White can equally be applied to the lamented Fulton.

"O what a noble heart was here undone,
When science's self destroyed her favorite son?
Yes she too much indulged thy fond pursuit;
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.

And he fell in the prime of life a victim to intense application, and the world has been deprived of the benefit of his unfinished inventions. Never, at the death of a private individual has the community manifested greater signs of bereavement, and well it might for a more disinterested patriot never lived. Often was it declared by him that he never would hold a public trust, and wealth was of no use, only as far as it was subservient to benevolent purposes.

We pass over the pages of history and find recorded there the names of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, and they will continue to be recorded. But when their exploits are contrasted with the doings of such men as Fulton, they sink in the estimation of an enlightened community, and tend only to add lustre to his glorious career. They were the destroyers of millions to satisfy their own insatiable ambition, and to aggrandize themselves. But his ambition was more holy, it sought to ameliorate the condition of mankind, even at the expense of his own. And well may the nation that gave birth to such a son, grieve at his loss; and ever should she hold in remembrance a name so sacred, and show her gratitude even if she be free, for gratitude is not incompatible with freedom.

POPULAR TALES.

DICK DENNETT; OR THE SANGUINE MAN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 188.

At these words she turned pale, white, black, blue, and settling at a livid purple, she assailed me like a hunted tigress. "O you wicked, nasty, good-for-nothing, insinuating, swindling rascal!" she exclaimed; "this is how you entrapped me, is it? And I, thinking you such a good match!" "Ay, there it is, you see, old lady, I said, 'that we have both been done. I thought the same of you.' 'I ought to have asked for a settlement,' she cried. 'Ah, but you knew better, for in that case you must have exposed your own poverty before you could have discovered mine; but come,' said I, cool in my despair, 'I have most cause to complain; but I'm forgiving, let us part friends, and trouble each other no more.' 'Part!' she screamed. 'What, you supposed you've got one of your nasty, trolloping trulls, do you, that march from one town to another with you, and then go back to their own beats? No, sir; I'm a virtuous woman, and your betters. I don't choose to have my character open to remarks; and please God, I'll stick to you as long as I live.' 'Then here's a speedy release,' I said to her, as I swallowed a bumper of brandy. 'Ah, you unnatural wretch!' she answered, eyeing me with fury; 'it's a wonder it did not choke you; but I'll live to worry you every day of your life.'

"And faith, she seems likely to keep her word—the old hag promises to be immortal: leave her I can't, for I have not a sou. And she is such a desperate old catamaram, that she'd follow at my heels to the land's end, and have me advertised by the way. And then to appear such as I am, when I have been what I have. And where but in London can I hope for any thing? In vain I have tried all my former friends, to employ their interest for me, in any way. One fellow offered to get me made marker at a billiard-table. I husband that hunting-whip for his especial service. But damn despair and all regrets—*nunc est bibendum*—hold your tongue, and fill your glass, I hate condolence, and there may be a bright morrow for me yet. In fact, I don't mind telling you, there is an old gentleman in the neighborhood, as rich as Tippoo, who has lately taken a monstrous liking to me; he is very old, and ailing, and moreover he talks of consulting me on an alteration in his will. He has not a child or a relative in the world, and he always calls me his dear boy, and says I'm the image of a little friend of his of the other sex, who died thirty years ago. And now," said he, "let's drop the subject of my fortunes, it's a painful one to me, as you may suppose; and tell me what you've been doing. There, there, spare me your commiseration."

"By-the-by," said I, after, in my turn, I had satisfied Dick's curiosity, "if you have that I. O. U. of mine at hand, I'll discharge it now. I've thought of it a hundred times lately, when I could not find you."

"What I. O. U.?" said Dick.

"Why the one I gave you at the Clarendon."

"I remember none," he replied.

"What not," said I, "when I lost ten pounds to you? You were rather sprung to be sure, but you must recollect it; however I'll pay it now, while I have the opportunity, and you can put the note behind the fire when you find it." And so saying, I handed him over the amount.

"Well, upon my soul," he said, "I've quite forgotten all about it."

"But I had not, I assure you," I answered; "see," added, showing him in my pocket-book, an entry in German, which he could not read, of the height of the tans des Vaches, "here is a memorandum I made of in Switzerland, a twelvemonth ago, when it occurred to my mind. I am convinced Dick did not scent the use, for I must do him the justice to say, that his ride has kept pace with his poverty, and that in his ant he has never degenerated into a sponge."

The next morning early I took leave of Dick, who could fain have had me make a stay with him, but I had engagements pending, in London, which were of peremptory nature, and which obliged me to decline

his invitation. At parting he shook me heartily by the hand, promised I should hear from him soon, and that we should have another night at the Clarendon as soon as the old gentleman, his patron, should slip his wind.

Some considerable time from this visit had elapsed, when I received a letter of exultation from Dick, informing me of his wife's death. He would not write me, he said, till he had seen her fairly earthed, for fear of accidents; but that pleasurable task has fallen to him the day before the date of his letter. He also told me, that the old general, for such his patron was, was very ill, and that I might expect to see him in town in a month or two, with his windfall, adding, in the meantime, "I'm working devilish hard with the old boy, being nurse, valet, steward, butler, and secretary to him."

It was about six months after this that Dick was announced to me in the privacy of my sanctum. After a hearty greeting, I perceived he was in black, and presuming he would not long wear the willow for his spouse, I immediately conjectured that the general was dead. Dick confirmed my surmises.

"And you are come up," I said, "to enjoy the girls of fortune?" at this he cackinnated, but very feebly, "well, I wish you joy, with all my heart."

"Thank you," said Dick, "but the truth is, my dear fellow, you are rather premature."

"How so?" I asked, "the general is dead."

"O yes; he is dead."

"Well?"

"Well," responded Dick, "he is dead, certainly, but I am nothing benefited by that."

"Indeed," I said.

"No," said Dick. "The old sinner had me in constant attendance on him for the last nine months: I made his tea and toasted his muffins in the morning; read the paper to him; gave him his tiffin and his pills; measured out his medicines by a stop watch; aired his linen; kept the key of his cellar; paid his bills; rowed the servants; stuffed him at dinner, and listened nightly to his prosings about the storming of Seringapatam; laughed at all the standard jokes of the old service, and slept in his room, upon chairs, to be handy. That deserved something. Well, the old hypocrite grew worse, always professing the warmest feelings for me. 'O my boy, Denmet,' he would say, 'how shall I repay for all your kindness, but it will soon be all over with me, and then—' put out the light, and then the life,' thought I. At length the case grew critical, he knew it himself, and told me he thought it time he should see to his will. I, of course, commonplace it as usual—hoped he had many years yet to live, and so forth; but he desired me to send for the lawyer and the parson, which I accordingly did. On their arrival they were closetted with him, and on their departure the former grinned a smile at me, which left me no doubt of my place in the testament. When myself and the doctor re-entered the room, the patient was approaching at last to his dissolution. He beckoned me to the bed-side, and taking my hand which he pressed between both his, he muttered something, out of which I could only distinguish the words—will—left you—value—nearest my heart—gratitude—reparation—conscience? and, with this last word upon his lips, he sank down exhausted and expired. Of course I equipped myself with black—what could the expectant sole legatee do less? I sealed up the drawers, and cupboards, and desks; had the house put in order; arranged the funeral; called on Mr. Doublesides, the attorney, who received me so graciously that I did not think it worth a moment's while to even hint at an infringement on professional etiquette, in any intimation of the general's bequests, and desired him to attend after the funeral with the will, and to do generally whatever might be usual in such cases, or requisite in this. Then, don't laugh at me—I had the horses physicked, and turned out; ascertained how much it would cost, and how long it would take, to stucco the front of the house, and build a new lodge, better stables, and a billiard-room; and prepared an advertisement for the sale of the timber on the estate."

"At last the day of the funeral arrived, and after seeing the old gentleman comfortably housed in his last habitation, the mourners returned to the house, where Mr. Doublesides awaited me, and intimated in the will, that if they would attend him in an inner room

it should be read. Whereupon ensued a solemn kind of rush, and we, the chosen ones, were speedily found seated or standing around the little squinting harbingers. Mr. Doublesides sat at the end of a table, and having read a list of names, in which I was contented to hear my own, without further attending to the others, and having ascertained that all were present, he rose with a stiff and studied air from his seat, thrust out his puny chest, coughed three times, and thrust his right hand in his prudent coat-pocket, and having dived it to the bottom, withdrew it slowly, and produced—his handkerchief; then, having deliberately towelled his face and forehead, and replaced the cotton instrument, he buttoned his coat to the chin, plunged his left hand into another, and slowly drew forth the desiderated document: then there was a platoon coughing and hemming, and blowing of noses, and sentimental sighing, after which succeeded a dead and sudden silence, which Mr. Doublesides broke, by snuffling out from the will, 'In the name of God, Amen.' But to cut matters short, some half dozen or dozen bequests of ten pounds, or rings, or mourning, were announced when the reader raised his voice, and read, 'as to that excellent young man, my worthy and most esteemed friend, Richard Dennett, Esq.' 'I see how it is,' I thought, 'I am residuary legatee, I must throw those poor people something in.' Snuffle continued, 'he having evinced a most filial regard for me and for my reputation, and ever, in all his kind attentions to me, professed and acted on the most disinterested motives.'—here I felt ropy in the throat—I bequeath to him all," Snuffle paused and I fidgeted—*all my manuscript memoirs* to enable him to compile a history of my services, especially in the East, to be published for the benefit of my residuary legatee." As these words fell from the fellow's lips, a cold dew came over me—I bit my lips—I shook—I reddened—I scorched—I chilled again, and the room went round with me, and when I came to myself again, I heard the whole of the defunct's real and personal estate given to Mrs. Margaret Mac Tab, whom I then, for the first time espied sewed in black, and seconced among curtains in the window seat, at the back of Mr. Doubleside's chair. Twenty years back she had been the general's blanchisseuse, and had then met with a misfortune, which ended in adding another scholar to the parish school, and half-a-crown a week to the parish treasury, the latter, subtracted from the testator's ways and means. Since then he had never seen, and perhaps thought as little of her, till the parson, I fancy, put in his head that as he had no relation, the safety of his soul required that he should be unjust to all to be more than just to Mrs. Mac Tab.

"When the reading was finished, and Mr. Doublesides, with a most tender respect, had led Mrs. Mac Tab into another room, I walked slowly away in a stupor, which was taken for indifference, and left the house without stopping to make any inquiries concerning my legacy;—and here I am, poor and unfortunate as ever."

"Well, Dick," I said, "I really do regret your untoward fate most sincerely; I thought to have seen you well provided for, and I need not tell you it would have given me the greatest pleasure to find that you were raised above the frowns of the fortune that has lately pursued you."

"My dear fellow," he answered, "I know too well the interest your kind heart has ever taken in my welfare, to doubt that you have sympathy with me in this as in my other reverse; but don't let this misadventure affect you. I am not so wholly unfortunate as you think."

"I shall be rejoiced to hear of your better luck," I answered.

"Well, then," said Dick, "you know, and I feel it myself, that with some of the remains of my old habits about me, had the old chap abandoned all his possessions, or even a part to me, I should have been very likely to have melted them; but the fates, in sparing me the opportunity, have provided for me in a manner, if not so suitable to my wishes, at least more beneficial to my interests."

"Indeed," said I, "I am glad to hear that."

"Yes," said he, "and when I tell you the fact, you will agree with me; truth is, I am appointed to a treasury office, the present occupier vacates and retires next week, and then I'm to enter on my duties, for which purpose I have come to town."

"And is it all secure," I said.
"Perfectly so," said Dick; "I have seen Lord—the minister, this morning. My appointment is made out, but as my predecessor, has some returns to make, he cannot give in before next Thursday; it cannot be filled up till the next day, when the situation will be vacant."

Alas! alas! for poor Dick! Thursday came—that night the Opposition had a majority. On Wednesday the ministry resigned, and Dick's interest was gone. On Thursday the occupant of his post, gave in, and on Friday the new premier gave it to his attorney's son.

His next adventure of which I am cognizant was one of love. "Such a girl, my dear fellow! such a shape, such a face, and then she's all heart," said Dick.

Now, that's a very commendable quality in a cabbage, but I never knew a woman the better for it; and accordingly he discovered, after 9 month's suit and 9 month's debts incurred in the course of it, that his lady had so much heart, that she bestowed a portion of it more than she thought necessary for Dick's use, on a slim young man, who wrote verses and wore no shirt collar, and Dick was indebted to a squib on the fifth of November, for bringing about a crisis, which in the very nick of time, saved him from the honors of premature paternity. "This was a sad blow for Dick; he renounced his love, and the world too, and for a time I again wholly lost sight of him."

When he emerged from his retirement, he pounced upon me as an author. In his solitude (I did not venture to inquire where he had rusticated) he had written a tragedy. Do not smile reader, volatile men always write tragedies, when they do write; it is only ascetics who write farces. And the very morning he called upon me he had received a note from the manager of one of the great theatres, informing him his piece was accepted, and requesting his attendance at the theatre to arrange as to production. "I will call on to-morrow," he said, "and give you a box for the first night." A day or two he again appeared, we talked of the weather—the court—the new ministry, and new measures, the corn laws, and a hundred other things—yet no word of the tragedy. "But your play, Dick," said I, "your literary grandees require so much drawing out; when am I to lend you a hand?"

"O curse the play!" said Dick.

"Why, my dear fellow," I answered, "I thought it was accepted."

"Why yes," said he, "I thought so too; but you know I was going to the theatre when I called on you the other day."

"Yes."

"Well—but by heaven it's too bad—I hardly like to tell it."

"O come, come," said I, "it's too late to keep any secret from me."

"True; said he, "well, I went and saw the manager, a most sweet-spoken gentleman; he bowed me into a chair, and forthwith broached the subject. But now respect my feelings, and when I tell you the rest, don't at least outrage my vanity."

"You're growing strangely modest, Dick."

"O to the devil with that," he answered; "well—the manager began—a very excellent thing, sir, that of your's; thing, thought I, what a beast—it will certainly make a hit, and I should be proud to produce it. That's as it should be, said I, to myself.—We shall have a very strong cast, sir; very strong, indeed, you may rely upon it's receiving every assistance from the management." I bowed my gratitude. "But you'll excuse me, sir," he continued, "if I venture to offer some hints by way of amendment; the art of pleasing the public, is one which we professional men study all our lives, and may, therefore, be supposed to know something of." I interrupted him, said Dick, "to say how proud I should be to profit by his suggestions." He nodded approbation, and resumed. "The public, sir, just now, have a taste which has grown exceedingly of late years, and it is part to resign ourselves, to a certain degree, to their will.—We have just now, sir, in our company, a very—a most attractive performer, and I should be glad, on your account, if he could be introduced, as his introduction must infallibly insure your success." "Now, sir, if you could leave out your leading character, and

substitute a part for our bear, and bring in a comic song for his keeper—"What," I exclaimed, "a bear and a comic song in a five act tragedy, founded on the unities." "A tragedy!" cried the manager, I beg your pardon—your name is Dennett? Richard Dennett Esq.?" Precisely, so, I answered. "And your piece is entitled, Double and Single, or the Don in the Dumps." "No, sir, I said, indignantly, "my play is called the Orphans of Arranjuez." "My dear," said the manager, handing down a pile of papers, and casting his eye rapidly over them, "I have ten thousand apologies to make; the fact is, the Orphans and the Don, I see, were presented on the same day, and in the hurry of business, I perceive the authors' names were each written on the other's piece. It was the burletta that was accepted, sir, and there can be no doubt the merit of your piece would have commanded the acceptance, but unfortunately, I regret to say, an accident has occurred to the manuscript, though the inadvertence of the man who lights the fires, and the title and cover are all that remain of it." And thus, to cut a long story short, said Dick, "have all my hopes of tragic fame departed."

His next speculation was more profitably; in return for having rescued at some risk an old gentleman, who had missed his footing in stepping from a boat, and was fast hurried down the river by the tide, he received, under a codicil to his will, three months after, a thousand pounds. But Dick could not be at rest; he longed to multiply his ducats, and purchased, as a monstrous bargain, a reversionary interest, expectant on the death of an old lady then in her eightieth year, who was afflicted with a severe asthma. "She can't last a month," said Dick, "impossible—touched in the wind—a regular roarer, and then I shall receive 1,500*l*. Don't you think it a capital plan of mine, purchasing these interests? I have a notion I shall get a fortune by it. As soon as this old duchess hops the twig, I shall lay out my whole capital in another venture of the same kind, and so continue, always taking care to buy of dying people, till I have got 10,000*l*.; then I shall go quietly into Wales, keep a hack, and one hunter." Ten years have elapsed since Dick's first purchase, and the old lady had given him no opportunity yet to try his hand at a second, while he in the meantime subsists on hope, and reads the cholera returns and the bills of mortality, with a gusto indescribable.

The last time I saw him he was hurrying, he said, to an appointment with a charming woman, whose moral physical, and pecuniary charms he had begun to enlarge on, when Radford the sheriff's officer turned the corner of the street, and Dick in a twinkling vanished in a contrary direction.

Dick's life like a swallows, has been a series of migrations; and as their places of retreat and mode of subsistence are unknown, so too are Dick's. Alas, alas! there are too many Dick Denbets spread over the surface of this cold wide world.

MISCELLANY.

THE WINTER FIRESIDE.

Spring, summer and autumn have each their appropriate delights, and these are mostly enjoyed under the blue heavens, and the balmy air, but winter cheerful winter, is the time for in-door comforts, the quest of knowledge and the flow of affection. They may talk of May,—but who does not know that the mutual attachments of young hearts put forth their clasping tendrils most lustily between thanksgiving day and the return of the blue bird?—Now when ruddy fires begin to throw their dancing flames over the snug sitting room; when the piping of the wind tells how close the house is; when Jack Frost drives the rosy children to wanton about the father's knee, or roll half asleep upon the rug; now is the time when the working man, who has the best of earthly gifts a wife and abundance of little olive branches about his table, learns fully what is meant by the happy syllable Home.

The rivals of our Home are many and fearful.—Among the direst is the drinking place, whether known as porter house, grog shop or tavern. The man who spends his evenings in tygian fumes soon grovels, and wallows away half his civilization. Where ought he to be put by his own warm fireside, reward his wife for the solitary labours and vexations of the day, and re-

ceiving on his own part those cheap but invaluable pleasures, which are as much above the delirium and ribaldry of the bar room, as the light of the day is above the glimmer of a dipped candle. To the young men, beginning life—especially to newly married men the counsel is seasonable. REVERENCE THE FIRESIDE. Admit no rival here. Let your chief joys be shared by her who has forsaken all other hearts and hopes for you,—by those who must inherit honour or disgrace by your course of life. Shun the bar room purities of intoxication. It is to thousands the avenue to infamy. Help to aid those industrious men who preside over public houses, and succumb to the sad necessity of leading sober men into darkness, and drunkards into despair—help to rid them of this unpleasant part of their office. They protest their grief for these results—Help them to wash their hands of the horrible stain!

TASTE OF ARSENIC.

At the trial of Mrs. Smith, for poisoning her servant, in February last, the professional gentlemen who were examined, differed as to the taste of arsenic. It is singular that a difference of opinion should exist on a fact of so much importance, and apparently, so easy to settle. On referring to systematic authors in chemistry and medical jurisprudence, it will be found that arsenic is invariably said to have an acid taste. But it is well known, that systematic writers are to apt, especially on points apparently so simple and trivial, to quote from one another without personal experiment; and accordingly, when a reference is made such medico legal authors as have written specially on arsenic, or to the evidence of persons who have taken it when administered with articles of food, we find that some say the taste is sweetish and then acid, and others that it has no taste at all. The natural inference is, that the taste, whatever it actually is, must be weak; so that in fact, the poison may be swallowed without any taste being perceived. We have been informed by Dr. Christison, Professor of medical jurisprudence in this University, that in reference to the evidence on Mrs. Smith's trial, he has recently made some experiments on the subject, and that others have been made at his request, by Dr. Duncan and Dr. Turner, and the following is the general result—the quantity of the solid poison tasted varied, from two to four grains; and the duration of the tasting, from half a minute to 1 and a half. They perceived, towards the end, a very faint sweetish taste. As to the solution, its taste appeared to be sweetish. What may be its taste when allowed to pass to the root of the tongue, is not easy to determine, as the experiment, made with a sufficient quantity, would be unsafe;—but it has certainly been swallowed without the person remarking any particular taste at the time, and the most common account has been that it tasted sweetish.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

CONJUGAL LOGIC.

"My dear, did you not buy a handsome shawl for fifty dollars?" "Yes, my love, 'So I thought.' Well, it is lying on the floor in the other room. As the times are hard, and I can scarcely pay my notes, I hope you will be a little careful of your fine clothing." "Oh, that is of no consequence for the shawl must be cleaned before it is used again." "My dear, one of the children has just thrown your handsome shawl down the cistern." "Indeed I am really sorry, but it needed washing, and I will have it taken out presently." On the next day, the husband desiring his lady to accompany him a short distance into the country, she dressed for the purpose. "My dear, why don't you wear your new shawl?" "It is not taken out of the cistern yet; I will attend to it the first thing when we come home. You know I could not wear it all dripping wet." A week afterwards, a servant hooked up the shawl by accident with a cistern pole. This elegant article was now transformed into a dirty rag, full of holes. "My dear, if you had taken it out when I first mentioned it, all would have been well." "Oh no, my love, it would never have fit to wear, after being put into the muddy cistern." "But my dear, if you picked it off the floor when I first mentioned it, it would never have got into the cistern." "I suppose it dropped from the table where it was

laid, which I am sure could not be helped'—'But, my dear, if you had put it in its proper place, when you first took it off, it would never have fallen from table.'—'And if I had kept myself in my proper place, I never should have been the companion of such a wretched, miserably busy-body as yourself.' 'My dear you are always too dilatory. If you had not deferred that speech until after our marriage, you never would have been taken from the arms of your beggarly old father. Then I never should have gone from under the protection of a gentleman to shelter under the roof of a fellow.' 'I wonder my dear, how a lady of your refined and exalted notions can continue under the roof of a fellow.' 'You will give me time for the horses to be put in the carriage.' She rings and orders the carriage, puts on her things, and moves slowly towards the door. 'My dear, are you really going?' 'Yes, but why do you speak so kindly, if you hate me?' 'I did not say I hated you, my dear.' 'Did you not?—But the shawl.' Let that go, my dear. It is not worth a thought.' 'Now you speak like yourself.' 'What a dear love.' They kissed affectionately. After this little scene, the lady always did as she pleased with her shawl; and her 'dear love,' compounded with his creditors in a few months, while his loving wife ran off with a Colonel.—*Sunday Morning Atlas.*

Danger of Female Society.—I cannot look in a pretty gal's face all flashing so without being kinder dazzled and scorched. It wakens me up this cold weather and kindles such a pulse in my heart, that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had run through a steam-boat pipe. And then the all-fired things have so many sly ways of coming it over a fellow with them ere circum crancum of them, that I don't think much of a fellow that can see their purty mouths work and not feel his own work too. If they sidle up, I can't help sidlin' up too if I died; and when their eyes fall flash on me, I fall right down under 'em as cut grass in Weathersfield of a hot summer day. Its nature all this and I can't help it no how.—*Jonathan Slick.*

ELECTION BRIBERY.

The first instance that occurs of this practice was so early as 13 Eliz., when one Thomas Longe, being a simple man of small capacity to serve in parliament, acknowledged that he had given the returning officer and others of the borough for which he was chosen, £4, to be returned member, and was for that premium elected. But for this offence the borough was amerced, the member was removed, and the officer was fined and imprisoned.—*Hone's table Book.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

THE ALBANY BRIDGE.

Our citizens are at work in right earnest for a Bridge across the Hudson river. It is hoped their efforts will be successful. Albany boasting in the independence and wealth of its citizens, has been the subject of reproach for its want of public spirit, and we must confess, until a few years past, justly so: but within that time a spirit has arisen which bids fair to make it second to but few cities in the Union. The city of Troy, the rival of Albany, has always maintained a reputation for Enterprise and spirit, and her citizens in order to sustain it, have closely identified their interest with that of the city—hence the unanimity and zeal in all things touching the prosperity of the place.

The question of a Bridge at Albany, as we expect-

ed, is now agitating their minds. They have held meetings, and adopted resolutions of a violent character. Their prominent men are active in denouncing the measure, and appealing to all who value the interest of the city, to exert themselves to the utmost to defeat the project. Committees have been appointed who are actively engaged at home and abroad, exciting opposition. Remonstrances against the bridge from one of the northern counties have already been presented to our legislature, and some of the New York press have been induced to join them in the opposition. In fact every effort is making by them to prevent the construction of the bridge. The reasons urged against the measure, as well as the means used by the Trojans, must operate on unprejudiced minds otherwise than favorable. The idea that a Bridge at Albany will injure Troy they know to be untrue; unless it be that they count upon the travel which is forced that way at certain seasons of the year, owing to the impossibility of Ferrying at Albany. That it will obstruct the navigation, the report of the committee on the application for a bridge at Troy, remonstrated against by the inhabitants of Lansingburgh and Waterford, sufficiently disproves. One of the resolutions passed at a meeting of theirs, plainly shows a selfish spirit, and proves that it is the particular interest of Troy they seek to advance, to the prejudice of Albany.—The resolution says, "On the ground of public convenience, Troy already having a bridge across the Hudson River by means of a rail road from Greenbush, connecting with the Schenectady road, will when the great Eastern rail road is completed, offer every facility to travellers." The citizens of Albany have loaned the credit of their city for the construction of the West Stockbridge rail road. Troy by defeating the bridge and connecting with the road is determined to enjoy the benefit of our enterprise. Is it right—is it just?

ELOCUTION.—We heard Prof. Bronson at the Hall of the Female Academy deliver to a crowded audience his first lecture upon this much neglected science; and we certainly think that the world owes him much for the fine manifestations which he personally gives, as to the great flexibility, as well as perfectability of which the voice is capable. When we say we have never listened to his equal as a reader, we esteem it no slight compliment, it having been ours to hear many of the most reputable that our country has either reared or encouraged. The satisfaction we received from his distinct enunciation of not only every syllable but every letter, showed how indispensable is a proper study of elocution to the production of fine oratory.—There was no dropping or slurring of sounds—no affectation of look or gesture—his utterance was clear, emphatic and musical; his gestures appropriate and daring without being labored. After witnessing such excellent results of study and genius upon forming the orator, we can no longer wonder that Cicero did, and to come nearer home—our own Henry Clay does devote daily hours to the practice of this element of their arduous profession.

Mr. B's. charge for the course of six lectures is \$2; which item we presume will not prevent as many of our citizens as can conveniently occupy the Hall, from hearing probably the most perfect elocutionist living. He is assisted and relieved by Mr. Christian—a german vocalist of extraordinary merit.

SHIP BUILDING IN MAINE.—The tonnage of new vessels built in Maine last year was 27,705 tons being more than any other state in the Union—consisting of 26 ships, 48 brigs, 68 schooners, and 3 steamboats.

ERRATA.—An artistical friend informs us that in our notice of the Apollo Association, the word which should have been *statuary* was made "stationary."—Finding nowhere in the constitution of that excellent society, that dealing in quills, paper, &c.—as this blunder would intimate—is one of its objects, we have to request that our readers will oblige both ourselves and the Association, by making this requisite substitution.

Dr. Eldridge's counsel have demanded the money found on him at the time of his arrest, amounting to about \$6000.

The proceedings of the Grand Chapter, of this State, together with the Address of the Rev. Br. Bottomley, shall have an insertion next week.

We have received the first No. of the Mohawk Mirror, published semi-monthly, at Little Falls, Herkimer co. by Edward M. Griffing Esq. at \$1. per annum. The Mirror is published in the Quarto form, for binding; and the No. before us exhibits talent and industry. Mr. G. has served a 'regular apprenticeship' in catering for the public taste, and as a good workman, his readers will so doubt give him a "permanent situation."

ITEMS.—We are to have another Steamboat on the Hudson, on the opening of navigation. She is called the Telegraph, and is to be commanded by Captain Whilliden, of Philadelphia.

A wrought iron shaft, weighing 18,000 pounds, has been manufactured for the Russian steam frigate, at the works of Messrs. Abbott & Co. It is 22 feet 8 inches, long, and 18½ inches diameter.

There are 3319 miles of rail road in use in the United States, constructed at a cost of \$86,000,000, and yielding an average of about 5½ per cent.

The corner stone of the first Episcopal church, was laid in Texas, on the 14th Oct. last.

Preparations on an extensive scale, are making in New York, for the reception of Mr. Van Buren, on his return to this State.

The Harpers have sold 30,000 copies of "Three years before the mast," at a profit of upwards of 5,000 dollars. The copyright, they purchased at \$200.

The following gentleman, it is said, will compose the Cabinet, under Gen. Harrison. Mr. Webster, Secretary of State. Mr. Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Bell, Secretary of War. Mr. Crittenden, Attorney General. Mr. Granger, Post Master General. Mr. E. Badger, Secretary of the Navy.

The Catholics of New York, have had a large meeting in reference to the School Fund question, and we believe they intend to petition the legislature on the subject. Those who are favorable to have the common School fund devoted to sectarian purposes will assist them, and those who believe that church matters should regulate themselves, will remonstrate to any legislative interference. Stick a pin there.

The report of the destruction of Howard & Ryckman's extensive brewery, in New York, is not true.—It was a distillery in the same street.

The Oneida Indians, located in the western part of the state now number near 400, and are yearly increasing in numbers, industry and wealth.

Sylvester's Reporter publishes a list of 152 banks which have failed, and swindled the community out of at least \$38,000,000.

The Troy Whig, in its daily billingsgate against our citizens, for urging our local interests on the public consideration, which is certainly done by them in gentlemanly moderation, speaks of what it terms the "manufacture of public opinion," thus:—

"With the desperation of Gamblers, who have staked their last guinea at the hazard of the die, there is no meanness so despicable to which they will not descend."

The gentlemanly editor of the Whig, is likely to "manufacture" all the "public opinion" the Albanians want, without our going abroad for it.

M'LEOD.—The Batavia Times says that an unusual number of witnesses were in attendance, and examined in this case—some of them from a great distance. The unanimity which characterized the proceedings of the jury, shows conclusively, that taken *ex parte*, the case is a strong one. There were twenty jurors present, nineteen of whom were for the indictment of murder.

Will the editor of the Daily Advertiser, tell us in what part of Albany the Masonic Mirror is published? We can forgive the New York Standard; but to be "called out of name" by a fellow townsman, is too bad.

LOOK OUT.—A man named G. Kiffen, was arrested in N. York, a day or two since, and held to bail in \$200 for stealing a newspaper, from the door of a subscriber. Carriers are often censured for negligence; when the fault should be laid at the door of some petty thief.

MR. L. S. BACKUS, the Editor of the Canajoharie Radii, whose all was destroyed by fire, and whose case excited universal sympathy, has we are happy to perceive, been enabled to resume his paper again, which comes to us in a new dress. The Radii has been merged in the Phoenix, and it is to be published at Fort Plain. We again welcome Mr. B. to the editorial field, and in common with every brother of the "space box" throughout the land, extend to him the right hand of fellowship, with our sincere wishes for his success. Mr. B. assigns the following reasons for the change of the name of his paper.

THE PHOENIX.—As we may be asked meaning of the name we have adopted, and why it is applicable to our case, it may be proper to give a few words in explanation. To many this may be superfluous but we wish to be understood by all.

The Phoenix is a fabled bird, which lived precisely one hundred years, and was invulnerable, or free from the dangers and calamities of life, hence the name is taken by Insurance Companies, Banks, &c. to impress the supposition of less liability to danger.

The Phoenix was supposed to be of neutre gender, and after living one hundred years, it built a nest on some inaccessible rock, and while sitting on it, a spontaneous combustion takes place which consumes the bird and the nest. From the dying embers of this funeral pyre arises a young Phoenix at full growth, to live a century and perform the same act of imolation as its predecessors.

There are several allegories which the ancients are said to have attached to this fable, but the name only has descended to us.

Its allegorical uses are taken not only for names to denote extraordinary security, but that which rises on its former ruin, is aptly applied, especially where fire has been the agent of destruction.

New Species of Tomato.—The botanists of the Exploring Squadron discovered at the Fijis a new species of the Tomato. Its flavor is said to be much superior to that growing here, being very palatable when eaten raw, and it promises to become a valuable addition to our list of vegetables. It will be introduced here.

Intelligence.

RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

Washington, Saturday, Feb. 13th.

Mr. Pickens from the committee on foreign relations, made a report in the house to day, on the subject of the correspondence referred to that committee, relative to the burning of the Caroline and the arrest of McLeod.

The report produced a deep, immediate, and universal sensation. It fell on the house, as Mr. Adams afterwards said, like a clap of thunder, in a summer's day. Still there is nothing in the report, which, on careful perusal, will be found untenable in fact, or gratuitous in position. The truth seems to be, that we have wrapt ourselves up in false security, and now shudder at the light of truth. The report tells a plain tale, which he who runs may read;—but it lifts a veil, and discloses a dark and inauspicious future.

If war should arrive between the United States and Great Britain, it would be no common war;—it would necessarily be a war of great destruction;—there would never be a peace until one or the other party was subdued, exhausted, desolated.

The report warns us of the grasping ambition of England—of her power—her commercial rivalry, &c. In the debate that followed on the motion to print, Mr. Granger, of New York, took a prominent and the leading part. He stated that the report had not his concurrence in the Committee on Foreign Relations, and he denounced it as a "Declaration of War." He said it made an issue upon which Great Britain might take us up, and go to war at once. He would not abide the issue as presented. There were many things presented in the report as causes of complaint against Great Britain, as to which he had no information, and in which he had no concern. He was not for taking up all these gratuitous issues.

Mr. Pickens, in his reply contended that the report had a tendency to the preservation of peace. It stated facts, boldly and plainly. Could we secure peace by deceiving ourselves as to facts? He was for peace. He happened to represent a State whose interests were peculiarly pacific. He only looked to a war of defence when it might be necessary. He did not desire a debate on the report;—his wish was that it might be laid on the table and printed. But the object in making it, was, in part, to call the attention of Congress and the American people to the necessity of preparations for the national defence. He stated that the report had the concurrence of a bare majority of the committee, and he was sorry for it. He thought it proper to place the true state of the facts before the people. He had made no new issues—he had brought in subjects of complaint and irritation by way of incidental illustration.

Mr. Adams, in the course of his remarks, said that he was sorry that the report was of a strict party character. What would be its effect on the American people?—on the world? Would it not be thought that it was the malice of a defeated enemy, setting fire to a tenement that he was forced to abandon? He enjoined upon the country the necessity of union in any war that we should undertake. It would not do to go into war with a "bare majority."

He would not dispute the positions of the report. But he would insist that a "bare majority" and a party majority of a committee, should not commit the country to any issue on this subject. This report, if it was sent out, would be read in England as an official expose of the views and determinations of this government. But who had made up this issue? He had nothing to do with it. No one had been consulted about it. It came upon us suddenly. But, in it was the issue of war. There were some questions pending between the two nations, as to which we might be wrong and Great Britain right. He would not therefore put the question of peace or war on this report.

After further debate, the report was ordered to be printed, and was then laid on the table.

Mr. Everett moved to print the documents connected with all the subjects of controversy with Great Britain, but the motion was lost.

Mr. Fox's *attaches* heard the debate, and it will go out as a suitable commentary upon Mr. Pickens' report. There is no danger that it will be taken as a declaration of war, or as a manifesto of grievances. It does seem that we are fearful of speaking above our breath, lest Great Britain should overhear us.

Married.

On Friday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. Robert B. Monroe, to Miss Eliza Briare, daughter of the late Peter Briare, all of this city.

At Canandaigua, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Prevest, Watts Sherman, Esq. of this city, to Sarah Gibson, daughter of Henry B. Gibson Esq. of the former place.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Welsh, Isaac W. Vosburgh, to Miss Sarah Jane Fletcher, adopted daughter of Noah B. Miles, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city yesterday, Mrs. Ann Knower, widow of the late George Knower, aged 60 years.

At New York on the 11th inst. Sarah Haring, in the 61st year of her age, widow of the late Capt. Sam'l Haring, of the U. S. Army.

In New York, Wm. Alexander Slacke, 37. Lydia, wife of John Van Sice, 74. Nelly, wife of Jacob P. Roome, 63. Mrs. Maria, widow of Abram Pratt.—John M. Johnson, 37. Eliza Ann, wife of Dr. John G. Westmacott 29. William S. Norsworthy, 29.—Lydia Sybil Kane, daughter of Oliver Kane. Isaac Van Amburgh, of the firm of Van Amburgh, & Co. 32. Mrs. Hesther Robbins, 72. Mary wife of Isaac Jarvis, 56. Agnes E., widow of Stephen Renoud, 75.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany, Ga.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. 6 month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn.	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

LECTURES ON ORATORY AND MUSIC.—Professor BRONSON, (assisted by Mr. CHRISTIAN, a German vocalist,) commences a Popular Course of Lectures on these subjects, (condensing his *VEN* into six,) Tuesday evening, Feb. 16th, at eight o'clock, and continues each succeeding Friday and Tuesday evening, in the chapel of the Female Academy, Pearl street; interspersed with singing, and reading and recitations, from some of our principal poets and orators—descriptive, sentimental, patriotic, moral, amusing and tragical. The object of these Lectures are, to present an entirely new mode of developing and training the Voice for reading, speaking and singing; greatly extending its compass; increasing its power and music; a new method of learning the letters; of spelling, and teaching reading without a book, and then with a book; the causes and remedies of hoarseness and exhaustion; of the bronchitis and certain pulmonary diseases; and show how almost any one can read, speak and sing for hours, without injury; disclosing the supposed mysteries of polypus, (or ventriloquism,) showing how almost how any can acquire it; constituting a new system of mental and vocal philosophy.

Single season tickets for the course, \$2; triple do. do. for a lady and gentleman, \$3; family do. do. for 5 of its members, \$5; single admission for one evening, 50 cents; triple do. do. \$1. Programmes, testimonials, and references, at the principal book and music stores; where season tickets are for sale.

N. B. Mr. Bronson will give practical instruction in mental and vocal philosophy to individuals and classes of ladies and gentlemen in the day time, at Concert Hall, 46 State st. 3d story; where he may be generally found.

POETRY.

MASONIC ODE.

Awaken the harp—let the proud pæan swell!
All hail to the Art that can darkness dispel!
When Chaos and night gave way to the morning
Of Nature's first day, then our order arose;
And the harmony, then, all creation adorning
Must sink and be lost e'er its being shall close.
Strike ye the harp—let the proud pæan swell!
All hail to the Art that can darkness dispel!

When the dark cloud of ignorance hung o'er the
mind,
And religion's pure light was unknown to mankind,
Our trust in our God remained still unshaken—
Our faith in his justice and love still secure,
Our hope, so heart-cheering was never forsaken,
And Charity dwelt in our temples so pure.
Strike ye the harp—let the proud pæan swell,
All hail to the Art that can darkness dispel!

The beams of fair science, resplendent have shown
Wherever the light of our order hath gone—
When men would have scattered those rays brightly
beaming,

And driven from earth the fair Goddess of Art—
To our temples of friendship, she flew, rightly deeming
From the horns of our altars, she need ne'er depart—
And the Goddess of Art and of science the light
Have rendered the history of Masonry bright.

From the New York Freeman's Journal.

LINES TO A DOVE.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Not where the Bulbul trills her song of love,
Or Indian seas, their golden island kiss—
I'd fly, had I thy gentle wings, oh dove!
To seek a better, kindred, clime than this.
For still amid their Eden scenes of light,
Tears gush, and gentle hearts are slowly broken;
And the young rose leaf but conceals a blight,
And kindly thoughts are crushed ere they are spoken.
Not here, oh dove! upon life's troubled wave,
Where wild ambition yars man's truth away;
Where cherished hope, like sun-light on a grave,
But marks the altar of its sure decay!

Had I thy wings, how gladly would I soar—
Far—far beyond the starry paths of heaven,
Until I basked on that eternal shore,
Where earths redeemed, their golden crowns are given.
But ah, how vain to sigh for wings like thine!
Life still demands the tribute of our woe,
Our drooping hopes—our broken hearts to twine
In coronals to death's pallid brow!
But when the valley's shadow hath been passed—
The soul by mortal sorrow long oppress'd,
Unfurls her wings far o'er the stormy blast,
And seeks repose upon her Savior's breast.

Baltimore, January 22, 1941.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

If from that high world, where thou now
Dwellest allauteous as below,
Thy God permits thee yet to bow
Thy pitying look on earthly woe,
Then false the lip which says that tears
Are strangers to that happy sky;—
To scan the wretchedness of years,
I know that thou must weep or die!

It would not be a heaven to thee,
What bliss thy loved ones could not share,
If thy pure grief had no relief
To burst thine eyelids even there.

Oh! how I wept to see the faded,
Though brightest bud of earthly bowers!
When from the wreath which Hope had braided
I saw thee drop like withering flowers!
Those tears have passed. The days roll on,
And ruin sweeps my path so drear,
I weep not now that thou are gone,
But that I live and languish here!

Yet I will spurn the thoughts that burn
Like lightning through my feverish brain,—
And raise my brow to heaven,—far thou
Wilt cool it with thy tears again.

THE DISTINGUISHED WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death,
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part;—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—ah! 'tis strengthless now.
Spare them each mouldering fragment spare
Of God's own image—let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path
He hid him not from heat or frosts
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forest here.
Rivers and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branchet I lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep.
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generation sleep.
Their fountains sink our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our haystack waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!

THE FORSAKEN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh
O'er dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain;
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

My mother rests beneath the sod—
Her rest is calm and very deep:
I wished that she could see my loves,
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turned to gray;
Once they were black and well beloved,—
But thou art changed, and so are they!

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was taken with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee!

SONNET ABOUT A NOSE.

'T is very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about a nose,
When plain as is the nose upon your face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace,
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows
Noses are always 'touched,' when lips are kissing;

And who would care to kiss, where nose was missing?
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,
And where would be our mortal means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,
'Neath starry eyes o'er ruby lips it grows;
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Brethren.—We have been witnesses of the effects of one of the most extraordinary delusions in regard to our Institution, which in any land or age have tried its strength or durability.

That jealousies and fear of an Institution every where conducted on liberal principles, should have excited a spirit of opposition in arbitrary or tyrannical governments have never surprised us; but when our Order was attacked in our own land, and the people our own neighbors and friends, were excited by false, malicious, and absurd accusations against it; when we saw families disturbed, societies convulsed, and individuals of eminent virtue and station denounced and persecuted, we deplored the folly and fanaticism of our enemies, and sought by patience, and quiet and orderly deportment to assuage the bitterness of our revilers, and to turn the hearts of our misguided accusers. We knew that our Institution was devised in wisdom for the improvement of society in every land, and could not long be left as a mark for the scorn and derision of demagogues and fanatics, nor remain an object of terror to the well disposed.

The delusion has passed away—there has been a redeeming spirit in the midst of the storm—a spirit of inquiry after truth, which has wrought out for us a vindication, and fixed it in the popular mind. Once more our Order has free course, and has resumed its place as the medium of union, friendship, and kind offices amongst 'good men' of every rank, station, party, sect, and profession in the land. What we could not do when compelled to defend ourselves against the ingenious assaults of an organized and reckless faction, we can do now: we can take high ground; we can place our Institution in its true position; we can openly declare its principles to attentive hearers, and verify our declarations by the testimony of the greatest, the purest, the best beloved and venerated men, whose names adorn the brightest pages of our country's history. We have it in our power to shew, that so far is Freemasonry from having a tendency to corrupt the morals, weaken the faith, impede the justice, contract the soul, or relax the patriotism of its votaries, our country stands indebted for a large portion of its welfare, honor, and security to the members of our Fraternity.

The high position it is my intention to maintain by a work which I propose to publish, if sustained by the approbation and aid of the Fraternity to the necessary extent.

To test this, I offer the following plan for the publication of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States.

To place the work within the reach of every member of the Fraternity, it will be published in numbers, in the imperial Octavo form, at periods of one or two months, at 40 cents a number, payable on delivery, and will extend as is supposed, to about fifty numbers, forming five large volumes. Each number will contain three Portraits engraved on steel, and occasionally other illustrations, with biographies written expressly with reference to the Masonic character and acts of each subject, (so far as materials can be obtained,) as well as to his private life. For the fidelity, accuracy and beauty of the work, the responsibility will rest alone on the editor and proprietor.

JAMES HERRING, Grand Secretary of the

Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Extract from the minutes of the Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, Dec. 1st, A. L. 5840.

"The Grand Secretary then asked permission to present the prospectus of a work which he contemplated publishing, under the title of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States. The proposed Address to the Fraternity and the prospectus were then read; whereupon the following Resolution was unanimously adopted."

"Resolved.—That this Grand Lodge highly approve of the proposed work of the Rt. W. G. Secretary, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons,' and recommend it to the patronage of the Fraternity."

In Grand Chapter, of the State of New York, Feb. 3d, 5841.

"Resolved.—That the Grand Chapter of the State of N. York, do approve of the work proposed by our M. E. Companion James Herring, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons,' and while they commend it to the support of the Fraternity, to give to the author free access to the Records and Archive of this Grand Chapter, for such information on our Masonic History as may be necessary for his work."

Extract from the minutes.

JOHN O. COLE, Grand Secretary.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 26.]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS

Of Apollo Chapter, No. 48, in the city of Troy 5841.

M. E. A. J. Rousseau, H. P. N. N. Woodruff, K. Wm. Perkins, S. John S. Perry, C. H. Luther R. Lasell, P. S. Joseph A. Wood, R. A. C. John W. Brooks, H. K. Smith, J. M. Brintnal, Masters of Vails. G. H. Bull, Secretary. J. C. Taylor Treasurer. Archibald Bull, Able Whipple, Caleb Wright and John D. Vanderheyden Stewards. R. Purdy and R. C. Levings, Tylers.

Regular meetings, 2d. and 4th Tuesdays.

OFFICERS

Of Apollo Encampment, city of Troy 5841.

M. E. Sir Joel G. Candee, G. C. J. C. Taylor, C. G. B. Marshall G. J. S. Perry, S. W. J. Hinds, J. W. S. Rowell, Treas. S. C. Leggett, Recorder. Able Whipple, Standaard bearer. L. R. Lasell, Swd. bearer. J. Hegeman, W. R. C. Levings, and R. Purdy, Sentinels.

Regular meetings 3d Monday.

OFFICERS

Of Apollo Lodge, No. 13, in the city of Troy, for the year 5841.

John D. Willard, W. M. Abel Weatherby, S. W. Lyman Powers, J. W. Ephraim Carpenter, Treas. James Hegeman Secretary. John W. Brooks, S. D. Morton Fairchild J. D. R. Purdy, and R. C. Levings Tylers.

Regular meetings, 1st. and 3d. Tuesdays.

OFFICERS.

Of Mechanic Lodge No 41, in the city of New York elected, Dec. 5840.

Stephen Squires, W. M. William Richardson, S. W. A. B. Wright, J. W. James Millar, Secretary.

OFFICERS

Of Breckenridge Lodge, No 67, held at Hardinsburgh, Ky. elected, Dec. 5840.

Rowland Hughes, W. M. Samuel V. R. Board, S. W. Benj. Smither, J. W. Wm. S. Cox, Sec'y and Treas. E. R. Eskridge, S. D. A. H. Davis, D. James Howard Tyler.

Stated meetings, 1st Saturday and 2d Monday in each month.

GRAND CHAPTER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Among the proceedings of the Grand Chapter of the State of New York, at its annual meeting on the 2d. inst. the following are deemed of sufficient interest to be fraternally generally to be published in the *Masonic Register*.

Tribute to the memory of the late Grand High Priest.

The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New York, having learned with the deepest regret, the decease of their worthy and much respected companion, JACOB TEN BROECK VAN VECHTEN, who for a number of years filled the office of Grand High Priest, and resided over the deliberations of the Grand Chapter with dignity and honor to himself, and in the highest usefulness to the fraternity, in testimony of their respect for his manly virtues, their regard for his personal orth, and their love for his memory, do resolve that

the members of this Grand Chapter will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, that the members of this Grand Chapter do sympathise with the bereaved partner and afflicted family of their deceased companion; and tender to them the assurance that his memory is dear to our hearts, and that our consolation is the hope that this dispensation of Divine Providence, though our mutual loss, is his great gain.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of our deceased companion.

Resolved, that the Grand Chaplain, be requested in his next annual address, to pronounce an Eulogy on the character of our deceased companion.

Meeting of the General Grand Chapter of the U. S.

Whereas, the General Grand Chapter, and the General Grand Encampment of the United States, will hold their next Triennial meeting in September next, in the city of New York.

Resolved, that a committee of five be appointed to unite with any committee which may be appointed by the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge of this state for the purpose of giving a respectful and hospitable reception to those Honorable Bodies.

Resolved, that M. E. Richard Pennell, and Companions George P. Morris, James Millar, John Van Duyne, and Alexander H. Robinson be said committee.

Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons.

The committee to whom we referred the prospectus of the work proposed for publication by our M. E. Comp. JAMES HERRING, under the title of "The Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States," reported, that they had considered the subject and are satisfied that such a work is calculated to promote the best interest of the Masonic Institution, by placing before the fraternity the lives and portraits of those distinguished men who have been equally the ornament of their country and of masonry. The completion of such a work uniting important Historical information with the letters, addresses, orations, &c. on Masonry from those who have been important actors in the history of our country, will tend to place our institution in its true position. The committee, therefore, most heartily recommend the work to the Grand Chapter for its sanction and approval; and that the following resolution be adopted:

Resolved, that the Grand Chapter of the state of New York do approve of the work proposed by our M. E. Comp. James Herring, entitled "The Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons;" and while they commend it to the support of the fraternity, do give to the author, free access to the records and archives of this Grand Chapter for such information on our Masonic History as may be necessary for his work.

The Grand Chapter adopted the report of the committee, and the resolution recommended by them.

Receipts and Expenditures.

Received for dues, and income of permanent fund, \$1263 77
Expended for pay of members, charity, &c. 789 86½
Balance in the Treasury. 473 90½

Permanent Fund.

The funds of the Grand Chapter are as follows:—

Bond and Mortgage.	\$6000
33 shares of Albany City Bank stock.	3300
10 shares of stock of Bank of Albany.	300
Loan to Hunter & Martin, and interest.	1490
	\$11090

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS.

Delivered before Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 106, of Louisville, Ky. at the stated meeting of the Lodge, on the evening of Monday, January 18th, A. L. 5841.

BY THE REV. BR. THOMAS BOTTOMLEY.

BRETHREN,

You have requested me to address you this evening on your religious, moral, and Masonic duties, and although laboring under a deep sense of my incapacity to throw even a shadow of light upon a subject embracing so wide a scope and which has been treated on by so many abler members of the fraternity, than myself—yet still as a brother of the mystic tie, I feel bound to comply with your request, as far as my humble abilities will admit.

First, by our religious duties we understand the duty we owe to God, is formed by our belief in his existence, together with rewards and punishments in a future state of existence—these principles I think are clearly recognized by the rules laid down in our first admission to the portals of the temple, and which are given to us as a guide through life. The All-seeing Eye is to remind us that the Beneficent Author of our being, keeps an ever watchful eye upon even our most secret actions, and that he will ultimately reward us all, according to our works. The prayers we offer to Him, correspond with this belief—the bible is prized by us as an inestimable gift of God to man, and is therefore dedicated to him; and we are also informed that the Holy Scriptures point out the *whole* duty of man. We are also required as masons strictly to obey the moral Law, which consists in loving the Lord our God, with all our heart, with all our soul, and our neighbor as ourselves. We also say that we are taught to subdue our passions—the Rough Ashler is an emblem of this, and the book which we take for our spiritual Tressle Board represents man as so polluted by nature, that even David the man after God's own heart, prayed "Create in me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Man is also represented as a cage of unclean birds, he is also said spiritually to be all wounds and bruises and putrifying sores—and when God viewed man, they were all gone out of the way; there was none righteous no, not one! Now as by nature we are all unclean and unholy, how shall we purify ourselves but by following the precepts of our Lord and Master, which we have taken for our Rule and Guide. I grant that by moral culture, we may learn to curb our passions, but not subdue them.—Our Most Excellent Grand Master, Solomon, King of Israel, the great patron of our Order, was well aware of this, for we read that at the dedication of the temple, he fervently asked of his heavenly Father, to hear his children, and when he heard forgive. What would the temple have been with all its massy columns, its elegance of design, and correctness of execution—its exquisite finish and durability of material, if the *Shekina* had not dwelt between the Cherubims, and overshadowed the mercy seat—it would have been like a house without a tenant, or a body without a soul—they continually offered their sacrifices and prayers by faith in the Messiah to come, and they trusted in him to take away their pollutions and guilt—this is particularly set forth by the scape goat, and their sin offerings, and if Solomon felt it necessary to pray—"hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and when thou hearest forgive"—how much more should we feel that without his help, we can do nothing—how earnestly should we be endeavoring to climb the theological ladder, which Jacob in his vision saw the principal rounds, of which are Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith the bottom round, because it is that through which Abraham was justified, and it may be said of all who are truly good, that they are partakers of Abraham's faith. Faith is not merely a cold assent of the mind to the truth but it is a confidence in the truths

by which we are enabled to venture our all upon it.—Faith having truth for its evidence, God for its object, and the salvation of our soul for its end—this Faith puts us in possession of hope by which we desire and expect eternal life. Faith also puts us in possession of Charity, which is an earnest of eternal life. Charity has a double sense—it means giving alms to the poor, and also that supreme love we bear to our Creator, as will be seen by referring to Corinthians, Chap. xiii. 3, "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity it profiteth me nothing."—Here then we see that we may give all our goods to feed the poor, and yet have no Charity. What then does Charity here mean?—it means that love of God that is spoken of in the moral law, namely, loving God with all the heart, with all the mind, with all the soul, and with all thy strength—it is through the help of this Charity alone, that we can subdue our passions. Let us then never think that we can cleanse our hearts, this can only be done by an act of mercy on the part of God, and received by faith on our part. We conceive then the religious duty of Masons to be this—to adore God because of his glory and holiness—to revere him because of his power—to fear him because of his justice, and to love him because he is the Lord God—merciful and gracious—forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and to keep a prayerful watch over our own conduct, remembering that his eye is always upon us, and that he will in no wise clear the guilty.

2nd. What are our moral duties? We understand this as having reference to our conduct amongst men—our duty to our fellow men is set forth in every degree conferred—every prayer offered—and every lecture given in our Order—our conduct to and amongst men, should exhibit Justice, Truth and Love as the governing principles of our conduct. By Justice I mean that uprightness in our transactions with men, that is not governed by sordid, selfish and worldly motives, such as are characteristic of men of the world, but with those large expanded noble feelings which is governed by the Scripture rule, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," then should we secure for ourselves the character of men of uprightness and integrity. By truth, I mean that strict regard for our word, which will under no circumstances permit us to falsify it—that practice of truth which will gain for us the character of men of truth. By Love I mean that general benevolence which feels for others woes, and makes haste to relieve—for pure religion and undefiled before God is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions and keep yourselves "unspotted from the world," and if we would imitate our heavenly benefactor "who sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust, and causeth his sun to shine on the evil and the good," we must extend the fruits of our liberality, on suffering humanity wherever we may see it should have our help—yet virtue in distress should claim our first attention—thus shall we make the Widow's heart dance for joy, and the fatherless children rejoice that they have found a friend—thus shall you stop the sources of human misery; and when you shall be removed to the temple above, they who have been warmed and clothed and fed by your bounty shall rise up and call you blessed, and the eternal judge shall say "Blessed are they that remember the poor, inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these my children, ye did it unto me, enter into the joy of your Lord."

As masons we ought to attend to all these things for all eyes are upon us, and they judge of us according to the rule Christ gave to his disciples "By their fruits ye shall know them." In vain may we tell them that the principles of our Order inculcate virtue, if we are vicious—in vain may we tell them that our principles inculcate reverence for the name of God, if we profane that name—in vain may we tell them our Order teaches temperance if we are intemperate. There is nothing can disgrace us, if we do not disgrace ourselves. The world expects us to be better than other men, and so we ought to be; if our institution does not make us better husbands, better fathers, better neighbors and better citizens, the world sees at once that we are nothing bettered by becoming masons. And what will their conclusion naturally be? It will be that what our enemies have said of us is certainly true. Permit me to say that he who thinks masonry consists in keeping the secrets of the order, is no good mason.—

No, though this is absolutely necessary, neither is he a good mason, who thinks because he has made himself acquainted with all the mystic rites and ceremonies, that this all that is necessary. No, the good mason feels that besides all this, masonry inculcates duties which he owes to his God—duties he dare not neglect—duties of obedience and love. He feels also that masonry binds him to support and be subject to the laws of his country. In short, he feels that masonry has imposed duties upon him with respect to all the particulars of life, so that he finds no time to be unemployed—no time to be triflingly employed. The good mason, while he feels it his duty and his interest so to regulate his conduct that he may secure (thru' a blessing on his endeavors) the favor of God and the approval of his own conscience. He feels that to endeavor to better the condition of his fellow creatures, forms no small part of his duty; he does not rest contented when he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, while those he has fed and clothed still remain immoral. No, he feels that he cannot rest until he has brought these straying, erring ones back to their God and duty. How many of our erring brethren, who though once respectable and respected, are now thro' vice, lost to themselves, their families, their country, and their God. Look around you—count them up and see their number, and then say, can nothing be done to reclaim these erring men. Can we not in our individual capacity by repeated warning and reproof in the spirit of love, win them back to virtue. I know it will be said, their habits are confirmed, but many such have been reclaimed and why not these? The Woodsman by repeated strokes, and persevering efforts tells the loftiest tree, but we are discouraged too soon, because we expect too much at first. The husbandmen ploughs his ground and sows his seed, but waits with patience till harvest for the fruit. Then let us learn a lesson—let us put in the plough of mild reproof—the seed of good advice. Let us fence them in by good example, harrow in the seed by our prayers, and then look to heaven for the fructifying showers and the enlivening rays, and though much of the seed may fall among thorns and in stoney ground, yet some will fall in good ground, and bring forth fruit.—The object of the good mason is to live in the world, that he may leave it better than he found it. Do you ask how are we to find time for this—I answer let the lesson taught us in the subdivisions of the twenty-four inch gauge, be at once acted on. By this we shall find eight hours for this and other benevolent religious duties in each day, and if this time is well employed we shall accomplish an amount of good that will astonish ourselves. And now let me ask, how did these erring men of whom we have been speaking fall—they were once of us—they did not fall at once, but by degrees—they thought themselves secure, till at last they found themselves in bondage an easy prey to the enemy they had not the moral courage to resist—and we should remember that many mightier than we, have this way been slain. What then should we learn from this reflection—we should learn to nip sin in the bud, to 'Crucify the old man' with his evil afflictions and lusts, while as yet we are not subject to his sway. Brethren, as masons we have great and many duties to perform and but a short time to do this great work in. In order that we may be stimulated to greater exertions—that we may be urged to crowd as much usefulness as possible into every hour, let us frequently look at our emblem of departing time. When we see the hour glass rapidly dropping its sand, let us remember that our time for usefulness is as rapidly by moments stealing away, and that the scythe of death will soon cut us all down. Then it is important that we work while it is day, for the night of death cometh when no man can work. That we may be the more stimulated to the pursuit and practice of all good, let us remember that virtue must and will receive its reward. God will acknowledge his own likeness wherever it is found, and he will bless those who go about doing good; and when we are gone the way of all the earth, it will be said of us—Blessed are they for they died in the Lord and their works do follow them—and the great master-builder will say—I was an hungry and ye fed me—thirsty and ye gave me drink—naked and ye clothed me—and when we shall ask him when saw we thee naked and clothed thee—he shall answer—inasmuch as ye did unto one of these little ones—ye did it unto me. Let us then dear Brethren so live, that we may live beloved and die lamented.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 9.

WORKS OF FICTION.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 195.

But there is another class who deny the principle involved in works of fiction, and it is to the opinions of these, that we would particularly address ourselves at present. These opinions when strictly examined may be reduced to a narrow compass. They attempt to give credit to their cause by holding themselves out as the zealous advocates of truth and a just representation of nature, and maintain that any thing which bears the name of fiction must be the direct reverse of truth. We have on another occasion, attempted to show that there is that in the nature of man which refuses to recognize as beautiful, that which is not true, and accordant to nature, and it is perhaps therefore unnecessary to show the falsity of the assumption that the narration of any thing which has not actually taken place, must necessarily be false to nature. A narration may therefore be true to nature, though it may be untrue in fact, that is, it may consist of characters, which, though never in being, either resemble some who have existed, or display probable combinations of the faculties and traits common to all; and it may recite events which under the circumstances proposed, would have naturally occurred from the action of such characters. Now history may be supposed by some to contain all the various modifications of human character, and works descriptive of actual scenes, all the varieties of the beautiful which can be required for our instruction or amusement. But in this supposition is involved the false philosophy that the mind does not possess a distinct faculty which, not only, appreciates the forms of beauty actually presented by nature, but delights in creating new forms itself and receives pleasure from the contemplation of such creations of others. They forget too, that there are minds which are unwilling to apply themselves to the more strictly intellectual kinds of reading, and in thus endeavoring to debar them from works of fiction, they would in fact, prevent them from reading at all. The more successful course would be to indulge this taste for works that are attractive to such minds, and thus form a taste for reading which might easily be directed by degrees to other pursuits.

There is one objection however which bears about it more plausibility, and therefore deserves an answer. It is said that the reading of these kinds of works, and especially novels, creates a sympathy which finds no object upon which to expend itself, and therefore, when objects really deserving are presented to us, our feelings have become blunted, and the appropriate emotion fails to be excited. We doubt the correctness of the assertion, but granting that it be so, one or two extracts from a high authority upon these subjects, will afford a complete answer to this objection. Lord Kames, in his Elements of Criticism, remarks—"it already must have occurred to him (the reader) that if, in reading, ideal presence be the means by which our passions are moved, it makes no difference whether the subject be a fable or a true history; when ideal presence is complete, we perceive every object as in our sight; and the mind totally occupied with an interesting event, finds no leisure for reflection. This reasoning is confirmed by constant and universal ex-

perience. Let us take under consideration the meeting of Hector and Adromache, in the sixth book of Iliad; or some of the passionate scenes in King Lear: these pictures of human life, when we are sufficiently engaged, give an impression of reality not less distinct than that given by Tacitus in his description of the death of Otho: we never once reflect whether the story be true or feigned; reflection comes afterwards, when we have the scene no longer before our eyes." Again he says—"To support the foregoing theory, I add what I reckon a decisive argument: which is, that even genuine history has no command over our passions but by ideal presence only: and consequently, that in this respect it stands upon the same footing with fable. To me it appears clear, that in neither can our sympathy hold firm against reflection; for if the reflection that a story is a pure fiction prevent our sympathy, so will equally the reflection that the persons described are no longer existing." The objection then urged by these gentlemen would carry them too far, and oblige them to denounce history on the same ground that they do works of fiction. It has been urged too, though the subject is scarcely worth considering, that the tendency of many novels particularly, is immoral, that they not only describe vicious characters, but recommend them to our approbation, or convey secretly, immoral notions and opinions to the minds of their readers through the mouths of attractive characters. We know, there is a Bulwer in the department of fictitious writings, but we should remember also that there has been a Gibbon in that of history. These are instances which should not be cited as proving the general character or influence of either of these classes of works.

As for the objection that contact with vice, should always be avoided, and that this kind of writing often presents for our contemplation, characters of the most vicious and immoral description, it may be replied that we might as well shut ourselves up in an anchorite's cell, if we determine to seclude ourselves from ever seeing the exhibitions of vice and immorality.—Our intercourse in the world must inevitably force us frequently into such scenes, and as long as they are viewed in their true light, and no attempt is made to clothe them in the garb of virtue, the contemplation of them will to a rightly constituted mind, be productive rather of benefit than injury.

There are few whose intercourse in the world, particularly in the spring time of life, is so extended, or whose observation is so acute, as to enable them to understand all or even many of the infinite modifications of human character, or whose engagements would permit them to seek in nature for all those varieties of beauty and sublimity which are the appropriate stimuli to their imaginative faculty. And even were this the case, there are perhaps fewer still who in youth are able to draw for themselves the inferences which were intended to be deduced from all these differences of character, or feel the emotions which were intended to be excited by these scenes of beauty, or be able to combine them in all the forms which are suggested by the poet's fancy. Who can say that while these are the objects of the novelist and the poet, their works should be condemned as injurious? And yet this is the object constantly kept in view by the best of these authors. Nor are their works addressed solely to what is called the imagination. To read them properly, and use them as they were intended to be, requires the exercise of a keen discrimination and a sound judgment. They afford a greater opportunity for the play of the moral feelings than is often met with in the ordinary affairs of life, and prepare us to

act in analogous circumstances, of which we would otherwise be devoid of experience. A proper relaxation is also afforded to our mind after being engaged in the severe occupations of life, and our feelings are often soothed and elevated and rendered happy by the perusal of the pleasing taste or glowing images of the enraptured poet. Many other considerations of a more important character might be added to demonstrate the benefits which belong to this class of writings; but our remarks have already been too much extended. The suggestions which have been made will be perceived to be based upon the idea of a proper selection of the subjects of our reading and a moderate use of them. We by no means advocate the propriety of making that which was intended to be a subordinate object of attention, a principal one, nor do we admire or approve the love-sick sentimentalist, or the unrestrained ravings of a diseased imagination.

Instead of any further enumeration of the beneficial tendency of fictitious works, we must content ourselves by referring to the history and reputation of the immortal Shakespeare, whose sayings have become proverbs, and whose writings have become almost a general medium of thought; of the sublime Milton: of the great and beloved Scott, whose name and works will ever rest near to the heart of every lover of truth and beauty. And let us not forget to recognize the claims of the other sex in the splendid creations of the genius of Joanna Baillie and Maria Edgeworth.

THE WILD MAN OF ESSEX.

[Good fortune visits the Seven with as little reluctance as she waits upon any other association of generous fellows—in support of which assertion we submit the following article which was kindly presented to us by a gentleman, who during a tour in the north part of this State,—two years since, kept a kind of "Every day book" from which the "wild man of Essex" has for the first time been extracted.]

Chandler informs me that about the middle of May in 1838, a man in a deranged state of mind, came to the Newcomb settlement, about fifty miles west from Crown Point. He made some strange requisition of the family at whose house he stopped,—remained but for a moment, and disappeared in the measureless forest on the west. Nothing of him was known until towards the close of September, when he was found by some trappers near sixty miles in the wilderness, barefooted and his clothes torn in tatters;—his frame so emaciated, that he seemed little else than a structure of bones and tendons in a casework of skin.

In the month of June his tracks made by barefeet, were seen upon the mountain, and afterward along the beach of a lake in the sand. He was next seen from a distance picking cranberries in a marsh,—but he was never taken, until discovered in the act of preparing his bed for the night. When come upon by the trappers he had collected high piles of moss, and strewn them on either side and all around him, and was just preparing with a large mat or rug to cover himself entirely from view. He expressed no surprise on seeing them, and consented with little opposition to accompany those who found him, from the society of the denizens of the wilderness to the hearths of civilized men.

His appetite was so voracious upon smelling food for the first time, that they were compelled to confine him with cords, that it might be given in sufficiently small quantities. He has since been removed to the Lunatic Asylum.

Who can imagine the scenes of suffering through which this man passed? Away from home, from the smile of affection, and from the enjoyment of all those endearing attentions that make life a blessing, in the

wide wilderness of the forest, the companion of panthers and the associate of bears. Who can think of his awful situation and restrain a wish for the dawn of millennial glory, when lesion of intellect shall not be known.

See him sustaining his nearly famished body with the berries that are to be obtained by standing in the water and only one at a time;—see him gathering nuts and acorns, fit food for swine, and these with none of the variety that to a cultivated taste renders food palatable;—see him in a cold rainy night, with no genial blaze to dry his drenched limbs, and with nothing but a veil of moss between him and the mad winds of the skies;—see him in this state of human suffering making the instinctive exertions to keep alive the link that unites his spirit to his body, and can the heart but go out to sympathize with him in the loss of some near friend, or in the misfortune of some affair of romance, which has thrown between him and the sunshine of reason so frightful a cloud? To me there is nothing more awful than a mind in ruins, and I would sooner a thousand times that my friends were laid in a quiet grave where I might go and shed tears over their remains, than that they became the victims of insanity.

MISCELLANY.

ADDISON AND MALHERBE.—Addison's extreme anxiety to write finely and properly sometimes proved ludicrous. He was charged to write an account of the demise of Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark; but delayed it so long, that the government was obliged to employ one of the clerks to do it, who afterwards boasted that he had done what Addison could not.—Malherbe was still more unfortunate. He undertook to address some stanzas of condolence to the President of Verdun; he was three years in performing his task; and he presented them, the president had already essayed a more substantial mode of condolence in taking a second wife. *Le Globe*, which relates this anecdote, calculates that during the twenty-five years of his poetical life, he wrote just thirty-three lines per year, and that he would waste half a ream of paper in the correction of a single stanza.

A PUNNING LEGISLATOR.—A legislator in Indiana who introduced a bill for the construction of a bridge in a certain location where two bayous or streams crossed each other, said that as this was an *X-stream* case, he saw no objection that could be offered on the passage of the bill.

A REAL KENTUCKIAN.

A Kentuckian, we believe of that class familiarly called a "Hog Merchant," rode up to a public house in the west, where a number of gentlemen were seated in the piazza. After a low bow to the company, he inquired if any present could tell him what was good for a burn. A young physician (there being several present) stepped forward, and with much complaisance gave him a learned lecture on burns, the mode of treatment, &c. &c., for which he was thanked politely by the Kentuckian who informed him, that his prescription would not answer his present complaint, as his saddle blanket had been very badly burnt the night previously. On hearing this the physician became exasperated, and told him if he would alight he would give him a good flogging. The Kentuckian again bowed and said, that he would not alight for two floggings let alone one, and rode off with much gravity and self satisfaction.

A French Priest of some humor says:—when the celebrated Bourdelyne preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick; but when I preached there the next year, I set all to rights again.—Every one minded his own business.

STATISTICAL.

LONDON PORTER BREWERIES.

Accustomed as a provincial inhabitant of the United Kingdom is to estimate at a very high rate the extent of the London porter breweries, from his finding the beverage in abundance in every spot on which he may set his foot, yet the reality, when it is his fortune to visit the actual scene of the manufacture in question, will prove in general far to exceed any anticipations which may have been formed. Nothing which a stranger can behold in the whole British metropolis will strike and amaze his eye more than the mere appearance of one of the larger brew-houses of the city with its enormous coppers, huge fermenting vessels, and monster-like store-vats; while, if he carries his observations farther, and examines into all the dealings and ramifications of such a concern, his mind will be filled with still greater astonishment at the seemingly incalculable amount of capital embarked in it, as necessary to sustain and carry it on. The first question which suggests itself to one's thoughts, on looking at the lakes of porter perpetually being manufactured in such places, is, "Who is to drink all this?" One can scarcely believe that any given number of human throats, even of the thirstiest order, can consume these seas of liquor as fast as they seem to be produced. Yet but a short residence in the mighty city which is the scene of this production, will remove much of this wonderment from the stranger's mind. He will soon discover that porter almost supplies the place of water in London, as the common and hourly means of slaking thirst. None so poor, none so miserable in London, but contends the thin colorless product of the spring, and will have his deep-brown "stout," in pot or can, at home or abroad. With the laboring classes the beverage has become a necessary of life, and indeed, even the most temperate and orderly among them would perhaps as soon want their solid food, as the "entire" to wash it down. In part, the origin, at least, of this habit may be owing to the rather impure sources of much of the water about the metropolis, and we have heard sensible men trace it to such a cause; but cheapness, abundance, and quality of the liquor, not to speak of other circumstances, seem in a great measure sufficient to account for the prevalence of the custom at the present day.

The difference in color between porter and ale, as well as other malt liquors, is chiefly owing, as is generally known, to the condition of the malt used in preparing the former of these drinks. The malt in this case is slightly scorched in drying, or curing as it is more frequently termed, so as to acquire a brown hue which it communicates to the liquor made from it. But there are other qualities for which porter is remarkable: and it is for the possession of these, more peculiarly, that the porter of London has obtained its great and distinctive celebrity. The agreeable bitterness and empyreumatic flavor which characterise it, have been the envy of all the brewers, we may safely say of the wide world, and fortunes have been thrown away in the endeavor to discover the source of these properties, and to imitate them. These attempts have always failed so signally, if not uniformly and universally, that at length mankind have almost agreed, by common consent, to rank the puzzle of London porter-brewing with the mystery of the Iron Mask, or that of the authorship of Junius. Numberless, indeed, were the explanations tendered by one party and another, before the point was thus given up; and as one of these notions may be said still, in some measure, to hold its ground, many persons may be glad of a little information upon the subject. Finding that no means whatever, tried in any quarter of the earth, could make porter taste as it did in London, some ingenious individual at length hit on the idea that the cause must lie in the Thames water, with which it was manufactured. As the Thames water was really known to have peculiar properties—that of keeping long fresh and pure at sea, for example, after undergoing several fermentations—many people regarded this solution as perfectly satisfactory: and one enterprising brewer of the Scotch capital actually went the length of bringing down the Thames water in casks, in the full expectation of at length rivalling the metropolitan brewers. The attempt was unsuccessful; nor will the reader marvel at this, when informed how erroneous were the premises

upon which the experiment was based. Only four of the London brew-houses do really make use of the Thames river water! In other words, not a sixth part of the London porter is manufactured with water from that source. The breweries have in most cases private wells, and the liquor brewed thus is no what inferior in quality to that into which the river water enters. The public at least, have never discovered any difference. So much for the Thames water fallacy.

The real cause of the pleasing bitter relish and aroma of the London porter, we have good authority for asserting, rests with the malt used, and also the mode of curing it for use. The hops, of course, are a principal source of the bitter in all porter, but in the case of London porter, the delightful bitter smack is not so much derived from the employment of a large allowance of hops, as from the use, in the brewing of great quantities of brown or embrowned malt, which malt is cured along with dried wood of astringent quality. This wood is mixed with the malt, and, besides contributing to the spirit and strength of the beverage, is the ingredient that imparts to its much prized aroma. In the introduction of this astringent wood, consists the long-sought-for secret. All the stories which have been told of the unbounded use of liquorice, and drugs of every kind and name, are entirely erroneous as far as regards the leading brew-houses, which supply the world with London porter.

From various causes, it would be extremely difficult to give any thing like a correct estimate of the capital embarked in one of the great London brew-houses. In the hop room alone of such a concern, there lies a princely fortune, some single houses having usually a stock of hops on hand about two hundred thousand pounds in value. This is in some measure dormant capital, as such a stock would last a year or two. But the keeping of so large a store is a provision against a scarcity or a rise in prices, and the power of making such a provision is a magnificent proof of the means held at command. The stock of malt, again, in the larger houses, is on an equal scale. Malt and hops together will generally amount in value to about three hundred thousand pounds.* The stock-vats exhibit another immense absorption of money. In these vats, vast quantities of porter are stored up, to ripen and mellow for public use. The vessels in question resemble houses in size more than any thing else. In Messrs. Whitbread's brewery there are about thirty vats, each between twenty and thirty feet high, and of a proportionate transverse diameter. They hold many thousand barrels each, and are usually full to the brim. These vats are bound with a succession of very strong iron hoops, set as close to one another as they can well go; and, in reality, the danger would be extreme, without powerful supports of this kind. A number of years ago, a vessel of this nature burst in one of the large London brew-houses, and did no small damage, floating a family in a neighbouring house clean out of doors, besides other feats of the like order.

Barclay, Perkins and Company, have the most extensive porter brew-house in London. Their establishment is one of old standing, being the same which formerly yielded a noble fortune to Samuel Johnson's friend, Thrale. The quantity of porter now annually brewed by this house amounts to between three and four hundred thousand barrels. The following six brewing companies, Hanbury's, Reid's, Whitbread's, Meux's, Combe and Delafield's, and Calvert's produce also very large quantities, the issue of none being less than one hundred thousand barrels a-year, while it is double that quantity in several of the cases. But neither a knowledge of the amount of the annual manufacture, nor an estimate of the stock and consumption of hops and malt, will lead us to any thing like a fair idea of the capital embarked in one of these concerns. The cause of this may be in part explained. The hop and malt rooms are natural and obvious quarters for the employment of the wealth of these brewing-houses. But the funds of the same parties are absorbed also in less obvious ways. The most of the licensed public-houses in the city are connected with some brewing company or another, and hence are called "tied houses." The brewers advance

(a) The quantity of malt consumed in one year, by eleven of the principal breweries in London, exceeds five hundred thousand quarters.

loans to the publican on the security of his lease, and from the moment that necessity or any other cause tempts him to accept such a loan, he is bound to the lending party. Indeed, the advance is made on the open and direct condition that he shall sell the lender's liquor, and his alone. The publican, in short, becomes a mere retail-agent for the behoof of one particular company. They clap their signs above his door, and he can no longer fairly call the house his own. The quantity of money thus lent out by the London brewers is enormous. One house alone, we know from good authority, has more than two hundred thousand pounds so employed. Perhaps the reader will have a still better idea of the extent to which this system is carried, when he is told that a single brew-house has fifteen thousand pounds worth of sign-boards stuck up over London—rating these articles, of course, at their cost prices. This explains what a stranger in the metropolis is at first very much struck with—the number of large boards marked with "Whitbread's Entire," "Meux's Double Refined," or "Combe and Delafield's Brown Stout House," that meet the eye in every part of London. These signs are of such size as to extend usually from side to side of the building on which they are placed, and if a house presents two ends, or even three, to public view, the massive letters adorn them all. Such boards cost from fifteen to twenty pounds a-piece, so that eight or nine hundred of them will amount to the sum total stated: and some breweries have that number up, in one quarter and another of the great city. This mode of advertising may look expensive, but it has its advantages. It is permanent, and readily points out to the favorers of particular brewing houses where their favorite stout is to be found. One loves Meux's, another man Barclay's, a third Courage and Donaldson's and these gilded placards show where the desired articles may be had by all parties. What an idea of this "tie" system in itself gives us of the wealth of these brewers! A handsome fortune laid out on sign-boards!

In reality, however, the leading partners, whose names are at the head of these firms, are in many cases men possessed of extensive landed property, and to all intents and purposes private country gentlemen, though retaining, it may be, large shares in the establishment to which the wealth and standing of their families were originally owing. There are always some of the principal partners in these concerns, nevertheless, who take an active share in their management. The mode of conducting them is thoroughly systematic, as much so, and necessarily as much so as in the case of the Bank of England. The whole business is divided into sections, with responsible persons at the head of each. One man usually, and sometime two, superintend the brewing department. These are the operative managers, who are a shrewd and intelligent class of men. Salaries in these extensive concerns are on the handsomest scale, the motto of the proprietors being, "best service, best pay." The number of operatives about these places is of course very great. They are usually stout, florid men, with countenances and persons alike redolent of the cherishing fluids amid which they live, more, and have their being. And when hard exercise is combined with this generous nutrition, they will, we have no doubt, be as healthy as they appear. Otherwise, they will be liable, it is to be feared, to apoplectic and dropsical affections. Numerous as are these common workers at the brewing business, however, those who conceive the employment flowing from these vast establishments to rest and end here, will form but a poor idea of the range of their influence. Hop-growers, iron-founders, coopers, colliers, publicans, horse-dealers, saddlers, cart wrights, agriculturists in all the various lines of barley, corn and hay growing, with many other trades and professions, are all directly and perpetually benefited from the maintenance of these great concerns. It is astonishing how many of all these tradesmen one single brewing-house will sustain within its circle, disseminating its work and its payments with never-failing punctuality.

Serious attempts have frequently been made to shake the business of the great porter breweries, but the system was too deeply rooted to permit of its easy overthrow. A heavy though indirect stroke of this kind came from the ale brewers of London, who some time since commenced brewing an ale article at so low a price as to encroach on the sale of "entire." In retaliation, the porter houses, with the exception of three

only, were tempted to add a proportion of ale to their ordinary manufacture. They do not, however, carry this ale brewing to any great extent, and on the other hand, their porter monopoly remains but little, if at all impaired.

One point about the London breweries, and we have done with these loose hints. The stables of one of these establishments, when filled with their allotted tenants, constitutes one of the very finest sights that can be seen on the whole premises. To Scotsmen, the powerful make and general beauty of the horses of burden that are seen traversing the streets of the metropolis, is always a subject of wonder. The little carts of his own country, and the comparatively puny though active creatures which draw them, sink into absolute insignificance in his eyes when contrasted with the colossal waggons and horses of the south.—One horse to one cart is the way in Scotland, while in England you observe a train of six or eight gigantic creatures dragging along a large and heavily loaded vehicle resembling a goodly haystack in breadth, height and compactness. A lengthened line of such waggons is one of the most imposing sights imaginable. As the brewers keep the very best of horses, it is in their stables that the beauty of the breed can be seen to most perfection. They are kept in the very highest condition, plump, sleek and glossy. The order maintained throughout these large establishments extends to their stabling arrangements. In Whitbread's we observed the name of each horse painted about his stall, and were told that every one of them knew its designation as well as any biped about the place.—Some of the most extensive breweries employ above one hundred such horses, to disseminate their products through all parts of the city and its suburbs.

HISTORICAL.

From the New York Iris.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, A. D. 73.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

[The following article is a translation of one of the epistles of Pliny, by him addressed to Tacitus, the historian. In it an account is given of what came under the observation of the writer during the time of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 73. It will be recollected that Pliny the younger remained at Misenum after his uncle's departure, for the purpose of viewing from a nearer position, this, the first recorded eruption of the mountain. His life paid the forfeit of the attempt, while his less adventurous nephew escaped.]

Induced by the letter which at your request I wrote concerning the death of my uncle, you express a desire to learn all that I passed through (*pertulerim*) after leaving Misenum, (for a narration of these circumstances I commenced in my former epistle, but broke off very abruptly.)

After my uncle's departure, I continued studying, (for which purpose I had remained) until the time for the bath; after which, having supped, I passed the night, sleeping but little. For many days previous, there had been considerable agitation of the earth, which, as it was no unusual occurrence for Campania, excited but little apprehension. During the night, however, it increased to such a degree, that not only did every thing seem to be violently shaken, but completely overturned. While rising for the purpose of calling my mother, should she be asleep, she rushed into my chamber. Having seated ourselves in the court yard, which barely separates our house from the sea, I, calling for a volume of Livy, I know not whether to term it strength of mind, or recklessness, being then in my eighteenth year, commenced reading, and even making extracts, with perfect composure.

A friend of my uncle from Spain, seeing us thus seated, and myself engaged in reading, reproached my mother for her patience, and me for my careless security. Nevertheless, I continued intent as ever upon my book. It was now the first hour of the day, yet the light was feeble and languid, and the violent trembling of the adjacent buildings, (being seated in a confined, though open place,) threatened us with inevitable

ruin. Then we determined to leave the village. The terrified people followed, and urged upon those departing in dense crowds, (as what in fear resembles prudence) each one preferring another's counsel to his own.

Having gone forth from our dwellings, we halted; where many things transpired which excited both our wonder and fear, for our carriages, which we had commanded to be driven before us, notwithstanding the uniform levelness of the ground, were forced in every direction; nor indeed, having blocked the wheels with stones, was it possible to keep them in the same position any length of time. Moreover, the sea seemed to be drawn back upon itself, and as it were by the trembling of the earth repelled from the shore. Certain it is that the beach extended into it, and many marine animals were left upon the dry sand. Upon the other side, a cloud, a cloud dark and horrid, with its broken and tortuous wreaths of fiery vapor seemed yawning (*dehisebat*) in long figures of flame, bearing some resemblance to, though exceeding in magnitude, flashes of lightning.

Then our Spanish friend, with increased earnestness exclaimed:—"If your brother, if your uncle lives, it is his wish that you should be saved—if he has perished, that you should survive him; why then do you delay your escape?" We replied, "we intend not, while ignorant of his safety, to consult our own." Immediately he left us, and rapidly fled from the danger.—Presently a cloud descended upon the land, overshadowing the sea, surrounding and enshrouding Caprea, and completely enveloping in darkness that part of Misenum which juts out into the sea.

Then my mother prayed, exhorted, and commanded me, to use all my endeavors to escape, saying that youth would assist me in flight, which her age and corpulency forbade her to attempt—that she would die content if so be she were not the cause of death to me. I refused to seek for safety unless with her, and seizing her hand compelled her to accompany me.—She complied reluctantly, upbraiding herself as the cause of my delay.

And now, occasionally the ashes falling upon us, looking back I beheld a dense blackness hanging upon, and seeming to follow us, pouring down upon the earth in the manner of a torrent. "Let us turn aside," I said to my mother, "while we are able to see, lest thrown down in the way, in the darkness, we should be trampled upon by those following us. Scarcely were we seated when night seemed to settle around, not moonless (*illunis*) and cloudy as it were, but as though we were in some enclosed place, with every light extinct. Then might have been heard the shrieking of women, the moaning of infants, the shouting of men; some were calling upon their parents, some their wives, with their voices, by their voices recognising them. These were lamenting their own misfortunes—those, the misfortunes of their friends. There were those, who through fear of death, even prayed for death. Many raised their hands to the gods. Many more deemed the gods had ceased to exist, and interpreted this to be the last and eternal night to the world. Nor were those wanting who sought to increase the real dangers by feigned and fictitious terror. There were those present who falsely, yet to credulous ears announced that Misenum was partially destroyed, and partly enveloped in flame. For a brief time light appeared, not to herald the day, but a renewal of the eruption. The fire having fallen at some distance, darkness again enshrouded us, and again the cinders in great quantities fell upon us, which, ever anon rising, had we not shaken off, would have overwhelmed and stifled us by their weight. I would glory in saying, that amid all this scene of danger, no groan, no word expressive of fear escaped my lips, were it not that the belief that I was perishing in the universal ruin of all, was my great though wretched consolation!

At length the darkness grew less intense, and gradually assuming the appearance of smoke or a cloud, the day manifested itself to us, and the sun shone forth with a lurid light, such as it accustomed to give at the time of an eclipse. To our confused sight, all things covered with ashes, as it had been with snow, were a changed aspect. Returning to Misenum, and having refreshed ourselves as we were best able to do, we passed an anxious night, alternately influenced by hope and fear, though fear was predominant. For both the

tremor of the earth continued, and very many, deprived of their reason, with terrifying predictions, mocked at their own and the calamities of others. Not even then, although we had experienced much of danger, and were still in a situation to expect it, did we think of flight, while uncertain of my uncle's fate.

These things you will read, not as worthy of being enrolled in your history, and if unworthy their present place, (an epistle,) you will blame yourself who required them. Farewell!

VARIETY.

EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

Question.—Did you see the defendant throw the stone? Answer.—I saw a stone and I am pretty sure he threw it. Q.—Was it a stone of considerable dimensions? A.—Why it was considerable of a stone. Q.—How large was it? A.—I should say it was a large stone. Q.—What was its size? A.—Why it was a sizeable stone. Q.—Can't you answer definitely—how big was it? A.—I should say it was a stone of come bigness. Q.—You are a singular witness—can't you give the jury some idea of the bigness of the stone? A.—Why as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone. Q.—Can't you compare it with some other object? A.—Why, if I was to compare it, so as to give my notion of the stone, I should say, as near as I can judge, it was about as big as a piece of chalk.

TIC DOLOREUX.

The following letter from a gentleman to another with whom we are intimate, describing how he was relieved from this excruciating disease, seems to us worthy of being made widely known:—

"I have to apologize for my having so long neglected sending you a statement of my case. It is as follows; and if its being made public can in any way subtract from the suffering of those who suffer under that dreadful disease, Tic Doreux, I shall feel most happy. For nearly two years I suffered the severest torture from Tic Doreux in the head (left side) and in the thigh. I believe I may safely say that I tried every known remedy, without any apparent effect.—For the last year I never had the slightest cessation of pain, without large doses of laudanum or morphia.—For fourteen months I could not lie down in my bed. In fact, the torture was so dreadful, that every morning at daylight I was thankful that I was not deprived of reason. I fortunately recollected that a friend of mine had derived great benefit from the use of electricity in a case of chronic rheumatism.

This led me to try the new instrument called the 'Electro-Magnetico.' I procured one, and from the first application I felt some what easier; and after using it half an hour, I felt inclined to sleep. I continued the use of it for that period, morning and evening, for more than a week, at the end of which time I was perfectly free from pain, and began to enjoy my natural rest. It is now nearly five months since I left off using it, and I am truly thankful to say that I feel as well as ever I did in my life."

We need only add to the above, that the electro-magnetico is an instrument made and sold by philosophical instrument makers, and the application, we believe, consists in allowing a stream of electric fluid to flow from a wire into the part affected, the process giving no pain whatever. Any skilful surgeon could apply the remedy. Tic Doreux being, in fact, a derangement in the nerves, or as we may call them, the electric wires of the body, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the disturbance can be rectified by the artificial means now mentioned.—*Chambers Edinburgh Journal.*

'WHAT A SAD PROVIDENCE!'

It has been customary, in some of our cities and towns for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed, in violation of Heaven's laws pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold fever and death. 'What a sad providence!' exclaimed her friends. Was it providence or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties in honor of her marriage. She has a slight sore throat

perhaps and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress! She is seized with inflammation of the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over.—“What a Providence, cut off in the midst of happiness and hope,” exclaims the world! Alas did she not cut off the thread of life herself! A girl in the country exposed to our climate, gets a new bonnet instead of a flannel garment. Rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her vanity and avoid the folly in future! Look my young friend, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance, indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c. and all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there no impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation there would be an end to frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine—this body—this ‘goodly temple’ would gradually decay, and man would die as few now die, as if falling to sleep.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR. (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—To subscribers residing out of the city, \$2 in advance—\$2.50 if within six months, and \$3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. BACK NUMBERS at all times furnished.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B. W.'s Fancy Sketch, has been received.

Will J. A. W. of Washington, Alabama, send us the proceedings of G. L. & G. C.

The favor of L. S. D. of Wheeling has been received, and his requests will be attended to.

The interesting communication from our red brethren of the Seneca Tribe of Indians, in this State, shall have a place next week, if possible.

The Address, of Br. Haswell, of Hardinsburgh, Ky. shall have its turn.

CITY AFFAIRS.—Mr. McElroy from the committee of the Common Council, on the proposition to divide the city from five to ten wards, reported in favor of making State street the dividing line as far as Eagle-st. making four wards on each side of State street, and two west of Eagle, divided by a line through Washington street. The election to be held on the 2d Tuesday of April. The Argus, from whom we derive these facts, very quaintly observes, “We should not be surprised, if there should be for once, a state of opinion in the city, approaching very near unanimity.” We hope for the future, that our citizens will manifest “unanimity,” in all which may relate to the welfare of the city. Our party differences should be merged in the “city’s good.” This is the secret of Trojan enterprise and prosperity. Our “unanimity” on the Bridge question, is worthy of all praise, and Troy begins to find she has got her hands full, while we all pull one way. So may it ever be.

Death of Gov. Winthrop.—We regret to learn that the Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, formerly Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, died at his residence in Boston, at the age of 81 years.

A HINT.—Those of our friends and correspondents who may hereafter send us the names of individuals, either as Officers of Masonic Bodies, or otherwise, are particularly requested to write such names as intelligibly as possible. Perhaps there is no small thing more provoking, than the blunder in a man’s name, and we are satisfied that the sin of omission, and commission in this respect can be laid to our charge; not that we cannot read tolerably, but, that we lack the yankee qualification of “guessing” out certain i’s, t’s and other letters, which belong to the “duck track” system of penmanship. Names are arbitrary, and can be reduced to no correct standard; so we trust, our correspondents, will be careful.

N. B. Those of our subscribers who are desirous of paying their subscriptions, are informed that all credits are duly entered according to the most approved system of orthography, in a book provided for that purpose. This remark is made to remove any uneasiness, which might possibly exist in the minds of those who are fearful of being credited twice on the same vol.

THE APPRENTICES LIBRARY, realised 173 dollars by the benefit given at the Amphitheatre. Mrs. Nichols, the wife of the generous manager took a benefit on Wednesday evening last, and the house was crowded almost to suffocation. This fact may be taken as substantial evidence of the popularity of the proprietor. We understand that it is the intention of our play-going citizens to give Mr. N. a complimentary benefit, before he leaves us in the Spring. It will be a bumper.

JAMES G. BROOKS, ESQ. favorably known to the reading world, as the author of “Florio” died on Saturday last, in this city, after a lingering illness, aged about 40. Mr. B. has been connected with the public press, for nearly 20 years, and probably has experienced in that time, as much of the vicissitudes of editorial life—light and shade, as has befallen any brother of the profession. Mr. B. was a Mason of the highest order, both as regards Degree, and Heart, and his many noble virtues, will ever be cherished by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

MODESTY.—The “Divine Fanny,” demands \$800 per night for standing on her toes, &c. at the New Orleans Theatre. Many an honest man in this country is obliged to labor hard for four years, to earn this sum, and some of them with families too. Yet this foreign sandango, who kicks up her heels at the expense of woman’s brightest jewel—MODESTY, is sought after to the tune of \$800 a night. Shame!

LITERARY.—We have received the first four Nos. of an excellent monthly, entitled the Iris or Literary Messenger, published at \$2 per annum, at 647 Broadway, New York. The Iris is chiefly filled with original matter, and if the present Nos. are to be taken as an earnest of its spirit and talent, it may be placed by the side of our proudest periodicals.

An interesting article from the Edinburgh Journal, on London Porter Breweries, will be found on another page.

It is strongly rumored, (says the Washington correspondent of the J. of Commerce,) that Gen. Harrison, in his inaugural, will declare utter hostility to the abolitionists and all their projects. Amen, say we.—But “what will Mrs. Grundy say?”

TEMPERANCE.—Father Mathew, said in one of his addresses, that the tee-totalers in Ireland amount to 3,300,000.

Mr. Editor.—I wish through the medium of your Journal, to say a few words respecting the course of lectures now in progress in this city by Profr. Bronson. The subjects of reading, speaking and singing, open an extended field, which the Professor has questionless explored as thoroughly as any other individual of modern times. His vocal philosophy embraces some principles which appear novel, but on investigation will be found irrefutable. The use of the abdominal and dorsal muscles in producing sounds must be of great utility to those who are engaged in public speaking or singing, and in fact a proper understanding of these principles, should prevail among those in the more ordinary walks of life, for if they be true, and the positions assumed by Mr. Bronson, be tenable, a just appreciation of them would prove of incalculable value, and should be universally applied.—Three lectures have already been delivered and listened to by a more numerous and intelligent audience than is usually secured for any course of scientific instructions. From the interest manifested and the large numbers who attend these exercises, I am confident I am not alone in the favorable impression received. For the purpose of more fully demonstrating and explaining the wonderful powers of the human voice, when fully developed, the Professor has associated with him a Mr. Christian, who I understand has spent twenty years of his life in Germany, where he has acquired the art, or rather cultivated his vocal powers so successfully as to be able to give two bass sounds at the same instant, the one formed in the larynx and the other in the glottis. The combined efforts of the two gentlemen, afford an evening’s entertainment both delightful and instructive.

J. B.

Mr. S. H. NICHOLS,

Dear Sir—In behalf of the Trustees, and the Apprentices Library Association, I return you thanks for your generosity in relieving their Institution by the proceeds of one night of your well conducted Amphitheatre amounting to \$173.

It will always awaken pleasing reflections in a generous bosom, when it can look abroad in Society and point to those, whose Philanthropy keep pace with their means, and stand ever ready to relieve the destitute, feed the Orphan, and scatter knowledge to the youth, whose humble destinies is strewn with toil.

Such I feel proud to say is your character during your sojourn in our city. If our wealthy citizens would emulate your nobleness of spirit, suffering, penury, distress and ignorance, would soon be almost driven from our city.

May those feelings that swell and throb in the bosoms of men, while performing good actions, always be yours, and a generous public your reward.

I subscribe myself yours respectfully.

JOHN TAYLOR, President of Association.

FOREIGN.—Twenty-seven days latter from England.—The Boston Traveller of Tuesday, says the Royal mail steam ship Britannia, Capt. Cleland, arrived at this port yesterday morning, 7½ o’clock. She left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 4th, and has experienced severe weather during most of the passage, having had strong gales from the westward. On the day after leaving Liverpool, she broached to, stove her bulwarks, and broke her iron tiller short off.

She brought 84 passengers to Halifax, landed 4 there and took on board 19 for Boston.

On the arrival of the Britannia at Halifax, a committee of the passengers waited on Capt. Cleland with an address, expressing a high sense of his kindness and courtesy, and his skill as a commander, and requesting him to accept a piece of a plate as a testimonial of their respect.

The news by this arrival is not very important. The most important is the settlement of the eastern question. There is nothing later from China, and the news in relation to the settlement for the difficulties between England and China is neither confirmed nor contradicted.

The steamship Calcutta arrived at Liverpool

the 16th of January, making the passage in about 14 days.

The steamship President for New York was to sail on the 10th inst.

England, Scotland and Ireland have experienced an unusually severe winter, and the sufferings of the poor have been very great.

Scott, the American diver, came to an untimely end on the 12th ult. He advertised an exhibition on Waterloo bridge, where he was to go through with a mock execution, from the top of a pole erected for that purpose. On the third performance of the trick, the noose slipped, and the poor fellow was hanged in earnest.

Mr. Charles Kenble's health is nearly re-established. He is now residing with his daughter, Mrs. Butler, and daily drives out.

Ellen Tree was privately married, at Manchester, to Charles Kean, "Shakespeare's murderer," as he is termed in some of the English papers.

Parliament was opened on the 26th ult., by her Majesty in person. The Queen's speech alludes to the convention to effect a pacification of the Levant, concluded with Austria, Prussia, Russia and the Sultan—to the negotiations going on at the last accounts with the government of China—to the differences with Spain and Portugal about the execution of a treaty concluded by those powers in 1835—and several local matters; but says not one word in relation to our differences on the Boundary question.

An alarming insurrection has broken out in Switzerland, connected with the new constitution, which does not give universal satisfaction. After much bloodshed, it was put down.

The grand Council of Argovia had decreed the suppression of all monasteries within the jurisdiction of the canton.

France.—In France the fortification of Paris engrosses the attention of every one. The newspapers are filled with the debates on this subject, to the exclusion of every thing else.

Sir Astley Cooper was severely ill, and the most serious apprehensions respecting his recovery were entertained by his friends.

Distressing Accident.—As Mr. Christopher Skank of Springport, was engaged on Saturday the 30th ult. in splitting a couple of maple logs in front of his brother's house, a fatal accident occurred. He had succeeded in splitting one of them in the ordinary way, but wishing to avoid the great labor thus required, procured a blast of powder and applied a slow match.—By some means this ignited sooner than was intended—and the plug was driven into his head, a little below the right eye, proving instantly fatal. The plug, it appears, so far through the head, as to strike with great force upon the back part of the skull, and thence bounding back—lying when found, at a distance of 18 inches from the body. Mr. S. was a worthy, hard working man, between 30 and 40 years of age—and has left a wife and four small children to mourn his death.—*Auburn Journal.*

Melancholy Delusion.—A man named Joseph Ackland, residing at 125 Third avenue, was committed to prison for resisting the coroner on Wednesday.—Ackland had just lost a child, aged three days; and, under the delusion that he could restore it to life, he not only refused the coroner admission, but attacked with a club the officers who came to the assistance of Dr. Archer. The poor fellow is a religious fanatic, and is said to be a mormon.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Death of Hatfield, the lunatic.—James Hatfield, who was tried at the Old Bailey, in the month of September, 1802, for firing a loaded pistol, in Drury Lane theatre, at his majesty King George the III., and acquitted on the ground of insanity, died on Saturday, the 23d inst., in the 69th year of his age.

Death of the American Consul at Paris.—Died on Sunday evening, Jan. 31, in Paris, in the 68th year of his age, of typhoid exhaustion after gout, Daniel Bront, esq., Consul of the United States of America for Paris and agent of American claims.

The state of New Hampshire is said to manufacture annually 1,065,030 pounds of maple sugar.

Rumored dreadful accident—upwards of one hundred lives lost.—Rumors have been prevalent in this neighborhood that, on Monday last, a most serious calamity happened on Whittlesey-mere—the ice breaking, and, it is said, upwards of a hundred lives being lost. From inquiries we have made, we have reason to fear this rumor is not without foundation, though various reports still continue.—*Cambridge Adv.*

PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—The match for 200 miles in 200 successive hours, one mile in each hour, was won easily by Nicholas Low, Esq. of this city. The performance commenced on Friday the 5th, at 12 A. M. and closed on Saturday evening, the 13th, when Mr. Low drove to town and reported his success to the Club. He suffered at first a little in his knees, but he soon overcame it and came in the last at perfectly fresh, walking his 199th mile in 13 minutes, and his last in 14½. Pedestrians, always select the last twenty minutes of one hour to walk one mile, and the first twenty minutes of the next hour for the next mile, leaving an interregnum of an hour and a half between every two miles for refreshment, and repose. It is now admitted that Mr. Low can perform 500 miles on the same conditions, and many assert that he can perform Capt. Barclay's feat of 1000 miles in 1000 hours.—*N. Y. Standard.*

Col. Andrew Jackson Hutchings died on the 15th inst. at the residence of the late Gen. Coffee, in Alabama. He was an adopted son of Gen. Jackson.

MARRIED.

On Sunday the 31st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, John S. Sanborn Esq. of Harveril, N. H., to Miss Hannah Hogins, of this city.

On Monday, at Grace Church, N. Y., by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. E. G. Van Benthuyssen, of this city, to Miss Mary Ann Boyden, daughter of the late Simon Boyden, esq. of Boston.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. W. D. Stead, Mr. Henry Summers, of Canaan, Columbia co., to Miss Elizabeth Spawn, of Bethlehem, Albany co.

By the same, at the same time and place, David S. Comstock, of New Scotland, to Miss Mary Spawn, of Bethlehem.

In Watervliet, on Wednesday evening, the 24th inst. by Elder E. S. Raymond, Wm. J. McAlpine, resident engineer, Erie canal enlargement, to Miss Sarah E. Learned, daughter of Edward Learned, esq.

In New York on Monday morning, 22nd inst., by the Rev. Dr. Welch, of Albany, Mr. William H. Taggard, of that city, to Mary E. only daughter of the late Wm. H. Seymour, esq. formerly of Albany.

DIED.

Of consumption, on the 23d inst., in the 42d year of his age, Charles Rodgers, a native of Kerkeel, Ireland and for the last 20 years a resident of Albany.

In Hudson, on the 17th inst., Peter Downing, a respectable citizen of Hillsdale, aged 64 years. Mr. Downing, while at supper, was choked by a piece of meat passing into the trachea, and expired before surgical aid could be obtained.

At the residence of Rev. Staats Van Santvoord, New Baltimore, Sunday morning the 21st inst., Capt. William Mc Murray in the 26th year of his age.

At Clifton Park on the 18th instant, Everet Van Vranken an aged, respected and pious inhabitant of that town.

In Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., Gertrude Elizabeth, daughter of Walter L. Cochran, of Schenectady, N. Y., in the 21st year of her age.

At Watervliet, on Saturday, 20th inst. Celestia Jane, infant daughter of Wm. D. and Margaret Ferris, aged eight months.

At La Grange, Tennessee, Mr. Joseph Shinpoek, aged 40 years. Mr. Shinpoek was a zealous Mason; and his remains were interred with the usual solemnities of the craft, at the Village Grave Yard on Monday attended by a number of his fellow citizens.—*Whig.*

At Mechanicsville, William Mills, aged 64. At Philadelphia, George M. Morris, late of Bloomingdale 47. At "Soldiers Retreat," Col O Clairborne, son of Gen. Clairborne, the 1st territorial Governor of Miss.

In New York, Joseph Smith, 21. Phebe, wife of Joseph Coles, 56. James Brady 66. Wm. Steele, 50. Col. Richard E. Halsey, 32. Maria Louisa, daughter of Wm. J. Van Wagener, 37. Maria, wife of William Johnson. John Passenbrowder, 66. Eliza, wife of Jonathan Labaw, 35. John Massingham, 47. A. Heyward, 45. John C. Luff, 55. Dr. Wm. Williamson, 45. Emily, wife of Samuel Ward. Maj. John Bleecker, 67. Hannah Turner, 84. Caroline M. wife of James Cruikshank, 22.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Feb. 27.

The performance will commence with a Grand Star and Waltz Entree.

Duett, Mrs. Nichols and Mr. Plumer.

Mr. W. Nichols' act on Two Horses.

Magic Sack, or Merryman deceived.

Song by Mrs. Hood.

Principal Act by Mr. Madigan.

The performance in the arena to conclude with the Chivalric Tournament.

The whole to conclude with the romantic drama of the
FORTY THIEVES.

Ali Baba	Mr. Hall Hassarac	Mr. Jackson
Abdallah	Needham Mirza	Shindle
Mustapha	Hardy Solim	H. F. Nichols
Morgana	Mrs. Nichols Ardinelle	Mrs. Preston
Cogia	Anderson Zelic	Hood

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Needhams benefit.

For particulars see small bills.
Doors open at 6, performance to commence a 1-4 before 7.
Admittance—Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.
Equestrian director, Mr. Needham; Stage manager, Mr. Jackson; Clowns, Messrs. May and Knapp.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS. EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev. 10 month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oueda Chapter, 57,	"	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st & 3d Monday.
Mount Meriah,	do	4th Saturday.
Louisville Encampment	do	Quarterly.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	2d Monday
King Solomon's chapter	do	4th Tuesday
Tyrian Council	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Abrams Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st Saturday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	3d Monday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Tuesday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	

MORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67½ State, corner of Jamacraets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOK** every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1846.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,
Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany.

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and **FRANK** the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

MASONIC ODE.

The world was darkness. No imperial flowers
Bloomed on her mounds, or blossomed in her bowers.
Fate strewed her carcases on the murky wind,
And nought was left to cheer or soothe the mind.

Oh, Charity! thou harbinger of Light.
Thou sun by day, the polar star by night,
Haste to the orb which pale misfortune flies,
Where sorrow falters, and where misery dies.

Is there a hand which blunts the poisoned dart,
And turns its baleful influence from the heart?
Is there a talisman whose magic power
Can change the desert to the vermil bower?

Is there a shrine, where winter-woe is driven
To seek from tranquil clime the bliss of Heaven?
Yes! there is one, immutable divine,
And sorrow greets it at the MASON'S SHRINE.

THE LYE.

[This poem, written by Sir Walter Raleigh, while under sentence of death, we extract from *Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. It contains ideas of a loftier flight than most poetry of that age—sentiments which do honor even to the well known talents of their author—and a contempt of life, perfectly in character with a man of his mind, in such a situation; and the whole expressed in language, of which any poet of the present day might well be proud.

Goe, soule, the bodie's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Feare not to touch the best,—
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Goe, tell the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it shows
What's good,—and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not loved unless they give,—
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they once reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love, it is but lusts;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honor, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favor, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lie.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill, it is pretention;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yeild reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lie.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes of pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth:
And, if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done babbling,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

From the New York Iris.

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost, thou art a roving blade,
And nipping noses is thy trade,
Thy limbs of icicles are made—
Of snow thy body;
The keen north wind, is also said
To be the hobby.

Thou art no tender child of spring,
When painted flow'rs their incense fling,
And wild birds warble on the wing,
The live long day;
Thou art no pale-fac'd puny thing
Of sunny May.

But when the north wind whistles loud,
And snows wrap nature as a shroud,
And round the blazing hearth we crowd,
Or shivering cower;
Child of the tempest and the cloud!
We own thy power.

Yet welcome still with all thy blasts,
Thy reign is pleasant while it lasts,
Replete with friendship and repasts
Of love and reason;
The human soul anew it casts,
Sweet social season!

There's music in its merry bells,
Its joys the nimble skater tells,
While sociably, the enjoyment awells
The evening circle;
The holidays, with their sweet spells,
And wreaths of myrtle.

Yet there are those, who ill endure
Thy biting blasts—the humble poor—
(Stern penury can ne'er inure
To cold and pain:)
Oh! for their sakes, Jack Frost,
Thy rage restrain!

MUTIBILITY OF EARTHLY JOY.

Life is a fitful shadowed hour,
A stone of light and shade,
Hope's gentle sun—grief's gloomy bower,
And in the grave were laid.

We look for peace, we look for rest,
For light in beings gloom,
Alas we find us only blest,
Reposing in the tomb.

What are the gaudy joys of earth,
What are the fleeting scenes of life,
What are its beauties hopes and mirth,
Its anxious cares and strife?

All—all but chaff before the wind,
Chastisement by our father given
To fit the soul and raise the mind
And lead the spirit on to heaven.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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E W Northrop Le Roy	Dr J A Whetstone Washington Ala
Lewis S Deleplain Wheeling Va	

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Brethren.—We have been witnesses of the effects of one of the most extraordinary delusions in regard to our Institution, which in any land or age have tried its strength or durability.

That jealousies and fear of an Institution every where conducted on liberal principles, should have excited a spirit of opposition in arbitrary or tyrannical governments have never surprised us; but when our Order was attacked in our own land, and the people our own neighbors and friends, were excited by false, malicious, and absurd accusations against it; when we saw families disturbed, societies convulsed, and individuals of eminent virtue and station denounced and persecuted, we deplored the folly and fanaticism of our enemies, and sought by patience, and quiet and orderly deportment to assuage the bitterness of our revilers, and to turn the hearts of our misguided accusers. We knew that our Institution was devised in wisdom for the improvement of society in every land, and could not long be left as a mark for the scorn and derision of demagogues and fanatics, nor remain an object of terror to the well disposed.

The delusion has passed away—there has been a redeeming spirit in the midst of the storm—a spirit of inquiry after truth, which has wrought out for us a vindication, and fixed it in the popular mind. Once more our Order has free course, and has resumed its place as the medium of union, friendship, and kind offices amongst 'good men' of every rank, station, party, sect, and profession in the land. What we could not do when compelled to defend ourselves against the ingenious assaults of an organized and reckless faction, we can do now: we can take high ground; we can place our Institution in its true position; we can openly declare its principles to attentive hearers, and verify our declarations by the testimony of the greatest, the purest, the best beloved and venerated men, whose names adorn the brightest pages of our country's history. We have it in our power to show, that so far is Freemasonry from having a tendency to corrupt the morals, weaken the faith, impede the justice, contract the soul, or relax the patriotism of its votaries, our country stands indebted for a large portion of its welfare, honor, and security to the members of our Fraternity.

This high position it is my intention to maintain by a work which I propose to publish, if sustained by the approbation and aid of the Fraternity to the necessary extent.

To test this, I offer the following plan for the publication of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States.

To place the work within the reach of every member of the Fraternity, it will be published in numbers, in the imperial Octavo form, at periods of one or two months, at 50 cents a number, payable on delivery, and will extend as is supposed, to about fifty numbers, forming five large volumes. Each number will contain three Portraits engraved on steel, and occasionally other illustrations, with biographies written expressly with reference to the Masonic character and acts of each subject, (so far as materials can be obtained,) as well as to his private life. For the fidelity, accuracy and beauty of the work, the responsibility will rest alone on the editor and proprietor.

JAMES HERRING, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.
Extract from the minutes of the Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, Dec. 1st, A. L. 5840.

"The Grand Secretary then asked permission to present the prospectus of a work which he contemplated publishing, under the title of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States. The proposed Address to the Fraternity and the prospectus were then read; whereupon the following Resolution was unanimously adopted."

"Resolved.—That this Grand Lodge highly approve of the proposed work of the Rt. W. G. Secretary, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons,' and recommend it to the patronage of the Fraternity."

In Grand Chapter, of the State of New York, Feb. 2d, 5841.

"Resolved.—That the Grand Chapter of the State of N. York, do approve of the work proposed by our M. E. Companion James Herring, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons,' and while they commend it to the support of the Fraternity, to give to the author free access to the Records and Archives of this Grand Chapter, for such information on our Masonic History as may be necessary for his work."

Extract from the minutes.

JOHN O. COLE, Grand Secretary.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 27.]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS.

Of Wheeling Encampment, held in the city of Wheeling, Va., elected February 6th, A. D. 1841.

Sir Knight R. W. Harding, G. C. Wm. H. Houston, G. L. S. Delaplain, C. G. Morgan Nelson, P. John M'Gaughey, S. W. Thomas C. Parker, J. W. James W. Robb, Treas. S. B. Milla, Recorder. Wm. Hall, St'd. Bearer. Jacob Stroble Sword Bearer. Wm P Wilson, Warder & Sentinel.

OFFICERS.

Of Ohio Lodge, No 101, held in the city of Wheeling, Va., elected December 7th, 1840.

Wm. H. Houston, W. M. T. C. Parker, S. W. L. S. Delaplain, J. W. Geo. W. Sights, Secretary. James W. Robb, Treas.

OFFICERS

Of Liberty Lodge, No. 31, held at Liberty, Mo. Elected Dec. 5840.

A. Lightburne, W. M. E. W. Spence, S. W. J. P. Frost, J. W. P. S. Frost, Sec'y. H. Coleman, Treas. John D. Scaggs, S. D. John S. Lightburne, J. D. John Edwards, S. & T.

OFFICERS

Of Wellsburgh, Lodge, No. 108 held in Wellsburgh, Va. elected June, 5840.

J. Nichols, W. M. R. Shearer, S. W. J. Abrahams, J. W. W. Allen, Treas. J. Bladenburgh, Sec'y. J. W. Jackson, S. D. J. C. Orricks, J. D. P. Coppers, Tyler.

Regular communication, last Monday, in each month.

OUR RED BRETHREN.

[The following communication is from Br. Spencer H. Cone, an account of whose induction in our mysteries, together with three other Indians of the Seneca Tribe, we noticed in our first Volume. Br. C. is an educated man, and we believe assumed his present English name, after Mr. Cone, a respectable Baptist clergyman.—En.]

Buffalo, Feb. 22d 1841.

Br. L. G. Hoffman.

SIR,—We were much pleased to see in the columns of your paper, our address delivered by our worthy Br. Col. Jemison, at the celebration of the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, in the Washington Lodge Room, June, 24th, 5840. Therefore we feel it a duty to our Masonic brethren to send you a copy for publication "a reply" on behalf of the Federal Lodge No. 1, in Washington city, which was received with our best acknowledgments and gratitude. We tender our thanks to our brethren of the Federal Lodge, No. 1, for this communication, which was respectfully handed us by brother Fitz Hugh, of Washington city.—While we associated with those members, and the brethren we daily met with, during our travels the last season, we never have seen nor experienced more union, harmony and brotherly love than existed among the masonic fraternity. How often have we praised THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE that in our uncivilized and unenlightened state, and the disadvantages we have labored under for more than three centuries, we are now highly respected by a society where "LIBERAL PRINCIPLES ARE FOUNDED ON THE IMMUTABLE LAW OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE." May

we always prove worthy of the order: appear as bright ornaments on the walls of the Institution, and support this Ancient Temple with that "resolute and dignified mind" for which our fore fathers were so distinguished.

Respectfully your ob't servants Fraternally,

GEORGE JEMISON X
WHITE SENECA X
JOHN JEMISON X
SPENCER H. CONE, marks

At a special meeting of Federal Lodge No. 1, held at Masonic Hall in Washington City, D. C. on Thursday evening July 3d A. L. 5840, the following proceedings were had.

A communication was received by the hands of brother Thomas L. Fitz Hugh, covering a written translation of the address made to the Masonic Brethren on the 24th Juhe (St. John's day) by our worthy brother George Jemison, of the Seneca tribe of Indians, on behalf of himself and brothers Spencer H. Cone, White Seneca and John Jemison of the Seneca Tribes.

Resolved—That a committee be appointed to make a reply to brother George Jemison, and the brethren with him in behalf of this Lodge, and that brother T. L. Fitz Hugh be requested, when he visits their country, to convey to them, the feelings and kind respect of the members of this Lodge, in such manner as he may deem proper.

And brother J. P. Van Tyne, was appointed a committee to make a reply.

Attest.

J. P. VAN TYNE,
Sec'y of Federal Lodge No. 1

To George Jemison, Spencer H. Cone, White Seneca, John Jemison, Chiefs of the Seneca Tribes of Indians.

BRETHREN—On meeting you as the great family of the Universe, would at anytime have afforded our Masonic brothers much pleasure, and excited our warmest sympathies in behalf of the red men of the forest.—But when meeting you in that strong bond of brotherly love and union, by which we as members of the masonic family are bound to act, that bond of friendship and affection, which has cemented our order in union and harmony, from the remotest ages of time to the present, and enabled it to stand the dashing waves of persecution, so often aimed at it by the ignorance and superstitions of every nation on the globe, we feel our hearts glow with gratitude to the Great Author of our existence, that he has not been unkindful of those Ancient Children of the mighty forest, who have ever been partakers of his special care. But we rejoice that he has brought them to seek the light of truth, and made them partakers in an institution whose only aim is to spread abroad the influence of His holy laws; of an institution, that can know no difference between the members though they may be of different nations, language, or tongue.

In the high and holy office of Charity, Benevolence and Truth among mankind, we are happy to have you associated with us, and that it may be the means of disseminating peace and harmony among the people whom you govern, will be the prayer of every member of this Lodge; and we feel assured when the light of truth and morality, of charity and benevolence is made to shine abroad, among the people of the wilderness, by the example of those brethren who have been among us, that the moral influence will shine with a double lustre, and contribute not only to their happiness here below, but propitiate the favor of the Great Spirit, and finally lead them to that haven of Eternal rest, that Lodge Celestial, in the Heavens.

To state to you the pleasure felt on meeting and associating with you as members of our Ancient Order, or the happiness in tendering to you those humble civilities

which were in our power, while you remained among us, would but half express the gratification manifested by the brethren of this Lodge; and their only regret has been, that your short stay was such as to prevent a more extended hospitality to brethren for whom they feel the warmest love and friendship. Should it ever be our lot to receive you here again, we hope a better opportunity will be given us to reciprocate those feelings of brotherly love, than we have had on this occasion, and should any of your people journey to our city, and be commended to us by you, be assured they shall be received as our brothers, and receive from us the attention we would be bound to render you.

And finally, brethren, commending you (wherever you may go) to the care of our Grand Master above, in whose unerring care, his servants are ever safe, and deserving a remembrance of ourselves among you, we hope to meet you in that Temple above not made with hands.

J. P. VAN TYNE,

On behalf of the Master, Wardens and brethren of Federal Lodge No. 1.
Washington July, 7th 1840.

GRAND LODGE OF MISSOURI.

The Grand Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of the State of Missouri, was held at the Masonic Hall, in the city of St. Louis, on the first Monday in October last, and was in session one week.—The proceedings, which we have been favored with, are characteristic of the unity and harmony, which should pervade every masonic body, and the session appears to have been an interesting one, in which much business was transacted, although chiefly local. We summarise such parts of the proceedings as may be of interest to the general masonic family.

Since the last annual communication, a dispensation has been granted to sundry brethren residing in the county of Randolph, Mo. to organise and hold a new Lodge in Huntsville, in said county.

A dispensation was also granted for forming a new Lodge in the town of Liberty, Clay county, to be called Liberty Union Lodge. [This Lodge, as we are informed, already numbers 45 members, and has a respectable number of applicants.]

A new Lodge has also been formed, in Lexington, Lafayette county, under very favorable auspices.

During the past year, at the request of the public authorities, the corner Stone of the Court House at St. Louis, was laid in due masonic form, by Brother Chambers, acting as Deputy Grand Master, who also presided at the celebration of St. John's Day, on the 24th of June last.

A number of brethren, of Wisconsin Territory petitioned the Grand Lodge, during its sitting, for a charter for a new lodge to be held at Mineral Point.

A memorial from Springfield Lodge, Illinois, was received, praying that the allegiance of said Lodge, might be transferred to the Grand Lodge of Illinois, recently instituted in that State, which was granted.

Charters for new Lodges were granted, to the Brethren of Carlisle, Clinton co. Ill. and likewise a dispensation to form a new lodge in Jefferson city.

The committee on foreign communications, reported no business before them requiring the attention of the Grand Lodge, except the following resolution from the Grand Lodge of Alabama, which resolution, the committee say, has received the sanction of several of the Grand Lodges. The committee, in conclusion, "embrace the opportunity to congratulate the fraternity upon their prosperous condition throughout the United States."

Resolved, That all Grand Lodges in correspondence with the Grand Lodge of Alabama, be requested to elect one delegate to meet in general convention on the first Monday in March, 1842, in the city of Washington, for the purpose of determining upon uniform mode of work throughout all Lodges of the United

States, and to make other lawful regulations for the interest and security of the craft."

The Committee "on the work of Subordinate Lodges," notice one or two deviations from masonic usages, which as it has a general bearing on the craft, we extract: they say.

"From the returns from ——— Lodge, it appears that they interred the remains of a deceased brother, with masonic honors—though it is not shewn that this was requested by the deceased—your committee find this contrary to the custom of the craft as appears from the history of the fraternity."

"Copies of the proceedings of Lodges, working under dispensations, have also been examined, from which some irregularities are apparent, but your committee specify only one of them. The balloting in the degree of Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft, for admission and passing of applicants.

This is a practice highly improper, and has so often met the decided disapprobation and censure of this Grand Lodge, that your committee deem it useless to say more on the subject, and will only refer the Lodges to the former action of the Grand Lodge, from which it will appear, that it is directly contrary to Masonic usage and custom, as well as the positive and often expressed opinions and directions of this Grand Lodge, to perform whatever, (except what directly relates to the conferring the degrees of Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft) in any other than a Lodge of Master Masons."

The committee conclude their report with the following, which is extremely gratifying.

"From the foregoing, it is apparent to your committee, and they so report with pleasure, that every Lodge under this jurisdiction has forwarded by their representatives, returns of their proceedings for the year that is past, and with equal pleasure, they also report, that though some informalities, irregularities and omissions in the work of the craft are certainly apparent, yet from an examination of the whole subject, nothing appears to your committee calculated to discourage the Philanthropist and the Mason. But on the contrary much to cheer and encourage him on in his labor of love. Your committee find, to their encouragement, that there has been established in our sister state of Illinois, a Grand Lodge, and though this will subtract from the number of our own Lodges somewhat, your committee rejoice that their vacancies will very soon be supplied by new Lodges within our own state. From all of which, it is apparent, that the fraternity in our state as well as the state of Illinois, is in a prosperous condition, the contemplation of which will serve to stimulate all to a faithful energetic performance of all their Masonic duties, and to cheer them in the performance of every good word and work."

The following resolution was offered by Br. C. H. Bower, and adopted:

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be instructed to subscribe for thirty copies of a Masonic Journal, at Albany, State of New York, and cause two copies to be forwarded by the publisher to each of the subordinate lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. [If any thing can enhance our grateful acknowledgements for this manifestation of good will, it is to be found in the fact, that it was unsolicited on our part, and emanating from a Br. an entire stranger to us.]

PUTNAM, SMALL, AND WARREN.

At the action on Bunker Hill, Putnam said to his men, "Aim at the handsome coats; pick off the commanders. When the British were driven back the second time, and nearly all the officers killed, the gallant Major Small, dressed in dazzling uniform, a tempting mark for a soldier, was left standing alone, every one having been shot about him. The American marksmen by Putnam's side levelled their muskets to shoot him, when Putnam suddenly recognized in Small an old and particular friend and fellow soldier. "For God's sake," exclaimed Putnam, "don't kill that officer; I love him as a brother;" and springing forward threw up the muzzles of the deadly muskets with his sword, and saved his life. Small was so near to hear him make the remark, and he repeated it in the British camp, and among the British officers, whence it found its way to the Yankees.

When the Americans were retreating, and General

Warren had left the redoubt, he was recognized by his friend Small, who called to him, and begged him to stop and save his life. Warren turned round, and seemed to recognize him but would not stop. Small ordered his men not to fire at him, and threw up the muzzles of the muskets with his sword. But it was too late. The fatal ball had gone, and Warren fell, eighty yards from the redoubt. Putnam, Small, and Warren were Freemasons, and had been in the habit of meeting together in the provincial lodges at Boston, and in the lodges attached to the British army. In this way they had formed a strong personal attachment for each other. The fact as above stated is historical, and well attested.—*Bunker Hill Aurora*.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

no. 10.

NATURAL RELIGION.

Does Natural Religion throw any light upon the future existence of the soul? In attempting to answer this question it would be proper to understand what we mean by 'Natural Religion.' The idea contained in this term would seem to be satisfied by saying that it consists of those precepts, doctrines or ideas, usually distinguished by the adjective 'moral,' which are derived exclusively from a contemplation of Nature, and the laws which appear to direct and govern the operations of the external world, and our present existence. We are to suppose man, left entirely to the observations of himself and the external world, and to inquire whether in this situation, he could infer that that thinking principle which he feels within him was subject to other laws than the matter that surrounds him, and composes his physical frame, and was destined by some special prerogative to escape 'the wreck of matter,' and rise triumphant over that decay and death into which he observes every thing else to sink sooner or later.

In answering the question proposed, we take it for granted that Natural Religion has enabled man to discover that some Supreme Being exists who has created this external world in which he finds himself placed, and is also the Author of man's existence; and it would not be a very extraordinary mental effort to infer that this Being must be himself eternal or at least that there must be an eternal Being who had no beginning, and created every thing else. Thus Plato believed and Socrates, and although Aristotle chose rather to ascribe eternity to matter itself, he felt himself obliged to admit the direction of a Superior Being to be visible in the works of nature, falling thus into the absurdity of clothing that which was *subject*, with higher qualities than the power which ruled and governed it.

No sooner has man satisfied himself of the existence of such a Being than he hastes, by a very natural feeling, to clothe him with attributes, and the unaided exercise of his faculties were able to teach him that this Being must be omniscient, omnipotent, unchangeable, infinitely good, and consequently a rewarder of virtue and punisher of vice. Thus Socrates believed and taught, we are informed, and this philosopher went farther, and said that men had violated the laws of this Being whom he worshipped, and that such men, not being punished always in this life, must meet with the consequences of their guilt hereafter, although how, he knew not.

Some of the ancient philosophers, in the manifold hypotheses into which the desire of knowledge led them,

held that the human soul was an emanation from the Deity, and as He was immortal, the soul must partake of the same quality. But this was evidently, a mere conjecture, and not an inference from any thing which Nature or the constitution of the mind unfolded.—This was the doctrine of the Vedas of the Bramins, and Zendavestas of the Parscees, from which the early Grecian philosophers obtained their first rudiments of metaphysical science. But although they admitted in this way, that the soul was immortal, their knowledge was unable to direct them as to the mode of its future existence, most seeming to think it was absorbed into the Great soul from which it had originally emanated. Even the doctrine of Pythagoras resulted in this, although he extended for a time the individual existence of the soul, imagining it to transmigrate, once or twice into different bodies, and at last, be lost in its original source.

These however were the notions of those who were styled philosophers; the popular tradition differed somewhat. This taught that a spiritual form or ghost of the individual survived the death of the body, walking the earth for a short time, and then going to a place reserved for all these shadowy beings, and differently demonstrated according to the peculiar character of the people. Thus it was among the early Grecians and Romans, the Celtic tribes of North Britain, as may be seen in numerous passages of Ossian, and in later times, among the American Indians, who look forward with glowing imaginations to the hunting grounds through which they are to roam after death, and in the full confidence of this enjoyment in a future state of existence, choose the means of sustenance necessary for the journey to this Elysium to be buried with them. But the question arises, what was the origin of those philosophical notions and popular traditions? Are they the natural productions of man's unassisted reason, and spontaneous conjectures from the innate principles of that soul about which they are concerned, or have they sprung from the vague knowledge of the Divine Revelation which was accidentally communicated to the nations who had connections with the chosen people of God. So much uncertainty hangs over this point, that the reasonings of ancient pagan philosophers and popular traditions, are very unsatisfactory evidence of the capability of man to infer, unassisted by revelation, the future existence of the soul.

To prove from Natural Religion alone, that the soul is immortal, it has often been said, that any thing which is susceptible of destruction, must be compound, and therefore the soul not being so, cannot but be immortal. But how know we that the soul is not compound, or does revelation itself give us any light in regard to its nature or essence. Plato, professed to teach from the light of Nature, that the soul was a compound, consisting of an emanation from the Deity, a portion of the soul of the world, and some portion of matter and yet inferred nevertheless, that it was immortal.

On the other hand, to support the position that a Revelation is necessary to enable us to know of any thing beyond the grave, the case of the French nation has been adduced, when in a fit of phrenzy they abandoned all religion and announced to the world, that death is an eternal sleep; but this act did not throw them back into the state of a people who had never heard of a revelation, but was rather an exhibition of an attempt to throw off all moral restraint, after they had succeeded in ridding themselves of all civil obligations. It was the raving of a wounded and fevered patient, who feels every covering or bandage an intolerable load, and tears away in his delirium even that

which keeps his life-blood from ebbing away.

But there are some reasons for concluding that Natural Religion gives us an idea, though an indistinct one, of a future. There is that in the mind itself which never feels satisfied with the present, but tries to pierce into the future, as if hoping to find there something to satisfy its constant craving. There is, as it were, implanted in the human mind, an innate idea of futurity, and as soon as it has attained to the knowledge and acknowledgement of a Supreme and Infinite Being who created it and all things beside, it must feel that that Being has not given it a faculty or an irresistible tendency without any object upon which to exercise it. There is too, in that same mind, something which points out a distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, and what are these terms to that mind, but empty sounding words, without a future to look forward to, in which these qualities of actions will receive an immutable character, and be accompanied with their unchanging and eternal consequences.

All this seems to be attainable without the aid of Revelation; still this is but little and unsatisfactory, compared to that more perfect knowledge which we have obtained of the future destiny of this most noble part of man, though it will require the veil of futurity itself to be withdrawn, before our conceptions of its nature, and situation hereafter can be full and complete.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

A SCENE ON THE PRAIRIE.

One of the most delightful of the days of Indian Summer was fast drawing to a close, when Mr. L—— found himself traveling o'er an extended Prairie in the territory of Wisconsin. He had been beguiled by the the splendor of the scene on either hand, until the mellow tints of the fast declining sun equalled only by the soft twilight of an Italian sky, aroused him from a reverie, and he began to feel the loneliness of his situation. He had expected to arrive at the settlement beyond the Prairie before evening, and had made no haste. But evening was come and he was 12 miles from any habitation. No voice was there to break the stillness of nature, and he felt that it would be sacrilege to disturb her slumber. His faithful horse, pursued the trail which had become invisible, and he hoped soon to see the glimmer of some taper by which he might direct his way to the cottage of some bold "pioneer of the West." At length the horse turned from the course in which he had been going, and Mr. L—— dismounted to inspect the path. There were three trails which separated from each other in angles of about forty-five degrees, and after deliberation he determined to pursue the right hand trail, as that appeared to be more open than either of the other two. The light clouds that obscured the stars, were soon put to flight, and, as the eye rapidly coursed the Heavens, it rested almost instinctively on the Pleiades—the same Seven that a mother in the tenderness of affection pointed out in those Halcyon days, when it was the highest heaven of happiness to sit upon her knee—and he thought of home.

At length something like a cloud appeared in the distance, arising above the horizon, and it was evident that an oak opening or wood-land was near, and he hastened on in hopes to find inhabitants as these openings are first settled, but there was no sign to indicate the residence of any one, and the path led directly to the margin of a narrow stream which he supposed of course to be fordable. The horse stepped in, but was compelled to swim, and as the opposite bank was low, he thought there would be no difficulty in gaining the

shore. The noble animal seemed to cut the water with perfect ease, but the banks were rocky and very abrupt; the fore feet of the horse slipped as he struck upon the shore until they caught in a narrow seam of the rock, and he became unable to extricate them.—Mr. L—— threw himself from the saddle and with his portmanteau gained the shore completely drenched, but the poor animal struggled, having no foothold behind, the force of the current carried him around, and it seemed that his fore legs must be twisted off.

By some means he gained his liberty and came directly to the place where Mr. L—— was standing as if for protection. He soon found that no material injury was done to the horse, and taking him by the bridle he pursued the trail up the acclivity, on whose summit a light might be seen. He found eighteen or twenty Indians collected together in a small hut, and Fiends from Tartarus, would not have looked more savage, but it was too late to fly, and all depended on the self-possession of the moment. They regarded Mr. L—— as their prisoner, and consulted together relative to his fate. He trembled for his safety, and felt in his pockets for something to present them. He found the stump of an old pipe much worn by use, and thought it might prove the pipe of peace. Having filled it with tobacco he presented it to one of the Indians who seemed to be the Chief, and who looked for a time in amazement, but drawing a whiff or two passed it round the company, and it was apparent that he had nothing to fear. The Indians soon retired, as it was after midnight, and an old squaw who seemed to be the presiding genius of the place, threw down a few rags in one corner of the hut for his bed, and on these he lay till day dawned. An old Indian then pointed out the way to the settlement, and at eight o'clock in the morning, he found himself in the precincts of civilization, having no objections to accept an invitation to breakfast with even a doubtful friend, for twenty-four hours had elapsed since he tasted a morsel of food.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

There is a peculiarity in the hum attending a court of Common Pleas. It is rather overpowered and drowned by the crier's "Silence!" than interrupted. There seems to be a class of persons always in attendance who will talk. We stood near a couple of this class upon one occasion, who if not of the legal profession, had evidently been practitioners at the bar. We do not recollect how it came in, but one of the Attorneys probably speaking of the Sabbath, insisted that it was "*dies non*!" "What does he mean Bill?" enquired one of them. Bill replied with an air of perfect ease, "*Die a Snob!*" That is the Latin for a dead shoemaker."

Palestine.—Some of the leading British journals now propose that the Jews should be allowed to purchase the land of Palestine. As Turkey is in want of money this could be easily effected, and Great Britain would have a noble pretext for protecting them in their former country. For this purpose she would be obliged to hold Acre and one or two other strong points on the coast of Syria; and thus her darling policy would be maintained with the show of public expediency. Unless her present Government break faith with their Tory advisers, some very sound reason will be given for holding St. Jean de Acre, or else Gidrakar and Malta furnish no historical precedent.—*Baptist Advocate.*

Repartee.—An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of the words kept up by two ladies. One of them at last kindly enquired, if their conversation did not make his head ache—when he answered with a great deal of naïveté, "No madam, I have been married twenty eight years."

VARIETY.

THE JEWS' NEW YEAR.

The Jews believe that God created the world in September, or Tisri—that at the revolution of the same time yearly, he sitteth in judgement, and takes reckoning of every man's life, and pronounces sentence accordingly. The morning of the new year is proclaimed by the sound of a trumpet of a ram's horn to warn them that they may think of their sins. The day before they rise sooner on the morning and pray. When they have done in the Synagogue, they go to the graves, testifying that if God does not pardon them, they are like to the dead, and praying, that for the good works of the Saints, he will pity them, and there they give large sums in alms. After noon they shave, adorn, and bathe themselves, that they may be pure the next day, and in the water they make confession of their sins. The feast day begins with a cup of wine and New Year salutations; and on their tables there is a ram's head in remembrance of "That ram which was offered in Isaac's stead; and for this cause are the trumpets of ram's horns." Fish they eat to signify the multiplication of their good works; they eat sweet fruits of all sorts, and make themselves merry, as assured of forgiveness of their sins; and after meat they resort to some bridge to hurl their sins into the water; as it is written "He shall cast all our sins into the bottom of the sea." From this day to the tenth day, is a time of penance or Lent. See Purchas' Pilgrimage, published 1613, p. 174.

ELOQUENCE.

A young sprig of the law, just commencing practice in one of the southern states determined to make a bit in his "maiden speech," and thereby put the noses of his older contemporaries out of joint. He therefore volunteered in the case of a poor man who had been guilty of sticking a knife into one of his neighbor's hogs, and commenced his speech in the following manner:

"Your honor the judge, and gentlemen of the jury. While Europe is deluged in blood—while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties, and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded infidel to dust—while the chosen few of degenerate Iberia are waving their burnished swords in the sun light of liberty—while America is standing forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, arise to defend the cause of this humble hog-thief."

Another specimen of Ciceronian eloquence is still fresh in our memory. A committee man on the construction of a certain turnpike, once addressed a meeting in the following language:—

"Who among you, gentlemen, can mark the onward march of Internal Improvement without cherishing feelings of pride for the present glory of your country? The stupendous work now under construction, when completed, will be an additional star in the coronet of our nation's greatness—millions will admire the patriotism and enterprise of the citizens of—county; the hog trade with Kentucky will be secured which will be of immense benefit to this flourishing village which I can already picture as one of the proudest cities in the world! I therefore, gentlemen, motion that we appropriate an additional wheelbarrow and two shovels for the use of the workmen."

Handel.—Handel was a tremendous eater. Among other stories told of him, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered dinner for three; on receiving an answer to the question, "*Is de tinner ready?*" "As soon as the company come, sir," he said, *con strepito*, "I am de company bring up de tinner."

A Stinging Charge.—An able judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the Jury:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and the defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

A SIMPLE STORY.

THE following little story derives no interest from any surprising entanglements in the plot, or peculiar romance in the situations. It will, however, we trust, be found somewhat striking as a series of actual and recent occurrences in the life of an individual, while, as it chances, there is not wanting in its conclusion a pretty strong inference in favor of prudent and virtuous conduct.

In a small town, in a certain part of Scotland, there lived some time since a respectable writer or law-agent, whom we shall call Brydon, a widower, with a family of two daughters and one son, all of them grown up. Mr. Brydon, like many of his profession, kept up a respectable appearance in society, but in reality had nothing to depend upon except the current proceeds of his business. At his death, which took place rather unexpectedly, he left his daughters entirely dependent on the exertions of their brother, who had been trained to the pursuits of his parent's profession. But the son was not long in following the father to the grave, and the two girls were then without a friend or guide in the world. Necessity compelled them immediately to make an endeavor to support themselves by the use of their needles, and, to do them justice, they set about it attentively and ungrudgingly. The elder Miss Brydon, however, was of weakly constitution, and subject to frequent attacks of severe illness, so that the whole burden, almost, of their maintenance, fell on the younger sister, Margaret. She toiled incessantly; yet, let her do what she might, she was barely able to earn enough to procure the mere necessities of life, where its comforts were almost indispensable to the poor invalid. Whether the issue would have been otherwise or not under happier circumstances, it is impossible to say; but, as it was, the elder of the sisters continued to decline until she died.

Alone in the world, friendless and penniless, with a heart weighed down by these successive calamities in her once happy family, Margaret Brydon, then only eighteen years of age, struggled for some time longer to maintain herself in her native place. But she found it a difficult task to live upon sympathy, of which she received a sufficiency, although extremely little real assistance came in her way. At length she bethought her of a female relative in England, a cousin of her late father, and a person usually reported to be in wealthy circumstances. With this individual, it is true, Mr. Brydon had never kept up any correspondence, and had never mentioned her to his family but as a woman of rude manners and hard heart. Poor Margaret, nevertheless, thought that her destitute condition might awake pity even in the breast of such a being, supposing her to prove to be all that she had been represented. A journey to Nottingham, where this relative resided, was therefore resolved upon, and it was soon accomplished, as Margaret was not burdened with any great effects to render removal difficult.

For three months after her arrival in Nottingham, did Miss Brydon reside with her relative, whom she found to be all and more than her father had said. The old lady, if such a name should be given to her, had started in life as a house maid, coarse and uneducated, and had ended her career of service as the housekeeper of a nobleman, who at his death left her a considerable annuity to subsist upon in her latter days. Her original rudeness of character had only been aggravated by after-habits of petty domestic rule; and although she had asked Margaret to stay with her, she behaved subsequently with such unkindness, as to make life almost insupportable to the poor girl. Finally, a proposal made by an old woman, who added a keen love of money to her other qualities, that Miss Brydon should take upon herself the duties of house-servant at the coming term, brought matters to a point. "Heaven knows," said Margaret to herself, "that I am not unwilling to work! But if I am to maintain myself, I shall at least do it where I may have peace." The result was that another vicissitude took place in our heroine's condition. She sought one of the great manufacturing establishments of the town, and was fortunate enough to be employed in executing a particular kind of needle-work. She would have had it in her power to

work in private, but this could not be allowed in the circumstances. A considerable number of other girls were engaged in the same occasion in the establishment, and to their number Margaret joined herself. Happily, the remuneration for that variety of work was respectable in amount, and she was enabled to take a little lodging, and to keep herself above all fears of want.

For some time Miss Brydon, pursued her humble occupation without having her fate chequered by any new incident of importance. At length some circumstances occurred, which gave her at first a considerable degree of uneasiness. One of the numerous partners of the establishment, a gentleman in the prime of life, and who chanced frequently to come on business errands to the room where Margaret wrought, began to take particular and displeasing notice of her. She bore it in silence for a time, trusting that the fancy would be a passing one; but when on one occasion, he began to praise her in a way which females in good society are not accustomed to, she gently but firmly told him that "such language was disagreeable and painful to her," and begged "him, as he was a gentleman, to desist." Mr. Middleton, for such was the merchant's name, started, and stammered out an apology. He had never before heard the sound of Miss Brydon's voice, except in mere monosyllables, and he was surprised at the grace and breeding apparent in her manner and expression. "I—I beg pardon," he stuttered for the third or fourth time; as he retired. Margaret made no other reply than by a gentle inclination of her head.

Mr. Middleton did not, however, give up his visits to the work-room of Margaret and her companions. On the contrary, he came thither more frequently than ever, and it was still to the young Scotswoman that he directed his attention, though in a very different style from that used in former occasions. Still he found it very difficult to induce Miss Brydon to enter into conversation, or lay aside the retiring coldness which she had assumed at the first. But his respectable manner and address prevailed ultimately to a certain extent, and so far broke down the barrier of honorable and maidenly reserve as to make him aware that she was of good parentage, and well educated as well as sensible and intelligent. Things were in this state when Mr. Middleton became suddenly ill. He was subject to inflammatory attacks in the chest, and the occurrence of that complaint on this occasion made his friends alarmed lest consumption should follow. On this account he was ordered off, as soon as he could be moved, to Devonshire. Before he went thither however, he showed how deep was the impression which Miss Brydon had made on his mind, by sending a note to her in the following terms:—"Dear Miss Brydon, you will be aware that I have been ill. I should be the last person to desire that sorrow of any kind should fall to your lot, yet I confess that it would give me pleasure to know that you were sorry for me. I am advised to go for a time to the south of England. Will you permit me to write to you while I am absent?—Grant me but this; I do not ask you at present to write to me again. I am &c. Margaret returned an answer consenting to his request, and briefly expressing her regret for his illness.

While in Devonshire, Mr. Middleton wrote once or twice according to his proposition. He described the beautiful scenery of the Devon in his letters, spoke of the excellent effect produced on his health, and expressed a warm wish to be home again, hinting plainly at his resolution then to "ask a peculiar favor" from the reader of his epistles. But foreknowledge is a thing unknown to man. Before Mr. Middleton returned to Nottingham, Margaret had left it. Her close application to work had injured her health, and she found it absolutely necessary to allow herself some temporary relaxation. Fortunately, an invitation came to her about this time from one of the few friends with whom she maintained a correspondence in her native place. Margaret, took advantage of the opportunity and was in Scotland when Mr. Middleton arrived in Nottingham. He resolved to follow her, and assigning a desire for change of scene as the cause, took upon himself the commercial journey to the north, which had usually been performed for the house by a traveller.

In the course of this route he came to the native town of Miss Brydon. But he knew not the name of

the friend with whom she resided, nor could the people of the inn answer his inquiries on the point. He could only hope that chance might cast her in his way. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when, as he sat at the inn-parlour window, he saw Miss Brydon pass. He sprang up, and followed her. She was greatly surprised to see him. He walked with her a little way, and then entreated her to enter the inn with him, as he could not communicate to her on the street all that he wished to do. Margaret demurred. "My dear Miss Brydon," said the gentleman, "do not refuse me this. I will ask the landlady to be present with us. Your delicacy of feeling is too precious to me to be treasured upon by any act of mine." The young lady at length consented, and in the course of a few minutes longer she had given her promise to become the wife of Mr. Middleton.

The accepted lover of our heroine had to complete his commercial rounds, and it was settled that immediately after his return to Nottingham, he should send for his bride and present her to his friends. But Mr. Middleton only reached Nottingham to suffer another attack of his former complaint, and the first tidings which poor Margaret received from him were dated from Devonshire, whether he had again been sent. Instead of being summoned to a happy marriage, Miss Brydon was called upon by her betrothed to come instantly to England, that he might see her once again before he died. "Take any conveyance—four horses if necessary: think not of expenses, but come—come with speed." Such was the close of the letter. Margaret hesitated not a moment to comply with its demands. But the journey, however speedily performed was a long one, and she did not arrive until two hours after Mr. Middleton had breathed his last!

This was a serious trial for the poor girl. She was a being alone in the world: and just as the hope was held out to her of having strong support to lean upon—a strong arm to guide her for life—her prospects were at once and most painfully blighted. Her affection for Mr. Middleton had been of the temperate kind founded upon friendly and grateful esteem, but her regret was not the less sincere. She was, however, of that gentle and patient temperament, which makes no violent display of feeling, and, by bending, perhaps escapes in part the force of the blast. Her deceased lover had left a small sum to be delivered to her—all that his hurried illness left at his command—under the plea of paying her expenses in coming to him, and she received also an open letter, which it was his wish that she should present in person to his mother. This paper described the situation in which Margaret and he had stood, and requested Mrs. Middleton to be kind to her. After waiting with a tear her lover's new-made grave, Margaret slowly returned to Nottingham, ill at ease both in mind and body. The old lady did speak kindly to her when she called with the letter, and wished to see her again! But Miss Brydon had resolved to go back for a time to her native place, and there remain in quiet, till her mind had recovered from the late shock and her frame had renewed its exhausted strength.

She fulfilled her intention, and staid in Scotland for several months. Both her strength and spirits were gradually recruited; and well it was that the case stood so, as she saw no course before her but that of returning to daily toil. She was just hesitating in what field to resume her honest endeavors, when she met accidentally, at a friend's house, a lady from Nottingham, who, on learning her wish to get employment for her needle, pressed her anxiously to return to that town. "I know various establishments where I am sure I can procure you good employment at once." Margaret told the lady of her having been there before, but disclosed nothing further, as well from sensitiveness of feeling as from prudence. The issue was, that she accompanied the lady soon after to England. "I am certain," thought Margaret, "of making thee a peaceful living. Few can know my story; nor could they extract from it, if they did, anything to my disadvantage." With these thoughts Margaret again entered Nottingham, and her friend immediately set about getting an engagement for her. It has just been mentioned that she did not relate the particulars of her former stay in the town to the lady, nor had she told the names of her former employers. Strange to say, these were the very parties to whom the lady went, and from whom she obtained a promise of ample employ-

ment for the young Scotswoman. When she came to Miss Brydon, and told her that she would have for her masters the house of Boyle, Middleton & Co., our poor heroine was startled and stunned. But she soon regained her composure. "Why should I be unwilling to go there again?" she reasoned internally; "to be sure I might have borne a very different place—but it is silly to recall such thoughts. These people can know nothing of which I have reason to be ashamed. They will perhaps even be kinder to me than others might be. Yes, it will be weakness to refuse the offer." By exerting this quiet firmness of mind, Margaret gained the victory over the feelings at first awakened in her breast. She returned to work in the place where she had formerly been. In doing so, she was little aware of the happy consequences which were to follow therefrom.

The lady who brought Margaret to England did not rest satisfied with merely procuring work for her. She introduced her young protegee to all her friends, and, among others, caused her to meet the Middletons the mother and brothers of the late Mr. Middleton. Previously to this, Margaret had seen the necessity of informing the kind lady of her whole history, or rather gratitude had prompted the disclosure. The Middletons were very kind to the object of their late relative's affection. They even pressed her to come and reside with them, but Margaret preferred her honourable independence; and the only request she preferred to them was, that she should be allowed to work in private. Her conduct did not go unrewarded. It was the cause of attracting to her the especial notice of the younger Mr. Boyle, a junior partner of the house. He met her occasionally in the evenings, when her toil was done, at the house of her friend, and ultimately he made her an offer of his hand and fortune. It was accepted.

We are not now speaking of things of a musty date. Margaret Brydon's marriage was seen by us in the columns of a newspaper but a few days ago. We earnestly trust that her future career will be as happy as its commencement has been discreet, modest, and honorable.

CHARACTER.

"SAM SCOTT, THE AMERICAN DIVER."

A short paragraph in Saturday's paper announced the death of this bold and courageous second "Sam Patch." The following particulars are gathered from two or three London papers.

For nearly a week previous to the 11th of January, placards had been posted in the streets, stating that, on that day, Scott would take one of his extraordinary leaps from Waterloo bridge. It seems that he had first fixed on Southwark bridge as the scene of his daring exhibition, but the proprietors, fearing that a violent death would ensue, took measures to prevent it. At 2 o'clock, P. M., the hour specified in the bills circulated in the neighborhood, the steamboat pier, both sides of the river, and every spot which commanded a view of the scaffolding which had been erected on the side of the bridge adjoining Somerset-house, was crowded with spectators. By half-past two o'clock, that part of the bridge on which the scaffolding was erected was thronged by several hundreds of spectators, mostly of the lowest class; and to amuse them while a collection was made for his benefit, Sam began, as on a former occasion, to display his agility, and, amongst other feats, entertained the spectators with a mock execution. A rope, to one end of which was attached a slip-knot, was suspended from one of the cross-beams, or cross-poles. On the upper one the diver was seated, and having fastened the noose properly round his neck, jerked himself off into the air, intending to make use of the lower pole to assist him to regain his former position, after he had remained suspended for a short time. Twice was this feat repeated, and as often did he recover himself, after hanging in the air for a few moments, by the assistance of the lower pole. A third time was the daring attempt made, and a third time was he suspended by the neck in the air. The rope came down lower than was intended, and after hanging for some minutes, his face began to grow black,

and it was evident to most persons that strangulation had commenced, although many, from his former successful manœuvres, thought this was only a still more daring exhibition of his skill. But a few minutes had elapsed when the diver's frame became suddenly agitated by an apparently thrilling motion, and after a shudder, which was distinctly seen by all the spectators, a death-like stiffness pervaded the limbs and the whole body. The immense crowd became alarmed—they cried, "he is dead," "he is dying," "cut him down!"

The scene that followed is indelible: a rush was made towards the scaffolding, and it was almost impossible for any one to near it. At last Sergeant Thompson forced his way, and some men being sent up the scaffolding, the rope was loosened, and the body lowered down, but life was entirely gone. Some surgeons who were in the crowd opened the temporal artery, but it availed nothing, and he was ultimately taken in a cart to the Charing cross Hospital.

The following account of Scott and his extraordinary feats is from a letter of a correspondent of the Evening Chronicle:

"This man was born at Philadelphia, in the United States, and was in his 28th year. He was about five feet seven inches in height, of slender make, and appeared at least twelve years older than he really was. His penchant for swimming and diving displayed itself at a very early age. He had served on board English and American frigates, and his skill and dexterity as a seaman, his bravery, and general good conduct, would have secured him promotion in either service, if he had not abandoned a naval life and become a mountebank, to please the depraved taste of mobs. Notwithstanding the multitudes he always collected to witness his singular feats, and his great popularity, his remuneration seldom exceeded a few shillings, except on two occasions, when he exhibited off the custom-house, when £4 was collected on one occasion, and about £3 on the other."

His performances were of a most daring and singular kind; and, as he contrived to dodge death by a mere hair's breadth for a long time, the eagerness of the mob to see how far he could go and not kill himself, became intense. He once saved the life of a beautiful child in the Bay of Biscay, for which noble act the father, a General in the British army, frequently assisted him by donations of money. Scott asserted before his death, that he jumped off a place below the Falls of Niagara, a height of five hundred and ninety-seven feet! Whether this be true or false, he has leaped from a cliff at Port Isaac, in Cornwall, three hundred and forty-seven feet high, into the sea; he has also leaped from Bangor bridge, the highest in this country, two hundred and ten feet high, and has often, within a few months, jumped from the top gallant masts of English and American ships into the Thames.

Scott commenced his exhibitions four months ago at Gravesend; and after remaining there a week, proceeded to Perfleet, thence to Blackwall, and intended working his way up the river to Oxford. He once jumped off Bangor bridge into the water below, and from the cliffs at Port Isaac, in Cornwall. Last summer he was about to precipitate himself from the cliffs at Broadstairs, but a humane gentleman interfered, and gave him two sovereigns not to attempt the leap. Scott has visited all the principal watering places and ports in England, and expressed his intention of making a tour of the remainder during the next summer. He never appeared much affected by his immersion in the water on the coldest day; and it was his custom to swallow a single glass of rum after he came out of the river, dress himself, and then smoke a pipe. He was never married, and he has been heard to say that he has not a single relative in this country, and that the many stories of his wife and sister having performed similar feats, and of their offering to swim from Blackwall to London bridge, were fictitious. Scott was regardless of the height from which he precipitated himself into the water, and he has frequently leaped from the main-top-gallant-masts of line-of-battle ships, frigates, and East-Indiamen, and frequently declared that he had no objection to leap from the gallery of the monument on Fish street hill, if eight feet of water were sunk below it. In swimming and diving he perhaps excelled any man that ever lived, and his feats in the water were very extraordinary.

MISCELLANY.

INTERESTING CASE.

The D'Hautville and Barry cases have excited a great deal of public attention, and the decisions seem to have given very general satisfaction.* In both cases there were disagreement and separation between husband and wife, and the point to be adjudicated was, which of the parents should have the custody of an infant child. The highest courts of Pennsylvania and New York, have decided that the mother may retain the child. In connection with these decisions the N. Y. Times and Star gives the following interesting narrative:

Major W. on the Hudson river, a man of fortune, but with peculiar notions of matrimony, and very much in favor of bringing up a wife to the hand, undertook to educate a country girl, who in due time, he married. There was, notwithstanding all his caution, 'an uncongeniality of temper,' which rendered the parties unhappy, and a separation and finally a divorce was the result; the lady continued to reside in the Highlands, while the Major and an infant daughter emigrated to the south, where he soon again married. Dying in a few years, he directed by will that his daughter should be conveyed to Vermont to be educated by a certain clergyman. Her step mother accordingly carried her to that State, in a secret manner, unknown to her mother, who, after many painful inquiries, finally discovered her abode. With the aid of friends, she devised a plan to possess herself of the child. A farmer in the neighborhood espoused her cause, and called in one day, as if by accident, to see the clergyman, who had a large family of his own. In fondling with the children, this girl, then about seven years old, came in for a share of his attention, and he remarked, 'why, this seems to be a stranger.' 'Yes,' said the clergyman, 'she is an adopted child.' The farmer having ascertained her abode to a certainty, invited the whole family to a party the next evening, where carriages were procured, and the mother bore off her daughter, hotly pursued, to the lines, by a numerous party. She arrived safe with the child on the banks of the Hudson, and in a short time the step-mother, the clergyman, and gentleman learned in the law appeared and sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*.

On the return of the writ, the case was to be argued before the Chancellor, a man as eminent for legal abilities as he ever has been for good sense and the excellent qualities of his heart. He thought the case a curious one, with some embarrassing circumstances, if not legal difficulties, and before the writ was returnable, he rehearsed the particulars to his wife, who, in a summary manner, said, 'My dear, I hope you won't take the child from its mother.' 'Tut, tut,' said he playfully, 'my dear, don't attempt to influence the Chancellor—nor decide the case without a hearing—that's contempt of court.' The hint, however, was not lost upon him. When the day arrived, he repaired to his chambers, and there found the mother, the child, the mother-in-law, the clergyman, several friends and legal gentlemen, of the highest eminence, with piles of law books and bundles of papers, tied with red tape, and all the preparations of a protracted debate. After salutations were over, the Chancellor called the little girl to him—placed her on his knees—played with her hair, and patted her cheeks, until the child felt quite at ease and sociable. 'What is your name my dear?' 'Mary.' 'Ah: quite a pretty name; and how old are you?' 'Seven years, sir.' 'Well, Mary, my dear, tell me who you would like to live with.' 'With my mother,' said the child. The Chancellor, taking her from his knee, and setting her on her feet exclaimed, 'There, my child, go to your mother. Gentlemen, the case is decided; the child prefers remaining with her mother.'

[We copy the above article, more as an interesting incident, than from any disposition of acquiescing in the principle laid down, which we not only believe to be wrong in the present case, but fraught with danger, as a precedent. When a man's child is taken from him, it should be done from other considerations, than to gratify the fastidious taste of a lady who wishes to separate from an amiable man, because their is "not a congeniality of feeling" between them.—Ed. R. & J.]

THE OAK.

Naturalists estimate the natural life of the Oak tree at from 300 to 400 years. One was felled in England many years since, which was judged to be 300 years old. It was perfectly sound and contained 634 cubic feet of timber in the trunk. One writer expresses his belief that there are trees which have been above three thousand years in existence!

To the provident care of the squirrel in laying up his winter stock of food, it has been thought our woodlands are much more indebted than will at first be thought possible. A person observing a squirrel sitting upon the ground under an oak, had the curiosity to watch his motion, and saw the animal several times ascend the tree and descend with an acorn each time in his month, which after digging a hole in the ground he carefully deposited, and covered it with earth. In this way probably many acorns are planted which the squirrel never has occasion to reclaim, and thus a continued growth of the oak is kept up by the help only of this little animal.

Curious Relic.—It will be remembered, that on the capture of the Chinese Island Chusan in July last there was taken by the British, among the spoils of war, a brass cannon, a six pounder, bearing an inscription showing it to have been made in 1601, by Richard Philips. It is supposed that this gun was sent to China by Queen Elizabeth as a present. It appears from certain records that Richard Philips was one of the Royal gunfounders during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, and a record has been found of the casting of a gun by Philips in 1601 which answers to the description of that taken at Chusan. No other gun of the kind is known to have been cast in that year. It is supposed that the gun is the oldest of its kind in existence.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos, prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

TAXES.—Perhaps there is no evil existing in this community which requires reform, so much, as the present oppressive and cruel system of collecting our yearly taxes. Upon the propriety or justice of a tenant laboring one third of the year for his landlord, or the tacit consent given by a tenant to submit to any assessment which may be put upon him, for the improvement or benefit of another's property, are not questions which we are going to discuss at this time. Our present object, is, to invite attention to two crying evils, of the present tax system, which can be ameliorated, but which never will, until the PEOPLE take the matter into their own hands. The evils which we allude to, are 1st—the *unreasonable time*, in which our city taxes are collected; and 2d, the *oppressive exclusiveness* in which the law is at present construed.

The taxes should be collected in the Summer. At that time all classes, have employment, and the means of living is nearly one third less than in winter, exclusive of the heavy tax for fuel, which bears so heavily on the poor. We never could see any good reason why the taxes should be collected in winter, other than the additional misery it brings on those whose burthens are full heavy enough already. It has been said, that it would be inconvenient for the country towns. If this is the case, let the law be so altered as to meet the necessities of one class, and the convenience of the other. By the way, however, we should think the country towns might waive any little inconvenience on this point, when the city suffers an unequal and oppressive tax for their particular interest.

The second evil we complain of, is the barbarity, very often practised in the collection of a tax, which we think is not warranted by the spirit of the law, hard as it is, by any liberal construction. A collector, when he receives his warrant, is directed to collect the assessment on the inhabitant of such premises; and in case of neglect or refusal, he is empowered to levy and distrain on the goods and chattels of the occupant, and in case no personal property is to be found, then he is to make his return as provided by law. It is the opinion, we understand of an eminent lawyer of this city, and common sense would seem to carry out the conclusion, that a collector has *no right*, under the polity which governs civil transactions, or the laws which should ever influence humanity, to levy or distrain on any article which the law exempts on an ordinary execution. For if the law takes away the means of a man's keeping his household together, by the same statute book, the poor master is compelled to take such family and provide for their destitution in the Alms House which, is supported in fact by the same taxes, of which the "goods and chattels" of the man before us were a part! This would be the extreme of folly, and the law in its wisdom, never contemplated so great an inconsistency.

During the past season, we have taken some little pains to ascertain a few of the peculiar hardships, among the many which at present exist. The collectors feel themselves bound, by their construction of the law to make no exception to its very letter which says take all. Hence, in one instance, a widow with two or three children had her goods sold to pay some trifling tax, and the proceeds of the sale was less than one dollar. In Heaven's mercy! can the law contemplate such an outrage? In another case, the stove in which a woman was cooking a meal was taking down; the fire scattered, the chair on which she was sitting taken from her, her bed rolled up, and all the means she had to keep from perishing, was carted away "according to law." Again, a man with a large family, who by the dint of the most extreme pinching, had been enabled to supply himself with a little meat, had it taken from him and sold. We could cite many cases of similar hardship, but time will not admit of it. We do not intend by these facts, to cast censure on the collectors of the city. They as a body, probably have as much of the "milk of human kindness" in their composition, as usually falls to others. They do what they conceive to be their duty; and it cannot be expected that they will pay the tax for another, however onerous it may be. We complain of the law which suffers a tenant to be assessed under any circumstances, on property not his own, and we bitterly complain, of the barbarity and inhumanity of any law, which will wrest the last stick from the desolate hearth, or the last loaf from the famishing mouths of a helpless widow and her children.

We are aware of the argument used by landlords—that if they have to pay the tax, they will add it to the rent. Be it so. This can make no difference to the tenant who is able, but it makes a very material difference to him or her, who by some unforeseen dispensation of Providence, may be reduced to the extreme of penny and want. We shall resume this subject, another time.

CELESTE.—The N. Y. Standard says, the bill to divorce Henry Elliot from his wife Celeste, who is now in Europe, was taken up in the House of Delegates, Maryland, on the 25th inst., and rejected by an almost unanimous vote.

THE OLD STATE HALL.—It may not be generally known, that on the removal of the State officers into the new State Hall, which is to take place in the course of a few months, the old building is to be altered for that purpose and is to be made the depot of the numerous and varied collections made by the scientific corps, having in charge the geological survey of the State.—Those collections comprise specimens in mineralogy, botany and natural history, carefully prepared, and properly arranged. We have reason to believe that the collections are full in each department, and they without doubt will constitute an object of interest and curiosity. The developements already made of the hitherto unknown resources of our State have far more than repaid the comparative trifling cost of the survey.

OPPOSITION.—We observe that it is the intention of the proprietors of several of the Hudson River Steam Boats to charge but one dollar for the transit of passengers, between the cities of Albany and New York, during the coming season. It is exceedingly to be regretted that an arrangement can not be made between the parties beligerent, to the end, that they may be enabled to receive an adequate return for the immense expenditures which they incur in the construction of their unequalled boats. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that the community in general are benefited by a low fare; on the contrary, it is an absolute evil, as it is an inducement to many to travel and neglect their business, who would otherwise stay at home. Its evils are manifold, and we might fill a page in reprehending them but we fear it would be without avail.

So huzza, for low fare, crowded cabins—shocking bad suppers, and its other concomitants.

THE MECHANICS of this city, have again had a numerous meeting on the subject of the odious state prison monopoly, and have passed resolutions expressive of their feelings on the subject. There can be no doubt but the present unjust system should be abolished, and some other substituted; but whether the present legislature will give the relief which is asked for, is rather doubtful to our minds, judging from past applications. There however is a way in which the evil can be reached, if the mechanics of the state will prove true to themselves,—act with firmness, and *unitedly*. If the present legislature will give them no relief, let a mechanics Association be formed in each town and county of the state, without party or sect—let their grievances be laid before the community, intelligently and respectfully—let each town association bring every mechanic possibly within its direct influence, and by delegates from each town, concentrate the rule of action to be observed, in a county association. Let the county Association require the *positive and public pledge* of each candidate, for the Legislature, that the monopoly shall be abolished. If the candidates of both political parties, give the pledge desired, than the voter is to be left to his individual preferences. But if the candidates of one party subscribe to the principles required, and the other refuses; their individual preferences should be laid on the altar of the object proposed to be accomplished. If the mechanics of the state of New York, will unite on some such course as is suggested and which undoubtedly could be improved, if next fall does not return a legislative body that will turn an ear to their just demands—why, we will consent to print papers at the convict price, all the days of our life.

"PUBLIC OPINION."—Our Trojan neighbors or their friends, certainly deserve credit for their industry.—Witness the following from the Argus, which the editor says is from a respectable citizen of Geneva.

"It may be proper that Albanians should know that liberal prices are given for signers to a remonstrance against the Albany Bridge. I am credibly informed that a young man made five dollars procuring names last Friday. Indeed, it is currently reported that four cents per signature is the going price."

PROFESSOR BRONSON.—It will be perceived by the advertisement in another column, that Proff. Bronson has consented by particular desire, to continue his stay among us for two weeks longer. Perhaps, no better evidence can be given of the estimation in which Proff. B. is held among us, than is to be found in the universal desire on the part of our most respectable citizens, to have him repeat select portions of his Readings and Recitations. It is truly an intellectual treat.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO OF THE CREATION.—This sublime composition of its immortal author was performed at West Troy on Tuesday evening last. A correspondent informs us there was a deplorable deficiency in the instrumental accompaniment, but the solos and chorusses, were executed with great judgment and effect. Eve in particular was sung most sweetly, and will be long remembered with pleasant sensations, by a numerous audience who were in attendance.

GEOLOGY.—Proff. Hall has just concluded a course of lectures on this important and interesting subject. The attendance was not so numerous as it should have been, but those who did attend express themselves in terms of the most unqualified approbation, and at the close of the course united in the passage of resolutions declaratory of their gratification.

A counterfeit red back \$5, on the Bank of Syracuse, is in circulation. It is well executed, except that the engravers' names, "Rawdon, Wright & Hatch" are printed "Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, New-York."

The "Fancy Sketch" of our correspondent B. W. would, we fear, be so much above the comprehension of our readers, that we must deprive ourselves of the pleasure of publishing it. There is an occasional gleam of poetic merit about it; and if the "fayre ladye" (are we right) will try again, perhaps her next effort will be better.

LOOK OUT.—The Bills of the Union Bank, at Buffalo, are no longer redeemed, by their agent in this city.

Intelligence.

SHIPWRECK AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—The following singular and affecting narrative is extracted from a letter to a lady in the city of New York, from one of the American missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, published in the Commercial Advertiser.

Hana Maui, Sandwich Islands, July 21, 1840.

We have just returned from our general meeting at Honolulu. Our passage was made in a canoe to Lahaiu, a distance of 80 miles, a perilous undertaking, for the sea was high, and fearfully threatening our little bark. From this place we obtained a passage in the King's vessel to Honolulu; we had a pleasant meeting with our friends.

About the time of our leaving home, a sorrowful providence occurred. The brethren at Honolulu, fearing that we would not venture upon a canoe, ep-

gaged a vessel, which was to go to Hawaii for Mr. Lyons, and to call on its return and take us. The vessel made its passage to Hawaii, and when near its place of destination was capsized and lost. All on board, consisting of thirty souls, were drowned except our. These seemed to be miraculously preserved to tell the sad tale of the fate of their companions.

When the accident occurred they were near the shore, but the wind and current were against them, and thinking it vain to attempt to reach Hawaii, they congregated themselves upon the rolling billows, and there together in their distress offered up their supplications to Him who alone could preserve them from the threatening deep.

They attempted to swim to Kahoolura, some thirty miles on the opposite side of the channel. One man and his wife took a covered bucket and tied to their bodies, and in this way swam until the bucket came to pieces. The female swam for some time, but on turning she saw her husband becoming too weak to support himself. She stopped and rubbed him until he could proceed. They went on until Kahoolura was full in sight; he then became too feeble to proceed without assistance, and supported himself by holding to the long hair of his wife's head. In this way she rowed him for some time; his hand soon let go the hold, and she tried in vain to rouse him. She told him he must pray—he commenced, but only uttered a few words. She put his arms around her neck—held him with one hand, and made for the shore. When within about half a mile from the shore, she found he was dead, and she was compelled to let go her hold to support herself. They had then been in the water about thirty hours. When she landed she was three days before she saw a human being, and was without food. At last some fishermen found her, and conveyed her to the village, where she is now in good health. The captain of the vessel was a foreigner, and could swim but little; his wife saved herself by the assistance of an oar. The others disappeared from time to time, until all perished but the four.

TEXAS.—The Austin Sentinel of the 30th ult. in speaking of their relations with Mexico says.

"We rejoice to communicate to our fellow citizens the gratifying intelligence that a convention with England has been ratified by the Senate, by which the British government has agreed to mediate effectually with Mexico, and it is probable that within a very few weeks an armistice will be agreed upon, by which hostilities will be suspended for six months, with a view to a complete pacification between the two countries. If Mexico shall accept the mediation of England, this armistice will take effect within thirty days after the Mexican government is notified of the convention by the British minister in Mexico. As the despatches of Lord Palmerton relating to this subject have already been forwarded from Galveston, we may expect intelligence from Mexico relative to the armistice about the first of March."

Cure for Hydrophobia.—A French paper states that the bite of a mad dog, whether given to the human or brute creation, may be cured by frequently washing the part with new salt water and taking for nine or ten successive days a new laid egg, beat up with some oil of olives and calcined oyster shells, fried in a pan.

Married.

On Thursday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Schneller. Mr. Dennis Maher, to Miss Isabella Kelley, all of this city.

In Troy, on the 22nd ult., by the Reverend Mr. Cookson, Mr. Alfred White, to Mrs. Martha Rockwell.

On the 17th ult., Mr. Duncan McDonald, of Schenectady, to Miss Rachel Lansing, daughter of Christopher H. Lansing, of Watervliet.

DIED.

At New Brunswick, N. J., on Friday the 26th February, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Dr. Lewis C. Beck, Mrs. Ann Eliza Tallmadge, widow of the late John S. Tallmadge, and daughter of Israel Smith of Albany, aged 39 years.

In Franklin, Mo. Mrs. Virginia Brown, 39. At St. Louis, Mo. Hiram Moss, of Conn. Also at the

same place Eliza M. wife of Major W. C. Anderson. In Watervliet, Rosanna, wife of Peter Bassett, 23. At Providence, R. I. Capt. Joseph Gonsolve, 62. In Florida, Orange co. Benj. J. Seward, eldest brother of Gov. Seward, aged 46. In Cumberland, Md. Wm. Johnson, 96. At Sag Harbor Nathaniel Robbins, 62. At St. Anne, L. C. Cleveland Blyth, M. D. aged 70. At Honsedale, Pa. the mother of George R. Davis, of Troy, 75. At Lansingburgh, Nohel Atwood 70.

In New Orleans, Jesse P. Palmer, formerly of Troy 32. At Galway, Capt. Stephen Swan, 69.

On Wednesday, last, Catherine, daughter of Henry Edick, in the 6th year of her age.

At New York, Thomas C. Coit, of the firm of Clark & Coit. Eliza, wife of Samuel Dayton. Julius Davis, 32. Miss Margaret Switzer, 62. Caleb D. Haviland, 48. Susan, wife of Henry Striker, 33. Margaret L. wife of Elijah Blakeman, 28. Catherine wife of John Newhouse, 41.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) March 6.

The performance to commence with the Comedy of the
DUMB BELLE.

After which a variety of daring and interesting feats in the Circle, by Messrs. Madigan and Aymar.

Songs by Mrs. Hood, and Mr. Plumer.

Mr. Howes and Pupil will be introduced, and go through their astonishing performances.

The whole to conclude with the pantomime of

DAME TROT.

For particulars see small bills.

Doors open at 6, performance to commence a 1-4 before 7.

Admittance—Boxes 50 cts. Pit 25 cents.

Equestrian director, Mr. Nedham; Stage manager, Mr. Jackson; Clowns, Messrs. May and Knapp.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollon Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Washington Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	3d Monday ev o month.
Onida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones at N. Y.	Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Coxsack	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
Joel D. Smith Castleton	J H McMahon Memphis Tenn
James Teft Coxsack	James A Miller Mobile
Stephen T. Leggett Troy	U L Cope jr Savannah
S. D. Smith Lansingburgh	A G Davis Portsmouth Ohio
Joseph Blackburn Poughkeepsie	D M Sheffield Tallahassee
John S. West West Greenfield	A S Fisher Columbus Miss
Ebenezer M. Batavia	Jacob Nichols Wellburg Va
Blanchard Powers Cowlesville	Richard B Dallen St Louis Mo
James Cavanagh Watertown	H Coiman Liberty Mo
Myron L. Burrill Lockport	George Fisher Houston Texas
R Vary Fort-duno	O Hughes Paris Ky
E W Northrop Le Roy	Dr J A Whitstone Washington Ala
Lewis S Delaplain Wheeling Va	

ELOCUTION AND MUSIC.—Four evenings only. Reading and Recitations, Descriptive, Sentimental, Didactic, Patriotic, Moral Amusing and Tragical, illustrative of Mental and Vocal expression, in the Chapel of the Female Academy, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at eight o'clock. Professor Bronson by particular desire, will give the following series of Select Readings and Recitations; (to which others will be added); interspersed with occasional Remarks on Oratory and Music; commencing Tuesday Evening, March 9th, at 8 o'clock, assisted by Mr. Christian, who will sing several times during the evening; the whole constituting a session of Concerts of Oratory and Music.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

'TIS NOT THE CARES.

'Tis not the cares of outward life,
The busied scenes of doubt and strife,
That damp the spirit's fire:
These serve to make the gem appear,
To throw aside its rustic gear,
And burnish its attire.

'Tis not the hardships, not the woes,
Not the trem'ling spleen of foes,
That gives the pulse a chill:
These we meet, and onward pass,
And scarce distinguish in the mass,
A sov'reign ill!

'Tis when the heart has lost the spell
Of something it has lov'd too well,
In homage bent before:
Then death makes true each troub'ling doubt
Of time, and blows ambition out
From all the future's store.
Albany, Feb 27, 1840.

C.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE HOUR OF PEACE.

There is an hour of sacred peace
By angels blessed, by saints revered;
An hour when sorrow's wailings cease,
And sad complainings are unheard.

There is an hour when man may steal
From faithless friend, from Godless foes;
And in his bosom calmly feel,
The healing cordial of repose.

B. B. B.

From the Troy Budget.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE JAMES GORDON BROOKS.—
The mortal remains of the late JAMES G. BROOKS were
consigned to the tomb on Monday. As we looked for
the last time upon the corpse of our departed friend,
the following beautiful and pathetic stanzas of his
were brought to mind, and we re-publish them. They
are among the best of the many truly good produc-
tions that emanated from his polished mind and pen:

THE LAST SONG.

BY THE LATE J. G. BROOKS.

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
Again its lonely numbers pour;
Then let the melancholy strain
Be hushed in death for evermore.
For evermore, for evermore,
Creative fancy, be thou still;
And let oblivious Lethe pour
Upon my lyre its waters chill.

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
Then be its fitful chords unstrung,
Silent as is the grave's domain,
And mute as the death mouldered tongue,
Let not a thought of memory dwell
One moment on its former song;
Forgotten, too, be this farewell.
Which plays its pensive string along!

Strikes the wild harp yet once again!
The saddest and the latest lay;
Then break at one its strings in twain,
And they shall sound no more for aye:
And hang it on the cypress tree,
The hours of youth and song have passed,
Have gone, with all their witchery;
Lost lyre! these numbers are thy last.

From the N. Y. Standard.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Oh! why this weakness! Is there nought
By which the mind to virtue brought,
Can crush the tyrant who enchains,

Its spirit with unnumbered pains!
Have we no haven, whence to glide?
No anchor in the impetuous tide?
Like vessels to the whirlpool borne,
We hope, but never can return!

And this is life—a vale of gloom
E'en darker than the rayless tomb;
Upon the face of which there falls
No kindly light. Thus, being palls,
And feeling, sense, and every part
Of that which live, is but a dart
To pierce more deeply in the soul,
And wound, where we have least control.
And yet we live—and still the light
That o'er the world shines gay and bright,
Reveals not our sad gloom to those
Who see us as in sweet repose.
They do not mark the tearful eye,
Nor see, half masked, the hectic dye;
They think the hours strong in mirth,
Nor dream the cause that gives it birth.

So let it be—with conscious pride
We may one term of years abide;
And joy, that in affliction's night
Within ourselves there shines a light
Of such celestial hue, that they
Who dwell within its lingering ray,
E'en think it ever free and bright,
And not a sequence of the night.

It is affection's beam—and ye,
Whate'er in life your lot may be,
Who think that Love is but a dream
Of some wild fancy—ye who seem
To view life's pageants as they go,
As the sole antidotes to woe,
Will sadly grieve, when these have passed,
To find such gems were not amassed.

Without this light we could not live;
No fountain could to us then give
A cooling draught for parching thirst,
Or quench the fires that inward burst;
No sparkling vapors could ascend
And cool the brow; that does suspend
The essence of our inward grief,
And give the fevered pulse relief.

Oh! 'tis the only gift we know,
From which sweet streams of comfort flow.
It is a mother to our grief
Who by kind words oft gives relief;
Who, when we're bowed by every care,
Still takes from us a weighty share;
And lightened thus, we trusting live,
And to Despair a respite give.

F. S. M., U. S. A.

WHY DO WE LOVE.

I often think each tottering form,
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine.
And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing, when the blushing boy
First thrills at woman's lovely glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passions, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale, before or since:
Yes, they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight penned, in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
Of maids more fair than modern maids:

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kissing on a blushing cheek—
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
For modern lips to give or speak;
Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,

And charms—that all have passed away,
And left them—*what we see them now!*
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must Youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are Love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus!
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us!

Of that one being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur.
To all she said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy when far from her;
If that one form which we adore,
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers and is seen no more—
Why do we love, if love be vain?

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Brethren.—We have been witnesses of the effects of one of the most extraordinary delusions in regard to our Institution, which in any land or age have tried its strength or durability.

That jealousies and fear of an Institution every where conducted on liberal principles, should have excited a spirit of opposition in arbitrary or tyrannical governments have never surprised us; but when our Order was attacked in our own land, and the people our own neighbors and friends, were excited by false, malicious, and absurd accusations against it; when we saw families disturbed, societies convulsed, and individuals of eminent virtue and station denounced and persecuted, we deplored the folly and fanaticism of our enemies, and sought by patience, and quiet and orderly deportment to assuage the bitterness of our revilers, and to turn the hearts of our misguided accusers. We knew that our Institution was devised in wisdom for the improvement of society in every land, and could not long be left as a mark for the scorn and derision of demagogues and fanatics, nor remain an object of terror to the well disposed.

The delusion has passed away—there has been a redeeming spirit in the midst of the storm—a spirit of inquiry after truth, which has wrought out for us a vindication, and fixed it in the popular mind. Once more our Order has free course, and has resumed its place as the medium of union, friendship, and kind offices amongst 'good men' of every rank, station, party, sect, and profession in the land. What we could not do when compelled to defend ourselves against the ingenious assaults of an organized and reckless faction, we can do now; we can take high ground; we can place our Institution in its true position; we can openly declare its principles to attentive hearers, and verify our declarations by the testimony of the greatest, the purest, the best beloved and venerated men, whose names adorn the brightest pages of our country's history. We have in our power to shew, that so far as Freemasonry from having a tendency to corrupt the morals, weaken the faith, impede the justice, contract the soul, or relax the patriotism of its votaries, our country stands indebted for a large portion of its welfare, honor, and security to the members of our Fraternity.

This high position it is my intention to maintain by a work which I propose to publish, if sustained by the approbation and aid of the Fraternity to the necessary extent.

To test this, I offer the following plan for the publication of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States.

To place the work within the reach of every member of the Fraternity, it will be published in numbers, in the imperial Octavo form, at periods of one or two months, at 50 cents a number, payable on delivery, and will extend as is supposed, to about fifty numbers, forming five large volumes. Each number will contain three Portraits engraved on steel, and occasionally other illustrations, with biographies written expressly with reference to the Masonic character and acts of each subject's, (so far as materials can be obtained,) as well as to his private life. For the fidelity, accuracy and beauty of the work, the responsibility will rest alone on the editor and proprietor.

JAMES HERRING, Grand Secretary of the

Grand Lodge of the State of New York.
Extract from the minutes of the Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, Dec. 1st, A. L. 5840.

"The Grand Secretary then asked permission to present the prospectus of a work which he contemplated publishing, under the title of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States. The proposed Address to the Fraternity and the prospectus were then read; whereupon the following Resolution was unanimously adopted."

"Resolved.—That this Grand Lodge highly approve of the proposed work of the Rt. W. G. Secretary, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons,' and recommend it to the patronage of the Fraternity."

In Kiss Chapter, of the State of New York, Feb. 3d, 5841.

"Resolved.—That the Grand Chapter of the State of N. York, do approve of the work proposed by our M. E. Companion James Herring, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons,' and while they commend it to the support of the Fraternity, to give to the author free access to the Records and Archives of this Grand Chapter, for such information on our Masonic History as may be necessary for his work."

Extract from the minutes.

JOHN O. COLE, Grand Secretary.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

[VOL. H—NO. 28.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS.

Delivered in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hordinsburgh Ky., before Breckinridge Lodge, No. 67 on the 26th day of December, 1840. Celebrated as the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist.

BY JAMES G. HASWELL.

Friends and Brothers:—This is a day of rejoicing, of praise, and of thanksgiving, to the great Supreme Architect of the Universe, and Author of our existence. Through his mercy and loving kindness we are once more permitted to assemble ourselves together, as a lodge, as friends, and as brethren, in this tabernacle of the most High. And how can we enter this Temple erected and dedicated to God, without being deeply impressed with the feelings of solemnity. Without feeling that whatever is uttered on this occasion, should be in strict accordance with those truths which are so oft repeated here for the good of mankind. Without feeling that in the exercises of this hour there is a responsibility resting upon us. We trust that we feel this responsibility, and we come supported by the reflection, that the cause in which we are engaged, is the cause of virtue, the cause of religion, and it is the cause of God.

Brethren, surrounded as we are by those who are more competent to the task; we feel a great degree of diffidence in attempting to act the part of your organ on this occasion, in commemorating the virtues of one whose whole life exhibited a true devotion to the doctrines revealed from Heaven—in which are embodied the principles of Masonry.

As we have not been qualified by education for a speaker, we have not followed it as a profession. And having had but little experience in public assemblies, we feel at best, ill qualified, to discharge the duties which this day devolves upon us. The subject upon which we are about to address you, is a very important one:—and should engage the attention of every Mason, no matter upon what part of earth's surface he may be located. And that should be our theme, which concerns in some degree: the highest, best, and dearest interests of man; his well-being here, and eternal happiness hereafter. Feeling very sensibly our inability to point out with clearness and precision, that path which leads to the highest, and most glorious attainments in the scale of happiness: we cannot but regret that the task of addressing you had not fallen to the lot of a more able and experienced speaker. On this subject however, we come clothed with all the panoply of truth; and we shall attempt to address you in naught but its plain language. And if the sentiments expressed, are not clothed with all the beauties of oratory; or the ideas advanced, arranged according to the most approved method; we still hope that some observations will meet with your approbation, though they be dressed in the simple attire of truth, unadorned by oratorical embellishments.

It may be rationally presumed, that all who are present on this occasion, are fully acquainted with the design of this festival. It is one peculiar to our order, and has been held sacred by all genuine Masons, ever since its institution.

The history of every nation is fraught with eras, and events, of peculiar importance; which extend their influence to succeeding ages and generations, and which are fondly commemorated by latest posterity.—The ancients often celebrated the virtues, and recounted in song the heroic deeds of their ancestors; thus encouraging each other to the imitation of their virtues. In the history of modern times, almost every day of the revolving year is presented as the anniversary of something memorable which befel our forefathers;—and is remembered by us, their sons with joy, or with

sorrow. And though the celebration of this day, is calculated, to carry our minds back to an early age in antiquity; yet the virtues of our Patron are recorded in the book of God: and we commemorate his virtues, and remember his name with joy, and not with sorrow. Feeling assured, that he has a seat at the right hand of the great Grand Master on high: there to be the subject of his favors and blessings throughout an ever during eternity. This teaches us that we too must die, and that all things earthly must decay and crumble into dust. It also teaches us another important lesson, and this is consoling, that if we live righteously and Godly in this present world; we shall not only receive the praise of all good men, but we shall ultimately receive, the approbation of our Father who art in Heaven.

We celebrate this as the natal day of St. John, the Evangelist; and the return of it, is hailed by every true Mason, as a time of rational rejoicing, and holy remembrance. We have met as a band of brothers, to commemorate the virtues, and to deck the mausoleum of him, who taught mankind the doctrines of Heavenly inspiration, and whose whole life was devoted to the service of the most High! After the lapse of ages, we still have before us the inspired writings of our exalted patron; through the dark ages of superstition and idolatry, they were as a beacon-light, guiding all those who would follow them, safely through the labyrinthian mazes of heathenish darkness, to the resplendent light of the gospel soon to shine in all its brilliancy throughout the habitable earth. The doctrines taught by St. John and his contemporaries, are now high in the ascendant, of all doctrines received from a fallible source; the prophecies are hastening to their fulfillment, and all heathen nations will soon receive that universal light, (emanating from the throne of God,) though the instrumentality of his ministers upon earth: when all things earthly shall hasten to their final consummation.

We have chosen St John the Evangelist as one of the Patron Saints of our Order, not that we have any conclusive proof, of his having been a member of the institution of Speculative Masonry:—but because, he was an able advocate of the principles of Masonry; and the high veneration in which he was held by early Christian Masons. We do not think it necessary to give you a narration of the life of our distinguished Patron, in the enumeration of his many virtues, believing that you are all acquainted with his history. We reverse his name, and believe the doctrines which he taught. As an Order, as a Lodge, we believe the doctrines which he taught, because they came from God: teaching man true wisdom, in showing him his depravity, his inability to do any acceptable act without the aid of his Maker:—and the necessity of a change of heart, a preparation for Heaven. Teaching him, that his race, with all their inventions; must decay, and return to their mother dust.

“Every production of human power and skill bears this inscription, I am made to perish, man himself the moment he begins to breathe begins to die.” And the most durable, the most magnificent of his works, are no sooner completed, than they begin to decay and crumble into dust. In vain does the antiquary search for the primitive grandeur and magnificence of the monuments of antiquity; they have either fallen in ruins, or are tottering from their crumbling base; remaining only the wonder of an age, the design of which was long since lost in oblivion. Where is Nineveh! and Babylon, and Thebes with her hundred gates! all have gone;—thrones, kingdoms and empires, have alike met with the same fate. Every nation has left behind them, monuments of human folly. The Egyptians, have left upon the plain, their huge and stupendous pyramids, which even to this day, in their dilapidated state, attract the attention of the traveller. And they stand as lofty monuments, towering almost to the clouds; and showing to the world the folly and extravagance of the projectors. “They have gone to

that bourne, from whence no traveller returns,” and have left behind them those decaying fabrics, which have not benefitted succeeding generations; and now only remain as the pompous mausoleums of the illustrious dead:—and as the astonished traveller beholds; he may say to the sleeping dust within, sleep on! ye once proud ones; entombed for ages in the Temple of fame,—that Temple, which if exchanged for a better; must be for one, “made without hands eternal in the Heavens.” Here is enough presented to the mind for reflection and meditation; and well may we exclaim in the language of the poet.

“Look behind thee—cities hid
“In the night of treacherous story;
“Many a crumbling pyramid,
“Many a pile of senseless glory,
“Temples into ruin hurled,
“ (Fragments of an earlier world.)”

Ah yes! they remain but as fragments of an earlier world. “The certain principle of decay has entered into all the works of man.” “And that Temple of the Lord, that magnificent structure on Mount Zion,” reared by the Grand Master of Israel, with the assistance of both Jew and Gentile:—and standing in after ages “the wonder and glory of the world:” “not one stone remaineth upon another.” The decree had gone forth from the eternal throne; and that decree, was irreversible. That decree, was passed, by the same supreme power at whose omnipotent fiat; Nations, Thrones, and Kingdoms, have been hurled from their sandy foundations; falling in ruins from their towering heights, leaving nothing of the past but fragments, and the names of the actors recorded on the historic page, or locked in the archives of nations. But amid the general ruin, amid the downfall of Kingdoms, and Imperial thrones; amid the changes and innovations of every age, masonry has escaped, and is at this day unpolluted, uncontaminated. And there yet shines in the great constellation of Heaven's best boons to man; two bright luminaries, resplendent shining, guiding all those who will approach the light (as did the star in the east;) to him who will be the rewarder of all virtuous men, in the grand consummation of all things. These two bright luminaries, are the Christian Religion; Heaven's full and overflowing love to man, and Masonry her handmaid: one of Heavens means for the instruction, and the amelioration of the condition of man. Religion, and Masonry, now stands pure and unscathed by the persecutions and general ruin of the past. And is religion then made pure by the persecutions of the past? the Temple of Masonry now stands burnished like bright gold, by the unhallowed fires of persecution which have raged against it: ignorance and superstition have attempted to defile this Temple, and to raze with the ground, that beautiful edifice, erected and dedicated to God, by the inculcation within; of those great moral truths, which always tend to bring man nearer to his maker. On the altar of this Temple, is ever spread the Holy Bible; Heaven's best gift to man: its doctrines are inculcated, and he who believes not in its sacred contents must forever be debarred the privilege of entering this Temple of truth.

Mighty efforts have been made to raze with the ground the beautiful Temple of Masonry; but like the wave repelling rock, it has withstood the storms and tempests of ages; and its whitened summit may yet be seen, towering above the darkness of superstition, the rage of party zeal, and bearing in the gloom of their own disappointment, those designing men, whose misapplied, and feeble energies were thus in the end abortive.

Brethren, we worship not in Times consecrated by Polytheism to strange Deities; but we consecrate our Temples, by the worship of the “One True God,” and by the help of revelation, we can behold the Temple of the Lord, we can see its beauties, and learn that we were created to inhabit one more beautiful and perfect, made by the Supreme Grand Master of the

Universe; "eternal in the Heavens." With the hope of being inhabitants of this perfect Temple, let us rejoice, and look with proud admiration upon the splendid and magnificent structure reared by our illustrious Grand Master Solomon; supported by him whose virtues we this day commemorate: now looked upon by a majority of the world as a temple to virtue. Upon its majestic dome, reaching far, far above the gloomy piles of decayed heathen temples, blazes as a beacon fire, the pure and holy flame of universal love. By its light many in every age and nation, have been enabled to see, and read that grand system of ethics, stamped with the impress of truth: preparing them for the reception of those great, grand, and glorious truths, given to man by heavenly inspiration, sustained, and sanctioned by divine authority. May this light continue to shine through all coming time, and shed its lustre o'er all the world: increasing in brightness by the vestal fires, which ever burn upon our altars—unextinguished, guiding to the hill of science, promoting morality and virtue, a light which shall guide many to that Temple, "whose Maker and builder is God.

Friends, this is an age and a day of rejoicing; the light of science, with its illuminating rays, now diffuses light resplendent o'er all the civilized world, the fetters of superstitions are knocked off and broken in twain, by the power and influence of that gospel whose bright beams celestially shines throughout the greater part of the habitable earth; giving life and energy to man, and placing him in that situation, which it was intended he should occupy. It has pleased God in every age of the world, and under every dispensation to make use of men as instruments in the propagation of his truths: and in the establishment of his kingdom upon earth in the hearts of men. God has blessed, and perpetuated every institution, which has for its object the inculcation of morals; and the amelioration of the condition of man. He has blessed that eminent Patron of our order, whose virtues we this day commemorate; God has blessed him who was cast on Patmos rocky Isle; by the cruel Emperor Domitian:—it was there that he suffered all the horror of banishment, it was there that he showed forth all the Christian graces, it was there that he exhibited that humility and meekness, always characteristic of the true Christian: and there it was that Heaven's revealed will was written on his heart; evidencing the glory, and the goodness of God to man;—sublime as sublimity, and lasting as eternity. This is the natal day of him, who was the instrument in the hands of God; of giving to the world, a part of this revelation, this light, sufficient to guide man to his great unoriginated self-existent author. Endowed with Heavenly inspiration, St. John the Evangelist, uttered these solemn truths, as from the mouth of him

Whose voice was heard
On Sinai's awful mount.

And however simple the exercises of this day, we should feel the importance, the sublimity, and grandeur of the doctrines taught by our distinguished Patron: and we should learn to imitate his simplicity, humanity, charity; and his practice of all the virtues. Our task then to day is simple, yet sublime; and our offerings, should be the incense ascending from grateful hearts up to the throne of God.

We come not before you as an Order, with our hands imbrued in the blood of our enemies, we come not in the pomp of war, with swords unsheathed, with which we have achieved victories. No triumphal arch is erected to commemorate our glory, nor do we come, with our hands reeking in the blood of our enemies, immolated upon the altar of sectarian zeal. But we come before you, bearing aloft the Olive Branch of peace; and exerting an influence in the amelioration of the condition of man. Has science and masonry existed in the same nation? and has science with airy wing taken her flight to regions more remote, to cultivate people more ignorant? There has Masonry appeared by her side, rearing high the temple of morals; and inculcating therein those principles which tend to elevate and expand the mind of man. Inculcating those great moral truths, as taught by St. John the Evangelist; that eminent man of God, who possessed all the Christian graces, who has been worthy and well qualified; and who has been passed and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. There rest thou, in that lodge above; in the full enjoyment

of the smiles and favors of the Great Grand Master of that beautiful and ever-during Lodge in Heaven.

Leaving this distinguished Patron of our order, and pattern for all good and virtuous men; we shall have enough to do in the consideration of the origin of Masonry, its principles, emblems, and design; either taken separately, or collectively, as we can best point them out. Every good Mason, on occasions like the present, takes great pleasure in attempting to point out with all the clearness and precision he is master of something of the history, and design of the order. In attempting this, we need not dig for hidden treasures amidst the ruins of all the temples dedicated to heathen gods; rendered conspicuous on the pages of history by a recital of the ignorance and superstition of the past. But we may search first, for the truths of Masonry; in the revelation of God's will to man: and the book of nature, which has been spread out before us by the great omnipotent author of our existence. For its progress amongst the nations, we may refer, to the writings of many of the Sages and Philosophers of every age; thus can be traced, the origin, and growth of an institution, which has for its object, the inculcation of morals, and the teaching of that system of ethics, built upon the foundation of eternal truth.

It is asked, from whence the origin of Masonry?—when were the first drawings of its light seen upon earth? We answer, when first the great I Am spoke this world into existence from chaotic darkness; then were the first principles of Masonry developed; in the order of the universe; and in the recognition of that great unoriginated intellect, as the Grand Master over all his works. The principles of Masonry were developed:

"Ere the infant sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound;"

As order grew out of the perfections of the Deity, so masonry is built upon the broad foundations of the order observed in the works of nature. And the first principle of the order, is the recognition of the great I Am as the Grand Master over all his works; and as the great Donor or giver of all good; the author of that revelation, which records his full and overflowing love to man. This revelation lies open upon the altar of every Masonic Temple, a star in the east; guiding all those who will approach, practice, and believe in a sacred light. This light is the Holy Bible. The

"Lamp of our feet whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath;
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our lonely path!
Light of our way! whose rays are sung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
How blessed its dark shades among:
The star that guides us to our God."

Deprive us of this star, deprive us of its guidance; and we are lost in the labyrinthian mazes of unassisted human reason. Assisted by revelation, we behold in perfect order and beauty, the commands of God, all conducive to the happiness of man: all linked together, and essential to give us just conceptions of the glory, and the grandeur of the Deity.

The fundamental truths of Masonry, notwithstanding its antiquity have been derived from the inspired writings. And though we may trace it in its operative or in its speculative character from the most remote ages; and find it like the history of the most renowned nations of antiquity, obscured by the fictions and legends of an uncultivated age; and the ceremonies within its Temples, veiled in mystery; yet we must come to the conclusion, that a religious object, was the primary purpose of the institution. "And if we view Masonry in its operative character, in that Heaven favored clime of Western Asia, where architecture was taught in all its perfection: and where we can trace the Phenician builders of the Temple of Solomon, the Dionysian artificers, the Masonic instruction of the Knights of the Temple;" we shall find that the world was benefited, not only by the arts and sciences, which emanated from the Masonic repository; but in the still more important matter of religion. For revelation teaches us, that the living God dwelt not only in the Mosaic tabernacle, but that he dwelt at a future period in the Temple of Solomon; in that Temple which was built by the united efforts, of Jew, and Gentile Masons. From this we are enabled to discover the wisdom and the goodness of God, in thus uniting by the strongest ties, these two distinct nations

in thus giving to the Gentile world correct views of the One True God. These views obtained to a greater or less extent, in some of the Gentile nations; though perverted by the natural depravity of man. Some of the Grecian Philosophers, no doubt understood the principles of Masonry; for we find them travelling to the east in quest of knowledge in things Divine and human: receiving light from revelation by reading the original manuscripts as written by Moses, or by tradition receiving light from "Masonry by beholding those gorgeous piles of architectural skill which never were the acquisitions of a day; returning to their native land and incorporating into their system, some of those moral truths received from revelation: together with that science, morals, and discipline which they had learned from operative Masonry; thus adopting and sanctioning, this mode of enlightening their disciples." And whether we view Masonry in ancient or modern times; we are driven to the conclusion, that it is enlightening in its nature and progressive in its morals. Though notwithstanding this conclusion, it would be asserting too much to say; that Pythagoras and other Philosophers, taught the principles of Masonry in as great purity as they are taught at the present day.—The Saviour had not appeared. Paul had not as yet stood in the midst of the Areopagus, and proclaimed unto the knowing Athenians, his knowledge of the living God. They had never heard him proclaim that glorious doctrine, which was calculated to overthrow all the errors of the Greek Philosophy. All the sublime truths, and resplendent beauties of the Greek Philosophy was but a borrowed light from the pages of Heaven's inspiration, received either by tradition, or from the inspired penmen of antiquity. That Philosophy, was but the scintillations, of those great, and eternal truths; soon to be corrupted, in all their bright and glowing colors: in the adoption of God's revealed will to man, as the basis of all wisdom, of all truth, and the only guide to immortal joys.

[To be concluded in our next.]

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 11.

OLD MSS—NO. 2.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

—quid virtus et quid sapientia possit
Utile propositis nobis exemplar.

Hor. Epist. 1. 7

The legal profession in all countries has produced many eminent men in common with the other liberal and sister professions of theology and medicine, and we find these especially in the infant days of their particular department. Need we refer, for the truth of this, to the names of Littleton and Coke, which have survived the long lapse of centuries, and the many alterations and changes which their favorite science has undergone, and which now still claim of right a place as "the foremost of the first" in the science of the law. Acute discrimination, profound research, and untiring industry are some of the qualities which have entitled them to this distinction and made that title absolute and in fee forever. The profession in which they spent their lives; is one peculiarly calculated to exercise the most exalted and the noblest powers which are bestowed upon man. It is one which although stigmatized as uncertain, possesses within itself, principles as certain and indisputable, as the axioms in mathematics and is founded and built up, on these exclusively. It were easy to show all this, were the present a fitting occasion, but the character of the minds which have been imbued with its principles through a long life, in their displays of the most logical, powerful, and accurate reasoning, demonstrates its truth, as clearly as any direct proof. "Legal sta-

dies," says a celebrated writer, "eminently invigorate and fortify the mind's noblest faculty,—the power of attention; they discipline the understanding; excite discrimination, give activity and acuteness to the apprehension and correct and mature the judgment."

Of the character and influence of pleading, an important branch of legal science, numberless authorities from all professions might be adduced which would attest the rigid accuracy of reasoning required in the prosecution of legal studies and practice.

Of the two great names which have already been mentioned, something may be said at a future time; at present, we desired to recall some of our early recollections of a character which has always been fondly cherished by us, as combining in itself, learning of the most profound and useful description, a course of life the most brilliant and exemplary, a heart the most kind and affectionate, and moral feelings the most pure and just. Our readers would have already anticipated us in the announcement of the name of this individual, even if we had not placed it at the head of this little article. And the classical quotation which we have placed under that name, will surely not be thought inapplicable, or to savor aught of the too favorable prejudice of an humble, but ardent admirer.

Sir Matthew Hale was born in Alderly, in Gloucestershire, on the 1st of November, 1609. At seventeen, he was entered at Magdalen Hall, in the university of Oxford, and at the age of twenty, he was admitted at Lincoln's Inn, when he commenced the study of the profession in which he was destined so much to distinguish himself.

His application at first was intense, and his studies were not confined to his professions, but took a wider range, comprising the mathematics and natural philosophy, of the latter of which he was exceedingly fond. He says that during the first two years after he came to the Inns of Court, he studied sixteen hours a day, but it almost brought him to his grave, though he was of a very strong constitution; and afterwards reduced himself to eight hours: "but that he would not advise any body to do so much—that he thought six hours a day with attention and constancy was sufficient." To illustrate his constant and persevering application, a biographer has these remarks. "He seemed particularly attached to the study of divinity; and those who read his religious disquisitions, may be induced to think, that the science of theology engaged the principal part of his attention:—here, therefore, it may not be improper to remark, that the *gnarus mans forum* and *sub galli cantum*, of Horace, were precepts so high in the estimation of Hale, that he rigidly observed them. In truth so averse was he, from the dissipation of time, that he would not even correspond with his friends, except on necessary business or matters of learning; in short, he made every human aid contribute in advancing him to a superior degree of knowledge and of wisdom.

In 1653, he was appointed by Cromwell, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, though with some doubt of the legality of the commission under which he held this office. While in this station and shortly after his appointment, the natural integrity and independence of his moral character was strikingly evinced in refusing to try a cause then depending before him, for which the jury had been returned under the immediate directions of the Protector.

In 1660, he was appointed by Charles II. Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the estimation in which he was then held by his contemporaries may be inferred from the address of the Earl of Clarendon, when de-

livering to him, his commission. "If the king" said the Chancellor, "could have found an honest or an abler man for the employment, he would not have advanced you to it: he prefers you, because he knows no one who so well deserves it."

In May 1761, he was raised to the dignity of Lord Chief Justice of England, but had held this office only five years when he was attacked by the disorder which occasioned his death. He continued to persevere in the discharge of the duties of his office, although the powers of life were evidently failing fast, and he soon felt compelled to withdraw from the labors of his profession and tendered his resignation.—His sovereign refused to accept of it until after many repeated solicitations from Lord Hale, and at last did so coupled with the assurance, that "he should still look on him as his oracle, and would have recourse to his advice when his health would permit, and that he should continue his salary during life."

After a long protracted course of suffering, which was distinguished by the remarkable patience of the sufferer, his disorder terminated the existence of this great and good man, on the 25th December 1676.—The same virtues, to which we can give but a passing notice, which had adorned his life, remained bright in death.

A biographer from whom we have already quoted, remarks, that the pen of Plutarch, is only competent to the delineation of a character so elevated as that of Sir Matthew Hale, and we are disposed at present neither to attempt to lower this eminent character, nor to give undue dignity to these loose sketches by usurping an office for which we fully appreciate our incapacity. Our object is rather to present only some prominent traits of this truly great man, and this shall be attained in the present instance most easily by merely collating some of his most striking peculiarities and habits.

As a man, aside from his character as a Judge, he remains as one of the safest and purest objects of imitation upon which the pen of the biographer can be engaged. His regard for truth might be anticipated, as no man, void of this quality can have any claims to the titles of great or good. This he seems in some measure to have inherited from his Father, of whom it is pleasantly narrated, that he gave over the practice of the law, because he could not understand the reason of giving color in pleading, which, as he thought, was to tell a lie. Although we cannot but admire the principle which prompted this course, we are happy to see it more correctly applied by his distinguished son.

His religious character was as marked as his regard for morality, and though the observance of external forms is not always a correct indication of the possession of true piety, yet in his case, there could be no doubt of the state of his heart, and he took care to manifest it to the world by a strict and proper observance of all those forms which are recommended in the Scriptures and by the regulations of the church. "So regular," says a biographer, "was he in the duties of religion, that for six and thirty years' time, he never once failed going to church on the Lord's day."

It will be naturally supposed that a man, such as Sir Matthew Hale has, in part been described, must have had an active, ardent mind. Nor would this supposition be erroneous, for Lord Hale, by nature, was possessed of a quick and perhaps somewhat hasty disposition, I do not mean by this, that he was irritable or passionate, but he was disposed in his younger days

to run to conclusions too inadvertently. He, of course, soon perceived his error, but a good sense exhibited the impropriety of such a tendency so strongly, that he determined early to subdue this disposition, and succeeded in forming a habit never to act in any important matter without full and mature reflection.—So deeply impressed was he of the importance of such a course, that on the head of his staff, was engraved that motto pregnant with meaning, *FESTINA CENDE*. He often took occasion to remark, (and his words are vividly impressed on our memory) "that he had observed many witty men run into great errors, because they did not give themselves time to think, but the heat of imagination making some notions appear in good colors to them, they, without staying till that cooled, were violently led by the impulses it made on them; whereas calm and slow men who pass for dull, in the common estimation could search after truth and find it out, as with more deliberation, so with more certainty."

The subject of these remarks was, like every great man, a modest one, and he loved to see its exhibition in others. He himself avoided display of all kinds and condemned it in others, particularly the young. He kindly encouraged diligence in study among young persons, and was disposed to assist them in the prosecution of their studies, but he did not hesitate to correct their faults. This trait is so well illustrated and described by one of his biographers that we shall not scruple to use his words again instead of our own.—"Sir M. Hale was a great encourager of all young persons that he saw followed their books diligently, to whom he used to give directions concerning the mode of their study, with humanity and sweetness that wrought much on all that came near him; and in a smiling way he would admonish them if he saw anything amiss in them; particularly if they went too fine in their clothes, he would tell them, it did not become their profession. He was not pleased to see students wear long periwigs, or attorneys go with swords; so that such young men as would not be persuaded to part with those vanities, when they went to him, laid them aside and went as plain as they could to avoid the reproach which they knew they might otherwise expect." And here one word in relation to the manner in which he recommended young students to pursue their studies. "I must in general say thus much," says the Chief Justice, "to the legal student, it is very necessary for him to observe a method in his reading and study.—Let him assure himself, though his memory be never so good, that he will never be able to carry on a distinct serviceable memory of all, or the greatest part of what he reads, to the end of seven years, or much shorter time, without the help of method; nay, what he hath read, seven years since, without the aid of method, or reiterated use, will be as new to him as if he had scarcely read it."

We have contemplated but a few and those hastily, of his peculiarities, as a man, and in the character of a judge, a wide field is open for our highest recommendation and praise. But the history of the law and the records of our highest courts bear upon their face, the story of many of his excellent and noble traits.—Lord Keeper North revered Lord Hale for "his great learning in the history, law and records of the English constitution," and we will dismiss our readers with the remark of another biographer, that on the bench,

— "he reign'd

In a superior sphere of cloudless day,"

A pure intelligence ————

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

MAGICIANS OF MODERN EGYPT.

Ancient Egypt was famed for its dextrous jugglers or magicians, and the country in the present day still boasts of possessing personages of that mysterious character. The existing magicians of Egypt, who are most commonly of Arab descent, display their art almost always by what is called "the experiment of the magic mirror of ink." This is performed in the following way:—Being in the presence of those who are to witness the exhibition of his powers, the magician prepares for his task by certain forms of invocation, which consist usually in writing down on a slip of paper a string of charmed words. Mr. Lane, author of "The Modern Egyptians," and one of the first oriental scholars of the day, examined a charm of this kind, and found the words to signify in English "Turshoon! Turshoon! Come down! Come down! Be present! Whither are gone the prince and his troops? Where are El-abham the prince and his troops! Be present ye servants of these names!"—And on a second slip of paper were written the words, "And this is the removal. And we have removed from thee thy veil; and thy sight to-day is piercing." These last words are intended to open in a supernatural manner, the eyes of the boy, on whom the workings of the charm mainly depends; for after the preliminary invocations are gone through, the magician announces himself ready to begin his display, and desires a boy to be brought to him. A pure and innocent female would do equally well; and some magicians hold that a black female slave or a pregnant woman would also answer the desired purpose, but a young boy is generally chosen, as the most convenient party; and those before whom the enchanter is exhibiting his art, commonly hire any boy whom they find accidentally on the streets, in order to prevent, if possible, the chance of collusion. When the boy arrives the magician takes the lad's right hand, and draws in the palm of it a magic diagram, in the form of a square. A little ink is then poured into the hollow of the same hand, and this ink forms the "magic mirror," into which the boy looks intently in the course of the exhibition, and sees all the figures and scenes which it is the wish of the enchanter and his visitors or employers to call up. A chafing-dish stands all the while at the magician's hand, and into this he throws at times the before-mentioned charm cut into slips. Perfumes are at the same time burnt in the chafing-dish, and their smoke fills the room, circling around the performers and spectators, and satiating their nostrils with the odors of frankincense and coriander.

When all is thus prepared the enchanter begins to question the boy—"Do you see any thing?" If the charm works well, the boy usually appears frightened, and replies that he sees "a man sweeping the ground." (This answer, we believe, is at least a common one, if not uniformly given.) The magician then desires the boy to call for various flags in succession, and the boy calls for and sees seven flags of various colors. He then calls for "the sultan," who is the party that is to show all the future objects in the mirror. If the sultan comes the charm is wound up. The chief performer, meanwhile, mutters incessantly in the intervals, and keeps throwing the fragments of the written charm into the chafing-dish. After a time, if all has gone to his mind, the magician turns to the spectators, and announces that any person whom they may select, living or dead, will be called up in the magic mirror, beheld, and described by the boy.

Lord Prudhoe, an English nobleman of the Percy family, and Major Felix, a British officer, were among the first persons who astonished the European world with their report of the magic mirror experiment.—Being men of character and sense, their statement created a considerable sensation, when it was reported by the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Blackwood's Magazine for August, 1831. The experiment, such as we have described it, was performed before the two gentlemen when travelling in Egypt, and they were desired to call up either the absent or the dead. They asked for Shakespeare, Voltaire, and others, and received descriptions of them from the lips of the boy, exactly corresponding with their portraits, as regarded dress, figure, and countenance. They

then tested the boy with lesser known living persons. Archdeacon Wrangham was called for, and described by the boy as "a tall, white-haired Frank, with a smiling countenance, and wearing spectacles," whom he saw "walking in a garden." Even his dress, that usually worn by an English clergyman out of his canonicals, was pointedly described. Warming with wonder, Major Felix then called for a description of his own brother, an officer in the army, and then in India. The boy described a red-coated Frank, whom he saw standing by the sea-shore, with a horse and a black servant behind him. Finally, the lad exclaimed, "Oh! this is a strange Frank; he has only one arm!" When Maj. Felix heard these words, which accurately painted the condition of his brother, his feelings of awe and excitement so much overpowered him that he fainted away!

Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix were not the only persons thus impressed by the magicians of Egypt.—The late British consul, Mr. Salt, a man intimately acquainted with the language, people, and country, and less liable to be deceived than a passing traveller, found himself completely puzzled on many occasions by the results of the magic mirror experiment. Having once, for example, private reasons for believing that some one of his servants had stolen various articles of property, Mr. Salt sent for a celebrated Mugh re bee magician, with the view of intimidating the suspected person, and causing him voluntarily to confess if he were really guilty. The magician came, and at once declared that he would cause the exact image of the guilty person to appear to any boy not above the age of puberty. A boy was taken incidentally from a band of several them at work in Mr. Salt's garden, the form were gone through, and the magic mirror properly formed. After seeing various images, the boy finally, described from the mirror the guilty person—stature, dress, and countenance; said that he knew him, and ran down into the garden, where he apprehended one of the laborers, who, when brought before his master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

Mr. Lane, whom we have already mentioned, and to whom Mr. Salt related the preceding story, was another person who witnessed personally the operations of the Egyptian magicians, and who candidly confesses that there is a mystery in the matter to which he cannot discover any clue. The magician from whom Mr. Lane received the invocation, "Turshoon! Turshoon! Come down! Come down!" requested him, on the occasion of that experiment, to call for any person he chose. Mr. Lane named Lord Nelson. The boy employed during the process was one taken from among several returning home along the street from a manufactory. He appeared to have never heard of Lord Nelson, for it was with difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. "The magician," says Mr. Lane, "desired the boy to say, 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily!' The boy then said so; and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes; the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently and closely into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description appear more striking than it had been without it; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat. But it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eye, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This made the boy's description faultless." As the Egyptians call dark blue *es wed*, or black, the naval dress of Nelson was accurately described. Mr. Lane subsequently called for a friend, a native of Egypt resident in England, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness. The boy described a man "with a pale face, mustachos, but no beard," and who appeared in the mirror "on a kind of bier, wrapped in a sheet." This suited the figure of the individual, and also his supposed condition at the time. Mr. Lane afterwards heard of the recovery of his friend, but did not exactly learn whether at the period in question he had recovered his health, or remained ill. The

succeeding answers of the boy to Mr. Lane's questions on this occasion were imperfect. On another occasion—when Mr. Lane was not present, but heard the account from unquestionable authority—the same magician's performances were ridiculed by an Englishman present, who said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The sceptic was a little staggered when the boy described a man in a Frank dress, "with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect; the peculiar position of the hand was caused by an almost constant headache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured (continues Mr. Lane) that on this occasion the boy described accurately each person and thing that was called for; and I might add several other cases, in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen, of my acquaintance."

We have now given a fair and reasonable specimen of the marvels and successes of modern Egyptian magic. The other side of the picture must now be glanced at, and sorry are we to say that thereby much of the gloss and glitter of enchantment disappears, though it cannot be said that all doubt or mystery is fairly removed. By the precautions taken, all possibility of confederacy or collusion between the magician and the boy has been prevented on most of the occasions where Englishmen have witnessed these experiments. Nor, indeed, could a perfect understanding between the man and the boy be of much service for the most part; for the man must be equally in the dark with his assistant respecting the obscure or private individuals called for. Moreover, the magician could not communicate in an underhand way with the boy, in presence of such orientalists as Lane and Salt, even if he had any promptings to give. We must therefore give up the idea, that the boy in these cases answers from the magician's prompting, or is told what he is to see. "Does the boy then really see objects in the ink?" comes to be the question. The belief of most observers is, that the boy's imagination is either so wrought upon as to make him conceive he sees figures, or that, by some art of the magician, the semblance of objects is actually presented in the ink. But, then, how does the boy come to see the exact objects that are wanted? If he did *always* do this, Egyptian magic would indeed be a thing passing strange. But such is not the case. If we had goodly evidence on the one side, we shall produce equally unexceptionable testimony on the other, which will, we fear, remove much of the marvel from the modern enchantment of Egypt.

Lord Lindsay, son of the Earl of Balcarras, and the author of a recently lively book on Egypt, describes the doings which he witnessed with the magic mirror of ink. The magician was a famous and long-trying one, and went through all the preliminary forms with becoming gravity. The boy, who was a stranger to the experimenter, at first saw a "man sweeping," then "seven flags" in succession, and then "the sultan," after which the magician declared the charm complete, and bade them call for whom they chose. "The first person whom we summoned," says his lordship, "was the Rev. —. He was described, upon the whole, accurately; but this was the only successful summons. The spirits either would not come, or appeared by proxy, to the sad discomposure of our Arab Glendower. I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was informed, was a thin man; and with Miss Biffin, who made her appearance with arms and legs. He has been equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans; this is odd enough when one considers how strongly Mr. Salt, Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix, were impressed with the belief of his supernatural powers." Lord Lindsay concludes by remarking, that "one thing is unquestionable—the children do see a crowd of objects, following each other, and, at the commencement of the incantation, always the same objects—as vivid and distinct as if they looked out of the window at noonday. How is this to be accounted for? Collusion is out of the question."

The next witness whose testimony we shall present on this subject, is Col. Peyronnet Thompson, a man

remarkable for shrewdness. As the colonel tells in a little article in *Tait's Magazine* on Egyptian magic, he chanced to reside for a time in Cairo, in 1822, with his family, and hearing much of the fame of a certain Mughre bee magician, sent for him. I remember (says Colonel Thompson) a well-dressed, personable man, of what after the fashion of the nomenclature in the Chamber of Deputies might be called the young middle-age. He agreed to show us a specimen of his art, and fixed upon our little boy of seven years old to be his instrument. He dispatched a servant to the bazaar, to procure frankincense and other things which he directed; and on their being produced, we all retired into a room, and closed the doors and windows. An earthen pot was placed in the middle of the floor, containing fire, and the magician sat down by it. He placed the little boy before him, and poured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bade him look into it steadily. I think the mother rather quailed on seeing her child in such propinquity with 'the enemy,' but recovered herself on being exhorted to defy the evil one and all his works. The boy was innocent of fear; and on the whole I imagine there never was a better subject to cope with a sorcerer. When the little fellow asked the cause of the immediate preparations, we told him the man was going to show some feats of legerdemain, such as he used to see in India. The magician began by throwing grains of incense on the fire, bowing with a see-saw motion, and repeating, 'Hecyya Hajji Capitan,' or 'Hurrah Pilgrim Captain!' being, as I understood it at the time, an invocation by his style and title, of the spirit he wished to see. When nothing came, he increased his zeal, and seemed determined that if the 'Captain' was sleeping or on a journey, he should not be missed for want of calling. One slight variation, in his questions to the boy, I observed. Instead of saying to the boy, 'What do you see?' as had been reported, he said, 'Do you see a little man?' which if the boy had been accessible to fear or phantasy, was manifestly telling him what he was to look for. The boy, however, resolutely declared he saw nothing, and the sorcerer continued his calls upon the spirit. When in this manner curiosity had been roused to something like expectation, the boy suddenly exclaimed, 'I see something!' All were tremblingly on the alert; when he quashed it all by adding, 'I see my nose!' By the dim light of the fire he had succeeded in getting a glimpse of his own countenance reflected in the ink. The magician redoubled his exertions by way of carrying the thing off, but there was much less gravity in the audience afterwards. Finding, at length, that he could make nothing of the young Thompson, who had probably a due share of the paternal hatred to humbug, the disappointed sorcerer declared that he could not make the spirit come because the boy was a christian. An Arab boy was then sent for, and, sure enough, at the first propounding of the leading question, "Do you see a little man?" the boy said, "Yes." The magician then called for flags in due order, and, as he called, the boy beheld. The colonel does not think there was collusion here, and is at a loss to say whether the boy was operated on by a superstitious dread of refusing, or by the natural inclination of one rogue to help another. However, by the colonel's account, not one sight was seen by the boy, which the magician's words did not direct him to behold. And so ended Colonel Thompson's interview with the Mughre bee magician.

These statements of Lord Lindsay and Colonel Thompson are calculated greatly to lower our estimation of Egyptian magic. In fact, in numerous instances the boys can see *nothing*; in more instances, when they do profess to see something, their answers to questions have not a shadow of correctness; in some instances their answers are imperfect—here right and there wrong; and in a few instances they give occasional perfect answers. Probably, a fair average, on the whole, might be—once correct (or something like correct) for ninety-nine times wrong. If there be any truth in this conclusion, there seems no unfairness in attributing these rare instances of success to mere accident. If figures be undeniably visible in the inky mirror, as some observers seem to think, and as the uniform vision of the "sweeping" and the "flags" would seem to confirm, why did Col. Thompson's boy why do all boys, not see them at once? Mr. Lane admits that the experiment often entirely fails on this

fundamental point. Now, it is hard to see and how it should ever thus fail, if the art of the magician can place the semblance of figures there. May not the whole be explained on the supposition that the boys themselves have a partial knowledge of the forms of the art, and that, when placed in such situations as those described, a dread of the sorcerer's power, and perhaps excited imagination, may lead them to bend to its influence, and answer his leading questions as he seems to wish? Doubtless, the subject of magic, its rites and incantations, will be talked of in all families, and the dread of sorceries instilled into ears of children from their cradle. Some, indeed, may not hear of such things; and may not these be the boys who can see nothing in the mirror of ink?

We have now said enough on this subject, and must leave the reader to form any further conclusions for himself. But it may be first observed, that, though a thing of awe and fear, magic of the kind alluded to is held to be a science founded on the agency of Allah and of his angels. The pasha's good sense, however, overcomes his reverential awe for what may be divine in the matter, and he has not scrupled, once or twice, to give notorious enchanters an opportunity of trying whether their art can strengthen their necks against the bowstring, or replace a head on their shoulders when once taken off by a sabre-stroke.

MISCELLANY.

A MASONIC EMBLEM.—A masonic emblem has been found in a stone wall at Ghuznee. It is merely the five points, with an inscription in Persian round it.—The translation of which inscription is "God grant me what I want." During our campaign through Afghanistan, a strong resemblance to the customs, dress, and manners of the ancient Jews, was very prevalent among the Afghans. Indeed, at Candahar they acknowledge their direct descent, and called themselves "the children of the Jews." No doubt many more masonic emblems might be traced, and if due examination were made, we should probably elicit these scintillations, embers of the masonic light itself, which might be enkindled into pristine power and beauty.—*Freemason's Quarterly.*

Head of the Laocoon.—A Lyons journal publishes the following letter from M. Valmore, an artist at Brussels: "In the gallery of the Duke d'Arenberg there are many things which are not known to any but the initiated. Among them is the original head of the Laocoon. This fine group, when first discovered in Italy, was without the head of the father, and an arm of one of the sons. The head was supplied by a celebrated artist, who copied it from an antique bas-relief. Some time afterwards, the original was found by some Venetian connoisseurs, and was ultimately sold to the grandfather of the Prince for about 160,000*fr.*, and brought to Brussels. When Napoleon, during the Consulate, had the group transported into France, he knew that the real head was in possession of the Duke, and offered him its weight in gold for it. This was refused, and as it was known that Napoleon was not scrupulous in gratifying his desires, the Duke d'Arenberg sent this *chef d'œuvre* to Dresden, where it remained concealed for ten years, but was brought back again into Brussels when Belgium became tranquil.—It expresses in the highest and most admirable degree moral grief mingled with physical pain. The compression of the teeth and the contraction of the under jaw are almost too horrifying to be long contemplated, and yet in this intense expression of suffering there is not the slightest grimace. The pupils of the eyes are so exquisitely executed, that they actually seem to flash from the marble. A cast from the head now on the statue is placed by the side of the original, and the vast difference between the two is at once evident."—*Galvani's Messenger.*

A new Era in Engraving—Electrotype.—This ingenious application of science to the practical purposes of art, promises to effect a great revolution in the trade of print-selling. Formerly a worn-out copperplate could only be replaced by a new engraving, but by this method of producing plates by galvanism, a copperplate may be perpetuated, and an engraving once made, an infinite number of other plates may likewise

be formed by a mere mechanical process, and without any new expenditure of skill. It is, in fact the introduction of *stereotyping* into the art of engraving. Large impressions have been recently taken in London, both from the original and new formed plate, and it has been impossible to detect any difference between them. The following is the means by which this new and extraordinary art is effected:—

The original engraving is immersed in a solution of sulphate of copper, and negatively galvanized, while a plain sheet of copper positively galvanized is placed in the same trough. By the galvanic action the sheet is decomposed into a number of imperceptible atoms, which are precipitated on the engraving, forming a new sheet on which the design is taken in relief. The engraving is then removed, not having been in the least injured by the process, the plate with the design in relief is put in its place, and another sheet of copper is in the same manner decomposed and precipitated, forming a plate with an intaglio design exactly corresponding to the first. From this the impressions are taken, the plate in relief forming a matrix on which more plates may be made to any number.

There is also a simpler method employed, in which the sheet of copper to be decomposed is not used at all, but the same results are produced by the mere precipitation of the copper contained in the sulphate, the galvanic circle having been completed as before. The mere scraping away of the particles of copper which adhere to the edges of the two plates causes them to fall asunder.—*N. Y. Standard.*

A short time since, a gentleman who was requested to value the books of a deceased clergyman, found to his surprise, that many of the most valuable works were imperfect, having leaves torn out. Upon asking a servant who had lived with the divine for some years, if he knew any thing of the circumstance; he replied, after some hesitation, "Why to be sure, sir, I did now and then tear a leaf out, but I never went twice to the same book, so that it couldn't be of much consequence!"

HAMLET QUOTED.

A musician, celebrated for his devotion to the rosy god, having sacrificed too freely, found himself at a loss in the orchestra of one of the theatres, on turning his instrument, to produce harmony. The leader, of the band, rather displeased, demanded what was the matter with his violin. The votary of Bacchus, after a short pause, answered, "Why my fiddle is acting Hamlet; it says, 'though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.'"

SLOVENLY PENMANSHIP

An Italian gentleman wrote to his correspondent, wishing him to send him one or two monkeys; but, instead of writing the words one or two, he made use of the Arabic numerals, divided by the Italian *o* (or), so that the order read thus—102 monkeys. His astonishment and vexation may be imagined, when at the return of his vessels he beheld above twenty men marching up to his mansion, escorting what seemed to be an almost innumerable number of the ridiculous animals he had written for a specimen of, and read the following words, addressed to him by his agent:—"I duly received your order for 102 monkeys, which I have been able only partially to execute, although I have given and offered very high prices—but your order has exhausted all that could be immediately procured, even those which could be procured from private individuals. I have sent, however, to Gibraltar and the coast of Africa, and hope to send you the remaining 50 by the Santamaria."

PAPER.—The most ancient specimen of paper, such as we now use, made of linen rags, is a charter, seven inches long, and three inches broad, preserved in the Emperor's library at Vienna, which was written in the year 1243, as the date is calculated by Mr. Schwandner, an Austrian nobleman, and principal keeper of the imperial library, who has written an essay on this curious relic, which is half a century older than any other specimen that has been discovered.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

GEN. HARRISON'S INAUGURAL.—This long looked for document has at length been spread before the American people, and did we not think, it was "carrying coals to Newcastle," we should give it to our readers, at least in a condensed form. The inaugural is a good one, much better, as a literary production, than we supposed the General could write, and as to its subject matter, although we voted against the "old hero," we must say in frankness and sincerity, that if his professions are to be taken as an earnest of his acts, the great mass of the people will have no cause for complaint. We do most earnestly hope that his administration will be allowed to have a fair trial, and as the country rises or sinks, so let it be judged. For our own part we are heartily tired and sick of this bitter party strife, which after all, is more of a scramble for office, among the few, than from any particular devotion to the public good. The country needs rest, and we trust that General Harrison will guide the helm of State with a direct reference to the good of country, and discard the petty politician from his breast. The General has every incentive to prompt him to this course. He has attained the highest elevation which it is possible for man to arrive at, by a majority which must satisfy any pride he may have; and if he regards his solemn pledge to never be a candidate a second time, and governs himself by the rules of action that he has laid down for himself there will be no necessity for him to bend from "his high resolve" to ensure a "succession." The country is at present in a critical situation both as regards our monetary affairs, and our foreign relations. And we believe that eight tenths of the American people at present, are willing to sacrifice party feeling to a reasonable prospect of a return to public confidence. If Gen. Harrison's administration will give us "better times," we shall heartily say name to it.

THE HEILDERBERG TROUBLES—AGAIN.—We understand that Sheriff Adams, in the discharge of his official duties, a few days since, visited the "debatable ground," and attempted to make sale of some property by virtue of sundry executions; that a considerable number of the "patriots" assembled, and manifested a pugnacious intention, by committing personal violence on the bidders, and threatening the sheriff himself with serious injury; so much so, that, that functionary was compelled to evacuate without consummating the object of his tour.

We fear that these misguided people are engendering for themselves the most serious trouble, as they must eventually succumb to the potency of the Laws. How are we to account for the apathy manifested by our daily papers, in this matter. Can political considerations have any weight?

EASTERN RAIL ROAD.—From the buisny note of preparation manifested by those engaged in the construction of this important work, and from the progress already made, no doubt exists but that it will be completed in the course of next year, by which time the line from Boston to Lake Erie, will be uninterrupted. The Albany Bridge will then be indispensable.

M'LEOD.—The Journal of Commerce, contains a long article, which goes to show, according to the construction which the editors give to the Constitution, that the General Government can interfere in the sentence of our State courts. Admit for a moment, that the U. S. can interfere, what benefit can M'Leod realise from it? Will the National Government surrender a convicted murderer, who is justly and righteously condemned, for fear of offending the British government? If there is so much reluctance to assume the responsibility of bringing this individual to justice, let us pack a jury and acquit him, guilty or not. It is better to do this, rascally as it is, than to show Johnny Bull the *white feather*. In soberness, we hope M'Leod, may prove himself innocent, both as regards his own peril, and the grave consequences, attached to his case. But if it shall be shown clearly that his hands have been imbrued in the blood of one of our citizens, let him die the death of a dog, and treason to him who will try to prevent it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is expected that Correspondents will not subject us to postage, on their communications. All matters relating to the paper can be sent through the post master, who is so authorised by law; and as for other communications, the correspondent is as much interested as ourselves.—Our necessary postage bears upon us, full heavy enough, without adding to it.

ROBBERY MOST FOUL.—It is said, that the office seekers on their way to Washington are in the habit of picking each other's pockets of their letters of recommendation, petitions, &c. &c. Next to rifling the pockets of an editor this is the most preposterously audacious crime, on the calendar of absurdities.

AMUSEMENTS, &c.—The city of Albany can no longer rest under the imputation of being a "dull place," as the the present season has been prolific in recitations of all descriptions, both entertaining and instructive. Scarce an evening has elapsed without affording an opportunity for the attendance of a Lecture, Concert &c. &c. This augurs well, and is an evidence of the elevated tone of the age in which we live.

ORATORIO OF DAVID.—The different amateurs and professors of this city, are engaged in the rehearsal of this wonderful production, which is to be performed during the present month. Those who were so fortunate as to be present at the performance of Hayden's Creation, last spring, can bear ample witness of their competency to the undertaking, as the same individuals have taken David in hand.

ACCIDENT.—On Thursday evening last while young Howes' was riding his courser in the ring of the Amphitheatre, in attempting to jump through the hoop, his foot accidentally caught, which threw his body with much force on the curb of the ring; and for a few moments it was doubtful whether he was not killed. He was taken away senseless; but we are happy to learn, that although severely bruised, no serious consequences will result from the accident.

AN ESCAPE.—The Rochester Democrat says, that the son of Wm. J. Battle, aged about 12 years, accidentally fell over a precipice in the vicinity of the falls, of about seventy feet, and escaped with a broken hip. The lad is now doing well.

SUGAR.—The consumption of Sugar in the United States is estimated at 200,000 hogshead per annum or one hundred and eighty millions of pounds.

The navigation is said to be open as far as Poughkeepsie.

REV. E. N. KIRK.—This distinguished divine, is preaching in the city of New York, in the French language.

THE YOUTH'S MENTAL CASKET, and Literary Star, commences its third volume, in an enlarged form. It is conducted by Messrs. Pratt & Blakesly; and is certainly one of the best little works in the country.—The Casket is made up of original matter, and afforded for \$1, per annum in advance. It is printed in Jersey city.

An attempt was made by a number of the prisoners in the Baltimore jail, to escape on Saturday last, during which one of them named Wm. M'Coy was shot by the police.

Intelligence.

DESTRUCTION OF A STEAM BOAT BY FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The steam-boat Creole, Capt. Dalmau, one of the Red River packets, on her passage from Natchitoches to New Orleans with a cargo of upwards of 1000 bales of cotton, boxes of specie, bundles of bank notes, merchandize, &c., came out of Red River very early on the morning of the 22d ult. When about twelve miles below, she was discovered to be on fire, and a general alarm was given. The passengers, more than sixty in number, and consisting of men, women, and children, were all in their berths at the time. The fire commenced at the after part of the boat, the tiller ropes were immediately severed, and the confusion, consternation and panic which ensued, defies description. Amid the raging of the flames, the engine continued, working, and drove the boat directly against the shore. Here four persons leaped off and escaped. Rebounding, as it appeared she altered her course, and running near a mile and a half, brought up against the bank on the opposite side of the river. In the meantime, and while the Creole was crossing the river, many of the passengers, and some of the crew, threw over bales of cotton, on which they embarked. Some missing their aim in jumping or their balance afterwards, were precipitated into the stream and drowned. Many remained on board till she reached the opposite shore, when they leaped off. A few were fortunate enough to reach the land, but the greater part plunged into the water, and it is believed of these nearly all were rescued. The present estimate is that about twelve human beings lost their lives in the catastrophe. Of the 20 or 30 unaccounted for it is hoped the most of them floated off on the cotton, and may have been picked up by steam boats and other craft. There was scarcely an article saved. The passengers, male and female, with scarcely an exception, escaped with barely what they slept in. The proverbial hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants of the neighborhood relieved their pressing necessities and enabled them to reach the city.

Among those who are missing is Mr. Colquhoun, cashier of the Branch of the City Bank at Natchitoches, a child of Mrs. Cuney's, another of Mrs. Norman's, and a French cigar maker of Natchitoches, whose name we have not been able to learn. One of the crew, a Spaniard, together with some eight or ten of the passengers, are also supposed to have been drowned or burnt, but in the confusion it is impossible to get their names, as the register and all the clerk's papers are lost. A. M. Davenport of Rodney, Miss., broke his leg while jumping ashore. All the passengers who were saved lost trunks, clothing, and every thing they had, so sudden was the conflagration.—They all speak in the warmest terms of the exertions of Capt. Dalmau to save the lives and prevent unnecessary confusion on board.

Since writing the above we have learned that there was \$2000 in specie on board the Creole, belonging to the Exchange Bank.—N. O. Bulletin.

A wealthy man.—A gentleman by the name of William Hogg, lately died in Brownsville, Penn. leaving an estate valued at \$1,000,000. Fifty years ago he crossed the Allegheny mountains with a pack on his back, and established himself at Redstone, now called Brownsville. Here he opened a small store, conveying his goods from the city of Philadelphia by means of pack horses. He thus continued to increase his stock from time to time, until he became one of the most opulent merchants in the western part of the state.

A large Wolf was killed in the town of Villanova, about 12 miles from this place, one day last week, which has long been the terror to the sheep, and a periled foe of the suffering farmers in a large section of the country. Its depredations had become so great of late, that in addition to county and state bounties, individuals had bid up a large reward. For two or three weeks past, hundreds of individuals had scoured the woods and swamps almost daily, till at length the cautious vixen (for it was a she wolf) came within reach of the moulten messenger, and she fell a victim to her uncontrollable love of sheep.—*Callarauguse Freeman.*

The Rochester Mail Robbery.—Henry C. Gilbert, the individual charged with abstracting from the mail at Gaines, a one hundred dollar package of bank notes mailed at New York, and addressed to the post master at Oak Orchard, has been fully examined and held to bail in the sum of \$2000.

McLeod.—We are this morning informed that Mr. McLeod is to be removed to Albany for trial—it being satisfactorily ascertained that an impartial jury cannot be found at the west. It is further stated that the first trial will be on the civil suit, brought by the owners of the Caroline.—*Commercial Adv.*

A Duellist Shot.—A duel was fought at New Orleans, on Sunday the 27th ult., between a Frenchman named Dauphin, and a Creole named Moru. They fought with double barrelled guns at the distance of 30 paces. Dauphin was killed at the first fire, and Moru's pantaloons were cut in the folds of the waistbands, but he received no bodily injury. Dauphin was the most celebrated duellist and swordsman in the city, and has fought it is said at least a hundred duels, generally with the sword. The quarrel originated at a gambling table, the night previous.

INQUEST.—Doct. F. L. Harris, the coroner, was called yesterday morning to view the body of *Urial Gleason*, which was found lying on the ice, about a mile from the Light House, on the Lake. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased in going from this city to Smoke's Creek, (his place of residence about four miles west of Buffalo, upon the Turnpike,) got the hinder legs of his horse into a crevice of the ice, and in endeavoring to extricate him became exhausted and perished. The animal also perished.—Verdict in accordance with the above facts.—*Buffalo Journal.*

From Florida.—An official report from General Armistead to the Secretary of War, is published in the Globe. It is dated Tampa, Feb. 14th, 1841. He says that there are 270 Indians at that place, a large portion of whom he intends to send to New Orleans—that he has promised \$5000 to the chiefs, and \$30 and a rifle to the common men who have come in, and concludes that the remaining hostiles will sue for peace.

MYRON HOLLEY is dead! This eminent citizen, accomplished scholar, and noble man, expired yesterday morning, at his residence on Johnson-st., in this city, at the age of sixty two, carrying with him to the grave the love and regrets of all who knew him. The public services of Mr. HOLLEY are engraved upon the State in lines as enduring as Lake Erie and the Hudson, while his private virtues and benevolence will live in the hearts of his friends and acquaintances, until they cease to beat.—*Rochester Dem.*

Fatal Casualties.—A laborer on the canal at this place was killed last week by the fall of a box of stones upon him—the chain by which it was being hoisted out of the bottom of the canal having given way.

On Monday last a Mr. Ferguson, who was assisting in making some repairs in the Bissell Mill, made a mistep and fell head foremost several feet, by which his skull was horribly fractured. He was taken up lifeless. "In the midst of life we are in death."—*Lockport Courier.*

A man by the name of Reynolds got into a fight at a place called Napoleon, Henry county (Ohio,) with some Irishmen on the Canal, and drew a dirk which was taken away from him, upon which he went home and got his gun, returned, and shot a man through the heart. He was immediately secured.

Col. Harney.—The Report that Col Harney, of the 2d Dragoons, had been arrested by Gen. Armistead, is entirely without foundation. On the contrary, Col. Harney's conduct in the everglades was approved by the General and the Secretary of War, and that approbation has been published in orders to the army in Florida.—*N. Y. Standard.*

New Catholic Bishops.—The Catholic Herald announces the receipt in this country of Papal Bulls appointing the Rev. Richard Whelan, Bishop of Richmond, Va., and the Rev. Dr. J. Change, President of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, first Bishop of the newly created See of Natchez, Mississippi.

A Runaway Rail Road Train.—During the gale on Saturday afternoon, a tender and a passenger car which were standing on the track of the Long Island rail road, at Hicksville, were suddenly set in motion by the force of the wind, and moved off in double quick time toward Jamaica. Their progress was not arrested till they reached the woods on the New York side of the village above named. Some estimate may be formed of the force of the wind, by the fact that the distance travelled over by the cars was fifteen miles, and that the time in which it was accomplished was thirty minutes.—An average of a mile in two minutes.

English War Steamers.—Bell's Weekly Messenger of the 30th of January, says that five new war steamers of the largest class have been finished in her Majesty's dock yards, and are to be immediately fitted for active service. They are to be furnished with two 96 pound guns on the upper decks, working on swivels, besides other guns of large calibre on the lower decks.

The Mobile Register of the 25th says that the steamer *Shylock* was snagged and sunk in the Tombigby River, a short distance above Pickensville. She was on her downward passage, and had on board 751 bales of cotton, consigned to merchants of Mobile. The cotton was got off, the boat a total wreck.

The *Tornator*, (U. C.) Patriot states that upwards of 15,000 soldiers, horse, foot and artillery, the very élite of the British Army, are now stationed in United Canadas.

A contractor on the public works in Illinois, has patented a new drill for excavating rocks. A fair days work, with one of these drills and a good horse, is forty nine feet in the solid rock.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday last, David Godden, aged 58.

On Saturday last, Emily C. daughter of Robert and Sarah Ann Talbert, aged 5 years.

On Monday last, Noadiah L. Arms, aged 47. [His remains were interred with Masonic honors by his brethren of Mt. Vernon Lodge.]

In this city on Wednesday evening, Dinah, wife of Peter Keyser, aged 36.

At Stockbridge, Mass., 26th ult. Rev. Edwin W. Dwight, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in Richmond, aged 51.

In New York, Julia, relict of James Kavanah, 70. Eliza, daughter of Geo. Youle, 23. Mrs. Isabella M'Beath, 50. John G. Potts, of consumption, Maria Byrne, 16. Alex'r. T. Bearn, 35. David Curtis, 30. Mary, wife of Mathew Hackett, 38. Sarah Maria, wife of Wm. Cook, 24. Agnes, widow of James Mills, 44. James Murphy, 20. Agnes, wife of John Brown, 41. Daniel Sweeney, 36. Eliza, wife of Peter Donnelly, 30. Michael B. Walsh, 73. Emily, wife of John L. Burnett, 31. John Walker, 69. Jane, relict of Capt. John Bowden, 66. Mrs. Matilda Swenson, 26. Theodore A. Pavie, 33. Bridget Rogers, 32.

At Kingston, Jamaica, Rev. Isaiah G. De Gross, of St. Mathias Episcopal Church of N. York. At Washington, Dr. Francis Smyth Beattie, of Orange co.—In Rahway, N. Jersey, Catharine Ayres, 81. At Trenton, James D. Wescott, late Secretary of the State of N. Jersey. At Baltimore, Gen. Joshua Medart, 48. At Washington, Drake Hobbie, father of Maj. Hobbie, 70. In Carmel, Putnam co., Wm. R. Lockwood, 32. At Harlem, Mrs. Ann Price, 85. In Kinderhook, Rev. Daniel E. Manton, 30. At Turin, Lewis co. widow Martha Ives, 75. At Brooklyn, Wm. R. Dean, Esq. 47. At Saratoga Springs, Peter Hulin, 27. Also, Francis Helen, wife of Judiah Ellsworth, 30. At Greenfield, Eliz. both, wife of Elias Gilbert, 66. Also, Cornelia, daughter of Joseph Daniels, 18. In Mohegan, Con. Eleazer Tracy, 76. In Schenectady, Daniel Chandler, 76.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	EACH MONTH.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.	
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.	
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.	
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.	
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.	
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.	
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.	
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.	
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.	
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.	
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.	
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.	
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.	
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month.	
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.	
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.	
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.	
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.	
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.	
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.	
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday	
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday	
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday	
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday	
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday	
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.	
Memphis Lodge,	do	3d Tuesday.	

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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POETRY.

BYRON'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN MALCOM.

My soul is sick of this long day,
I'm weary of its lingering light—
And loathing life, I turn away
To weep and wish for night.
I long to lay me down
In slumber on my mother's breast—
And would exchange an empire's crown
For everlasting rest.

Though but in manhood's morn I stand—
I've lived the laurel wreath to gain—
My songs are heard in every land,
And beauty breathes the strain.
Her smiles and sweeter tears are mine,
And yet of love—youth—fame possess—
Oh! gladly would my heart resign
All—all for the endless rest.

The dreams for which men wish to live,
Or dare to die—the gilded cloud
Of glory o'er the tomb I'd give
For silence and a shroud.
I ask no paradise on high—
With being's strife on earth oppress—
The only heaven for which I sigh
Is rest—eternal rest!

My natal day with tears I keep,
Which I rejoiced in when a child,
And each return the birth I weep
O'er which my mother smiled.
Bid heaven take back the breath it gave,
That I, a cold and silent guest,
Within my father's house, the grave,
May find a long—long rest.

Without my own consent I came,
But with my wildest wish I go—
For I would fairly be the same
I was—ere born to woe.
My cold hush'd heart, with no pale gleams
Of consciousness to wake and waste
I would have slept without its dreams,
And rest—eternal rest!

BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change
Since I was in my teens,
Then I had beaux and billet-deaux,
And joined the gayest scenes.
But lovers now have ceased to vow;
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang or drown themselves—
Because I'm twenty five.

Once, if the night was e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam,
Without—"The bliss, the honour, Miss,
Of seeing you safe home."
But now I go, through rain and snow—
Pursued and scarce alive—
Through all the dark without a spark—
Because I'm twenty-five.

They used to call, and ask me all
About my health so frail:
And thought a ride would help my side,
And turn my cheek less pale.
But now, alas! if I am ill,
None care that I revive;
And my pale cheek in vain may speak—
Because I'm twenty-five.

Now, if a ride improves my side,
I'm forced to take the stage,
For that is deemed quite proper for
A person of my age:—
And then no hand is offered me,
To help me out alive—
They think 'twont hurt me now to fall,—
Because I'm twenty-five.

O dear—'tis queer, that every year
I'm slighted more and more;

For not a beau pretends to show
His head within our door;
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,
My spirits now revive:—
And one might near as well be dead,
As say—I'm twenty-five.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE PILGRIM'S ROCK.

BY "AMELIA."

When the first lonely May-flower threw
Her canvass to the breeze,
To bear afar her pilgrim crew,
Beyond the dark blue seas,
Proud Freedom to our land had flown,
And chose it for the brave;
They formed the nation's corner stone,
And set it by the wave,
That when the Pilgrims anchored there,
Their stepping-stone might be
That consecrated rock of prayer,
The bulwark of the free.

And there they stood; each pilgrim brow
Was wan with grief and care,
And bent each manly form—but oh!
A tender sigh was there—
Fond woman with her sweet sad face,
All trembling pale and chill,
But oh! there was in that lone place
A sight more touching still—
The cheek of childhood pale with fear,
And hushed its voice of glee;
And they are gone; but we are here,
A bulwark of the free.

Our pilgrim sires are gone, yet still
A nation in its pride
Hath poured o'er every vale and hill,
In a bright unbroken tide;
And still their sons shall flood the land,
While that old rock appears,
Like a pilgrim spirit burn to stand
The mighty wreck of years;
And oh! while float the wind and wave,
That hallowed rock shall be
The threshold of the good and brave,
The bulwark of the free.

WHY DON'T HE COME?

Why don't he come? He promised me
He surely would be here;
And pa and ma are out to tea,
For once the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say?
When last his leave he took,
He asked me twice at home to stay,
I wonder how I look?

Oh! why I'm almost out of breath!
Suppose he asks? What then?
I'll certainly be scared to death.
I'm so afraid of men!

I think I'll have him though, at last,
But first I'll answer no!
For many a girl by hurrying fast,
Outstrips her tardy beau!

Oh! here he comes—his steps I hear—
And now he'll soon begin;
I would not for the world appear
In haste to let him in.

From the National Intelligencer.

"A winter day! A winter day!
What shall I find to chase away
The dense damp air of a winter day?"

Give me a wife whose sunny eye
Shall drive the cloud from yonder sky—
Whose honied words and books will say:
That love will bloom in a wintry day:

Friendship may come, with plausible air,
To cheer the moment free from care;
But worldly friends soon shrink away
From the frost and storm of a winter day.

Wine hath a quick, but passing power,
To lay the fend of a gloomy hour;
But it lacks the vigor to drive away
The lengthened gloom of a winter day.

A wife! a wife whose sunny eye
Shall drive the gloom from a clouded sky!
Her will I seek to chase away
The dense, damp air of a winter day.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Brethren.—We have been witnesses of the effects of one of the most extraordinary delusions in regard to our Institution, which in any land or age have tried its strength or durability.

That jealousies and fear of an Institution every where conducted on liberal principles, should have excited a spirit of opposition in arbitrary or tyrannical governments have never surprised us; but when our Order was attacked in our own land, and the people our own neighbors and friends, were excited by false, malicious, and absurd accusations against it; when we saw families disturbed, societies convulsed, and individuals of eminent virtue and station denounced and persecuted, we deplored the folly and fanaticism of our enemies, and sought by patience, and quiet and orderly deportment to assuage the bitterness of our revilers, and to turn the hearts of our misguided accusers. We knew that our Institution was devised in wisdom for the improvement of society in every land, and could not long be left as a mark for the scorn and derision of demagogues and fanatics, nor remain an object of terror to the well disposed.

The delusion has passed away—there has been a redeeming spirit in the midst of the storm—a spirit of inquiry after truth, which has wrought out for us a vindication, and fixed it in the popular mind. Once more our Order has free course, and has resumed its place as the medium of union, friendship, and kind offices amongst "good men" of every rank, station, party, sect, and profession in the land. What we could not do when compelled to defend ourselves against the ingenious assaults of an organized and reckless faction, we can do now: we can take high ground; we can place our Institution in its true position; we can openly declare its principles to attentive hearers, and verify our declarations by the testimony of the greatest, the purest, the best beloved and venerated men, whose names adorn the brightest pages of our country's history. We have it in our power to show, that so far is Freemasonry from having a tendency to corrupt the morals, weaken the faith, impede the justice, contract the soul, or relax the patriotism of its votaries, our country stands in debt for a large portion of its welfare, honor, and security to the members of our Fraternity.

This high position it is my intention to maintain by a work which I propose to publish, if sustained by the approbation and aid of the fraternity to the necessary extent.

To test this, I offer the following plan for the publication of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States.

To place the work within the reach of every member of the Fraternity, it will be published in numbers, in the imperial Octavo form, at periods of one or two months, at 50 cents a number, payable on delivery, and will extend as is supposed, to about fifty numbers, forming five large volumes. Each number will contain three portraits engraved on steel, and occasionally a few illustrations, with biographies written expressly with reference to the Masonic character and acts of each subject, (so far as materials can be obtained,) as well as to his private life. For the fidelity, accuracy and beauty of the work, the responsibility will rest alone on the editor and proprietor.

JAMES HERRING, Grand Secretary of the

Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Extract from the minutes of the Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, Dec 1st, A. L. 5840.

"The Grand Secretary then asked permission to present the prospectus of a work which he contemplated publishing, under the title of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and History of the Masonic Institution in the United States. The proposed Address to the Fraternity and the prospectus were then read; whereupon the following Resolution was unanimously adopted."

"Resolved.—That this Grand Lodge highly approve of the proposed work of the Rt. W. G. Secretary, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons,' and recommend it to the patronage of the Fraternity."

In Grand Chapter, of the State of New York, Feb. 3d. 5841.

"Resolved.—That the Grand Chapter of the State of N. York, do approve of the work proposed by our M. E. Companion James Herring, entitled the 'Portrait Gallery of Eminent American Freemasons,' and while they commend it to the support of the Fraternity, to give to the author free access to the Records and Archives of this Grand Chapter, for such information on our Masonic History as may be necessary for his work."

Extract from the minutes.

JOHN O. COLE, Grand Secretary.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 29.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS.

Delivered in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hardinsburgh Ky., before Breckenridge Lodge, No. 67 on the 26th day of December, 1840. Celebrated as the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist.

BY JAMES G. HASWELL.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 218.

The peculiar tenets, forms, and ceremonies of our institution, have never been committed to writing, but have been handed down from generation to generation. Hence it has, been said, that our origin is derived from all those sects to which we bear any resemblance.—Some of these are the Eleusynian Mysteries, Essenes, and Druids, together with the different sects, which have existed, under the direction of the Philosophers of ancient times. We are willing to admit, that some of these sects had a striking resemblance to the Fraternity in many of its parts, so as to convince us that Masonry had its origin in high antiquity. The Eleusynian Mysteries were introduced at Athens, by Eumolpus; three hundred and fifty two years before the dedication of Solomon's Temple: this festival, was the most celebrated of all the religious ceremonies of Greece; and was held sacred to Ceres and Proserpine. These mysteries, or this sect, together with the Essenes, a society which existed amongst the Jews, and the Druids of ancient Gaul and Britain, are said, (by some writers,) to bear a resemblance to the Fraternity.—Though Masonry, in the varying shapes in which it has appeared in the world, has suffered; (like the doctrines taught by Moses and the Prophets,) by an intermixture with the refined speculations of later times. And this has only been removed by the enlightening influences, and general reception of a further revelation. For however pure Masonry may have been, in every age and nation; and however firm the establishment of its principles, yet like other human institutions, it has been subject to numerous variations in its forms, and ceremonies. The different aspects under which it has appeared, and the principles by which it has been regulated, depended in some degree on the progress of civilization; and upon the nature of the government by which it was protected. In examining the history of the past, we find, that the Philosophers of ancient times, "were ever ready to seize upon every nation which could aid them in their speculations; they borrowed from the Prophets, but were unwilling to acknowledge the obligation; adopting that which was most conducive to the splendor of their systems, and the interest of their sect." And that which they learned from the Prophets, and from the society of Free Masons, in their journeyings to the east, was converted by them, into a kind of speculative theory, the knowledge of which was confined to a few. "and by them carefully concealed from vulgar curiosity, under the veil of mystery, into which none were initiated, until they had tried their intellectual capacity, and the firmness of their characters." And the very foundation of all that was pure and correct in their systems, emanated from the Masonic Repository, from whence, no doubt, they received their knowledge of the primitive traditions. We shall have no controversy with a religious people, when we assert, that Solomon was well acquainted with the true fountain, from whence proceeded all correct tradition, by reading the books of the law. And he must have understood, (even in his time,) the nature of Jewish traditions as they existed in their purity during the prophetic ages, "which consisted in a simple explanation of those divine truths which the prophets delivered, or their law exhibited, under the veil of emblems;" and which existed in their purity, before foreign tenets were borrowed from the Egyptians and Greeks, and

blended with the oriental philosophy. And if it be the fact (as is supposed by some,) "that the speculative or philosophical principles of Freemasonry, was unknown to the building of the Temple; and that it was then infused into the fraternity of operative Mason by Solomon: we would ask them to examine the Bible and see the account given of the building of that edifice, and they will find in the account, a great probability that the builders witnessed its awful dedication to the most high!" and the workmen at the Temple from other countries, must have been benefited by correct religious views. "Tyre must have derived an accession of religious information from its intercourse with the Israelites in the time of Solomon, for we find Hiram the King blessing the Lord God of Israel, as the Maker of Heaven and earth."

In addition to the few scattered ideas which have been advanced, we would beg leave to add the opinion of a writer of considerable research, in "A History of Freemasonry," compiled for the "Amaranth and Masonic Garland," "traces the Order from the earliest ages of antiquity, through the Eleusynian and Dionysian mysteries, to the building of the Temple, and from thence through the Essenes and Kadeans, to the fraternity of builders during the middle ages, and until the establishment of the Grand Lodge of York, in England. The reasoning of this writer is good, and will no doubt throw great light upon the origin and growth of the institution. All Masons however are certain, that Masonry is not of modern origin. Though from its character of secrecy, and being confined to a favored few, it is difficult to trace its history." And to trace it through all its varying shapes, would require a long and labored investigation; far exceeding my ability, or the limits of this address. With this consideration we shall leave this part of the subject to the investigation of the antiquarian, and conclude by saying; that to revelation, we are indebted, for all the purity and correctness of principle which belong to our institution. And although the writing of Moses and the prophets, may have been obscured in their mixture with the fables of later times; yet before the reception of a further revelation, they taught to men, all of correct, and pure morals. Enabling the craft,

"To view that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!"

Enabling us, to look through the long dark vista of three thousand years, and to behold the faint glimmerings of a light; which has now burst upon the world, shining as the splendor of the meridian sun.—This light is the Christian Religion; enabling us to see in all its brilliancy the bright Star of Masonry:—which like the glorious sunlight brilliancy, that emanated from Moses and the prophets, was somewhat obscured for ages, only to break forth with that transcendent effulgence, which has enlightened the world, and made mankind happy.

We come next to our principles, and ask if they are not correct? Seeing that we have had light from revelation, and the book of nature, in the first building up of our institution; the light of science, with the more sure and safe guide of Christianity to guide us in modern times—strengthening our ties, and securing our perpetuity. As an Order, we have outlived the storms and tempests of ages, the fluctuations and changes of governments; living to see the triumph of Christianity over paganism and false philosophy; and now beholding its banners of white displayed o'er all the civilized world—evidencing the truth of the promises of God, firm as his throne, and lasting as the joys they unfold. Showing to the world the safety and permanency of institutions, which have for their object, the bettering of the condition of fallen man; which have for their principle, the golden rule of doing to others, "as we would they should do to us." In accordance with this principle, all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, can worship under the same broad canopy, which covers the Masonic Temple. And

in the words of our great Grand Master Solomon, we can say, "The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Acting up to and carrying out this principle, she receives men of all religious creeds, into her Temple; if they bring with them, the true principles of virtue and honesty, having proved themselves by the doing of virtuous deeds. She asks not the amount of his wealth, the extent of his influence, nor whether he has descended from a long line of illustrious ancestry. But she asks,—Is he in possession of moral worth? Is he likely to learn and retain the principles of the Order? Will he promote brotherly love and charity, and be altogether a worthy member of the institution? But it is said that many of our members, do not sustain such characters; grant it, do all the members of every religious denomination, sustain the character of true Christians? we answer no; and let it be recollected, that the mere act of joining the Church, never made men Christians, neither does the joining of the fraternity, make men good Masons; they can only be such, by living in strict accordance with the principles of the Order. And let those who denounce us, recollect, that the conduct of a part of the members of a society, cannot be a sure test, of the principles, of a whole community. The principles of the Order, forbid a system of persecution or proscription. And for proof that good principles are inculcated in our Lodges, let me ask those who have denounced Masonry; if they have ever heard, of the Masonic fraternity as a body, engaged in the persecution of individuals, or of institutions of any kind?—Has she begun the strife in which different political parties have engaged? we answer most emphatically that she has not! Has she gone forth in her strength and set herself in battle array against those who have denounced the institution? No, but she has left them to deride beneath the clouds of their own ignorance. Has she assembled her legions, and declared a crusade against Christianity? No, but she implores the protection of the same being, worships the same God, inculcating brother love, and that kind of perfect charity, which is not obtrusive in its character; called forth and exercised upon true principles. Not sending a herald before, to proclaim the goodness, and the amount of the gift, but the blessings of charity are felt and received, without coming in contact with the gaze or cold and heartless indifference of the world. This brethren is one of the secrets of our Order, which has been productive of much good in the world; having been built upon that admirable teaching of our Lord, which reads thus. "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret; himself shall reward thee openly."

Friends, bear with us for a moment, while we present you with a few of the emblems, or working tools of our profession. Recollecting at the same time, that Masonry does not stand alone in the teaching and illustrating by signs or symbols, the great principles of her existence. All nature abounds in emblems which illustrate her being, pointing man to the great maker of all things: pointing man to God, who has seen fit to teach by emblematic instruction—thereby making it the striking and eloquent language of Heaven. Do you ask for evidence? Fancy you see at this moment the bow of God. Look, behold! and see the sign of his promise. Look back for a moment at the time when this promise was verified.

"When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine
How came the world's gray Fathers forth
To watch the sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod
Each Mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God."

"Every character, figure and emblem, depicted in a lodge, has a moral tendency, and inculcates the pra-

tices of virtue." Why is it then said by some that these emblems are unmeaning? Can we not use fit emblems and symbols, to impress upon our minds, and to fix deep in our hearts, the most instructive and important truths? Are not these emblems, which lead us to reflect on some moral truths, sufficient to teach us? Though they be derived from the humble sphere of operative Masonry, yet in referring us to the source of all truth, they teach great and important lessons.—They teach us to build a Temple greater than Solomon's, a Temple within, which shall withstand the "wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," and which shall appear in perfect beauty before the throne of God. "The colors are significant of the order to which they belong, when arrayed together they show forth unity, but separately they have a higher meaning. The apron with which a newly initiated candidate is presented, is an emblem of innocence, and being white it is significant of the purity of our cause; hence it is a badge of mourning. The blue is the unsullied honor of Masonry. The red denotes that we will make war on none—and our motto is, "peace on earth and good will to men." Though at the same time we have an anxious desire to protect, defend and preserve our mysteries. These colors must ever teach the same important lessons, as long as men shall receive instruction from earthly preceptors. Shining in all their pristine beauty, so blended, as to set forth the unity existing in our Lodges; and gleaming in our moral sky as a rainbow of promise, showing that Masonry, never! never! will be destroyed. "The square teaches to regulate our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue, the compass teaches us to circumscribe our actions, and keep our passions in proper bounds. The simple trowel learns us to spread the cement of brotherly love; the plumb line to walk uprightly; and the keys to keep securely locked the secrets and mysteries of Masonry. The coffin teaches that we are mortal, and the sprig of Cassia that we shall live forever. The letter G points us to the name of that Being before whose presence the nations of earth, shall one day appear. The east and west teaches us that the Masonic Temple is commensurate with time, and the cloudless canopy is its only covering." Surely this is simple yet sublime, teaching in a language bold and impressive; teaching a language, which no Mason can forget; and stand approved before the bar of conscience, or the bar of God.

We have in a feeble manner examined our origin, principles and emblems: and from what has been presented to you,—what can be our design? Is it to sow the seeds of dissension in every society? Is it to cast the fire-brands and arrows of death into every community? Has our conduct hitherto pointed us out as selfish and illiberal? Must an ignorance of our design, cause us to be driven from the sanctuary? Must we embrace your particular faith, in order to the favorable reception of our tenets? Must we be slain by the calumniator, or lay hold upon the horns of your altar? No, we will not plead guilty by thus doing, but we will flee to the City of refuge, and there be safe, until we have a fair trial before the proper magistrates. Sit in judgment upon us, those of the world who know nothing of our design—who understand not our principles—we expect, and await the decision.—Sit in judgment upon us, ye who know something of our design; and who believe in the correctness of the principles of a Washington, a Warren, and a Franklin:—ye who possess charity, judge, we will abide the decision.

But it is often said with an air of triumph, that Masonry will not answer the end of Christianity; grant it, and in so doing, we might ask what system, earthly, would answer the end of Christianity? we answer none; and because of this fact, must we blot out every means of its attainment, except through the Church, must we overthrow every moral institution! and thus destroy many of the means of bettering our moral condition. Recollect that Heaven works by means, and approves all the good done upon earth. Understand us, when we say, that it is our design, to enlighten, to promote unity, brotherly love and charity; and it is in our Lodges that we are often brought in contact with those truths, which teach the way to life everlasting.

Many of the inquisitive, in this improving age, object to our secrets; and the passage is often quoted, "let your light shine before men." Now, we do not claim to have established, and to have carried out a

system of religion: nor do we think, that our system of ethics, is equal to Heaven's revealed will. With this view of the subject, let us make the contrast, between the Christian Religion, (as revealed in the scriptures,) and Masonry her handmaid, in reference to this thing of letting our light shine. One is of Divine origin, universal in its application, well adapted to the condition of every man, and its full possession, is one of the greatest ends for which men were designed in this world. The other is of human origin, not universal or binding upon all, and cannot be adapted to the condition of every man. The handmaid of religion, it is only one of the means of obtaining the great end. And if we have obtained the favor of God, (which is the great end for which we were designed in this world;) let us live up to the commands of God, "that men seeing our good works, may be moved to love and serve God likewise." This will apply, with all its force to Masons professing Christianity, and when applied to the Order in general; (in reference to our secrets,) it is enough to say that men seeing the happy results of our unity, brotherly love and charity, may be constrained to come and do likewise. Thereby making use of one of the means of being moralized; one of the means of obtaining a love for the Holy Scriptures, one step towards the attainment of that love to God, which may ultimately enable them to do so, "let their light shine before men, that they may see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in Heaven." And further upon the subject of secrecy, we are taught by Solomon. "That a tale-bearer revealeth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter."

There are many in the world, who think, that there is something so mysterious and dangerous, in Masonry, as to be subversive of all good government, and at war with Christianity. This opinion is founded, upon the fact that some good Masons cease, regularly, to attend their Lodges. In answer to this objection, we might ask: why do not all good Christian Masons, cease to attend our Lodges, and to join with us on occasions like the present? But we answer, (without the fear of successful contradiction,) that no man ever did cease to attend Lodges, because the principles of Masonry tended to anarchy, or were in any degree Anti-Christian. Masonry does not require of its members, a regular attendance in Lodge, to the detriment of their particular business. And there may be Masons, who cease to attend Lodge regularly, and yet retain the very essence of Masonry. Though there are some men in all societies who are unstable in their ways, and who are easily influenced by notions of an opposite character. And there are others who lack moral courage to bear up against the tide of persecution. Like many Christians, they only remain firm and unshaken in the days of prosperity. But when the days of adversity come, "thick and fast upon them," they shrink, turn back to their idols, and worship only popular Gods. And with a part of mankind,

—Prosperity's the very bond of love
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

It is said by some, that we compose a secret institution in league against all governments, with a determination for their overthrow. But the general conduct of the Order, in all ages, has hitherto contradicted this most emphatically. We are not such enthusiasts, as to seek the destruction of our Country, and establish upon its ruins a Masonic Hierarchy. Our principles are all republican. Our lectures, and the instruction given in our Lodges, is calculated to increase our attachment, for our common Country; and to nerve us to repel every innovation, which may be made upon our liberty. The design of the fraternity is, to better their own condition and to cultivate peace and harmony with all mankind. Supporting the government under which they live, and saying in the fulness of their hearts.

Dear native land! how do the good and wise,
Thy happy clime, thy countless blessings prize!

We have gotten through with our design to the best of our ability, but it may be asked, what is our design in regard to another matter? We shall give our own opinion, and no doubt in so doing, we shall give the opinion of the Masonic fraternity.

Brethren, in this enlightened age of the world, when the stern, and almost inflexible nature of man, is grad-

ually yielding before an all-powerful influence. And when those who exert that influence, have approximated to that degree of perfection, hitherto unknown in the history of nations:—"when the harshness and asperities of men, are smoothed and polished by assimilating with beings of more softness and refinement"—in short, when Women exerts that influence, and holds that pre-eminent station, which it was intended she should occupy; and when all the necessary helps, are extended with a liberal hand to promote her happiness. Is it to be thought strange, that the question is often asked why are females excluded from our institution? Why are they excluded from an institution, which embraces the purest system of moral ethics ever introduced into the world? We answer, they are not excluded from the benefits of our institution: "they are not it is true permitted to attend our Lodges, neither are they required to perform the labors of an operative Mason; but every Mason knows that they hold a distinguished place in our rites and ceremonies," and that their protection, comfort and enjoyment, is instilled into the mind or heart, of every true Mason.

As an order, we believe that Women occupy a higher sphere in the scale of humanity than men. We believe that all the refined, and better feeling of the human heart, have in them a more spontaneous growth; not needing so much cultivation as men, but seed forth in all their native beauty, those fine feelings and sympathies which emanate from some superior inherent virtue belonging to her nature.

This high degree of moral perfection, endows her with more of the benevolent or disinterested feeling. This feeling, this principle, is taught in our Lodges, under the name of brotherly love and charity. Hence it is not necessary, that Women, should be taught that which the God of nature has so bountifully bestowed upon her. And hence it is needless, that she be taught in the school of Masonry. "She needs not Masonic implements to break off that roughness and rudeness, which belong only to men." She came from the hands of her Maker, with a heart made to feel for human woe; with a hand ever open to the wants of suffering humanity. "Having all those requisites which are so well adapted to answer the end and purposes of her being, from him who does all things well; who suits the agent to the action, who accommodates the instrument to the work." And who has given that disinterestedness, that beneficent desire to diffuse happiness amongst those by whom she is surrounded; "and that pliancy of spirit which adapts itself to every diversity of condition. This good principle of her nature, sustains her under all the vicissitudes of fortune." "And whether in poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth," whether sought on rejected, "this principle reveals itself as a sustaining power." And when man, proud man, has lost all his fortitude; when all other ties, which bind us here, are broken,

Theirs shall never break
Her heart can feel—but will not move
Her soul, though soft, will never shake.

The true value of Women is not diminished, by their having no participations in the business of our Lodges. But their true worth is estimated, by a knowledge of their equality, in reference to mental endowments, and of their superior moral qualifications.—Hence it is the greatest compliment we can pay to their intellectual or moral powers.

We are certainly under great obligations to God for that Heavenly light, without which Masonry is only, "As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal;" which has enabled the nations of the earth to make such rapid strides, in the scale of civilization and refinement. In this onward march, Women has been advanced almost to the summit of her glory, and it remains now, only, for her to use that vigorous intellect and those moral powers which God has given her, for the farther advancement of her best interests, and for the improvement of mankind. In all her laudable undertakings, Masonry stands ready to assist—claiming as an Order, to have acted some humble part, in advancing her to her present condition. Masonry is now pleading her cause, and Masonry will protect her happiness, as long as Masons find a place amongst men: or the Masonic Temple has a place upon earth.

Thus to the best of our ability, have we presented you with some of the doctrines taught in our Lodges, and we present them as being worthy of reception; a-

mongst the most enlightened; acknowledging however, the feebleness of the hand, which has but sketched the picture, and feeling assured that the subject presents, "no barren field to glean upon." Would we had the wisdom of our once great Grand Master Solomon, together with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, that we might be able to set before you the doctrines of the Order, in all their bright and glowing colors.—Would we could throw aside the veil, and let you behold in all their simplicity and grandeur, the altars of every Masonic Temple supporting the book of God, teaching in the eloquent language of Heaven the whole duty of man, and making sacred the place where "dwells Masonic light."

Behold Masonry as she issues from the temple of the Lord on Mount Zion, having inscribed upon her brow, in legible characters this motto:—"Peace on earth and good will to men." Behold her as in her onward march, she bears aloft the Olive Branch of peace over the nations of earth; promulgating her principles in the spirit of meekness and charity. No torrent of blood marks her course, no ensanguined plain presents a scene of woe. But amid persecutions dire, the fair form of mercy is seen to hover around her path and Dove like, finding no rest amidst the angry contentions of men, she bears in peace the Olive Branch within the Temple of mercy; patiently awaiting the time when the passions of men shall be assuaged. Go view her as she worships there—go read the oracles of God lying open upon her altars. See her walking hand in hand with Christianity, acting as her handmaid, drawing supplies from the same fountain, teaching the same doctrines, worshipping the same God, and hoping to arrive with all her charge and be admitted into that Temple—"made without hands eternal in the Heavens." Brethren, the task assigned me is done; in a feeble manner have we accomplished it, please to accept it, for if we have failed to present our institution in its true light, the fault lies not in Masonry.

"What is writ is writ,
Would it were worthier."

And if what has been delivered to you, has wearied your patience, forgive one who is interested in the subject: forgive one whose heart believes in the principles of Masonry. This you will do, for it is a favorite theme with you all; and must be as long as you have a place amongst the children of men.

Accept now my grateful acknowledgements for the distinguished honor received from your hands, and my best wishes for each and every brother here assembled, who worships around the Masonic altar.—This day with all its pleasing recollections, will rise up in after life, as one of the most pleasurable remembrances of by-gone days; and though we may be separated by distance, yet you my brethren of the mystic tie, even then shall be the cherished remembrances of this day's enjoyment. Brethren, one task is yet remaining; we have not forgotten that since last we met here to celebrate this festive day, one of our Brethren, who received the mystic sign amongst us has gone to the chambers of death. He has gone at the call of our Lord and Master on high, bearing the consolation to his friends and brethren, in the evidence that he went suitably appraised for that Lodge above, "having on the wedding garment." We have seen the mound of earth which covers o'er his grave, we have there dropt the sympathetic tear, and have been consoled by the reflection, that he shall arise at the last day, at the Master's call, and being clothed in robes of white, shall enter the Lodge in Heaven.

Brethren, soon will the Supreme Grand Master call us from labor to refreshment—soon will we be done meeting upon earth—soon will the last grand procession of all the sanctified, ascend to the Supreme Master on High. In view of this solemn charge, and of the responsibility which we are under to God; let us pause and reflect:—"that to the Christian only belongs a well grounded testimony of his faith, and this growing evidence gathers strength by length of time, affording at every step in the Christian's path fresh proofs of its divine origin." May we all so reflect, as that we shall embrace, and retain the faith of the Christian, and be fully prepared to come at the Master's call—hear his voice with gladness, and ascend up to the empyrean Heaven, there to be received with the welcome plaudit—"well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of the Lord."

VARIETY.

COOKE AND INCLEDON.

Cooke and Incledon, after playing at the Richmond Theatre, retired to the Star and Garter to sup together. The convivial habits of these two *histrionics* are well known; but soaker as Incledon was, he was by no means a match for George Frederick, and accordingly was the first who felt inclined to retire from the contest, and exclaim, "hold! enough!" "Sit ye down, Charley! sit ye down man," said Cooke, "we'll have another bottle." "No, no, my dear fellow—'tis late—'tis late—besides I've to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, you know at the Covent Garden Theatre, and must be careful of my voice, so good night—good night." "Phoo! phoo! sit ye down man—sit ye down. I tell you we'll have another bottle." "Impossible, my dear fellow, impossible, I've to sing before the king and the queen, and—" "Sit ye down, I say—sit ye down. Your voice! by heaven! 'tis harmony! the music of the spheres, Sir! and another bottle—" "Upon my soul now—" "Here! waiter!" "I tell you I—" "Well sing the Storm first—the Storm, my bully-boy!" "No, no, not to night, my dear fellow—not to night." "Come, cease rude boreas—" "Impossible! I've to sing before the king and the queen, and—" "You won't then?" "Not to night, good bye—good bye. 'You shall though, Charley—you shall sing me the Storm before morning, said Cooke; and Incledon retired. He had not been long asleep, however, before he was awoken by two constables, who approaching the bed immediately seized him. "Hands off, vociferated our vocalist, as soon as passion permitted him to speak. "Hands off, I say! what do ye mean ye rascals?" "Come, come, no nonsense; bless you! we knows the whole." "The whole!" "Ay, so put on your things quietly, Muster Smith, and come with us." "Muster Smith! I'm Charles Incledon, ye villains! Charles Incledon, sirrah! the native vocalist! I've to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, and unless you bundle this instant—" "I tell you it won't do, we knows you." Charles Incledon, indeed! ha! ha! ha! that's a good one, aint it, Sam? What! I suppose you didn't rob that there poor woman of her bundle this here blessed morning, upon the green yonder." "I tell you I'm Charles Incledon—my friend George Frederick Cooke is now in the house, and will tell you the same." "Muster Cooke! why that's the gentleman as informed against you. Howsomdever if you're Charles Incledon, you can sing the Storm, you know." "To be sure I can, ye scoundrels—to be sure I can sing the Storm indeed! only stand aside, and I'll soon—" So saying, he cleared his pipes, and in this situation poured forth this celebrated ditty, with his usual pathos and power, at the conclusion of which Cooke thrust his head from behind the curtain, and saying with a sneer, "I told you you should sing the storm before morning, Charley," left him to his repose.

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER MOTHER.

The following thrilling incident, the meeting of a mother and her child—is from the recent report by Dr. Howe, Principal of the Perkins Institution for the blind at Boston, concerning Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, whose only means of communication with objects around her is by the touch, which is remarkably acute:

During the last year, and six months after she had left her home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room.—Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding here, she turned away, as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy put them around her neck, and sought me, eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now tried to caress her; but poor Lau-

ra repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested, she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal.

The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seem to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger, she therefore felt of her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest—she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face.—At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom, but a moment before, she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

I had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all I could of the workings of her mind, but I now left them to indulge, unobserved, those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love may conceive, but which cannot be expressed.

The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child, and was thus noticed at the time:

Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron of whom she was very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment,—then she dropped her mother's hand,—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.

ATHANASIAN CREED.

Parson Paten was so much averse to the Athanasian creed that he never read it. Archbishop Secker having been informed of his recusancy, sent the archdeacon to ask his reason: "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your Metropolitan does," replied the archdeacon. "It may be so," replied Mr. Paten, "and he can well afford it—he believes at the rate of seven thousand pounds a year, and I only at that of fifty pounds."

A certain baron had a son, who at the age of eleven or twelve years, rose to the rank of Major. One morning, his mother hearing a noise in the nursery, rang the bell to know the cause of it. "It is only," said the servant, "the Major crying for his porridge!"

Two friends exchanging pinches of snuff at a coffee-house, an observer remarked, "you are making a profitable barter, gentlemen." "That cannot be," said one of the snuff takers, "as it is only pinch for pinch." "Nay," rejoined the observer, "you each get scent for scent by it!"

I have great aversion to Auburn locks as the criminal said when he took lodgings, in the Auburn prison.

POPULAR TALES.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE THREE RAVENS.

In one of the loveliest valleys of the west of England stands a small town called Greystone, a corruption (according to the antiquaries of the place) of its original name of Gravestone. Near the market place, not far from the town hall, and at the corner of a street (the name of which we are not permitted to reveal) dwelt a Mr. Simon Raven, undertaker: to this profession Mr. Raven had formerly added those of auctioneer and appraiser; but, whether the two latter branches brought him but small profits, or that his genius lay exclusively in the former we know not. Certain it is, that at the time of which we write Mr. Raven was only an undertaker, but to that he enthusiastically devoted himself mind and body.

Every morning his spouse, Mrs. Raven, might be seen (dressed in a black velvet cloak) leaving her home with the charitable intention of visiting the sick. In the act of closing the eyes of the dying, and rendering them the last sad offices, she had by long practice acquired a wonderful address. Her appearance in a house was almost a sure sign of approaching death, and some of her neighbors were uncharitable enough to say that she had been known to occupy herself with the funeral preparations even before the breath was out of the body.

All the happiness of this thrifty couple (a happiness partaking, however, of their moody temperament) was centered in an only daughter, Miss Niobe Raven; who also shared the gloomy labors of her parents. Her greatest delight was in reading. She delighted in the solemn pages of *Sherlock, Horvey, and Dr. Dodd*, sometimes, to give a little variety to her recreations, she tried the poets. It is unnecessary that Young's "Night Thoughts" and Blair's "Grave" were preferred to all others. In music, she had a great predilection for "The Dead March in Saul," and the bell tolling for a funeral had for her a silvery sound. But to the cause of these melancholy tastes.

For some years past, (we will not say how many) Miss Niobe had been of age, yet she still remained in the sorrowful state of a single-blessedness. For many years she had hoped to establish herself in matrimonial life with some swain of her native town, or the neighboring parishes, or indeed, of any other,—for the fact is, she was not particular as to where he came from, so—that he did come. But, alas! no one had presented himself,—and this tender cypress found no prop to support her.

Several years had elapsed, as we have been credibly informed, since young Roots, (the son of a market-gardener at the end of the town,) thinking that Mr. Raven had gathered a more profitable harvest from the churchyard than his father was ever likely to do from his garden, had intended to pay court to Miss Raven; but, to discreet a lover, he had only proceeded as far as a few tender glances.

Strop, the barber, too, the most punctual, as well as the most busy man in the town, had been known to spare a few minutes in his rounds to address a compliment to Miss Raven; but latterly he had been heard to declare that he never had the slightest intention of converting Miss Raven into Mrs. Strop.

Things were in this state when Miss Niobe arranged a plan to put an end to her state of desolation. She had tried in vain to gain a husband by assuming a gentleness of manner; and she was now determined to act with decision.

Exactly opposite to the house of Mr. Raven, lived a Mr. Narcissus Nonpareil, draper. This Mr. Narcissus Nonpareil, unlike the usual measurers of cloth, had an aspiring mind. No tradesman in the town carried his head so high, nor had any better reason to do so, for his stature was only four feet four. He might be seen every morning standing at his shop-door, rubbing alternately his hands and his chin while inhaling the morning air, for tyrant custom, as in most small towns, confined him all day to the shop. Miss Niobe had seen "and marked him for her own." Mr. Nonpareil had retired to his parlor one evening after the cares of the day, when a shopman entered.

"Any one waiting, Mr. Smith?"

"No, sir, Mr. Stoat's clerk has just left this letter, and has since gone over to Mr. Raven's."

Wondering what Stoat, the lawyer, could have to write to him about, Nonpareil opened the letter, and read as follows:

Sir,—I am instructed by my client, Mr. Simon Raven, to inform you that if you any longer refuse to fulfil the engagement contracted by you with Miss Raven, that legal proceedings will be forthwith commenced against you. I am, sir, your obt. servt.
CATMAN-STOAT.
To Mr. Nar. Nonpareil, &c."

It is not necessary to paint the surprise into which this singular epistle threw our friend, the draper: he read it over more than once; but that only plunged him deeper into conjectures as to its meaning. "What engagements had he contracted with Miss Raven that Stoat could call upon him to fulfil? What proceedings were to be taken against him for the accomplishment of a contract he had never heard of before? It must surely be some pleasantry between Mr. Raven and Mr. Stoat," thought he. But Mr. Raven was not a man given to joking, and Mr. Stoat was anything but a pleasant man. "I have never," said Nonpareil, (rising from his chair with dignity,) "never by word or thought injured Miss Raven, in fact, never thought about her."

Having said this, and being convinced of his own innocence, he took his hat and went out. "I must see Stoat immediately," said he, "and learn the meaning of this letter." Saying which, he proceeded to the lawyer's house.

"Good-evening, Mr. Stoat," said Nonpareil, entering the office, in which he found the man of law busily occupied in writing; and presenting the letter he had received, asked the meaning of it. "If it be a joke, it is one that will not make you the richer, I suspect."

"A joke—you may call it a joke if you please," Mr. Nonpareil, though I am sorry to find you treat so serious an affair in this manner; but I would rather see your lawyer about it. We shall be better able to come to an understanding."

"Understanding—about what? I do not understand a syllable of this. What do you mean?"

"Nothing more, Mr. Nonpareil, than this—that we have the most exclusive evidence, the most efficient witnesses, that you have proceeded too far in your attentions towards Miss Raven to draw back now without subjecting yourself to very heavy damages."

Nonpareil on hearing this threw himself into a chair in a state of great agitation.

"Damages—for what? You surely do not threaten to force me to—"

"Young men ought to have more discretion," Mr. Nonpareil. The damages will be laid at *five thousand pounds!*"

There was such a tone of sincerity in these words that they failed not to make a great impression on the draper.

"Alas!" cried he. "What can I do?"

"You are not in a fit state at present to listen to me. Who is your lawyer?"

"Mr. Ferrett—Mr. Ferrett," replied Nonpareil, trembling; "Ferrett, who lives at the end of North street."

"Very well. I will see him," said Stoat, conducting Nonpareil to the door, who followed him like an automaton, a thousand times more confused and bewildered than when he entered. On his way home he thought the best way to get at the truth would be to go to Raven's house. He arrived there, knocked, and asked in a loud tone for Mr. Mrs. & Miss Raven. "Walk in, sir: missus is in the parlor." He entered, and found Mrs. and Miss Raven seated at work.

"Ah! sir, said Mrs. Raven, with a solemn air, "we have waited to receive this visit for some time." Then (turning towards her daughter) said "Niobe, my dear take courage; all will be well."

Miss Niobe, on hearing this, said, in a languishing tone, "No—no; this is indeed too much to bear."

"Leave the room, my dear; take the shroud with you, and finish it in the other room." Then turning to Nonpareil, Mrs. Raven continued, "You see the responsibility of this dear girl. As she retired, Narcissus could not forbear murmuring to himself, "Frightful creature! would the shroud were her own!"

"You see, sir," we are obliged to assist in the work, said Mrs. Raven, with a ghastly smile. "We have so many funerals to complete just now that we

cannot find hands enough. You will excuse me if I continue my employment: but Mr. Raven will be here directly."

During this explanation our hero had heard the noise of hammers in full operation in the back premises. A shuddering came over him, and he turned deathly pale. The entrance of Mr. Raven did not at all tend to allay this feeling of alarm when he said in sepulchral voice, "So you're come at last, Mr. Nonpareil; but you seem ill?"

"Yes," faltered Narcissus, "I am ill—very ill," for he found the eye of Mr. Raven fixed on him, as if already measuring him for his coffin.

"What the devil, do you mean by the way in which I have treated your poor Niobe? Do you mean to insinuate that I ever paid any attention to your daughter—that I ever pretended to like her? So far from thinking of her, if she had her weight in gold I would not have her."

"Oh! oh! you would not have her, eh?" replied Raven with a frightful grin. "No matter, we'll see if you do not marry her. We know how to make you."

"The devil take me if I do, though!" muttered Nonpareil, as he buttoned up his coat with the air of a man prepared for any thing.

"Fie! fie! gentlemen," said Mrs. Raven. "Simon, my dear, moderate your passion."

"Once for all," said Nonpareil, "explain yourself, will you, Mr. Raven?"

"Well, then, you must marry Niobe, or justice shall take its course. We have your own letters, of the most tender and passionate description; and that's expiation enough, I suppose."

Narcissus started back a few paces. "It's a vile conspiracy," said he; "but Ferrett shall inquire into this affair for me."

"Did I not tell you he would deny them?" said Raven, turning towards his wife.

"He denies his own handwriting, does he? Well, the wickedness of the world! who would believe one of his sex?" sighed poor Mrs. Raven.

"We have nothing more to say to you," added Mr. Raven, moving towards the door. "We have your letters; we have your offer in black and white."

Narcissus retired more confused than when he entered the house. When he reached home he thought over the affair. "These Ravens say that they have several letters of mine to their daughter. I cannot understand it. No matter. They have sworn that I shall marry her; and I really believe them capable of any thing, the cannibals! Marry their frightful daughter—a living spectre! Who's there?" said he, as the door opened, and a head appeared.

"Are you alone?" asked the proprietor of the head, for the body was not yet visible.

"Yes," replied Narcissus. "Come in, Captain Trigger."

A short stout man accordingly made his appearance, his neck enveloped in an enormous cravat, and his cheeks ornamented with a superb pair of whiskers.—Such was the appearance of the formidable Captain Trigger, who having retired from the service for some years, had lately settled in the town of Greystone, retaining little from his military services except the title of Captain, and the before mentioned whiskers. This gentleman frequently honored our friend the draper with an evening call, to play a game of piquet, of which Narcissus was very fond, and at which the captain was very skilful.

"Why what ails you, man? You look ill," said the Captain, seating himself. "Are you for a game to-night?"

"I am seriously ill, Captain Trigger," replied Narcissus, putting his hand to his head.

"Take some of Dr. Gargle's pills, and you will be all right to-morrow."

"Can you keep a secret?" said Narcissus, drawing nearer to the Captain.

"As profoundly as the grave. But do not look so very melancholy, for Heaven's sake, or you will give me the blue devils! Let's take a glass of grog. There's nothing better to dispel melancholy."

"As you like, Captain." And whilst the Captain was engaged in the agreeable occupation of mixing the grog, the draper recounted to him all the details of his unfortunate position. The captain took a pinch of snuff, put the stopper into the bottle, looked hard at his friend, tasted his mixture, and said, "This is all

very strange. You have never made love to this Miss Raven?"—"Never!"

"Have you never written any letters to her?"—"Never!"

"Have you ever written any love letters to any other person?"—"Nev—ah!" exclaimed Nonpareil, jumping up suddenly, "I have it, I have it, my good friend. Yes, I have written several letters—love letters, to Penelope Pincroft, who—"

"And these letters are in the possession of these Ravens," said the captain, interrupting him. "Where does this Penelope live? I will go directly to her, and find it all out." "Alas! captain, she has been dead these six months."

"But these letters were directed to her, and not to Miss Raven?"—"I sent them always by a trusty person, without any address, and never mentioned her name in them, for fear they should fall into old Pincroft's hands."

"This becomes serious," said Trigger. Then turning to Narcissus, he added, "This Raven, (the old man, I mean) has feathered his nest well?" "Oh! no doubt of it. He is called rich, and I hear will give his daughter three thousand pounds."

"Well, why not marry her then?" "How can you ask me such a question? I marry one of such a family of spectres! I should soon become a prey to my father-in-law."

"That is all prejudice. You cannot do better than marry the girl; for it will be impossible to prove that these letters were not intended for her. The damages may be considerable, and the affair will half ruin you."

"I would rather beg my bread than marry such a scarecrow."

"Silence followed, when the captain said, 'Listen to me, Nonpareil. You know that I have ruined myself with play and good living; now, three thousand pounds would be most acceptable to me—don't interrupt me;' (seeing that Nonpareil was going to speak)—"I have a plan in my head by which I can secure the money, and get you out of the scrape." He then detailed his plan to our friend the draper, who appeared delighted with it. 'Tis unnecessary, however, to let our reader into the secret before the proper time."

"You think it will do, then?" said the captain, "and you will try it without hesitation?"—"Certainly."

"The two friends, after laughing heartily, separated for the night."

Nonpareil was up very early the following morning, and very carefully dressed. He took a last look in the glass, and being satisfied with his appearance, satisfied forth. His expectations had not deceived him.—During his walk he met Miss Niobe. She perceived his approach, and was on the point of turning back; but Narcissus detained her by the eloquence of his persuasive language.

"Am I then so odious, dear Miss Raven?" said he, as he overtook her. "I beg, I entreat you to listen to me, whilst I own the reason of my conduct yesterday evening."

"It certainly was much at variance with your present behavior, sir. Pray explain yourself."

"I desire nothing more. You love me—nay, do not deny it—you love me, dear Niobe, and this explains fiction relative to certain letters—very excusable under such circumstances. Do not blush, but tell me—tell me the truth, I conjure you—how could your respectable parents think of putting the matter into Stoa's hands? This ruins my hopes completely."

"How so, Mr. Nonpareil?"

"Will not the world say that I did not love you, and only consented to be led to the altar to save my pocket? 'Tis terrible to think of such a thing! I have loved you; let us defy the scandal of the world, and elope at once. This will prove our affection for each other."

"Elope! elope!" screamed Miss Niobe, at the same time drawing a little nearer to our hero, who saw that he had gained the day.

"I have no time to delay; my business cannot be long left without its master. What say you, my dear Niobe?" He pressed her hand; the pressure was returned. "You consent, then," cried he. "Tomorrow morning I will be here with a post-chaise at six o'clock."

"Oh! not here," said Niobe. "Let it be at the

end of the town, at the lane near Thompson's Mill." "Be it so. But here comes Doctor Gargle; do not let him see us together. Adieu!" So saying, he was out of sight in a minute.

It was half past five the next morning when Nonpareil descended from a post-chaise, which stopped at the lane near the mill. It was not without a feeling of great anxiety for the success of his scheme that he looked in the direction from which he expected Miss Niobe to appear. His fears were groundless. In a few minutes she approached with rapid steps. He took her hand, pressed it with apparent affection, and assisted her into the chaise, in which Captain Trigger was already seated, and instead of entering himself closed the door, and gave the signal for instant departure.

When the sound of the wheels had entirely ceased, he turned his steps to the house of Mr. Raven. On arriving there, and telling the servant that he had something of consequence to communicate to Mr. and Mrs. Raven, he was admitted, though this worthy couple were in a sound sleep when the servant entered their bed-room, and surprised them by saying that Mr. Nonpareil waited for them in the parlor.

"What can he want?" said Raven, angry at being disturbed. "Mr. Nonpareil here at this time of the morning!"

"Yes, sir. He says he wants to see you and miss—"

"Very well; say we'll be down soon."

Dressing themselves in haste, and wondering what could be the reason of this early visit, Raven and his wife half descended to the parlor, where they found Nonpareil pacing up and down impatiently.

"You're a pretty couple, truly," cried he, when they entered, "to wish me to marry your daughter, who has eloped with—"

"Eloped!" cried they, both at once.

"Yes—with Captain Trigger."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the father. "She does not know him."

"I tell you I saw them together in a post-chaise, and I overheard the direction given to the post-boy to drive to the Salisbury Arms, at—"

The mother ran up stairs to ascertain if Niobe was in her bed-room. Not finding her there, or in the house, she begged Nonpareil to accompany Raven and herself in search of the fugitives. To this he readily consented, and Raven having procured a chaise, the trio departed for the Salisbury Arms, where in due time they arrived. A waiter (with a napkin under his arm) was at the door.

"Pray, did a lady and gentleman arrive here in a post-chaise this morning?" said Raven.

"Yes, sir; they're in No. 4." And he pointed to the room in which Niobe and the gallant captain were at that moment.

On opening the door, Raven discovered Capt. Trigger busily engaged in satisfying a ravenous appetite, while Miss Niobe was seated on a sofa. On seeing her father and mother she rose, and would have thrown herself into the arms of the latter; but she perceived a coldness on the part of her mother towards her demonstration of affection.

"Give me back my child, said Raven, approaching Capt. Trigger—"give me back my child. She is engaged to be married to Mr. Nonpareil."

"No such thing," replied the captain, continuing his breakfast with the greatest composure; she is engaged to me. Mrs. Raven, will you do me the favor to take this chair by my side, and I will explain all this to you." Mrs. Raven seated herself in silent wonder. "You see my young friend there," said the captain, (pointing to Nonpareil, who was seated on the sofa, talking earnestly to Miss Raven,) "that friend whom you threatened to sue for breach of promise of marriage—that friend ought to sue you for conspiracy against him; and it only rests whether you consent that Miss Raven becomes Mrs. Captain Trigger, or that you are indicted for the conspiracy. Do you remember poor Penelope Pincroft?" At this question the countenances of both father and mother became rather clouded.

"I have," continued the captain, "proofs that the letters now in your possession were written by my friend Nonpareil to Miss Penelope Pincroft, now dead. Have I your consent that Miss Niobe becomes my wife, or not?"

"What does the captain mean?" said Raven.

"Oh! my dear," replied his wife, "we must be allowed a little time to think over this affair."

During this time Narcissus had continued his conversation with Niobe. "Why refuse the captain?" said he. "He has long loved you. Why not make him happy? He only requires a little money to become a colonel."

"Mr. Nonpareil tells you nothing but the truth," chimed in the captain. "My unfortunate modesty has alone hindered me declaring my sentiments sooner."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Raven, in a softened tone, "you military gentlemen are so pressing. Niobe, my love, you hear what the captain says—will you accept him?"

"Dear mamma, what can I say?" A tender glance at the captain decided the affair, much to the satisfaction of all parties—but to none more than our friend Narcissus Nonpareil.

MISCELLANY.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

ANOTHER TRUE TALE OF REAL LIFE.

A Blackleg enacts the Southern Planter—Life in Buffalo—Grand Rope in the Game—Religion and Love—Matrimony and Merchandize—the Denouement.

"Got his Due.—Henry H. Taylor, the individual who by forgery obtained something over \$20,000 from a firm in Louisville, and a Mr. Russell, of Buffalo, was lately tried in Louisville, and sentenced to the penitentiary for six years."—N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Russell, spoken of above, was in this city last spring. He told us of the doings of Henry H. Taylor at the North; they were on an extravagant scale; he went the "big figure" in the "roping in" business.—When he went to Buffalo, he put up at the inn where Mr. Russell was stopping, who conducted the business of a branch of a large importing house located in Buffalo. He was fashionably dressed, was liberal of his champagne at the dinner table, and was always willing to pay the fare for an afternoon drive or theatre ticket, when any one of the gentleman boarders chose to accompany him on such occasions. He soon became a "lion" not only among those of the hotel, but was so regarded by all the people of Buffalo. He represented himself as the holder of a large amount of valuable funds, principally in certificates of deposit from the Orleans Bank of this city, and deeds of land; and lost any incredulity should exist about the matter, he availed himself of every opportunity that offered to show them, and convince the Buffalonians that it was O. K.

He said he owned a large cotton plantation in Point Coupee, Louisiana, and decided on settling in Texas, where he designed opening an extensive mercantile business in the importing line; and that finally, the object of his northern tour was two-fold; first, to dissipate the grief of which the death of his wife had been the source; and next to purchase merchandize for his embryo establishment in Texas.

By unanimous consent, as it were, he became a great man in the eyes of the Buffalonians. He patronized the theatres, Sunday school societies, cigar sellers, livery stable keepers, tailors, shoemakers, and in fact the whole town. They all looked upon him as "a Southern man with Northern principles." The milliners, from whom he bought his gloves and pocket handkerchiefs, loved to hear him talk, he was so nice a man. Two ladies in the hotel called him a republican prince—a Southern gentleman; and the young bloods, whom he every other night treated to oysters, champagne and cigars, laughed loudly at all his stories of Southern life, and swore they believed he possessed more real wit and graphic humor than Boz.

There was stopping in the same hotel an old pensioned British officer, who had shared the perils and the glories of many a well fought field; his wounds were the medals which told of the battles he had been in. He had with him two daughters, they had travelled with him on the continent of Europe; were intelligent, educated, religious to enthusiasm, and might be called handsome. The elder had seen some eight summers since she had stepped out of her teens, and like most other ladies of her age, had an instinctive penchant for matrimony. She saw Mr. Henry H.

Taylor, and she loved him. She did not do as a less sentimental, less religious hoyden, the inmate of a boarding school, for instance, would do, she did not keep her blue Saxon eyes on him and keep them there till he observed her, and then pretended she had not looked at him at all; she did not drop her glove that he might pick it up, nor underline particular passages in a romance which he might see—no,

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek."

He was ever there, and the officer's daughters set him down as a most pious, proper man. But notwithstanding the church, the theatre, and the afternoon drives, and the oysters, and the champagne suppers, with Mr. Henry H. Taylor, business was business, and he was determined to attend to his. He had in the meantime spoken to Mr. Russell about buying of him twenty or thirty thousand dollars worth of goods, and for prompt cash payments.

"What," said Mr. Russell, who is a canny Scotchman, "surely ye diana mean to make sic a purchase and pay in siller? Ay, mon, but you're daft."

"It's a fact, I do," says Mr. Henry H. Taylor, "here are the funds;" and he opened a well filled portfolio, from which he drew a large pile of certificates of deposit that he held from the Orleans Bank.

"Ma conscience!" said the Scotchman, "an ye do business on a large scale out South, mon."

"Very," says Mr. Henry H. Taylor, not seeming to mind the compliment paid to southern enterprise—"very," and he selected a certificate of deposit in favor of Henry H. Taylor, for \$23,000. "There," said he, "send that on to New York, have it discounted at the lowest current rate, have the proceeds placed to your credit, as I am in want of funds, when you learn the discount I will purchase your goods and pay out of those certificates of deposit in my port folio, at New York rates. That will be equal to cash, you know, Mr. Russell, won't it?"

"It's fac as death, and so it wull," said Mr. Russell. The certificate was sent on to New York and paid at a discount of three per cent. Mr. Russell was duly advised of the transaction, and as he said himself, he always liked to "strack while the iron it's hot," he instantly closed sales for \$18,000 worth of goods with Henry H. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor having finished his business, seen the Falls of Niagara, and having had a pleasure excursion with the British officer's daughters on Lake Erie, was about to return; but could not do so without making an open and candid profession of his love to Miss——, the old officer's eldest daughter. He therefore did it; he pop'd the question, and in two days after she was Mrs. Henry H. Taylor.

They were married and felt happy.

"Each was to each a dearer self,
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy."

For Mr. T. and his fair bride to linger long was impossible. His business peremptorily called him to the South, and it was a call not to pass unregarded.—The \$10,000 worth of goods were shipped in "good order and condition," and he and his blooming bride, ere yet the honey moon had waned away, were on their route to the South—the sunny South.

The first certificate of deposit for \$23,000, was in the meantime sent on here by the New York broker, to the Orleans Bank. The brief reply was on examining it, N. F.—"no funds"—in fact nothing was known of Mr. Henry H. Taylor, nor his certificates of deposit, further than they were forgeries, and remarkably good ones at that; so much so, that they deceived the New York broker, who was quite conversant with the cashier's signature, and would almost deceive himself.

Of this, Russell was advised in due course. He pursued Taylor, and overtook him at Louisville in possession of the merchandize, and had him arrested.

The unfortunate officer's daughter found she was deceived by a villain; she left him, heaping curses on his head. He was put in prison, and the result is told in the extract from the New York paper.

There is a moral in all this. Northern people should not believe that every one who goes there from the South is the owner of a large plantation. Northern adies, whether officer's daughters or other, should not

fall in love with Southern gentlemen in a day and marry them in a week. And merchants should be cautious how they take certificates of deposit at the South.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

Should there be any neglect in the regular delivery of our paper, north of State street, it will be attributed to a new carrier in that part of the city.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—It has never been our lot to witness a more gratifying spectacle than that which presented itself on Wednesday last. The 17th of March has hitherto been welcomed by the disorderly portion of our own citizens as a day on which they could indulge their propensities at the expense of poor "Pat;" and poor Pat himself was wont to think his patron Saint neglected, unless he pledged him in a bumper of Inishorne and "drowned his shamrock" and his senses together. But thanks to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Schneller, the 'Father Matthew of Albany' who has so warmly entered into the cause; and to that little band of patriots, the Hibernian Temperance Association, who so nobly 'threw themselves in the breach' and for a time braved alone the contumely of the interested, and the taunts of their former companions, with a devotion and perseverance which betokened a resolution to succeed in spite of all opposition. Indeed we cannot sufficiently admire the 'high resolve' which prompted them to forego even the moderate use of an article which has hitherto been considered an indispensable ingredient in the cup of Sociability, in order to induce others of less nerve to follow their example: and most gloriously have they succeeded.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Association' headed by the Rev. Mr. Schneller, the Rev. Mr. Smith of Poughkeepsie, and Elisha Taylor, Esq. Chairman of the State Executive Committee, and numbering over 800 members, led the way. A splendid new banner, painted by Goodwin—representing a group of postulants receiving the pledge from the Rev. Mr. Schneller on front, and on the reverse a fountain, with an appropriate scene from Irish topography spread on an immense surface of silk shone conspicuously at the head; numerous and appropriate mottoes were profusely scattered throughout the entire procession, but which our Limits will not permit us to particularize.

Next came the Hibernian Temperance Association with their beautiful Banner elevated on a platform and drawn by four of Nichols' splendid horses. The platform was covered with a green carpet and on each corner was a boy supporting an American flag. Their principal marshal Mr. Michael Cooney mounted on a fiery charger and attired in the Irish costume of breeches and top boots, looked quite unique. They numbered over two hundred and were tastefully decorated with badges &c. and at the rear was a new banner representing the different stages in a drunkard's life from the first "glass with a friend," to the termination of his existence by suicide. The figures in the different stages were admirably drawn and colored, after the manner of Shakespeare's "seven ages" and exhibited the progress of the inebriate "to the life;" and the "tout ensemble" was beautiful and imposing beyond

all previous exhibitions within our recollection; and whether we regard this movement in a social or religious point of view, we cannot but congratulate our Irish fellow-citizens on the manifest improvement already apparent in their condition, through this mighty moral revolution.

We understand that the junior members of the Hib. Temp. Association held a ball and picnic at their room in the evening. During an intermission in the dancing, the pledge was administered to every lady present who had not before taken it. The company broke up among the "small hours," highly gratified with the proceedings of the day.

EXEMPTIONS FROM TAXES.—We observe from the reports of legislative proceedings, that scarce a day passes without the presentation of petitions praying for the repeal of the statute which exempts the property of clergymen from taxation, and we can see no cause why the prayer should not be granted. This exemption had its origin in a remote period, when the cause of the church needed the fostering indulgence of the legislature, when the sacred calling of the ministry was rather a gratuity than a profession, when the minister depended for the support of himself and family rather on the liberality of his congregation than on a fixed stipend. This state of things no longer exists. The gospel and its ministers, have assumed their proper rank and position in the eyes of the world.—Churches are richly endowed and the clergy in all cases receive compensation, fully adequate to their temporal wants and in many instances their incomes are princely.

Taxes are a grievous burthen to all, and should be borne by all alike, and this exemption is the most anti-republican feature, in the institutions of our state, indeed we question whether those whom the repeal of this law is to effect are not themselves in favor of its repeal.

THE PEOPLES LINE OF STEAM BOATS.—This popular and deserving line of Boats, it will be perceived by reference to another column, commence their summer operations, under auspices which cannot fail of ensuring for them a continuation of the public approval and patronage. In addition to the splendid Boats, Rochester and North America, a new one is to be added by the name of the South America, said to be full equal in her speed and appointments, to her associates. With such Boats, placed as they will be under the charge of Captains St. John, Truesdell and Brainard, no doubt can be entertained of their favorable reception with the travelling community.

FUEL.—The scarcity of coal at the present time, is another admonition, of the necessity of making provision for a more plentiful supply in future. Had the past winter been as severe as some within our remembrance, the sufferings incident to this culpable omission would have been dreadful.

This is not a perishable commodity, and its price is uniform. Would it not be well, that a supply should be procured by the Corporation, and kept to meet similar contingencies.

WHOLESOME CAUTION.—An editor "some where," advises young men who are about committing matrimony, to have it distinctly understood, whether they are about to marry an individual or a whole family.—To which a brother of the quill wittily rejoins. That parents having marriageable daughters, should enquire of their suitors, whether it is their intention to marry into the family or one out of it.

ELSSLER.—The New Orleans papers, with great flourish, announce the arrival of the incomparable and "DIVINE FANNY" at that place from Havana, and make known to the world that the *Cushion* on which her aerial person rested during its transit from the vessel to her lodgings, is to be raffled for. One hundred chances, at two dollars and fifty cents each!

O manhood where is thy blush! O monstrous degradation, that those professing to be American citizens, have become so servile as to bestow such fulsome adulation, on one whose chief attribute is in her heels, and whose reputation, is, to say the least, doubtful.

This is nearly equal to the homage paid another of the same kidney, named Taglioni, in London, a few years since. A party of her worshipers formed themselves into a club, and by bribing her waiting maid procured one of her cast off shoes, from which they drank their libations!

Faugh the gorge rises at these unmanly exhibitions. Mr. Caldwell, the manager, has effected an engagement with her, by which Fanny is to receive *twelve thousand dollars*, for dancing twelve nights.

THE BROKERS, the past week have had most admirable picking. The more conscientious portion of them, would take a "red back," from a poor devil, at 50 per cent, if the applicant was actually suffering for the means of buying bread. But the best part of this Robin Hood game, was, if you found any fault, they told you to thank God that it was no worse. Shake-spear would never have immortalized Shylock, if he had been acquainted with — some other very honest men. Talk about a "pound of flesh," why, there has been more flesh *skinned* from the ribs of the poor the past week, than they or their families have eat the past month. So huzza, for the Banks and Brokers, and down with the mechanics and laborers.

THE DUEL.—All of our readers have no doubt read the particulars of Mr. King, of Alabama, challenging Mr. Clay of Kentucky, and we have no further remark to make to it than the one, that the "manners at Washington," must not be only very *easy*, but likewise very *moral*, when two old men, verging on three score years and ten, can so far forget themselves and their constituents, as to send and accept a challenge in the *Senate* of the Nation. Are these the men to enact our laws? Never, after this, let a President dismiss hair-brained middies, for fighting, on account of *his* "immorality!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to complete the Masonic Address, in this paper, we are compelled to defer the publication of the "7" until next week.

OUR CITY OFFICERS.—The *ATLAS*, in speaking of several candidates for the Mayoralty says, "For ourselves, we think it is time that politics were thrown aside in the choice of city affairs, and that regard only should be had to their competency." We think so too.

GEN. SCOTT, arrived in this city, a day or two since on his way to the western frontier, where he is ordered by the government, connected, as is supposed with the M'Leod affair. We regret to say, that the general in crossing the Hudson, at a late hour at night, accidentally fell on the ice and severely bruised himself. His hurts, will probably, confine him to his room for a few days.

Two children, one fourteen, and the other eleven, who were out a gunning with another child aged eleven, accidentally shot the latter, in the neighborhood of Savannah. The Republican says, that people will be amazed, when they learn that "our boys carry arms long before they cease to wear aprons."

"CLOTHE THE NAKED."—The N. Y. Planet facetiously says, that the Van Buren party have literally carried out the portion of scripture, quoted above—for they have absolutely "clothed" half of the whig party since the election. Shouldn't wonder.

COLD WEATHER.—The Ogdensburgh Times, in noticing a recent snow storm, says there is a prospect of having *six weeks* sledding in March. For the last week we have had nearly as cold weather, as at any time during the winter, and the prospect of a steam boat waxing fainter and fainter each day. N. B. Our Southern friends who intend visiting Saratoga this summer had better bring their great coats along.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.—A correspondent of the N. York Journal of Commerce, in Washington says: "We know from Lord Palmerston's speech that full and conclusive instructions were prepared and were immediately to be sent to Mr. Fox; and we know that the speech and instructions arrived here together. It cannot be long before we shall know something more."

Mc'LEOD.—The President of the United States has directed Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney General to attend the trial of M'Leod, which commences in a day or two.

A NEW IDEA.—An abolition paper, somewhere, says that the way they procure *black-writing ink* in South Carolina, is to take a young negro, and whip tears from him, which they collect in a bottle. They must be very cruel in South Carolina.

THE AMISTAD.—Justice Story, in the Supreme Court of the U. S. has given the decision of the Court in relation to these negroes, which is adverse to the claim of the Spanish government. They have consequently been set at liberty.

☞ The trial of Robinson, for the murder of Mr. Suydam, was to have commenced on the 16th.

☞ The Spy in Washington says that the State Department has received authentic accounts of the capture, by the British, of *twenty* American vessels, which they have chosen to suspect of being concerned in the slave trade.

THE BRIDGE.—The committee to whom this application was referred, after a protracted setting of some weeks, and after listening to the testimony of innumerable witnesses from all sections of the union, have closed their arduous labors, and are now compiling their report. Its present fate is still uncertain, but the application must eventually succeed.

A SPECK.—Orders have been received at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, to proceed forthwith to the completion of the present frigate on the stocks and to lay the keel of another.

FIRES.—The paper mill of H. C. Church & Co. near the lower falls at Rochester, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 11th inst.

The Hartford City Hotel was sold on Tuesday last to Mr. Judson, of the New Haven Pavilion, for the sum of \$41,000

MESSRS. CLAY AND KING.—The only paragraph on the subject, we find in the N. Y. American of Monday:

The personal difficulty between Messrs. Clay and King of Alabama, was still unadjusted on Friday when the Senate adjourned, and it was understood to be one of the objects of adjourning over till Monday, (today) that if previous thereto, the difficulty were not amicably arranged, it should, on the meeting of the Senate, be brought formally to the notice of that body, and that each of the parties should be required to pledge himself in the face of the Senate, not to pursue the matter farther.

At Baltimore on Sunday the Rev. Dr. Chance was ordained a Roman Catholic Bishop for Tennessee.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Catharine Augusta, only daughter of John Trotter, in the 25th year of her age.

In this city, on Monday last, of consumption, Justus K. Smith, aged 25.

Suddenly at Rensselaerville, on the 8th inst. Mr. Samuel Bouton, aged 73 years. Mr. B. was one of the earliest settlers of that town.

On the 1st inst. at Pleasant Hill Farm, Saratoga co. Caroline daughter of Wm. and Catharine Bement, aged 14 months.

In New York, Elizabeth B. wife of Geo. Townsend 70. Mrs. Hannah, widow of Benjamin Sands 79. Mrs. Frances, relict of the late Joseph Tremain. Robert Elting 56, formerly of Columbia co. Catharine, wife of Bartley Magee 38. Mrs. Elizabeth Sammis 77. Henry Schindler 40. Isaac Brown, of the firm of D. S. & I. Brown. Caroline, wife of Ezra Wheeler 27. Andrew M. Kellinger 34. John Koest 30. Wm. Travis 44. Catharine Vanderbeck 77. Marcella, only daughter of Robert Usher, of Louisville, Ky. 21. Wm. M'Queen, formerly of L. I. 44. Geo. Ferris 67. David H. Burnside 24. Samuel Smith 44. Timothy F. Cooke 60. Julia A. wife of Allen C. Bull 29. Morlin Hunt 28.

In Catskill, Albertie, wife of B. Van Vleeck Esq. At Hempstead, L. I. Major William M'Neill 56. In New Brunswick, Sarah Robinson, formerly of Brooklyn. In Boston, Henry Bodge 68. Also, Wm. A. Taylor 28. Also, Col. J. May 81. Also, Mary, relict of John Horner 74. At Cambridgeport, Benjamin Butler 64. At Providence, Benj. Hazard. At Columbia, Pa. Elizabeth, wife of Dr. James J. Given. At Petersburg, Rens. co. Sybil, wife of Amos Fuller 73. At Jamesville, Saratoga co. George A. King 25. At Saratoga Springs, Francis Helen, wife of Judiah Ellsworth 20.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1—The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the **ROCHESTER** and the **NORTH** and **SOUTH AMERICA**, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. mr. 12

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

A FRAGMENT.

A group, a solemn group attends my scene,
And fills the little space the sable things
Have left unus'd; All, where sorrow is not,
In burning tears betray'd, assume the face
Of saddest thought. Save the sob, half suppress'd,
Of grief, no sound disturbs. God is there! Death,
His messenger, attends! the pending act
Delays, to wing more bitterly upon
The self sufficient hearts around; that in
Their own accusing sin are dumb; and more
Betray, in fear, their tears, than in regret:—
A door into an ante-room stands open'd;
And there, approach'd his dying hour, a youth
Lay stretch'd.

Beside his couch a maiden sits;
And, to each pang of death, there seems infus'd,
Into her soul, a cold and blank despair:
That part at least that must survive. For they
Were one in love, in thought, in hope; and parting
Seem to stronger feel the tie. She is fair;
With brow of alabaster White, and locks
Of golden hue, framing its outline, in
A blending beauty that nowhere else could
Be. With eyes that stand, like burning guards,
To the mine of wealth within, and yet so
Lavish, seem to entice the theft. With cheek
So dimpled o'er, and ruby red, as made
A constant blush. And lips, that in their still
Quiescence, could more than giant power
Exert on human mutability.
And neck, springing so full in outline, from
A heaving bosom, defying art its
Truth to sketch. O! she is a being where
Beauty lov'd to sit, high enthroned,
And mortal hearts, as well as eyes, to thrall.
She sits alone, in the dreary abode
Where soul contagion plays; weeping agony
O'er one by disease despoiled, that soon
Must to the clay compare, in all, save shape.
So full intent on grief she seems that friends
Can scarce a recognition greet. Sorrow,
And that alone she knows; and it so well,
As almost to forget the dying cause,
Or bleach his mem'ry in the flooding tide.
Appears there naught, in such as this, of pride,
To show before the world? A kind of woe
In egotism rife, courting praise of all;
For bab'ling list'ners, and the rest, to sound:—
As, measur'd by our tears, how much, in truth,
We loved, and so as much admired—
Why, when disease in racking torture blanch'd
The loved one's eye, and writhed the form,
In throes of agony, is so much of love
So far removed, nor more near attends
Lending its gentle sympathy and aid?
Say, why; waits it aloof, till death's approach,
That o'er the stiffen'd corse it may lament,
Weeping its own loss?

Away! thou mocking doubt!
Back into thy charnel abode! nor ere
With thy unsightly form intrude again!
Away thou fiend! that so canst mar the gifts,
Holiest of God, with impiousness!—
Yet, so we are in contamination
Swathed, so smeared in clay, that naught,
With heaven marked, can occupy the mind
Without thee.

Albany, March 10, 1841.

THE BEAUTY.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed,
With deep impassioned tone—
But not in humble prayer she named
That high and holy One.

'Twas not upon the bended knee,
With soul upraised to heaven,
Pleading with heartfelt agony
That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains, to raise
To the great source of good,
Her daily offering of praise,
Her song of gratitude.

But, in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
She named the Lord of all.

She called upon that awful name
When laughter loudest rang—
Or when the flash of triumph came—
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flattery knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profanely drew
Name of the Holiest.

I thought—how sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to heaven—
"My God, I worship only thee.
O, be my sins forgiven!"

[The Troy Budget publishes Florio's Last Song; with the remark, that the first part was published some time since, but without his signature, and therefore not recognized as his, and the last verses were added a few days before his death. It will be read with a melancholly pleasure by the many friends of Mr. Brooks, as the dying notes of one of rich and varied minstrelsy.—*Albany Argus.*]

FLORIO'S LAST SONG.

Oh, over life's departing scroll
What varied scenes of memory roll,
Bidding the proudest and the best
Sigh to embrace the church-yard rest—
And pray, on being's farth'est brink
That the wild meteor soon may sink.
Hark to the new-born infant's cry,
Hark, to the old man's heavy sigh—
With prophecy and memory rise,
The music this of human life.

Wild o'er the world my course has been,
Aye, guided by an evil star,
Upon each sad untoward scene,
Shedding its baleful light from far.
What wonder that I look to heagen,
Indignant that it sheds such ray,
And murmuring that fate hath striven
To mar each effort—cloud each day!
No—let the stubborn spirit break,
It shall not bend submissively
To the wild winds that rudely wake
The foamy waves of destiny.

On, fated bark—the storm is high.
But near us is the welcome shore,
When that false star shall cheat the eye
With its fell radiance nevermore!
Of what avail against my doom,
Firm heart and ceaseless energy?
Go, ask the tenant of the tomb
To bid himself again to be—
Then; tell the lone predestined man
That he can rule the secret power,
That guides him through life's little span,
And governs every darksome hour.

Oh for the slumber of the tomb,
The stillness of its grassy rest,
I see beyond its sable gloom
The radiance of the pure and blest.
Fast sinks the taper's fitful flame,
And care and strife and sorrow past,
Upon the shrine from whence it came,
The weary soul finds rest at last.

SATURDAY.

In glowing terms I would this day indite;—
Its morn, its noon, its afternoon and night;
The busiest day throughout the week; the latter day;
A day whereon odd matters are made even;
The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven;

The scouring pan, pail, plate and platter day!
A day of general note and notability!
A plague to gentlefolks
And prime gentility,
E'en to the highest ranks—Nobility!
And yet a day (barring all jokes)
Of great utility,
Both to the rich as well as the Mobility!
A day of din—of clack—of clatter day;
For all, however they mince the matter, say
This day they dread;
A day with hippish, feverish, frenzy fed,
Is that grand day of fuss and bustle—Saturday!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gea.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 102,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Ossida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	1st Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 30]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS

Of St. John's Royal Arch Chapter, No. 107, held at Greenfield, N. Y.

Rensselaer Sax, H. P. William Burnham, K.—Henry Peacock, S. George Riddell, C. H. Daniel Wing, P. S. Abner Medbury, R. A. C. John J. Rowland, John Gifford 2d and Samuel Eddy, Master of Vails, James Sax, Treas. J. S. Weed, Sec'y. George Sax, Sentinel. John W. James, and John Page, Stewards.

OFFICERS

Of St. John's Lodge, No. 22, Greenfield N. Y.

Rensselaer Sax, W. M. Abner Medbury, S. W.—Geo. Riddell, J. W. Wm. Burnham, Treas. John Williams, Sec'y. Samuel G. Gibbs, S. D. J. Rowland, J. D. James Sax, Tyler. Geo. Sax, and Darius Johnson, Stewards.

OFFICERS

Of Montgomery Lodge, Stillwater, N. Y.

Medad Candee W. M. Daniel Montgomery S. W. William Gleason Treas. Joseph Brown, Sec'y.

ADDRESS.

Delivered before Austin Lodge, in the Republic of Texas, Jan. 1st 1841.

BY DAVID S. KAUFMAN.

Brothers, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

What mean this parade and pageantry? this public display? this solemn procession? these badges and insignia of ancient honor—the exhibition of the Bible, Square and Compass—borne by that tottering remnant of humanity! the petition to the Throne of Divine Grace? and the melting strains of music which have just fallen on our delighted ears? Why have age and youth, and beauty, honored this hall with their unaccustomed presence on this sacred day? Why are you, my brothers, clothed in your working apparel, and armed with the implements of your office?—This is the birth-day of the beloved disciple of the Prince of Peace, and an honored festival in the Masonic Calendar! The presence of the votaries of the Temple, from the humble apprentice to the Knight of Malta, shows that we cherish the highest veneration for this celebrated patron of our order; and the christian audience which I see around me, gives me the gratifying assurance that the memory of the Evangelist is nurtured in other bosoms than ours. Whilst, as Masons, we regard St. John amongst the most illustrious of our brotherhood, and one who has shed a halo of glory around our mystic union, the world adores him as the proclaimer of the "true word," and as the prophet of Patmos, to whose revelations none can add, and from which none dare take away.

In every age and country, amongst the savage as well as the civilized nations of the earth, it has been customary to observe stated anniversaries and festivals. Greece and Rome had their public games, the middle ages their jousts and tournaments; France has her three days of July, the United States her 22d of February, and Texas her 2d of March. Masonry, too, has her festivals, and amongst these stand conspicuous the 27th of December, and the 24th of June, the anniversaries of the two St. Johns. The assemblage of individuals on these interesting occasions, is admirably calculated to burnish the link which connects the present with the glorious past; to brighten and preserve those animating recollections, which the selfishness and cupidity of the world are so prone to rust and corrode, and to enable us again to live over in imagination

those few proud scenes in the dark and bloody history of man, which stand out as beacon lights on the promontories of time, and still claim for him an immortality beyond the grave. Without recollection what would we be? Like the brutes that go down to the dust and perish. *Events create a nation, and the recollection preserves it.* The invocation of the name of Brutus could rebuke treason to Rome; and the memory of a Washington, calling on the country he had created to frown upon the first dawnings of any attempt to destroy the American Union, enables the "Star Spangled Banner," still to brave the battle and the breeze.

Although the celebration of this day presents nothing new, nor strange, yet I may be permitted to congratulate my audience that we are enabled to do so here. The proud scenes which this day greet our eye cannot but quicken the pulse of every one that beholds them, and make it beat high for the permanency and glory of our country. Memory carries us back to but a few short years since when Texas was alternately the sport and victim of anarchy and despotism. The point, however, at length arrived, at which forbearance ceased to be a virtue. The people rose in their majesty, and declared themselves a nation. The tawny sons of the south-west vainly attempted to subdue the unconquerable spirit of freemen; but the presumptuous effort ended, as all others of a similar character will end, in the complete overthrow of the enemies of the Anglo-saxon race! They were scourged back to their ranches, and for nearly five years we have had no other demonstrations from that quarter but vaporing menaces and bragadocio threats. The very spot where now stands the capitol of a nation was, but two years ago, the range of the wild buffalo, the haunt of the savage panther, and the still more savage Comanche, whose untamed vengeance knows no distinction between age, sex or condition! Our country has gone on increasing her power. Emigration has poured into her capacious lap thousands of hardy pioneers; our Government has been firmly established, and Texas has taken a proud and emulous stand among the nations of the earth. Legislation has put on her official robe; justice has assumed the ermine, and praises now ascend to the living God, where the war-whoop was wont to be heard, foreboding a dreadful fate to helpless women and children.

In the meantime, our benign order has been transplanted and interwoven with our republican institutions. It has grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. The "five points" of Masonic Fellowship has become the "Star" of our political hope;—and if, as men, we could never desert it, as Masons we would cling to it with undying affection as the happy harbinger of a better destiny, and as the index to the source of all our blessing! It is the first duty of every mason to sustain his country, and to confound her enemies. This lesson is taught him at the threshold of the temple, and none but recreants to their duty have ever disregarded its precepts. Party spirit has no passport to the temple of Truth, and the demon Faction sinks rebuked before the piercing glance of the genius of our order.

It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to take a brief retrospective glance at the origin and character of our institution. Although from its extreme antiquity little positive is known of its early history and progress, yet we are able to trace it back to the building of the temple of Solomon our Grand High Priest and Master.—This stupendous specimen of architecture, which was seven years in being built, and which, indeed, was among the wonders of the world, could not be erected without the strictest subordination of all the workmen to the Grand Master of the enterprise. It required the labor of the world to perfect it, and different nations of the earth lent their aid to the completion of the grand design. It is said that there were employed three Grand Masters, 2,300 Masters, 80,000 Craftsmen and 70,000 Entered Apprentices. All these were so

classed and arranged into lodges that neither envy discord nor confusion, was permitted to interrupt the harmony of those engaged in that important work. Mount Moriah was the place immortalized by its location, and it was erected a lasting monument of the spot where Abraham was about to offer up Israel's hope, and where David encountered and appeased the destroying angel. After this grand edifice had been erected and dedicated to the true and living God, it is reasonable to presume that the associations there formed would not be broken off, but that they would continue after the causes which produced them ceased to exist. They did continue, and they have become the foundation of a moral edifice to which this gorgeous temple of Solomon could contain 300,000 souls; the temple of Masonry contains millions who worship in it without any to molest them or make them afraid! The former occupied a small space on the mountains top—the latter has extended itself into the uttermost parts of the earth. The one has already passed away like the baseless fabric of a vision, and lives only in story—the other still exists in more than its pristine vigor and beauty, strengthening and growing with the onward march of time, and will continue to live unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of nations, and the crush of empires! In its onward progress down to our day and generation, it has included amongst its worshippers many of the great and good of every clime and tongue, and amongst these Saint John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist challenge our peculiar admiration; and will we not rejoice that amidst the death and desolation of time, he has involuntarily spared our sacred order, and that it contains within itself the seeds of its own eternal preservation? When we consult the page of history we weep over the mutability of things, and pine at the lot of humanity. We ask ourselves—where are the towers of Babylon, the gates of Thebes, the Lyceums of Athens, and the amphitheatres of the "Eternal City?" They have passed away! Where is Greece the arbiter of letters, and Rome the mistress of the world? They still live; but oh, how changed! The one has become the home of the degraded Mussulman, as to the other.

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire
Have dwelt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep, barbarian monarch ride.
Where the car climbed the capital, far and wide
Temple and Tower went down, nor left a site,
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void?
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say—'here was, or 'where all is doubly night.'"

Where are the splendid mausoleums, the towering columns, and the triumphal arches of the conquerors of the earth? At the touch of the destroyer's noiseless foot they have crumbled into their native undistinguished dust, and the very names of those they were intended to honor now swell the long black list of infamy.

But we look again, and cease our regret; we see an institution of humble origin gradually rising and growing, until it has filled the earth with a knowledge of its name and character. The waves of persecution and power have dashed against it, but they have been thrown back upon their exhaustless source, only to return again in powerless and harmless fury. Amidst the rage of faction, the strife of party, the change of revolution, and the horrors of civil war, it has pursued the even tenor of its way, regardless alike of all. It has been delivered out of the jaws of the lion, and has passed through the fiery furnace unscathed. The foot of power has attempted to crush it, but like the plant of which nature yields but one specimen, it has lifted itself from the dust and bloomed again with renewed fragrance and beauty. "The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; but it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." Vain man! how long will you attempt to

annihilate that which is indestructible, and to war when defeat is your certain doom? Why will you strive to wither the oasis in the desert pathway of life, and leave no green spot on which the eye may rest and feast its weary vision? Why would you strike from the moral world the sun of indissoluble friendship, and involve it in the darkness of universal misanthropy?

The question is frequently asked why our society takes not into its communion the softer and lovelier sex, and why they are not made participants of its counsels and its secrets?—It is not, I may assure my audience, and particularly the fairest portion of it, because we entertain any opinions derogatory of their worth, or because we wish to deprive them of their elevated rank in the scale of society. No! the farthest from it possible. *Operative* Masonry being the foundation of our order, and the origin of our association, females were not permitted to share in the toils and drudgeries of the rougher sex. The dwelling was to be enjoyed and enlivened by them when completed, but the burthen of its erection was borne by other shoulders. Heaven has appropriated for them a more elevated and lofty sphere, and we would not disregard the beneficent designs of the Author of "every good and perfect gift." After the heat and burthen of the day is over, it is their proud prerogative to cheer and animate with their heavenly smiles the drooping spirits of the toil-worn laborer. We are to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for those to whom we proudly yield the palm of supremacy. It is a principal part of our duty, as Masons, to vindicate the rights of women, and to place her above the vicissitudes and misfortunes of life. No look that threatens her with insult will pass unrevenged by any true and loyal knight of our order. We feel that if woman is degraded from her elevated rank, that society would be at once resolved into chaos and confusion. Instead of being blessed with her animating presence, a cheerless gloom would brood over our social relations, and man would be without a "light to his feet and a lamp to his path." Yes—

"Where'er we wander, East or West,
Tho' fate begins to low'r,
A solace she is to us
In sorrow's lonely hour.

When tempests lash our gallant bark,
And rend our shiver'd mast,
Fair woman's form withstand the storm—
She's constant to the last.

And when our fevered lips are parch'd
On Africa's burning sands,
She whispers hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant lands.

Our life had been a wilderness,
Unless'd by Fortune's gales,
Had fate not link'd our lot to her's,
And fill'd our happy sails."

To be concluded in our next.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening where his "ladye love" had not been invited. It is always so? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it frequently happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to the same place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved and unrequited, even by a smile. How often it happens, even while the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share even the enjoyments of the fireside.

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days. Why do you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home. Was it simply to take her stockings, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed. Was it simply to conduce to your comfort; or was there an understanding that she

was to be made happy with the man she dared to love.

It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery the man is to blame.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

No. 12.

GREATNESS.

There may be greatness of action, without greatness of intellect. The world may admire the splendor of an individual's career—he may have effected the revolutions of empires,—and the glory of many a conquest may illuminate his path—yet the mind which conceived may be far inferior (in comparison) to the hand which executed. Numerous are the instances on the page of history, where minds scarce above mediocrity, have produced changes, political and moral and astonished the world with the splendor of their actions. While others whose minds were the product of nature's finest soil—whose genius might create and whose imagination embody forth the forms of things unseen, have sunk like some faint meteor in the distance and posterity know not their names.

It is a common remark that great occasions produce great men, and true is it in fact that they call forth the latent energies of the soul and inspire great actions.—Like Napoleon, perhaps, called to act his part on the Theatre of life, at the close of one of the most diabolical, and bloody revolutions that ever disgraced the earth, when there was not an officer left capable of leading on the armies of France to victory—he with star propitious and fortune smiling; reached that proud eminence in the temple of Fame—whence with a Sam Patch leap he fell as far below the station in which he was qualified to act, as the former was above it. Had he possessed the penetration of a Josephine, the snows of Russia, would not have drank the blood of the noblest sons of France; the curling smoke of her metropolitan city would not have presaged his downfall—nor the plains of Waterloo even now produce so luxuriant a harvest, had not its former soil been mingled with that, which was so lately fashioned into man.—He did not consider that the fated star of fortune that had ever twinkled so lucidly, could be obscured by a conflagration—that its reflection so dazzling in an Italian sky could be lost amid the northern snows—nor that the unyielding Cossack could withstand the onset of the furious Frank.—Had he been born in a less auspicious period, and had not ambition's hands been washed in blood the shrill note of Fame would never been heard by future generations.

When ignorance and indolence, like *incubi*, brood over an age, when tyranny and oppression are seated on the throne, genius is confined in the prison house of superstition, and if perchance she break the goal, or scale the wall, the darkness and chains of a Galileo's dungeon await her. Then may the moderate intellect seize the helm and as the Charibdis of political desolation is roaring on the one hand; and the Scylla of fanaticism threatening on the other, may guide, by chance, the bark of state to the harbor of safety, where the gazing multitude with wonder and admiration, will shout huzza and deify his name.

Glory is the polar star, and ambition is the magnet in life's compass directing earth's infatuated mortals to

grasp the bubble fame. But Troy's brave Hector, and Greece's renowned Achilles would forgotten be, had not genius struck the chord, that posterity might hear the echo.

'Great actions long have made the Sages smile,
They're little, nothing, words illusion, wind
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind,
Words are but things—and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

And the mind that originates, and sends its thoughts with an Angel's speed along the track of ages, is as much above the actions of Fame's votaries as immortality exceeds this transient life.

How flickering and feeble is the light reflected by the actions of the Heroes of antiquity. Once it was so dazzling that earth could not absorb its rays, and therefore raised it to the Heavens above to radiate there—but like the untrimmed lamp which feeble, and yet more feeble burns as day rides on, it gradually becomes obscured by the increasing splendor of civilization and christianity. While the products of genius, that were scarcely distinguished through the hazy atmosphere of error become brighter and brighter as the world advances in knowledge and virtue—and like the delighted traveller on the mountain top, who beholds the brightness of the sun while the tempest is lashing the elements below; may we stand on the pinnacle of truth, and contemplate their greatness, unobscured by the storms of ambition that sweep over the vale beneath. This spirit of magnanimity—this sublime essence of true greatness, charmed at the appearance of virtue and disgusted with the hideous aspect of vice, seems to descend from its proud eminence and act for self alone. Feign would it open the arsenal of truth, and clothe the world with its invincible armor, and feign would it breathe upon the formless mass of mind—and chase away its darkness—it would not rob an equal of his just reward, nor look upon a superior, with a fallen Angel's envy.

How unlike the world's prevailing spirit that would rather "reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,"—that would swim to victory, through seas of blood—close the eye to suffering's scene—and stop the ear to misery's tale. That would smother thought that should be as free as the evening breeze, tear from innocence her cloak of modesty, and revel in the palace of exalted virtue. Could a pure intelligence from some distant planet visit our earth—and could the events of her history pass before his confounded vision—how would his breast alternate between indignation and pity, as its dark pages were unfolded to his view. The same people that put in motion that ball which has rolled onward with accelerated velocity—whose offspring the press has become the chief corner stone in the temple of Liberty, dug from the mountain the materials for the pyramids, that they might remain to the latest period of time, unshaken by the convulsions of nature, and untarnished by the finger of time. The same people that would give a triumph to the sacrilegious hand that applied the torch to the royal library, and scattered to the four winds the concentrated thought of centuries, could appreciate the efforts of her own ingenious sons. And the same people too that would sacrifice a Socrates, and worship an Alexander, could admire the virtues of an Epaminondas.

Power has been the watchword, and the groans of slaughtered millions would bear its echo to the ear of our celestial visitor—the abominations of the Romish Church hiss its name—and the sword of Mahomet writes it on the Heavens. But as the eye rolls down the stream of by-gone centuries—as it becomes dim and the heart sickens in the desert without a moral

plant—it rests perchance upon the "little moss."—
Some Washington

"Who born for the universe did not narrow his mind
Nor for power employ what was meant for mankind."

Who stands like a watch-tower unharmed by the waves
that beat against its base, for his station is on the im-
mutable rock of virtue. And with what delight will
our visitor contemplate such a character—he bears the
likeness of Heaven—no dark malignant passion lies
deeply concealed, no dissimulation is in his action, and
no cloak of secrecy is assumed,—all is open, frank
and free. And well might an Angel

"Tell his doom without a sigh,
For he is freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

DREAMS.

[There is a philosophic lesson connected with each of these fan-
tastic visions of our sleeping hours; and hence the relation of them
has been common, from the time when the lady of the Roman
Governor would have taught her husband a good lesson thus, to
the present, when the good ladies of men in general, and particu-
larly, good ladies who have no men, connect them with every mar-
riage and death. The immortal sage of Fernel has given the dream
of his dog a place in his philosophical dictionary, and why should
not the Sages of the Immortal Seven give the world the airy vis-
ions of one of their own mysterious number, related to them upon
a certain occasion when the telling of dreams was in order?]

Every body dreams, but every body does not know
how to dream. I have always supposed the imagina-
tion to be as much entitled to, and as susceptible of
cultivation as any other power of the mind; and be-
lieving the production of dreams to be an act of the
mind I have felt it a duty to extend my mental disci-
pline to them. I think that I have succeeded—possi-
bly in consequence of the very common place nature
of my fancy. I know that I have succeeded in bring-
ing a little reason into my dreams. When I find them
assume a grotesque character, I immediately say to
myself "Pshaw! this will not do, I must awake."—
Or (if I happen to be in the humor) I say "this is ev-
idently a dream, but it is a droll one and I will see how
it will come out." I find however that the habit of
bringing in the reason is in such cases provoking—it
has spoiled me some rare sport.

Retiring a few nights since in good health, I some-
how before morning became involved in a quarrel be-
tween a young friend and a pompous and insolent Ma-
jor. A challenge had been sent and accepted, and I
followed my friend to the place of meeting, under the
impression that he contemplated a trick upon the swag-
gerer. The preliminaries were arranged by a squad
of the military associates of the Major who were the
only spectators, from which I feared that fair play was
not intended. As matters now assumed a serious as-
pect I no sooner saw the combatants back to back
pacing towards the points from which they were to fire
than I attempted to interfere, but was overpowered and
taken from the ground. I now determined to call as-
sistance, but the sound of a pistol recalled my atten-
tion to the scene. The Major had fired and directly
his fire was returned, but neither fell. I hoped that
this would be satisfactory; but was astonished to see
each hold his weapon of death unmoved, while shot
followed shot in quick and regular succession. Here
(whether from habit, or because the climax was likely
to be unpleasant, I am unable to say) my reason came
to my aid—"Now" said I to myself, "this is all hum-
bug; a pistol does not go off in that way until it is load-
ed. If I can't dream common sense, I won't dream
at all"—and accordingly awoke, but what was my sur-
prise to hear the firing continued! But there it was,
shot after shot, with just about the proper diminution
of sound, considering my change of position from the
region of fancy to my own little bed room. "But"

thought I—"they are not pistol shots because they
cannot be pistol shots. But what are they? I am
awake—Yes, clearly. And here are a regular suc-
cession of sharp sounds. O! it's the rocking chair."
The reader should be aware that I am, as every hon-
est man should be, a Benedict; and furthermore that
I am blessed with those solaces of the conjugal condi-
tion that usually require much rocking to prevent a
superabundance of vocal harmony; and finally, that as
a consequence, the useful piece of furniture above men-
tioned had become a little rickety, and upon each os-
cillation emitted a sound which if not a harmonious,
was at least a natural accompaniment of the harmony
aforesaid.

Having satisfied myself that it was really the rocking
chair, my next curiosity was to know what ghostly vis-
itor could be using it, for the room was perfectly dark
and the family all in bed. I lay for a few moments
trying to fathom the mystery, and was quite vexed at
myself that I did not succeed; for I am in the habit
of accounting for every thing in some way. As soon
as I had against the evidence of my own ears, reason-
ed myself into the belief that it was not the chair, it
suddenly occurred to me that it was the tick of the
clock—the clock that I had nightly heard ticking in
the same way year after year. "Yes" said I, "it is
the clock. And I am an Ass" and thereupon I fell
asleep.

MISCELLANY.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE BURNT CONVENT.

A young lady, of one of the first families of Catania
was on the point of marriage with a Sicilian officer,
but before the time appointed for the ceremony arrived
the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to
Naples on service. It was thought advisable to defer
their union until the return of the officer from the ex-
pedition. A few weeks only had elapsed after his de-
parture, when the news arrived of his death; he was
reported to have fallen in action with the French.—
The young lady, for several months, indulged the
fond hope that the disastrous tidings might be contra-
dicted; but not receiving any letters, she could no
longer refuse her belief, and, notwithstanding the op-
position of her friends, insisted on retiring into a con-
vent. On the expiration of the year of her novitiate,
she had adieu to the world forever, and took the vows.
Three months after the execution of this fatal resolu-
tion, her lover returned to Catania: he had been
wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to France; of
his many letters unfortunately not one had been re-
ceived. On hearing that his intended bride had, on
the supposition of his death, taken the veil, without
reflecting that it would have been more prudent to
have kept the fact of his being alive a secret from her,
his first step was to obtain permission to see her in the
parlor of the convent. Dreadful were the emotions
of the unfortunate nun; she tore the hated veil from
her head, rent her hair, and uttered a thousand im-
precations on her precipitation. It is believed that her
lover, to calm the violence of her anguish and disap-
pointment, promised, if she could escape, to receive and
carry her with him to some place of security and con-
cealment. The convent was situated in the country,
at a short distance from the city; the officer took up
his residence in the neighborhood. In the meantime
the unhappy girl made various, but fruitless, efforts to
escape. At length, unable to withstand the violence
of her passion, and agitated at once by love, hope, rage,
despair, and disappointment, she introduced herself
into the magazine of the convent, which at the same
time contained the provision of wood for the consump-
tion of several years; this she set on fire, in the hope
of escaping in the confusion, knowing that the gates
would be thrown open on the discovery of the fire;
but it so happened that the dry faggots burnt with
such fury and rapidity, that she was dreadfully scorch-

ed and injured before she could reach the door of the
magazine; in this state, her clothes in a blaze of fire,
she ran through the long corridors of the convent giv-
ing the alarm: the flames at the same time bursting
out on all sides, the terrified sisterhood rushing out
half dressed from their cells, thought only of saving
themselves. As she had conjectured, the doors were
opened, and she contrived, notwithstanding the injuries
she had received, to make her escape, and even to
reach the habitation of her lover; but the agitation,
fright, and shocking manner in which she was burnt
was too much for her exhausted frame—she fell at the
threshold. It was night, her groans brought the offi-
cer, whom there is no reason to suspect of having been
privy to the scheme, to the door. What must have
been his surprise and anguish at so sad a spectacle!—
The ill-fated young woman was instantly put to bed,
and medical assistance obtained, but in vain; after
lingering in excessive torture, she expired in the arms
of her disconsolate lover.

The convent was burnt to its foundations; its ruins
are still to be seen in the vicinity of Catania. It is
some consolation to add, that no lives were lost on the
occasion, except that of the unfortunate subject of our
story.

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

Did young people seriously consider the important
change which marriage must necessarily produce in
their situation, how much more cautious would it
make them in their choice of a companion for life.—
Alas! what avail the graces of the finest figure, the
most captivating address, or the assemblage of all that
is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct
imprudent! The gayest associate of the convivial
hour may be the dullest, the most unfit company for
the domestic circle; and he who is never satisfied but
in a crowd, or when engaged in a continual round of
pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and pru-
dent husband—should sickness or distress draw near,
depend upon it he would fly from the approach. If
beauty alone excited his passion, it would cease to ex-
ist when you are deprived of those attractions on which
it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that
will likewise lose its value in his sordid mind; and the
very person who brought him the wealth for which he
sighed, will be considered as the grand obstacle to his
enjoyment. Too often is this unpleasant picture to
be seen in many discontented families, which a little
serious reflection might have prevented being so un-
fortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield
your heart to any one, however he may shine in the
gay circles of the world, if you are convinced that he
has no relish for a retired life. The man who likes
every house better than his own, will scarcely take the
trouble of making his home agreeable to others whilst
it is disgusting to himself. It will be the only place
in which he will give way to discontent and ill humor.
Such people are forever strangers to the dear delights
of the social state, and all the real comforts of a well
regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home,
is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a
visitor amidst his closest connexions.

A GOOD NATURED HUSBAND.

When the Greeks were raising forces against Troy,
they sent ambassadors to Polix King of Thrace,
to desire his assistance. He inquired the cause of
war, and was told, it was the injury Paris had done
Menelaus, in taking his wife from him. "If that be
all said the King, let me accommodate the difference.
Indeed it is not just the Greek Prince should lose a
wife; and on the other side, it is pity the Trojan
should want one. Now I have two wives; and, to
prevent all this mischief, I will send one of them to
Menelaus, and the other to Paris."

Billards.—A match at billiards for \$500 a side—
best three in five games of 500 points each—came off
at the St Charles Billiard Rooms (New Orleans) be-
tween Mr. Philborn and Mr. Dess. The former was
successful—winning the first, second and fourth games.
Dess won the third game by 140 points; Philborn
the fourth by 24. By-bets to the amount of \$5000 were
made upon the result.

POPULAR TALES.

YAMMA.

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

The truth of the following story is avouched by the author of the volume in which we find it. It is from "Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life," by the author of "Fifteen years in India."

"I led my friend towards the Parsee cemetery on the sea-shore. The Parsees neither burn nor bury the bodies of their dead, but expose them in two receptacles, one for males and the other for females, made of solid masonry, and open only at the top for the admission of birds of prey. Having deposited the corpse in one of these sepulchres, through a door at the bottom, it is left, slightly covered with a muslin cloth, to be devoured. The bones are then carefully collected, and buried in an urn, with certain ceremonies. This mode of sepulture was common in ancient times, in some parts of Persia. It excites surprise now, by its seeming barbarism; and that it should be practised by such an enlightened and humane tribe as the Parsees of Bombay, who are very justly called the Quakers of the East, is strange. Precept and example will, however, school the human mind to any thing, and, therefore, we need not wonder at strange customs, when we reflect, that our own are considered surprising and ridiculous in their turn.

As we were approaching this place of sepulture, we beheld about forty men and women, whom we recognised as forming a Parsee funeral procession. Amidst them was a corpse, which we afterwards found to be the body of a young female, on a cot, or low bed, that served for her bier. They all seemed to be her near relations: and instead of the solemn decency which I had before observed at such ceremonies, this exhibited hurry and secrecy; the hour was unusually early; the lamentations were not loud; there was no beating of the breast by the women; but, in long dresses smeared with ashes and paint, and with dishevelled hair streaming to the morning breeze, they were uttering low groans and imprecations. Tears were flowing copiously down two of the women's cheeks and we could hear them lament that ever they had been born, and utter wildly suppressed rejoicings, that she whom they bore along was dead. When they arrived at the receptacle, instead of unlocking the door, and placing the body on the platform with tenderness, it was thrown, with apparent detestation, from the parapet, and we heard the echo of its fall with a chill of horror.

All this naturally roused my curiosity, and through the instrumentality, of Hormongee and Monagee, to the latter of whom I promised my interest respecting the canteen, by way of bribe for divulging the secrets of his sect, I received the following particulars, which I have every reason to believe perfectly true, and in strict accordance with Parsee usage:—

Limjee Dorabjee, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma, whose beauty equalled the lustre of the finest diamond. She appeared among the virgins of her tribe, as a gem of Golconda amidst beads of glass. Her parents saw in her, as in a flattering mirror, their fondest wishes. They perled her jet black hair with many a costly transparent row; their rubies in burning glow were pendant from her delicate ears; their sapphires from her graceful nose; while many a far-famed mine glittered on her bosom, sparkled on her fingers and arms, and shed its light on her toes and ankles. This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains the sound perfection of beautiful ripeness in India. Indeed, marriage takes place generally at a much earlier period of life; but in Yamma's case, the young man to whom she was affianced had been detained at Surat nearly two years by important commercial affairs, in which he was deeply concerned, and the expensive ceremony, on solemnization of wedlock, had been postponed from time to time, in anxious expectation of his return." The Parsee possesses a number of strict and regular usages, and one of these is an obligation to marry only within the tribe. Any aberration from this practice is punished with immediate death. Nothing can avert the fate of the unfortunate victim.

The prospects of Yamma were at the brightest, when as the narrative proceeds, "it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Capt.

S—. She had accompanied her mother, in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden-house which belonged to her father, on Colabah.—They staid in the garden rather longer than their attendants wished, pleased with its cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees. The golden banana, glittering mango, and imperial jack, attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of the silver bells which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide, which I have before described as separating the island of Colabah from Bombay. The raft was beginning to ply in the lower part of the channel, but the carriage road, along the crest of the high rock, was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams across its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbor, with the flow from the ocean, and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw with terror that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming, and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries, and wept in pity more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant, had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this awful moment Capt. S— was galloping from the fort; and hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Capt. S— being exceedingly fond of field sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Capt. S—, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him; and, with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide. The terror of the animals, preventing their effectual struggle, destroyed them; for, a moment after the perilous escape of the ladies, the hackery was upset, and the bullocks were drowned.

Many battles and dangers require a longer time in description than in action. It was just so in this case. Short, however, as the time had been, a crowd was gathering; and not only the ladies, but all tongues, were loud in thanking Capt. S— for his gallant conduct. Meanwhile, he gazed on Yamma with wonder, and she on him with grateful surprise. Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so. Indeed, she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus, rising from Ocean's bed, that S— pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation.—He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish, for Capt. S—'s sake—I wish, for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated; but I am impelled, by the laws of history and the nature of my information, to proceed, not with the wing of fancy, but with the plume of plain matter of fact. In short, then Capt. S— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her: for S— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his addresses; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her; he visited her in the disguise of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother, and follow him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged family.

The reader may conceive her terror and confusion—how she protested her purity and innocence—how she was disbelieved and upbraided—how S— sterned

and raved—how he offered her family every reparation that an honorable man could make, and how they spurned his terms with contempt and indignation. He cannot, however, so easily picture what followed; for he may not have believed or known that such scenes occur in the world. Well, I must briefly describe it—no I cannot dwell upon it—I will hurry over it, merely sketching the outline, and turning with horror even from my own faint colors.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limjee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grandmother approached her, where she sat like a beautiful statue, and, presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone, 'Take your choice.' 'Farewell, mother! farewell, father! farewell, world!' replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup; and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched till they closed in death; she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead as I have described.

When S— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. 'My horse, my horse!' cried he; and as he patted the neck of the animal, the alarmed attendant saw the fire of his eye, and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof of thunder on the ground, and his master's voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows; and, on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S— and his Arab more."

THE LEGENDARY.

OTWAY'S ORPHAN.

The father of Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child. This lady being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both brothers; the elder however, was the favorite, and he privately married her, which the younger not knowing, and over-hearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bed-chamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself, thinking it a mere intrigue; unfortunately he succeeded.

On a discovery the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all his family misery quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning. Being abroad for several years his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estate, when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king (Henry VIII.) who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress, in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place (though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers) where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honor of a young lady; the king instantly drew on them when a scuffle ensued, which roused the reverie of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning's walk in an adjoining thicket; he immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know, and by his dexterity, soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king, charmed with this act of gallantry, so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger, and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estate, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was the same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, queen dowager of France, which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favor towards him to the last hour of the duke's life.

He died before Henry, and the latter shewed in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him, and he publicly took that occasion, both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased.—He declared that during the whole course of their acquaintance, his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure any one; "and are there any of you my lords, who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words (says the historian), he looked round on all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from these facts, but to avoid, perhaps, interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia. There is a large painting of the above incident, now at Woodburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old Duchess Dowager, in shewing this picture, a few years before her death, to a nobleman, related all the particulars of the story.

HISTORICAL.

ACCOUNT OF THE TORTURING OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

From the "Priest and the Jewess, a Chronicle of the time of the Philip the 4th, by Israel Jehush."

On his entrance in the Hall of Tortures, Phillip of France seated himself in a large arm chair of crimson velvet, the only ornament of this theatre of the cruelty and barbarity of the 14th century. Engueraud and the other nobles of his train were seated behind him on benches so coarsely and carelessly made, that save for the want of blood upon them, they might easily have been mistaken for instruments of torture. The king commanded the culprits to be brought before him, forgetting in his eagerness to make them acknowledge their crime, that even their confession could not bind him to the motive which urged him to persecute them. A side door suddenly opened, and preceded by their jailer, six Templars entered the hall of their doom Jacques Molai entered at their head. He bowed to the king, as did his companions with the exception of one, who passed proudly in front of the king and his train, and seated himself on a bench near them. Philip pretended not to see him, and seemed hesitating whether or no to return the salutes made to him by the others who came slowly, one by one, through the dark and narrow door. All was calm and silent in that dismal hall. At last the king spoke—"Let those knights," said he, "who have made a sincere confession of their crimes, and have thus obtained their liberty, repeat here, in the presence of their God and of their king, what they have already confessed in private, that it may be known that no worldly thoughts or feelings have urged us to this trial. Our sole object is the honor and glory of the church." Some of the prisoners raised their eye to the face of the king, as he made this hypocritical speech, but instantly cast them again to the ground.

Flamel touched his friend's elbow, and he, raising his voice the utmost pitch, exclaimed, "I Guillen de Boinsé, Knight of the Temple, declare the order of the Knights Templar unworthy of existence, and infamous; for felony impiety, blasphemy, and crimes of every kind!"

"May the God of Truth confound thee!" exclaimed the Grand Master.

The enraged Boinsé replied, "May all the devils in hell seize!"

"Silence!" cried Philip, "Molai, wait till thou art questioned, or rather see if, among the Knights who accompany thee, there are none likely to make the confession I require; if not, tortures must exact it."

"There are none who fear thy tortures," replied the Grand Master calmly.

"Thy boasts shall not avail thee," replied Philip. "Thou thyself shall feel if the executioner understands his business. Drag Molai to the torture!"

The Grand Master gave the king one glance of supreme contempt, and exclaimed with fervor, "God give me strength to bear this trial." A yellow curtain at the bottom of the hall drew up with a horrid creaking noise, and in the midst of wheels, rack, saws, screws, and other fearful instruments, stood a half-naked man, humming the tune of a drinking song, and greasing with a sort of yellow and dirty lard, the screws and hinges of the different machines. He gazed for one moment stupidly and vacantly around him, and then continued his occupation. Among the assembled persons in that Hall, some turned away their heads, others shuddered, while Flamel smiled and pressed the hand of Guillen de Boinsé, who considered himself most happy in having escaped from the tortures which now threatened the ill-fated Grand Master of the Templars. "Choose," cried Philip, "confess thy crimes or seat thyself in that iron chair." Molai did not even answer him, but calmly and proudly sat himself down in the dreadful chair. The executioner rudely tore off the white mantle which covered the shoulders of the Templar; he then touched a spring, and two large iron hooks twisted the feet of Molai, while six long bars of the same metal, disposed in triangles, crossed on his chest, and pressed his naked shoulders on sharp points with which the back of the chair was garnished. Molai raised his eyes to Heaven, but did not utter a word, a shriek, or even a groan. His breath came whistling from his crushed and wounded chest, and the blood flowed in torrents from his shoulders on the shining and polished instrument of his torture.

"Speak," cried Philip. "I am innocent," replied Molai, in a faint and faltering voice. "Sire," whispered Engueraud, "he will never confess." Take him away," said King Philip, "another one less resolute will speak;" and Molai released from the iron bars which were crushing his chest, breathed freely once more. While the Grand Master was seated in the accursed iron chair, one of the younger knights had shed tears, and when he was released from the torture the youthful Templar exclaimed—"God be praised." Philip now turned to him and said—"What is thy name? Pierre de Villeueuve," replied the Knight.—"Perchance," continued the king, "thou wilt prove less obstinate than thy Grand Master, and tortures will force thee at least to confess." "Thou art mistaken," replied the Templar. "Drag him to the torture," cried the infuriated Monarch. "My liege," said a voice, "it is the same to you which one of us submits to the torture, your aim being only to enjoy the sufferings of a Knight. My brother is young, exhausted by imprisonment, hunger and care, and to curtail his sufferings he may betray his honor. Let me be tortured in his place. My name is Fulk de Tracey." "No, no, my brother," eagerly replied young Villeueuve, "do not doubt my constancy. Executioner do thy duty;" and he advanced towards the yellow curtain. "He is very young," whispered Marigny to the king, "he cannot bear the torture long." "So much the better Marigny," replied the King, "he will confess the sooner." And these words were pronounced in such a terrible tone of voice, that the astounded minister did not venture on another whisper during the whole trial. The eyes of the king sparkled with rage; and this prince who had consented so reluctantly to witness this dreadful scene, seemed now determined to exhaust all the resources of cruelty, as if to appease his conscience, and to persuade himself he had listened only to the voice of justice. "Pierre de Villeueuve," he said, "it is not yet too late." The young man gazed at him disdainfully, and made no reply. The executioner instantly seized him, and bound him on a machine called the cross of St. Andrew. It consisted of two beams laid crossways, and almost at right angles. On the limbs of this dreadful cross the executioner bound the naked arms and legs of the young Templar and then slowly turned a winch that set in motion a small sharp pointed lance which penetrated the joints of the sufferer. The executioner stopped one moment to interrogate his victim while the lance had already penetrated between the cartilages which unite the vertebrae. "Speak," cried Philip. Pierre de Villeueuve opened his mouth slowly, and from his purple lips came forth in short and feeble accents, "Not

guilty, not guilty. "Go on, go on," exclaimed the king, enraged at so much resolution and fortitude.—The executioner again turned the winch, the lance rose by degrees, till suddenly the Knight gave a shriek, shook the St. Andrews cross with great violence, and the terrible and bloody lance breaking his bones like so much glass, penetrated into his bosom. The youthful Templar closed his eyes, and his head fell on his shoulders. "My brother, my brother," shrieked Fulk de Tracey, "Ye have murdered him. Why did he not confess then," said Philip, carefully averting his eyes while the executioner unbound the corpse of the ill-fated Pierre, and bore it away on his shoulder, leaving a long track of blood behind him. When the captives were first summoned into the presence of the King, one of them, as we have already stated, passed before the royal judge without bowing to him, and had seated himself on what now proved to be an instrument of torture. His name was John de Beaufremond—he had grown grey in the service of the temple, and had been in all the campaigns against the Saracens. He was remarkably tall and strong, and during the whole execution had kept his large eyes, arched by long thick and grisly eyebrows full on the king. Irritated by his bold bearing, Philip ordered him to be tortured—"Thank you," said the Templar, "I began to think you had forgotten me. Let me expire under the same torture which killed Villeueuve. I loved him as my son. I first taught him to wield the lance; let my blood be mingled with his, and I ask no more." "No no," replied the king, "by Our Lady that would be too easy a death for thee. Every bone in thy body shall be broken, ere thine eyes close on the light of day. As you will," replied Beaufremond, "but I thought as I had shed so much blood in the cause of Christianity, that I might have chosen where and how to shed the last drops that flow in these old veins of mine." "Tie him to the clock," exclaimed Philip. This, of all the tortures, was the most dreadful.

The sufferer was suspended between two beams, and above him him swung an immense leaden weight, which at regular intervals fell and crushed one of the limbs of the victim. The executioner tried to drag this machine into the centre of the room, but it was so heavy as to resist all his efforts to stir it. Beaufremond sprang up, and with one firm grasp drew the immense apparatus into the middle of the hall. Astonished by this exhibition of strength, the executioner looked upon this victim as a supernatural being, and if Beaufremond had only given him one glance of his bright black eyes, he would never have dared to touch him. Observing his hesitation, the knight placed himself without assistance, on the dreadful machine, and the weight began to move regularly above his head. He had time to confess before it reached a large black spot, whence it was to fall on one of his limbs. "Look at that weight," said Philip. No answer. "Remember that when it touches the black spot, it falls," continued the Monarch. No answer, but the bright black eyes remained fixed on the king's face. Suddenly the weight touched the black spot—it fell, and crushed the Templar's leg. "I have only one more leg at your service," said Beaufremond, firmly and proudly; and still gazing intently on the king. "Bear him hence," cried Philip, and starting up, as if to avoid the gaze of his victim, he left the hall, called for his horse, and rode off towards the palace.—Marigny followed him, and none were left in the hall but John Flamel, the legate of the Pope, and those Templars who had confessed. They were sufficient to have tortured those among the captives who still survived, but their calm and majestic mien had such an effect on their judges, that they unanimously started from their seats and rushed out of the Judgment Hall. The prisoners were re-conducted to their cells, and John Flamel announced to the crowd without the prison, that the confessions had been complete and entire, and that in a few days the king's pleasure and justice would be known. Long live king Philip—long live John Flamel, shouted the crowd as they dispersed, in anxious expectation for the execution of the knights of the Temple.

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of his servant, and told him if he moved, he was a dead man. "That's a lie," said he, "for I can't move unless I be alive."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YE R. (\$1.50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos. prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

THE OLDEN TIME—A CURIOSITY.—A friend has placed in our hands a relic of the last century, from which we shall occasionally cull some very curious and interesting facts. It is a volume of Almanacs, from 1769, to 1782. A part of them are entitled "Hutchins; Improved, being an Almanack and Ephemeris, of," &c. "Printed and sold by Hugh Gaine, at the Bible and Crown, Hanover Square, New York,—where may be had," &c. From the style of the printing, and the color of the paper, which is a shade lighter than good straw paper, together with certain commendations of the publisher, it appears that Mr. Hugh Gaine was the fancy printer of that day in the great city. In 1774, Mr. Gaine has a formidable rival, in the person of Mr. John Holt, who published the "New York Almanac in Dock-street, near the Coffee House," who says he has published the "best Almanac in America, and a purchaser must be very unconscionable indeed, if he does not think he has the full worth of his money." "I could (says this immortal chronicler of thunder storms) give you a very extraordinary encomium and account of myself, but shall reserve them for my future almanacks."

Among the collection we have also "Watson's Connecticut Almanac, for 1777." "Bickerstaff's Boston Almanack, or the year of our Redemption, for 1778." "Dedicated to the Glorious Washington & Gates." "Father Arahaham's Almanack, for 1779," published at Philadelphia. Besides several others published at about the close of the Revolutionary war.

The volume before us appears to have been carefully preserved as affording data of events in some old Dutch family of this city, and the margin is covered with memoranda like the following:

1772, } Sot a hen in the cob-house on 9 turkey
June 13. } and 10 ducks' eggs.
1773,
April, 17, } Soad the garden.
" 21, } Sot a hen in the tub.
June 24. } St. John's Day the best for planting cab-
bages.

1774, }
May 4. } Snow six inches deep.

The following, which is all we have room for, will give the reader some idea of New York in the "olden time."

Extract from the Laws and Regulations of the N. York Chamber of Commerce, October 3d, 1769.

Resolved, That every Member of this Chamber, will pay and receive Gold, and Silver Coin, in future, at the following Rates. viz,

	dwt.	grs.	£.	s.	d.
A Johannes weighing	18	0	6	8	0
A Moidore	6	18	2	8	0
And the small Coins of the same Denominations, in the like Proportion.					
A Caroline, weighing	6	8	1	18	0
A Spanish Doubloon, or 4 Pistole					
Piece, weighing	17	8	5	16	0
And the smaller Coins in the like Proportion.					
An English Guinea, weighing	5	3	1	17	0
And a Half and Quarter ditto, in Proportion.					
A French Guinea	5	4	1	16	0
Half ditto, in same Proportion.					
A Chequin, weighing	2	4	0	14	6
An English Crown				8	9
A French ditto				8	6

A French Pistole 4 5 1 8 0
A English Shilling 1 9
An Pistreen 1 7

August 7th, 1770.

The Proposal of last Meeting, for this Corporation to take into Consideration a Remedy to prevent the clipping of Half Joes, it is Resolved, That the Members of this Corporation will, in future, pay and receive all Half Joes that weigh Nine Penny Weight, at Three Pounds Four Shillings, and for every grain they weigh more, allow three pence per Grain; and every Grain they weigh less, deduct four pence.

Rates of the Stages, from New-York to Philadelphia, in 1774. The Boat goes from White-Hall slip in New-York, Mondays and Thursdays, and the Passengers generally arrive at Philadelphia on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The fare for a Passenger from New York to Amboy, s. d.
From Amboy to Bordentown, in the waggon, 2 0
From Bordentown to Philadelphia, 5 0
For goods from New York to Amboy, per cwt. 1 0
Goods from Amboy to Bordentown, per cwt. 2 9
From Bordentown to Philadelphia, per do. 1 6
From Amboy to Burlington, in a waggon, 6 0
From Burlington to Philadelphia, in a Boat, 1 0
Goods from Amboy to Burlington, per cwt. wag'n 3 3
From Burlington to Philadelphia, per cwt. 0 6

Stage Waggon from Powles Hook Ferry, set out, for Newark, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, returning the same day — And for Philadelphia, (which they reach in two days, meeting the Philadelphia waggon and exchanging Passengers at Princeton) on Mondays and Thursdays, at Sunrise—from Powles Hook to Newark, for a Passenger, 1s. 6d. the same for returning. From Powles Hook to Princeton, for a Passenger, ferry free, 10s. Thence to Philadelphia, 10s. Goods rated 150lb. as a Passenger.

THE CELEBRATED "DICK GRAVES," who is well known throughout the United States, as possessing more wit and drollery than falls to the lot of humanity, has got himself in a scrape, which in all probability, will occasion his retirement from public life for a number of years. For several months past, repeated robberies have been committed on the rail road between this place and Syracuse. Col Wilkie of New-York, who was entrusted with a large sum of money, together with Wm. K. Strong, of Geneva, and Freeman Clarke, cashier of the Orleans Bank had their trunks robbed during the past week, from the baggage cars. On discovery of the robbery, immediate steps were taken to ferret out the robbers, which resulted in the arrest of an old offender by the name of Wall, and "poor Dick." Dick kept up his usual assurance, until a package of the money was found secreted, with his name written on it. He then sank in a chair confounded; since which time. "Richard has not been himself." Five thousand dollar bail has been required, which Graves has been unable to give.

Alas! poor [Dick.] I knew him Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest; of most exquisite fancy. . . . Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment; that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one to mock your own grinning; quite chap fallen.

OUR CITY.—A majority of even our own citizens are not aware of the extent of the improvements in Albany for the past year, a vast number of buildings have been erected, nearly all of which are of the first class. New streets have been opened, immense hills have been removed, graded and made ready for building.—Notwithstanding which, there is a scarcity of tenements; to obviate this, active preparations are being made for the erection of a large number of houses during this season. Albany must become a large place, in spite of lamentations here or elsewhere."

DAVID FROST AND EVELINE WELLS.—The application for a divorce of the above parties, who were wedded some three years since under such peculiar circumstances, is still before the Legislature of this State. This case is a perfect anomaly in hymenial occurrences, and in our opinion demands the interposition of the Legislature to dissolve a connection entered into under such circumstances. The plea of setting a dangerous precedent is absurd, as there is not the remotest probability of the recurrence of a parallel.

CANAL ENLARGEMENT.—It is worth one's while to saunter into the vicinity of the Little Basin, as by an inspection of what is going on there, a pretty correct estimate may be made of the magnitude of this work. The huge stones employed in the construction of the locks &c. &c. are indicative of its permanence and solidity. The monuments of antiquity are nothing in comparison to this stupendous work, and is alone sufficient to immortalize the present age.

"THE REWARD OF MERIT."—The Madisonian has a long article addressed to "applicants for office."—That paper says, "We have noticed within the last week, and more within two or three days, no small dissatisfaction, that so little is done by the President and Cabinet, in deciding upon new appointments.—We take upon us to say—wait with patience." The article then at considerable length goes on to show the reasons for waiting with patience. These "certain moveables," play the d—l with the patriotism of either party, and if Gen Harrison through his administration of four years does not get more "kicks than Coppers from "friends" as well as "foes" why he will be a very fortunate man.

STREET AUCTIONS.—The corporation have at length enforced their edict against this detestable nuisance, which has as long been a foul blot on the character of our city. No reason can be assigned why auctioneers should be allowed to transact their business in the highways, more than other trades people. The next step should be to limit the sale of wood's &c. to some place other than the public streets.

A PERFECT TURK.—A fellow named Hempson, of Jamaica, L. I. against whom an indictment for bigamy was pending, being at large on bail, married the third wife. He was convicted and sentenced to four years and seven months imprisonment.

The Albany Phrenological Society, should procure a cast of that fellow's head, it would doubtless be an interesting study.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.—It will be seen by a reference to the daily papers, that, Mr. W. C. Little has commenced disposing of his extensive stock of books by auction. This collection comprises the latest and best editions, in the various departments of literature and science, and affords an unequalled opportunity of purchasing to the best advantage.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.—The President of the United States, has, by proclamation convened both houses of Congress to meet at Washington, on the thirty-first day of May next, when "sundry weight and important matters, principally growing out of the revenue and finances of the country," will be presented to that body for their consideration.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, has been reinstated as Post-Master of this city, and will enter upon the duties thereof, on the 1st of April.

SARATOGA.—The most extensive arrangements are being made for the accommodation of visitors at this delightful watering place, for the coming season. The boarding houses are to be enlarged, and several new ones are to be erected. It is but a few years, since this populous village was a comparative wilderness; it has sprung into existence like magic. Last season the throng was unprecedented; so much so, that the accommodations were inadequate for their reception. It is supposed that the coming season will far eclipse all others, both in gayety and numbers.

SQUINTING.—This unsightly deformity, is now obviated with the utmost uncertainty, by a trifling operation, simple in its nature, and without serious pain to the patient. No person, hereafter can offer a valid excuse for looking askew at his neighbor.

JUVENILE SOVEREIGNS.—The Kingdoms of England, Spain, Portugal and Turkey, are each ruled by monarchs under the age of twenty one years.

VERY LIKE, &c.—The Rochester Advertiser says that "St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Albany, by 25,000 persons, on the temperance principle."—This is not only creditable to a population of some 30, or 40,000 but it is likewise flattering evidence that the editor of the Advertiser possesses the principal ingredient for a good poet—a fertile imagination.

NAVIGATION.—The Robert Stevens came up the River as far as Hudson, on Thursday last, and from present appearances there will be a boat to-day or to-morrow.

P. S. The *Union* arrived yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

The venerable *Union* is about to publish the reminiscences of his eventful life. The book cannot fail to be one of interest.

Intelligence.

THE GOV. FENNER.—Our readers, generally are already acquainted with the distressing loss of this American ship, by which 122 fellow beings were sent into eternity, with scarcely a moment's warning.—The following is the latest additional intelligence.

The following is substantially the account of the catastrophe given by the persons who were on the deck of the Nottingham when the collision occurred:

"About a quarter past two o'clock on Saturday morning, when about 15 miles to the westward of Holyhead, the weather calm, but rather thick, one of the men on the watch saw a ship bearing down upon the Nottingham. She had no light at her mast, while the steamer had three. He reported the fact to the second mate, who was then at the wheel. The second mate hailed the ship, and was answered. He directed her to starboard the helm. This, they thought, was not done. A voice from the ship, which was supposed to have been that of the captain, requested the steamer to starboard her helm, as he could not bring the ship over, she not answering her helm. At this instant the Gov. Fenner struck the Nottingham amidships. In less than five minutes she filled with water and disappeared. The steamer became quite motionless after the shock, and the people on board of her could not make the least attempt to succor those on board the ship, which sank bow foremost. The cries of the people on the wreck were heart-rending, but they soon ceased, and all was still. The steamer's starboard side was completely stove in; the paddle shaft and wheel were shivered in pieces; the starboard engine was broken, and the funnel carried away. 17 cows were killed, 7 beasts and 78 sheep were thrown overboard, and eleven died before the vessel reached

port. On Saturday evening, the wreck of the Nottingham was fallen in with by another steamer, and towed into the Mersey.

"The opinion on board the Nottingham was, that the Gov. Fenner's helm, instead of being put to starboard as they supposed it was, must have been to port, for, if had been put to starboard, the ship would have cleared the steamer."

The Nottingham, was visited at Liverpool by thousands of curious spectators. Her starboard side was a complete wreck; even the houses on the dock adjoining were shivered into fragments. The dead animals, cows and sheep, covered the deck, and presented a shocking sight, most of them having been disembowelled by the concussion which caused their death.

The passengers were all below in their berths when the collision between the ship and steamer took place. The shock caused by it would, of course, rouse even those who might then have been asleep. No doubt they would make a rush towards the deck; the interval which elapsed, however, between the shock and the sinking, was so short, scarcely five minutes, that very few if any could have succeeded in reaching it. So that in all probability, they perished in the steerage. The mate had been married only a few days before the ship's sailing; the captain had given his wife a berth with her husband in the cabin. When the fate of the ship became inevitable, he attempted to run aft and rescue her. Time failed him, the instinct of self-preservation became strong, he sprang up the shrouds, and reached the steamer, as we have already stated, by jumping from the yard-arm.

The bulk of the passengers is described as being superior to the ordinary run of steerage emigrants, for there were no cabin passengers, and some of them are said to have carried out considerable property.

FOREIGN NEWS.—Twenty-two days later from England.—The British steam-ship Caledonia arrived at Boston, on Saturday last, from Liverpool, which place she left on the 4th inst.

The McLeod affair and the Boundary Question had caused much talk in England, the former at one time being the all-engrossing topic.

The Thames Tunnel is now 1138 feet 8 inches in length, and the excavation for the shaft has been made to the depth of 23 feet, leaving only about 50 ft. more to be completed.

Sir Will. Colebrooke is to succeed Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick, who has been recalled.

It was rumored in Paris on Thursday afternoon, that the French Cabinet was disposed to offer its mediation to arrange the dispute with the United States.

The report that George Kean and Ellen Tree had been privately married is contradicted by the Court Journal.

The American pack-ship President, that went on the Nore Sand, has been sold at Lloyd's for £830.

Destruction of Wynyard House.—On the night of the 26th inst., the splendid mansion of the Marquis of Londonderry, near Stockton-upon-Tees, was destroyed by fire, supposed to have originated in the overheated flues of the conservatory. The loss is stated to be between £300,000 to £400,000. The Marquis is en route to Italy from Malta and Turkey. The house was left in charge of his servants.

Mexico.—Extract of a letter from Tampico dated Feb. 10.—The commercial affairs in this place are completely paralyzed, and the consequence is that several failures have already taken place—one house for \$111,000 that will not pay 25 cents.

Arista has made a formal application to the government, to be allowed to retire to private life, and it is now supposed to be an auspicious time for the Texans to make a bold stroke.—N. O. Bulletin.

The case of the "Home."—In the case of James P. Allaire, the owner of the unfortunate steamboat "Home" against the American Insurance Company, the jury yesterday morning brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, for \$11,301 35 damages, and six cents costs.—The other contested claims of Mr. Allaire against sundry insurance companies, will probably abide the issue of this suit.

Saxon Antiquity.—A massive ring of pure gold has been found near Rockingham, Eng., supposed to be a Saxon abraxia, or preservative against witchcraft, &c. It is inscribed on the outer side in Saxon characters, "Gutta: Gutta: Madros: Adros:" and on the inner "Udros: Udros: Thebal:"

The Amistad Negroes, with the exception of the three little girls, left here on Thursday, in the Rail Cars for Farmington, where we understand they are to be placed on the farm of Mr. Williams, until capable of taking care of themselves.—New Haven Herald.

A CARD.—Mr. Buxton, has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Lecture, which he delivered in this city—*On the Animality of the Earth*—will be published in a neat Pamphlet form, of about 30 or 40 pages. Price 12½ cents—and will be delivered to Subscribers on Monday or Tuesday next.
mr. 30.

Married.

In this city, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hodge, Mr. John D. Carl, to Miss Sarah Roderick, both of this city.

In Hudson, on Thursday last, the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Alex. J. Center, to Miss Elizabeth M. daughter of the late Thomas Bay, all of Hudson.

At Hornby Lodge, Nunda Falls, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. J. A. Bolles, of Batavia, Mr. Elihu H. S. Mumford of Mumfordsville, to Miss Mary A. Johnson, daughter of Elisha Johnson, esq., of the city of Rochester.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23d inst. after a short illness, Lydia, wife of Henry Waley.

On Tuesday morning, 23d inst. after a short illness, Clarissa, wife of Thomas McCarron.

On the 21st inst. JOSEPH S. IVES, in the 55th year of his age, formerly a highly respectable merchant of this city, universally esteemed and beloved; but for many years past the victim of an incurable lunacy, that manifested in itself a manner which has made him the object of painful sympathy and unavailing solicitude to his friends, and of melancholy interest to our citizens; especially to those who knew him in the days of his prosperity and remembered the many virtues and excellencies of his character, which were darkly shrouded and finally extinguished by his dreadful infirmity.

At Chatham, Columbia co., on the 1st inst., of consumption, Major Backus, aged 57 years.

At Clarendon, Orleans co. on the 12th inst., James S. King, brother of Nathan G. King of this city, in the 23d year of his age.

At Nassau, on the 18th inst., in the 26th year of her age, Ann Eliza, wife of John T. Hogeboom, esq., of that place.

In New York, Thomas S. Clark, 43. Caroline Matilda, only daughter of Benj. Farrington, 13. Mary Dodd, wife of Silas E. Burrows. Capt. Peter Murphy, 78. Henry Rankin, 58. Mary Eliza Coster, daughter of Jane Keniar, 36. Isabella, relict of John Scotland, 81.

At Brooklyn, James Edward Hathaway. At Hagarstown, Md. Otho Lawrence, president of the Hagarstown Bank. At St. Louis, Mo. Capt. W. L. Williams, 53. At Princeton, Miss Julia R. wife of John S. Penrice, 22. At St. Mary's Seminary, Mo. Rev. Donatien Oliver, 95. He was the oldest missionary in the valley of the Mississippi. In St. Francis co. Mo. Anna, wife of Isaac Baker, 48. In St. Louis, Mo. Ignatius Russell, formerly of Baltimore, 22.—In Lebanon, Madison co., Daniel Ormsby. In Oswego co. Jeremiah M. Cready, 63. At Plattsburgh, John Archer, 42. At Ogdensburg, Josiah Brackett, 38.

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Master and Royal Arch, splendidly engraved on Sat. n, can be obtained on application to this office. Likewise, handsomely engraved Diplomas of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841.

POETRY.

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

When first th' Almighty mandate spoke
Creation into birth;
When light from chaos' cradle broke
Upon th' astonished earth;
Then Masonry, the maid of love,
From realms of light sublime,
Came in her beauty, sent by Jove,
To join the march of time.

From that supernal Lodge of light,
Not made with hands, on high,
She came to gild the gloom of night
Beneath her native sky;
And here, in Friendship's sacred shade,
She bade her temple rise,
And, thus obey'd her sons array'd
In robes brought from the skies.

The Gods look'd down, and smil'd to see
The glorious Ark of art,
And blest the maid of Masonry,
Her hand, and generous heart,
And cry'd—from henceforth thou shalt be,
In every age and state,
The handmaid of sweet charity,
And all the virtues great.

And thou shalt be, to all the poor,
The kind and faithful friend,
In every clime, on every shore,
The helping hand to lend;
With fair Religion thou shalt go
Across the stormy wave,
To soothe the weeping widow's woe,
Poor man from sin to save.

Thus spoke the Gods—and hand and hand
With fair Religion, she
Departed to each foreign land
With blessed Charity;
But oft the sons of Bigotry,
With jealousy imbued,
Cry'd out against fair Masonry,
Least she should do some good.

THE CASSIA SPRIG.

This for the dear lamented dead
Proclaims it hallowed earth.
Some frail memento, o'er the head
Of those who for their country bled,
May awe the sacrelegious tread,
And check the scoffer's mirth;
But this commands the orphan's tears;
His friend, his father slumbers here.

We plant this little withering stem
Amid this broken sod.
Though frail, far dearer than the gem
Of earthly star and diadem;
And he who scorns it, would condemn
The wonder working rod
Of him, who made the mountain burst
And slake a dying nation's thirst.

What though from this aye holy earth
The morrow may remove
This token; desolating dearth
Of pure, serene, terrestrial worth!
The spirit shall awake to birth
In perfect strength above;
Reckless if death shall sweep away,
All memory of his earthly stay.

Come then, child of adversity,
And weep above this grave,
If ever, amid the agony
Of ruthless cold and hunger, he,
With one bright tear of sympathy,
Stretched out the hand to save;
Come, weep; weep on, the hand which did
Such mercies, is forever hid!

From the New-York Evening Post

MY BOY'S BIRTH DAY.

"—You gods, look down,
"And from your secret vials pour your graces,
"Upon my dear child's head."—SHAKESPEARE.

This day, my absent, blue eyed boy,
Thy heart drank in its light of life:
This day, a mother found a joy,
And smiled at pangs that pained the wife.

Oh, may thy little seed of mind
Expand to flowers of brightest hue;
And prove to her, like southern wind,
Just breathing o'er the violets blue,

God bless thee, boy! a father's tears
Are mingling with a father's cries;
And thus, he joins his prayers with fears,
Blessings with sorrows, saddest sighs.

God bless thee, boy, and bear thee up
From fest'ring guilt's corroding chain—
From bitter draughts of sorrow's cup—
From dulle disease—from active pain—

From all thy sins thy sire has known,
And all the griefs he yet may know,
As o'er the world he wends alone,
Far from the pleasant water's flow.

Be thou, in boyhood, pure in thought,
Blooming like Adon's almond rod—
In manhood, strong, unstained unbought—
In age, a relic, fit for God.

And, though I fill a foreign tomb,
Or, for thy good, am doomed to rove,
Chase thou away a mother's gloom,
Never forget a mother's love.

A mother's love—a mother's love—
Remember that, my glowing boy:
It lasts like an eternal grove—
It knows no chance, has no alloy.

Repose each wish with her warm heart,
Give all thy griefs to her warm breast,
From her pure precepts ne'er depart,
And heaven, my boy, will give thee rest.

God Bless thee, thy mother too,
Until my beams (so rightly shorn)
Return with fire of fairer hue,
When plenty shall exalt my horn.

Until that day, my absent boy,
Let her who loves thee stoop thy knee;
And, calming down thy childish joy,
Hallow thy lips with prayers for me.

FAIR CLARA.

Fair Clara was a comely maid,
As any to be found;
Her wit and beauty have been said,
To charm the country round:
But ah! she would not, lovely girl,
At one thing take rebuff;
Still she would rub her teeth of pearl,
I blush to say, with snuff.

Such virtues you can seldom find,
In one sweet maid agree;
Blest with an educated mind,
As well as charity;
To view her lips of ruby red,
To love were charm enough;
But ah! those lovely lips she fed,
But ah! I scorn to say, with snuff.

The features of her beauteous face,
Were dear to soul and eye;
And on her form sat many a grace,
Her dress of crimson dye:
None of her features, save her chin,
From beauty's mould was rough;
And that without, and that within,
Was stained with filthy snuff.

Young Damon came to woo—her breast
With generous passion rove;
Upon her lips a kiss impressed,

The tribute of his love:
But ah! her balmy breath he found,
A most unpleasant puff;
His angel with the graces crown'd
A devotee to SNUFF.

Yet still his bosom felt the pang,
Of love still lingering there;
And whilst the beauteous Clara sang,
He thus addressed the fair—
"Claim me, my dear one, for thy own,
Nor at me take rebuff;"
She placed her hand above her zone,
Upon her box of SNUFF.

Still she continued every day
The same thing o'er and o'er;
Her lovely looks soon flew away,
And beauty was no more:
Her skin assumed a yellow hue,
Her lips were dark and rough;
Her teeth were neither black or blue,
But like the solid SNUFF.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gt.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Ya.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 87,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 87,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment,	do	4th Saturday.
Quail S & R Master,	do	Quarterly.
Kingston's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyngs Council	do	2d Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY

NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1—The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptability to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 8 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. mr. 12

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 31

MASONIC.

ADDRESS.

Delivered before Austin Lodge, in the Republic of Texas, Jan. 1st 1841.

BY DAVIDS. KAUFMAN.

Concluded from page 234.

Loyalty to the sex is the distinguishing characteristic of every genuine craftsman, and he that proves recreant to *this trust* we discard as an exotic!

Although woman is not permitted to share in our labors, yet our *wages* are freely and liberally divided with her. The uninitiated may disbelieve our professions, but the testimony of thousands and tens of thousands of widows and orphans rise upon judgment against them and condemn them. The charity of Masons, like the dew of Hermon, visits its objects noiselessly, and without ostentation. The destitute receive, and the world knows it not. Their necessities are relieved, and they themselves hardly know the hand which pluck them from despair. Although as yet a novice in the craft, and only on the threshold of the Temple, I would not exchange the feelings occasioned by the little good it has made me instrumental in doing for all the honors and distinctions which the favor of the world can bestow.

There are many, however, who acknowledge the benefits arising from Masonry, but object to it on account of its secrecy. This is the main cement of our union, and the foundation of its permanency. Take this away, and our venerable fabric falls to the ground; abolish this, and the lovely streams which adorn and beautify the moral earth are at once swallowed up and lost in the great ocean of the world. Associated together for no pecuniary, selfish, or worldly purposes, it is necessary to our ends that we should retire into the sanctuary of privacy to accomplish our noble designs. Will it, however, be denied that any benefits arise from union?—The day was when such a dogma might have been advanced; but, thank God, that day is past and gone! We live, emphatically, in the age of Associations;—associated capital has penetrated Europe and America with artificial rivers; it has propelled the steam car with the rapidity of the wind, and ploughed our rivers with the majestic steam boat.—It has dragged wealth from the bowels of the earth; has made the temperate zone subsidiary to the torrid, and the torrid to the temperate; has almost annihilated time and space, and brought together what ignorance had too long kept assunder,—it has converted nations from rivals into friends,—ameliorated the horrors of war, and begun to lay the foundations of that era “when the sword shall be converted into the plough-share, and the spear into the pruning-hook.” And shall it be said that an association for moral purposes ought to be discouraged? Can a principle so successful in the progress of physical improvement operate injuriously when applied to the moral amelioration of mankind? Are we so much of utilitarians that every thing we hold dear must be sacrificed for physical improvement? Is Friendship to be proscribed? and can no temple be erected to Charity, without which all other virtues would be as “a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal?” Will it be considered as a useless waste of time to endeavor to square our actions by the principles of morality, and circumscribe our desires in every varied station of life that our lot may be cast? But I need no further interrogate; I know your answer—I appreciate it.

Masonry, like Christianity, though humble in its origin, and born as it were in a manger, has attained a lofty and elevated stand, and now numbers among its disciples many of the powerful of the earth. It is no respecter of persons, and in the sacred recesses of the Temple all meet as equals. The monarch is lost in the man; and his subjects, as men, are at once put

upon an equality as masons. Brothers of the same extended family, we share the same burthens, and enjoy the same exemptions. Our labor and refreshments are one, and we set under the same vine and the same fig-tree. This principle of our order must commend it to the approbation of all. The feelings of human liberty and natural equality are engraved on every human heart, and an institution which recognizes these feelings cannot but be right, at least, in that respect. We work with our equals, and before our peers, bound to us by the strong ties of friendship, we lay our plights. In the chequered scenes of life, so beautifully represented by the Mosaic pavement of the Lodge, we should be overtaken by adversity or encountered by misfortune, we can lay our sorrows before our brothers unsubjected to the censorious criticism of a cold and unfeeling world. Should an untoward fate consign a brother's wife and children to a premature widowhood and orphanage; his dying bed will feel soft from the gratifying reflection that he leaves behind him those who will be a friend to the widow, and a father to the orphan. Oh, who would not flee to this city of refuge from the persecutions, bickerings and casualties of this world? Who would not search for the *treasure-board* of Masonry, on which he will find drawn those beautiful designs from which he can build up his own happiness and that of his family here and hereafter. I cannot tell what others may feel, but as for myself, when I look at the ancient origin of our institution, the sacred character of its patrons, the universality of its extent, comprehending the four quarters of the globe, and knitting together into one family men of every tribe, kindred and tongue; the unbroken chain of tradition which leads us back to the early ages, and has transmitted to us *unwritten* and *unimpaired* the landmarks of our order; when I see it silently like a ministering angel relieving the wants of the needy, administering comfort to the broken-hearted, inculcating the cardinal virtues, and enjoining “peace and good will to men,” I am forced to exult in the badge of a Mason, and to admit that it is more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle, more honorable than the Star and Garter, and more lasting than the pearls of princes or the diadems of kings.

Will it then any longer be contended that this institution is injurious, and ought to be discontinued? Can a moral arch, the key-stone of which is benevolence be detrimental to the interests of a community? Can an edifice contrived by wisdom, supported by strength and adorned by beauty, offend the taste of the most fastidious? Will the ignorant and designing, for selfish purposes, continue to aim the shafts of malice against it on account of its supposed danger to republican institutions? The charge carries on its face its own refutation. Look at the long and distinguished list of republicans who have adorned and still adorn our order, and you can no longer doubt. See at the head of it the sage of Mt. Vernon, the warrior of America and the patriot of the world,—who said to his native land, “Let there be light!” and there was light; the man who spoke and fought millions of human beings into the blessings of freedom; who knew how to conquer not only armies, but *himself*; who would have been deified by the ancients, and is adored by us; and whose monument is built in the hearts of freemen every where. See next on the roll the name of the French Marquis who abjured monarchy for the right of republicanism,—who left the ease and luxuries of the Old World to battle in the cause of the New; and who, after he had seen the “stars and stripes” firmly planted on the ruins of Tyranny, returned to his country carrying back with him his republican principles, and endeavoring to give to the Great Nation of his birth the principles of a rational liberty. Look again and you will see the name of the bold and intrepid Franklin, who at one time seized the fiery bolt of heaven's wrath, and conducted it harmless to the earth; at another when he saw the mountain wave of faction hanging over the little vessel of state, and just about to

strike it into the yawning gulf beneath, threw it upon the threatening billow, averted impending destruction, and calmed the elemental fury of the human passions; and yet at another condescending to teach his fellow-citizens the principles of economy, and to communicate in distiches truths which have infused happiness into many a humble cottage, and which of themselves entitle him to immortality. There too, you will find the name of Thomas Jefferson, the friend of man, the foe of tyrants, the author of the sentiment that “Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God;” the man, every event of whose life seemed to act out the proud motto of that untried commonwealth that gave him birth,—“*Sic semper Tyrannis.*”

I might mention as a remarkable fact, but one perhaps that is not generally known, that every major-general in the Revolutionary War of 1776 was a Mason, except Benedict Arnold, the TRAITOR!! At this sacred font they imbibed draughts which invigorated and refreshed their patriotic zeal—which chastened and restrained private ambition, and controlled it to the advancement of a nation's cause and a people's freedom. Arnold was without the pale of its happy and restraining influence; he fell a victim to his unbridled ambition, and his name has become the *very synonym* for treachery and baseness throughout the world. Take another view and you will see the names of a Jackson, a De Witt Clinton, a Livingston, a Clay, and a thousand other stars of the first magnitude, which adorn the republican galaxy, and at the same time have been humble votaries at the shrine of Free Masonry. Their patriotism cannot be questioned, and will a calumny be thrown out upon their memories and their names in the shape of an attack on the venerable institution which they adorned by their virtues, and illustrated by their genius? Forbid it justice!—forbid it gratitude!

Abuses no doubt have been committed under the sacred name of Masonry, but it met not with her sanction. Errors will attend the progress of every thing human, and of every institution however good may be its objects. Judas betrayed his master, and yet the other *eleven* merit neither censure nor execration for his purchased treachery. Christians' so called, have tied to the stake and burned unoffending victims for the exercise of freedom of thought; and yet the religion which they *professed* and *profaned* teaches forbearance, mercy and love. The abuses of Christianity have been many and great; and as well for these causes might you proscribe the one as the other. No! such missiles when directed against the shield and panoply of truth are blunted, and fall innoxious at her feet, or recoil upon those that winged their arrowy flight. Whatever may be the trials and tribulations of Masonry, its onward march is certain as destiny:—she follows in the wake of empire, of civilization and of christianity; and wherever their banners are planted her temples will spring up at their side!

It is a melancholy reflection, my dear friends, that we must all soon pass to the cold and silent tomb.—The sands of life are rapidly, though imperceptibly, passing away from the hour-glass of each and every one of us, and “the places which know us now, will soon know us no more forever.” Our young and beautiful country will rise and culminate, but her sun, like that of all other nations, must set. The decline and fall of every nation is as certain as its rise and progress; and although every patriot may pray in his heart “*esto perpetua*,” yet it is a dream which posterity can never realize. But although we, and nations, must go the way of all living, Masonry will outlive the mutations of man and of empires! Her existence is independent of national compacts! Her home and country are the whole earth! Founded on the affections of the human heart, which are always and every where the same, her temple is unsubjected to the gusts of human passions, the tempest of faction, and the rage of party violence! Their black clouds may

lover around and discharge their thunders at her base but eternal sunshine rests upon her head, lifted far above the rage of terrestrial tumult! So will it be! "So mote it be!" Christians! encourage it, for it is the beautiful hand-maid of Religion! Citizens, protect it, for it is conservative of social order. Parents, revere it, for it may reclaim your beloved offspring from vice, and lead them in the peaceful and pleasant path of virtue! Woman, cherish it, for although its labors are not yours, yet you are, and always shall be, the chosen recipients of its bounties! Patriots, foster it, for in the battle's front those who have been taught to wipe away the tear of the widow and orphan, will not be found wanting.

As for you, my honored Brothers, who have been initiated into the mysteries of the temple, who know and appreciate its objects, it is unnecessary for me to urge upon you their importance. I may be permitted however, with great humility, to press upon you the necessity of strictly adhering to its principles. This portion of Masonry's vineyard is committed to our keeping; and oh! may we be enabled to give a good account of our stewardship. We are acting not only for ourselves and country, but for the cause of Masonry throughout the world. Men, as we are, and fallible as we must be, subject to a thousand temptations, may Divine Assistance enable us to avoid them all. May we live together in unity and peace, and may the endeared appellation of brother prove to us something more than a name. May all bickerings and contentions be banished forever from our associations, and may brotherly love prevail in all our lodges. May our light so shine, that others seeing our good works may receive profit thereby. The world is not only regarding our efforts at self-government with anxious eyes, but our brotherhood, every where, view our infatigable efforts in the cause of our order, with the most painful solicitude. On this very day, petitions are sent up in our behalf, by our brothers in foreign lands, mingling a proud recollection of the past with an anxious anticipation of the future. Shall they be disappointed? Your proud and loyal countenances, giving expression to the feelings of manly hearts, answer no! Let us, then, on this the natal day of one of our brightest lights, dedicate ourselves anew to the service of the temple: let us swear, like Hannibal to his country, unchanging fealty to her honor and her laws: let it be a new starting place, an era in our search after light and truth; and let us run with honor, the race that is set before us. May we catch a new inspiration from the enlivening scenes around us, the sanctity of the day, the invocation of Divine Grace, and the sweet strains of music poured forth by woman's voice, softening and mellowing all within their hallowed influence. Heaven has vouchsafed to us these proud privileges; let them not be "as pearls cast before swine."

On to-morrow we will all again be engaged in the various avocations and pursuits of life. Those who are here assembled to consult a nation's interests will soon return to the bosoms of their homes and families, perhaps to prepare for their defence,* or to sit down in the calm sunshine of peace. Whatever may be our country's fate, we have the melancholy reflection to feel that we shall never all meet again. However chequered may be our fortunes, or adverse our various fates, it is the sincere prayer of him who now addresses you, that when time shall be to us no more, and the dull cold ear of death shall be insensible to the pleasures of affection, friendship and love, that we may all meet in that lodge above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"May freedom, harmony and love
Unite us in the grand design,
Beneath the omniscient eye above—
The glorious Architect divine,
That we may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa."

It was reported at this time, that a Mexican army had crossed Rio Grande to invade Texas.

An affray occurred on board the Liverpool ship Joseph Cunard, at New Orleans, on the 5th inst., in which one of the sailors gave another a fatal stab. The murderer then ran out upon the yard, plunged overboard and was drowned.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 13.

REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

The sympathies of the philanthropist have always been with the Indians. No unprejudiced mind can trace their history without admiration of the virtues of these native sons of the forest. They were savage indeed—and we consequently look more at their barbarity, which is brought immediately before us than to the finer and loftier feelings of their uneducated nature. Their true character is often hid from our vision by the blood of their enemies—and the scenes of horror enacted around their watch-fires obscure those tender sensibilities that grow as spontaneous as the productions of the forest through which they roamed.

Could it be proved that the whites came in possession of the lands by prior discovery or cession gained without fraud, the right to remove the Indians could not be disputed. But when it is admitted that conquest, which in the light of international law is right—but not justifiable in a moral point of view, was the manner by which they became seized of these lands. It most certainly appears that the absolute right to remove the opposite party belonged to the Indians. Now the impossibility of their removing the whites does not alter the abstract principle of right. The land was theirs, and they should have disposed of it as they pleased. This was acknowledged by treating them as independent sovereignties.

It is an axiom in law that a nation can only govern the inhabitants of their own dominions, that they cannot enact an extra-territorial law, and as long therefore as both were independent, neither could have any authority over the other, and crime itself might go unpunished. Hence we see the necessity of a removal. But where does one obtain the authority to remove the other. It has never been granted, and cannot be effected except by compromise and treaty. Again it was found difficult to civilize, and almost impossible to bring them into subjection to the laws of the United States; they were not sufficiently enlightened to enter into a confederation, and thereby surrender for the general good a part of their rights. We must advance far upon the highway of civilization and improvement, before a confederation of States can be effected. It was the want of development in man's whole nature, his moral, intellectual and social being, which constitute civilization that made the old Feudal system impracticable. The Barons would give to the king paramount, no more than they were obliged to, and would endeavor to regain that little when they thought it possible, and even in our own enlightened country, where the goddess of Liberty and the genius of Christianity are harmoniously united, we see the necessity of approaching with trembling delicacy; the various questions embracing the general as well as States' rights—we see the opinions of our mightiest statesmen arrayed in opposition to each other, and even nullification rearing her hydra head as if to destroy this fair inheritance of ours. And if it is so difficult among enlightened states, it must be absolutely impossible among savages, for they will not yield their personal independence for the good of the state.

It was also impossible for government to restrain the whites from encroaching upon their rights—they would

impose upon their ignorance—and administer to their baser passions for the purpose of defrauding them of their possessions. They scattered among them the evils of civilized society, with but few of its benefits, and the Indian race was fast dwindling away before the face of the white man unpitied and almost unperceived. Such being the case it would seem humane in Congress to propose some remedy for the evil, and the only one practicable, was their removal from the immediate presence of the white man; and praiseworthy and justifiable was the act considered in itself to enter into a treaty which should be solemnly ratified by both parties.

Agents of government not only imposed upon the Indian, but retained their offices after it was known to the authorities who appointed them, that fraud was practised in treating with the Indian.

And however good the Law itself might be—and whatever benefits might chance to accrue to the poor Indian by removal beyond the Mississippi—yet if he wished to remain and live where his fathers lived—if he did not choose to bid farewell to the forest through which he had so fearlessly roamed, and leave the home of his childhood as dear to him, as the white man's, he should have been permitted to stay—and base must be the agent and cruel the authority, that would impose upon the ignorance of these simple sons of nature—and take from them their possessions—the tenure of which they held from the God of Heaven.

We have endeavored, to divest ourselves of prejudice as far as possible. But we will not pretend to deny that our feelings and sympathies are in favor of the red man—we cannot but admire even their patriotism, and were we to search for the noblest manifestation of this virtue, we would as soon go to the Indian's battle field, as to the plains of Marathon; and to us the last war whoop of Philip is in perfect unison with the dying groan of Leonidas. Demosthenes himself might have taken lessons in oratory from these wild orators, for their speeches contain all the power of truth, with the simplicity and poetry of nature. The lasting friendship of Logan, and the unrestrained confidence of Pocahontas find no parallel in Greece or Rome. Yet the cry of the avaricious white has ever been "exterminate the savage," and the act has corresponded with the cry. And well may it be feared, that Justice will not long delay. The belt of vengeance will soon come; for nations suffer the penalties of their sins as well as individuals. It is not enough to pursue them according to the rules of warfare, but dogs of war, of Cuba production, must be let loose to drive them from the swamps no white man dare inhabit.

CHRONOLOGY.

The wise man hath said "there is a time for every thing;" and it would be but a fair inference from another saying of the same high authority, were we to assert that "there has been a time for every thing," or, to use a slight degree of inversion, it might be more true that "every thing has had its time."

We will not, especially in this age of supposed wonders, hazard the maintenance of the proverb, "there is nothing new under the sun," or assert its truth in every sense; nor is it essential to our purpose that we should. Let it be understood, at the starting point, in case our lucubrations (not *vegeti annorum*, for we are modest) which follow, may not disclose it, that the true and *bona fide*, real and downright intention of this article, when we began it, was and still is, to show, by powerful and irresistible arguments and reasonings profound, that Chronology is useful and necessary. What our purpose may be, at the close, it has not yet

entered into our mind to imagine, and the dim and unfathomable future and the indomitable patience of our indulgent and partial readers can alone discover. If we wander from the track on which we have struck, let it be attributed to the faintness of its outline and the tangled brushwood that covers it, and not to any deficiency in our own sight or our negligent attention.

What is history? This is no easy question to answer, if we derive that answer either from most of the books which are dignified with the title of histories, or from the various definitions which have been given of it. Is it the narration of events? Let us see. Suppose we were now to inform our readers, that the United States of America declared war against Great Britain, that Robert Bruce gained a victory over the English army at Bannockburn, that Louis XIV. of France revoked the edict of Nantes, and that Socrates was condemned by his countrymen to drink a cup of hemlock. Would our readers, partial as we may suppose them to be, ascribe to us the dignity of historians.—We imagine not; nor would we gain a right to it by adding the date at which these several events occurred. There is evidently something wanting yet. Suppose we were to arrange these and numerous other events in the order of time, would we approach any nearer the idea of a history? We suppose one would and for this reason, which is the very gist of all these suppositions we have been making. A narration of events in the order of their occurrence is, it is true, not a history in its proper sense, but it is the next thing to it, because this element of time enables us to introduce the only remaining element necessary to fulfil the idea of a history. By means of a chronological arrangement, we are enabled to exhibit the dependency of events upon each other, to point out causes and effects, and trace the motives of action and their consequences. Without this arrangement, it is evident we might mistake effects for their causes, and would certainly be entirely at a loss to determine the motives which produced the actions we undertake to relate, and thus lose every advantage which properly belongs to history. The mere fact that the battle of Waterloo, some one remarks, was fought and that Napoleon Buonaparte was there defeated, would be exceedingly barren of information to us, compared to what it signifies, when we are informed that on this battle hung the fate of empires, the peace of Europe, and it may be, of the world.

Lord Karnes says a perfect history is the relation of interesting facts connected with their motives and consequences. Whether this be a correct definition or not, depends upon the limit ascribed to the word 'interesting'—Sir Isaac Newton seems to have appreciated the importance of the science of chronology, from the labor which he bestowed upon the preparation of his chronological tables. His mind was so accurately constituted, run, as it were, in a mathematical mould, that he was not satisfied in any case with an approximation to truth, and the result of his labor showed how much error had existed unknown in the former chronological tables.

Should we say "such a thing happened to-morrow" every one would laugh at the ludicrousness of the mistake, and would immediately perceive the errors to which it would lead, yet this is trifling in comparison with some anachronisms that have occurred in histories. Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understanding or in that on Education says,—but we know our readers are tired, and therefore we will let them find it for themselves—and find our way home again as quickly as possible.

CHARACTER.

LUCRETIA GRENVILLE.

This exalted female was betrothed to Francis Duke of Buckingham, at the time that he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to avenge his death on the murderer. During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original, and, as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity to gratify her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public, and when he did, it was with such precaution, that but few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred.—The city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honor of the protector, who either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in all the splendor of royalty. Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to lose so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design in effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she laboured; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong that she nearly fainted, but, however, recovered just as the Usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim and fired; but a sudden start, which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry the Protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet.

The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle. About twenty females were on their knees imploring his mercy with uplifted hands, whilst one only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the Usurper, exclaimed, "Tyrant! it was I who dealt the blow; nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that, before another twelvemonth has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me!"

The multitude, actuated more by fear than by love, was prepared to level the house to the ground, when Cromwell cried aloud, with the most artful *sang froid*, "Desist, my friends! alas, poor woman, she knows not what she does," and pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested and confined in a mad house.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

WAR ELEPHANTS.

The number of elephants employed in the armies of the Mongol sovereigns appears almost incredible, when we recollect the quantity of food necessary for the support of each individual. The grand Khan Kublai is said to have possessed five thousand, and capt. Jenkins, who was at Ayga in 1607, and delivered a letter from King James to the Emperor Jehangir, relates that the Emperor had "twelve thousand elephants, about five thousand with teeth, the rest females and young ones." The Emperor Akbar, the predecessor of Jehangir, allotted two hundred elephants to every toman, or ten thousand of his cavalry.

These huge and powerful animals were trained to the dreadful business of war, and seemed to acquire a pleasure in aiding the wishes of their masters. They were covered with armour formed of plates of steel joined together by chains, so as especially to defend the trunk, head, and other parts of the body. On the

back of these animals wooden towers filled with archers were secured, who poured down their missiles upon the infantry, being almost out of danger themselves, as the elephants were protected not only by their dense skins and superadded armour, but by their formidable trunks, wielded with death-dealing force against the assailants.

Can anything be conceived more dreadful than a field of battle covered with several hundred thousand combatants, armed with swords, spears, axes, and missile weapons, while a host of elephants are rushing on their ranks? At their irresistible onset, thousands are dashed to the earth and trampled under foot—a blow from the trunk sends the stunned horseman to the earth—a thrust with the tusk hurls the terrified steed among his comrades, while the huge beast, urging forward his enormous weight, strews the ground with horrible carnage. Still he is under the government of the rider who sits upon his neck, and his work of destruction is systematically pursued. But his trunk is thrown aloft, his ear erected, his mouth expanded, and a protracted, shrill, and piercing scream uttered; the appearance of a horseman has entered his neck—frantic with pain, he seizes his conductor with his trunk, and flings him into the air; he breaks from the ranks and plunges onwards through the field, regardless whether friends or foes are destroyed, and continues his devastating course until exhausted by wounds and agony he sinks at last among the slaughtered, destroying in his fall all those who may have been safely conveyed through the previous horrors in the towers upon his back! To render the elephants more efficient in fight, large sabres, daggers, and other offensive weapons were fastened to their tusks, and every care was taken to inspire them with fury against their opposers.

VARIETY.

WALPOLE'S BRIBERY.

Sir Robert Walpole is accused of having been more guilty of bribery than ministers in general. A well-known phrase is attributed to him, that "every man has his price;" but he also declared, that ministers were often tempted than tempting.

In a warm debate in the House of Commons, Sir Robert, who was standing next to Mr. Levison, said to him, "You see with what zeal and vehemence these gentlemen oppose, and yet I know the price of every man in this house except three, and your brother is one of them." The brother was Lord Gower, who soon, however, lessened the number of incorruptibles, by his defection.

On another occasion, Sir Robert wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition, and which was disliked by some of his dependants. As he was passing through the Court of Requests, he met a member of the contrary party, whose avarice he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside, and said, "such a question comes on this day; give me your vote, and here is a bank bill of £2000," which he put into his hands. The member made him this answer: "Sir Robert you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court, the king was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should, therefore, think myself very ungrateful (*putting the bank bill into his pocket*) if I were to refuse the favor you are now pleased to ask of me."

Improvement in the Daguerreotype.—Hitherto it has been found impossible for the Daguerreotype to fix the impression of any moving object, such as the clouds the sails of vessels, &c. M. Daguerre, however, has authorized M. Arago to announce to the Academic des Sciences that he has succeeded in overcoming this great difficulty, and has discovered the means of catching a complete image of any moving object in less than a second.—*Galleggi.*

"An English engineer named Coppet, arrived in France with the plan of a tunnel from Dover to Calais, which is not to cost more than a thousand millions of francs. The tunnel is to consist of a series of iron tubes, eighteen feet in diameter and three feet in thickness. The next step will be to build a bridge over the Atlantic to New-York."

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

THE INVALID OF ALICANT.

A TRUE STORY.

"Who is that most interesting pair?" said I to a friend, as we paced slowly along one of the most retired portions of the public walk or alameda at Alicante. As I spoke, I pointed to two persons, who had for some minutes past rivetted my whole attention. These were a gentleman and lady, both extremely young, the first being seemingly little more than twenty, and his companion still considerably under it. The customary order in which the sexes usually walk together, was in this case reversed. The gentleman leant upon the lady's arm, and in truth, his looks betokened greatly the want of support. He was sadly emaciated in person, and his countenance, though it appeared ever to bear a smile for her by his side, had entirely lost the hue of health and strength. Yet his pale features and wasted figure were still full of beauty and elegance; and one could see that if unaffected by illness, or restored to convalescence, his form would be a model of manly grace. The youthful lady on whose arm his own rested, was also of most attractive appearance; but the most captivating point about her was the deep interest and constant attention she showed towards her invalid companion. She hung upon his every look, watched avoidingly every little inequality of ground, and seemed, in short, as if she would fain have prevented the winds of heaven from visiting his face too roughly.

Such were they who arrested my eye on the walk at Alicante, and respecting whom I put the question, "Who is this interesting pair?" to the lady who was my companion. That lady was the wife of an English gentleman, resident for many years at Alicante, and who was well acquainted with the society of the place, as well as with its manners and customs. She looked at the gentleman and lady to whom I directed her notice, and immediately exclaimed, "Ah, my dear friend, your eye has indeed alighted on an object of real interest. That is no common pair, and their story is no common one." "Then, I pray, let me hear it, if it is in your power to do so," said I, still following with my eye the slow onward motions of the pale invalid and his fair supporter. "All Alicante can tell the story, as you would soon have learned, had you been longer here," returned my companion; "yet few, I believe, know the particulars so fully as I myself do; a circumstance arising from my being acquainted with a most intimate friend of the unfortunate gentleman whom you have now seen. Turn aside to this shady seat below the lime-tree, and you shall hear the story." I obeyed my kind friend, though still glancing after the objects of my sympathy—and not of mine only, for I could plainly see that every passing group on the walks cast on them looks of the deepest respect and pity.

"The worn and wasted figure, whom you have looked on with so much interest," began my companion, when we had seated ourselves, "was but a few years ago, the gayest and most admired of the officers of the First Royal Horse Regiment, stationed at Valencia. Signor Cazalla, for such was his designation, had distinguished himself almost in boyhood in Ferdinand's service, and having the advantages of birth and family to back him, rose, by the time he was twenty, to the rank of colonel. Shortly afterwards, his duties brought him to Alicante, not far from which his family lived. In Alicante, where he found both friends and relatives, he mingled freely with the society of the place, and won the love and respect of all, by his personal qualities and winning manners. His friends wished him to marry, but the individual whom they selected for him, though young and beautiful, was not she towards whom his affections tended. He had been but a short time in Alicante, when he saw and loved a young lady, a member of one of the first and wealthiest families of the place. Baltazara Perez, was perhaps the most perfect specimen that could be any where seen of true Spanish beauty—a lustrous, glowing daughter of the south, with features charmingly formed, and an eye dark and reflective as a pool by night. In the favorite national dance, where her exquisite, though almost girlish proportions were finely displayed, Baltazara was first seen and admired

by Cazalla. Observing her afterwards to be addressed by Don Pedro de Rivar, a gentleman whom he knew the colonel seized the opportunity, and gained an introduction through the medium of this acquaintance. He danced with the young beauty, talked with her, and loved her.

Opportunities frequently occurred afterwards, in the course of the assemblies and parties of the town, for the confirmation of the colonel's passion, as far as such a circumstance depended on the mere sight of the object in the company of others. But it was a much more difficult matter to obtain any chance of private conversation. The parents of Baltazara received few visitors, although they did not forbid the junior members of their family from appearing in public. Yet, though the colonel could see the object of his love only in crowds, he saw enough of her to give him some hopes that she was not insensible to his attentions. His anxious eye was ever comparing her conduct to himself with her behaviour to others, and in spite of all his fears he could not help believing that she distinguished him from the host of flatterers around her. This encouraged him to hope, and to make his manner more and more expressive of his feelings: for it was by his manner alone, under the circumstances, that he could express them. He observed no displeasure, but the reverse in consequence. At length he ventured to seize a favourable chance of revealing his passion in whispered words, and though no return was made in the same way, he had the delight of being satisfied that his meaning, while undeniably understood, was by no means distasteful to Baltazara Perez.

I am thus particular, my dear friend, in detailing these circumstances, because they bear sadly upon the sequel of the story." I interrupted the recital here. "Tell me one thing," said I, "for my curiosity can be no longer restrained on the point. Was the lady whom we saw supporting Cazalla, Baltazara Perez?" "She was not," replied my friend. "Psha!" muttered I, "the old story. A case of jilting—and a broken heart! And that must have been merely his sister; I see it all!" "You see it not; you cruelly wrong the sex by these words," said my friend, with some asperity; this is a tale for *man* to blush at, but for woman to glory in. However, pray let me go on. I had told you that Cazalla became at length satisfied that his passion was returned by Baltazara, and he resolved to bring matters to an issue. But this was no easy task. He had never visited at the house of Baltazara's parents, and the strange etiquette of Spanish life prevents the lover, if he appears acknowledge in that character, till accepted and affianced, from having domestic interviews with his mistress. Colonel Cazalla wished to know Baltazara's mind decisively, and in this emergency he bethought himself of using the services of a friend, the same Don Pedro de Rivar already mentioned, who was intimate with the father and family of the object of Cazalla's affection. Don Pedro was a man of middle age, one who had long led a loose single life. He had ever courted the society of Cazalla, and professed a great friendship for him. As de Rivar was a man of birth, mixed in the best society, and bore a fair character with the world, Cazalla had not repelled his advances. To this personage the Colonel had now recourse. "My dear Don Pedro," said he, when he had got de Rivar seated, by invitation, at his table, "you can do me a great, an unappreciable favour." "You have but to name it, Colonel, and, if practicable, it is done." "I love Baltazara Perez," returned Cazalla, succeeding by an effort in opening the business which lay at his heart. "This is no secret, Colonel," replied Don Pedro: "no secret, at least, to me." "Others, I am certain, have no idea of it," said the Colonel, somewhat startled; "you must have observed closely, de Rivar." "I am a friend of the family," returned Don Pedro, hastily, "and of course—" "And it is because you are a friend to the family," interrupted the young Colonel, "that I now speak to you of this. I love Baltazara; I hope, nay, I have the blessed belief that she loves me also; but it is through you that I trust to become assured of it beyond all doubt, and to make her mine." The ice thus broken, the lover found no difficulty in detailing all his wishes.

Don Pedro de Rivar promised ultimately to do all that the ardent and ingenuous lover required. He engaged to seek an interview with Baltazara Perez,

to make an unreserved declaration of Cazalla's passion for her, and to bear back to him the lady's reply. Confident almost, from the feelings he conceived her to have evinced towards him, that the answer of his mistress would be favorable, and such, in short as would permit him to avow his passion openly, and make advances for their union, Colonel Cazalla saw Don Pedro depart after the interview, with elation and hope. He knew that the stayed age of de Rivar, and his intimacy with the family, would render it an easy task for him to procure the desired interview with Baltazara. And that interview Don Pedro did obtain. But most unlooked-for was the result. When the emissary returned he announced to the lover that Baltazara had rejected his suit with haughty scorn. Don Pedro declared himself to have pled warmly, but without any other effect than producing reiterated expressions of contempt. The lady's last words, he said, were "The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise." It would be difficult to describe the shock which Cazalla received at this news. The blow was the more stunning because truly unexpected. The unsuccessful messenger attempted to console the lover, but the colonel could only wring his friend's hand, and entreat to be left alone. When he was in solitude, it is possible that the assurance which he felt of Baltazara's having, tacitly at least, encouraged his passion, might have led him actually to doubt the reality of all that he had been told, had not an unfortunate piece of evidence presented itself in corroboration of the statement of Don Pedro. Previously to having recourse to the aid of that individual, Cazalla ever occupied with the attempt to discover a mode of corresponding with the object of his love, had been tempted to endeavor to effect his purpose through one of the servants of the family. This personage fell in his way immediately after he had seen Don Pedro, and unhappily was enabled to confirm the latter's statement, by having overheard the last words of Baltazara, "The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise." Though this corroboration was scarcely needed, it confirmed Cazalla's despair. He thought the circumstances clear beyond doubt, and, still mindful of the encouragement he conceived himself to have received, he concluded Baltazara Perez to be a 'coquette—a heartless, worthless flirt.' The issue was—although he struggled against it with his whole strength of mind—that for a time he was an inmate of his chamber and bed.

His friends gathered around him, and when he recovered partly from the shock, he tacitly and almost passively followed their advice and wishes, and became the wedded husband of Donna Inez, the young lady whom they had previously chosen for him. Before he had met Baltazara, he had seen much of this lady, having at the time something of the feeling of Juliet.

"I'll look to life, if nothing liking more."

Though the sight of Baltazara, had utterly banished the idea of Inez from his mind, yet from *her* mind the impression left by him had not fled so readily, and it was with deep though silent joy that she became his wife, trusting, by the depth of her loving kindness, to remove the cloud that seemed to hang upon his brow. Such were the circumstances under which their union took place.

The irrevocable step had not been many weeks taken, and the married pair were living at a short distance from Alicante, when common report brought into their circle the intelligence that Baltazara Perez was ill—not expected long to live. Cazalla could not hear of the circumstance without agitation, though he was far from dreaming of the whole truth. But he *did* learn it. While alone one day in his dwelling, he was surprised by the announcement of a visitor—and that visitor the father of Baltazara. The old man was usually calm and grave in deportment, but on this occasion there was also a sternness in his manner. "Colonel Cazalla," said he, disregarding the seat offered to him by the Colonel, "my child—I need not say which—is ill—dying. Her mother's prayers have at length wrung from her the secret that has blighted her young heart, and is bringing her to the grave. You, sir, professed to love her, won her whole affections, and then left her to die!" "Hold, sir," exclaimed the Colonel, "this is an error. There has been, if you speak truth, an awful, a killing mistake." "Are you not now the husband of another? (resumed the old man;) but I come not to reproach you with vain

words, nor shall I, or kinsman of mine, lift hand against you. I have but told you what has been the result of your conduct. If you have the heart of a human being in your bosom, the knowledge that you have taken from her parents the sweetest, the most dutiful—” The father could not continue, and was about to turn abruptly away, when Cazalla exclaimed, “For the love of heaven, stay and hear me, old man! This is error—madness! Baltazara cast me off—scorned me and my love, ere I wedded another! Pedro de Rivar, your own and your family’s friend, bore to your daughter the open avowal of an affection, which had been often before evinced by look and manner—Had the answer been other than it was, I should then have addressed myself to you; but Baltazara rejected and despised me.” “Pedro de Rivar!” said Perez; “he sought and obtained, I know well, an interview with my child, but it was to proffer his own hand, nor did we blame her for rejecting it. Your words, young man, may be true—” “They are too true,” cried the Colonel, pacing the apartment in a state of agony. “Oh, fool that I was to believe in the inconstancy of one so sweet, so lovely! I have been miserably duped—and now your daughter and myself—and others also, are irrevocably lost and wretched, through the arts of a villain—a treacherous villain, whom I was a madman to trust!”

Cazalla’s distraction was too plainly sincere to allow the father of Baltazara to entertain any further doubt of his fidelity, or of the wickedness of de Rivar. Painful as the subject was, a full explanation took place, and when they parted, it was on terms of sad and strange friendship, and with the understanding, felt rather than expressed, that the truth should be explained to her who had suffered most from the grievous misconception. For some time afterwards the Colonel remained buried in grief; but rage at the villain who had deceived him, by degrees gained the ascendancy over more depressing feelings, and restored him for the time to his wonted energies. Avoiding the sight of his poor wife, he left his house, mounted his horse, and took the way to Alicante, determined to wring the truth from the wretch’s heart. He was not long in finding Don Pedro, and in explaining his business.—The heartless, hardened traitor only laughed at the charge. “How could you be so silly, Colonel,” said he, sneeringly, “as to imagine I would take the trouble to plead any man’s cause? I loved the girl myself, and for myself I spoke.” “Wretch!” exclaimed Cazalla, “why then accept the pledge which I was mad enough to give you?” “Oh, my good Colonel, all stratagems, you know, are fair in love. I never had confidence, I confess, to speak my mind till I saw you coming forward.” “Draw, infamous villain,” cried the Colonel, almost exasperated to madness, “draw, if you would not be beat like a dog on the public walk!” Don Pedro retained his coolness; “there is no occasion for that, Colonel. Only let us retire a little way, where we may be more comfortable.” They did so, and fought.

On that night Colonel Cazalla was conveyed to his home, wounded in the chest by the sword of his adversary. Don Pedro also was wounded, and much more seriously to appearance. But, alas! the Colonel’s proved the more permanent injury. His unfortunate lady was rendered almost frantic by the event, which she understood only to arise from a casual quarrel. For many months Cazalla lay on a bed of sickness. Ere he arose, Baltazara Perez was in her grave. Though ignorant of her father’s intent to visit Cazalla, which maidenly pride could not have permitted her to sanction, she blessed the occurrence afterwards, when it proved the means of assuring her of her lover’s unbroken faith and truth. But it could not avert her doom. Consumption had laid its withering hand upon her, and she sank into the tomb, happy, and breathing wishes of happiness for Cazalla and those around her. Of the encounter of the Colonel with de Rivar, and its consequences, she died in ignorance.

Nearly two years,” continued my friend, “have passed since that event. Cazalla still lives, but his lungs sustained a fatal injury by the wound—he is wasting away by degrees. Nothing, in truth, but the unparalleled care and devotion of his wife, could have so prolonged his days. That matchless creature has long known the whole truth from her husband’s own lips. But the disclosure changed not her feelings towards

him. He tells her now that he would fain live for her sake; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that the expected approach of death gives him no pain. Alas! for that wretched deception. Three of the noblest-hearted beings that ever breathed, fated to perish by it!—For Inez lives only on her husband’s looks; her whole soul is bound up in him; and when the thread of his existence snaps, hers is too closely entwined with it to sustain the shock. Surely, surely, these three unfortunates will yet be happy together in a world to come!”

A silence of some minutes followed this recital.—“And the scoundrel—the villain—” said I, after a long breath. “Don Pedro de Rivar recovered, and still lives. Many of the friends of Perez and Cazalla would have again called him to account, but both the colonel and the old man forbade it. And they have done well to leave him to his own feelings and public odium. For, though he long endeavored to brave the matter out, he found it impossible ultimately to endure the aversion and hatred of all around him. He has been compelled to shut himself up in his house, and there lives almost a prisoner. Men will scarcely even take his money for the necessaries of life, much less associate with him.” “It is a deplorable condition,” said I, “but who can pity him?”

MISCELLANY.

THE MAN IN THE CAGE.

At the Mont St. Michael was preserved, until lately, the enormous wooden cage, in which state prisoners were sometimes confined under the old regime.—The most unfortunate of the poor wretches who inhabited this cage was Dubourg, a Dutch editor of a newspaper. This man having, in the exercise of his duty, written something which offended the Majesty of Louis XIV. or some one of his mistresses, was marked out by the magnanimous monarch for vengeance and the means, which according to tradition, he employed to effect his purpose, was every way worthy of the royal miscreant. A villain was sent from Avanches to Holland, a neutral state, with instructions to worm himself into the friendship and confidence of Dubourg, and, in an unguarded moment, to lead him into the French territories, where a party of soldiers was kept perpetually in readiness to kidnap and carry him off. For two years this modern Judas is said to have carried on the intrigue, at the end of which period he prevailed upon Dubourg to accompany him on a visit into France, when the soldiers seized upon their victim, and hurried him off to the Mont St. Michael. Confinement and solitude do not always kill. The Dutchman accustomed perhaps to a life of indolence, existed twenty years in his cage, never enjoying the satisfaction of beholding the “the human face divine,” or of hearing the human voice, except when the individual entered who was charged with the duty of bringing him his provisions, and cleaning his cell. Some faint rays of light, just such as enable cats and owls to mouse, found their way into the dungeon, and by their aid Dubourg, whom accident or the humanity of his keeper had put in his possession of an old nail, and who inherited the passion of his countrymen for flowers, contrived to sculpture roses and other flowers upon the beams of his cage.—Continual inaction, however though it could not destroy life, brought on the gout, which rendered the poor wretch incapable of moving himself about from one side of the cage to the other; and he observed to his keeper, that the greatest misery he endured was inflicted by the rats which came in droves, and gnawed away at his gouty legs, without his being able to move out of their reach, or frighten them away.—*Constable’s Miscellany.*

How to be Loved.—One evening, Maria’s father related in her presence, an anecdote of a little daughter of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased Maria extremely.—When this child, about six years old, was asked, what made every body love her? she replied, “I don’t know indeed, father, unless it is because I love every body.” The beautiful simplicity of this reply struck Maria forcibly. “If this is all that is necessary in order to be loved,” thought Maria, “I will make every body love me.” Her father mentioned a remark of John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into

two great masses, one of happiness, and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add it to that of happiness. “Now,” thought Maria, “I will begin to-morrow to try to make every body happy. Instead of thinking all the time about myself, I will ask every minute what I can do for some body else. Father has often told me that is the best way of being happy myself, and I am determined to try.”—*Parson’s Daughter.*

THE PRINTER.

“I pity the Printer,” said my uncle Toby.

“He is a poor creature,” rejoined Trim.

“How so?” said my uncle.

“Because, in the first place, (continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle,) because he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is ruined to all intents and purposes.”

“Too much the case, Trim,” says my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, “too—much—the—case.”

“An please your honor,” (continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking in an imploring attitude,) “an’ please your honor, that is not the whole.”

“Go on, Trim,” said my uncle feelingly.

“The printer sometimes (pursued the Corporal) hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas, sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, ‘Why don’t he give us more poetry, marriages, and bon mots?’—away with these stale pieces.” The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of violent invectives; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir, (said the Corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly,) would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who don’t hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders! but they never did any thing, so bad as that.”

“Never!” said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

From the London Court Journal.

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.

In the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, then the estate of a rich widow, belonging to the society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen’s intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to “the man (George, called king by the vain ones.” The lady and gentlemen who were to attend the august visitants, had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would, at least, say *thy* majesty, *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual to the appointed hour.—No preparations appeared to be made, no hostess or domestic stood ready to greet the guest. The porter’s bell was rung, he stepped forth deliberately, with his broad brimmed beaver on! and unobsequiously accosted the lord in waiting with “what’s thy will, friend?”

This was almost unanswerable.

“Surely,” said the nobleman, “your lady is aware that her majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the queen is here.”

“No truly,” answered the man, “needeth not, I have no mistress nor lady; but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*; walk in!”

The queen and princess were handed out and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a courtesy, but with a cheerful nod, said, “How’s thee do, friend?”

I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish thee well! Rest and refresh thee and thy people before I show thee my grounds."

What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her majesty came, not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which mistress Mills belonged.

Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most of folks; but they heed not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place; and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore, I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte! Moreover, I think well of thee as a most dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." (She alluded to the princess Charlotte.)

It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The princess Elizabeth noticed, in the hen-house, a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her; and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress quietly remarked, with characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased in this land or in any other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her royal highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld.

"I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills.

"Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the princess with a conciliating smile.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel. "I have refused many friends; and that which I have denied my own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becomes me not to grant it to any. We have long had it to say, that these birds belonged only to our house, and I can make no exception in favor of thine."

This is a fact. Some friends, indeed, are less stiffly starched, but old Quaker families still exist who pique themselves on their independent indifference to rank, and respect to their fellow mortals only in proportion to the good they have done in their generation.

AN UNFAITHFUL SWAIN.

The Supreme Court of Rhode Island, on Wednesday, was occupied with the consideration of a bench of promise case, brought by Miss Ruth H. Eldridge, aged 32, against Samuel Phillips, aged 22. The parties in the case both belonged to the Methodist connection, and Samuel was a man of repute as an exhorter and expounder of the word and a powerful prayer-maker. A number of the defendant's letters were read in court, and the Providence Journal says, "nothing in all literature, from Ovid to Fielding, or from Tom Jones to the epoch of gilt edged annals, could equal the force, or the ludicrous character of Mr. Phillips' protestations of love, or the minglings of his moral sentiment with the journal of his pious labors." We think the following extract will sufficiently establish the truth of the Journal's assertions:

"I shall enclose my letters and you can mention it to them (brother and sister Cook) and then they will know the reason, as my intention is to marry you next spring, I do not much care about brother Cook's knowing about it, as I suppose my sending letters to you they will think there is something in the wind."

You will pray for your poor Bube that he may be contented and resigned. I must stop, for I cannot see for the tears fill my eyes. Tell Elder — I am yet alive, and by the time I come to pay a visit I hope he and — will have all the region converted. I wished you had put three more buttons on my new shirt — poor Sis forgot, she thought so much about Bube going away."

You must make me two shirts and two pair of drawers by next Christmas; for I cannot get them made here. Take care of my old hat till I come tell sister Cook the sugar is good, and I wished I had some more. It cost me five dollars to get here which leaves me 25 cents on hand that will pay Scoat and what I get this year will do to get moved with next spring.

Signed, SAMUEL PHILLIPS.

The Jury in the above case assessed damages for the plaintiff in the sum of five thousand dollars.—Sun.

An elderly gentleman walking along the street took hold of a cow's tail, and placing it over her back, exclaimed "Madam, you have dropped your boa."

A pail full of ley, with a piece of copperas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will color a fine nankin color, which will never wash out. This is very useful for the linings of bed quilts, comforters, &c.

Mr. Timms, said a wag, "how do you keep your books?" "Oh, by double entry." "Double entry, how's that?" "Oh, easy enough: I make one entry and father makes another."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 26.—the FIRST SIX MONTHS, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions on the next volume.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.—The Ceremony of receiving the Representatives of foreign Grand Lodges, forms a new feature of deep interest in the transactions of the Grand Lodge of this State. We gave some account a few weeks ago of the reception of the Representative from Hamburg, but the public recognition of the Representative from the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, which took place at the quarterly meeting on the 3d ult., was not less interesting. We are informed by a Brother, who was present, that between two and three hundred Brethren were assembled on the occasion. The Representative wearing the appropriate jewel and apron of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey was conducted from the West to the East, by the Grand Secretary, through an avenue of Brethren standing at least six deep on each side, all clothed and in white gloves. We have not been furnished with the speeches delivered, but understand that on both sides the strongest language of assurance was used that the two Grand Bodies were determined to stand shoulder to shoulder in support of each others' sovereignty and honor.

We hope to witness the reception of some of those representatives who have been appointed, but have not yet received their credentials, jewels &c., when we visit the Grand Lodge at its next annual meeting.

ALBANY MUSEUM.—This establishment has passed into the hands of Mr. GEO. RANDALL, who will in future assume its supervision. Many of even our own citizens are not aware that during the past season a spacious saloon has been added for vocal and scenic representations, which is arranged and decorated in the most tasty and gorgeous manner—combining the essentials of a perfect theatre with the retirement and quiet of a private lecture room. Mr. Randall is a gentleman well known, and the public have the utmost confidence, in his intention and abilities to do justice to the undertaking. As the warm season is approaching, the saloon being cool and airy, will be a delightful medium of whiling away an evening in an agreeable manner. The entertainments are of that order that cannot but find favor with the most fastidious. Talent of the first order will be introduced, and we feel assured that that the present proprietor will in all things redeem any promise he may make the public in behalf of their amusement.

One dollar bills of the Bank of the State of New York have been altered to tens. Look out.

J. FENNIMORE COOPER.—We regret to see that this gentleman, is again the subject of news-paper obloquy and petty malignity. That there are many points in the character and disposition of this distinguished writer, to be deeply deplored, admits of no doubt.—Of an impetuous and irascible temperament, he has been far too careless of the individual opinions of those with whom he has come in direct contact, and from his inability to accommodate himself to the prejudices or peculiarities of those whose good opinions it was his duty to have gained, he has frequently arrayed against himself, powerful and vindictive foes, from the most trifling and unimportant causes.

The most unfortunate feature of his life, was the circumstance of his taking the field as a political writer. To one of his rare literary abilities the troubled sea of politics can have but few attractions, and can offer the acquisition of little glory. A genius like his, should have been free and unshackled—as his worst enemies confess that as an imaginative and descriptive writer he has few superiors. His works have been read with praise and avidity by his own countrymen, and translated into several European languages. He has shed a lustre on American literature, which should go far in extenuation of a few personal faults. He is still in the vigor of life, and much may still be expected to emanate from his gifted pen. It therefore becomes the editors of the American press, to encourage, rather than irritate. We hope these bitter animosities are at an end, as their tendency is detrimental to the interest of our literature.

"HOBBIES."—We are a queer people beyond a doubt, and are eternally semi-insane on some particular point. A few years since we were "corner lot" mad, and the demand for paper for "mapping" was so great, as to exhaust the supplies of all the manufacturers in the country. This gave place to the "morus multicalus" fever, gardens were annihilated, fruit-trees prostrated, and geraniums in pots were cast aside to make room for "the rage." This passion was speedily rooted out, by a new candidate for public favor who reared his bristling front, and with a hideous grunt "Berkshire Pigs" became the especial "mode."—There was at all events some utility in this fashion if it did betoken a swinish propensity. "Short Horned Durhams" "Beckwell Sheep" "Rohan Potatoe" and "Ruta Baga" next filled the public eye. Then came a three days calm and the people became restive and impatient, when in a lucky hour providence sent in the Amistad Negroes to vary the monotony of existence. First it was the trial of these poor wretches, then the Amistad Negroes again—again—again—that was one of the standing captions of half the newspapers in the country, but even this "sweet smelling savor" was worn thread bare, when the McLeod mine was sprung, and where or when this will end Heaven only knows.

We are waiting with the utmost impatience for the advent of the next absorber of the public mind, and dare not even venture a guess relative to its nature or dimensions.

MELANCHOLY.—The National Intelligencer says, that late intelligence from Pensacola bring to light the loss of a brig, supposed to be the Three Friends, from that port, bound to New Orleans. The body of Mr. George Moshen of Baltimore had drifted to the shore. On him was found a considerable sum of money, and a draft, negotiated at Tallahassee. Should the brig prove to be the Three Friends, many lives have been lost, several of whom were ladies.

"STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS."

This sentiment has passed into a proverb, and may with some plausibility be applied to the acts of Great Britain, at the present moment. She is not only throwing obstacles in the way of the settlement of the Boundary Question, and seeking to wrest from our violated laws, a man charged with murder, but she has in repeated instances endeavored to play the old game of a *right to search and detain our vessels*, on the most flimsy pretences. The Salem Register notices the detention of a brig lately, and says:—"This is the *fifth* Salem vessel that has been searched by English cruisers within a few months." These occurrences would not take place, did not the commanders take their tone from the spirit of their government, which, disguise the fact as we may, is anything but pacific. We ask no better evidence of her intentions than is to be found in her preparations; and after she has given us the quantum suff. of opiate, to get us completely asleep, until all her plans are fully matured, we shall perhaps at last be awakened by the roar of her cannon, and then, forsooth, we shall begin to prepare! The considerations which prompt us to avoid a war, will have no influence with Great Britain: Her aristocracy have no feeling as to its horrors, other than what is felt through their pockets. A war between the two countries would be popular in the Canadian provinces, and the impression has gone from there across the water, that the Eagle would be made to crouch at the feet of the Lion; or in other words, that in such an event, Great Britain could dictate her own terms. This is the language of the Canadian press, with scarce an exception. Does it not then behove our government to look ahead—to be prepared for the worst. The case of M'Leod will bring matters to an issue immediately, should he be convicted. We are aware that feelers have been thrown out to make his case a national one, but we much mistake the people of the State of New York, if they will allow any set of men to interfere with the sovereignty of their laws. By them, M'Leod will be acquitted or condemned.

We repeat, let us be prepared.

AMPHITHEATRE.—The proprietor of this establishment has effected a short engagement with the celebrated equestrian Le Tort, and Sweeney and his pupil. These engagements, connected with the other attractions at this establishment, cannot fail of drawing large audiences.

The Sackett's Harbor Journal states that a steam frigate of one thousand tons burthen is under contract to be built for the Colonial Government at Kingston, Canada.

[The following extract of a letter from a friend at New Orleans, is full half true, no doubt. "To what base uses may we come?"]

New-Orleans, March, 1841.

Dear Hoff.—After a tedious journey, I arrived here, &c. The way they do things here in this big city, is a caution. The "Divine Fanny" is among us; and "such a gittin up stairs" to see her throw her pretty feet, puts the Baltimoreans as far in the shade, now, as they on a former occasion, were beyond any of Tom Moore's "Fire Worshippers." To say that Caldwell has contracted for Fanny, at \$12,000 for 12 nights, smacks too much of the pecuniary, to be mentioned in the same sentence with "the Elster." Our Bucks have run stark mad. The tariff, of prices for relics of St. Elster, may be said to be now established, and are as follows:

For a single Hair of her Head,	\$100
For a cast off pocket Kdff.	75
do Slipper,	80
For a fine tooth comb once used,	50
and \$10, for each additional use.	
For a basin of water, after she has washed her divine hands,	200
[This water is carefully put in ornamented vials, holding about 5 drops, enclosed in gold, and wore in the bosom, by those of her adorers who wear their hair after the Cromwellian cut.	
For the parings of a toe or finger nail,	30
Any price is given for a Snuff box, in which her divine fingers have been thrust.	

On the first of April, a day, peculiarly adapted to all glorious enterprises, one of Fanny's garters, will be raffled for,—900 chances, at \$10 each. A friend of ours, who has enthusiastically invested his last X, says he wants to leave no other legacy to his children.—Great was Diana of the Ephesians, but she never saw the day she could hold a two-penny candle, to the "Divine Fanny." Glorious Fanny! Republicans can appreciate thy boundless perfection. Let gaping Europe look down on our Democracy. America's illustrious son, the immortal Patch has told us from the foaming cataract, that "some things can be done as well as others," and long after our Republic shall have been forgotten—after century has been heaped upon century, sober history shall record the spot, where perhaps lies incurred a relic of the Divine and immortal "artiste".

Yours
W. C.

Intelligence.

Indian Quarrels.—A letter to the St. Louis Republican, from Fort Leavenworth, gives an account of a most cowardly and bloody massacre committed by some Kansas upon some Pawnees:

The dastardly Kansas—sixty-five in number—took advantage of the absence of the Pawnee warriors from their encampment and massacred all but 11 of the women and children found in it.

One woman sold her life dearly. She sprang upon one of the Kansas warriors, like a tigress—clutched his throat, and would have strangled him if her arms had not been hewn from her body.

The Pawnee prisoners were rescued by a detachment of the American force stationed at Fort Leavenworth, and had been brought into Bellevue.

This massacre will be a signal for a fierce war between the Pawnees and Kansas.

A Royal Baptism.—The duke de Chartres, (says a Paris letter,) was baptised yesterday afternoon by the Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of the King and Queen, and the Princes and Princesses, with the water of the river Jordan. "The water of the Jordan," says the *Slecle*, "with which the Duke de Chartres was baptised, is said to have been given to the Archbishop of Paris by M. de Chateaubriand, who brought it with him from Palestine."

The Houston (Texas) papers state that the remains of a large city have been found in Sabine county about seventeen miles east of San Augustine. The ruins consist chiefly of the stone foundations of houses, arranged along a street more than a mile in length.

Married.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Parks, Mr. Geo. O. Knapp, to Miss Mary E. Hackstaff, all of this city. In this city, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. N. Levings, Mr. John J. Heimstreet of Lansingburgh, to Miss Abigail Whitford of Northumberland, Sar. co. In Danube, Mr. Henry Van Ness to Miss Hannah, daughter of John C. Crookhite, esq. In Minden, David Countryman, Esq., to Miss Lavinia Shoemaker.

DIED.

In Manheim, Mrs. Betsey, wife of Daniel Hays, aged 41.
In Salisbury, Mrs. Phebe, relict of Cornelius Drake 79.
In Canajoharie Mr. Burnham Soules, 26. Near Peoria, Ill., by being thrown from a waggon on her way to a wedding, Miss Cath. Moffit, 22.
At Verona, Mr. Recompense Soule, 78. In Rome Mr. Silas Wells, a revolutionary soldier, 93.
In New Haven, Ct. Miss Elizabeth M. Ogden, 56; fell back in her chair while reading to the family in apparent health, and instantly expired.
In Waterford, Mr. Jason Chapman, pensioner, 80. In Newton, Mrs. Mary wife of Samuel Trubridge, 78.
At Suffield, Ct. on the 21st inst. of consumption, Jotham Hancock, late of this city, in the 48th year of his age.
In Troy, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Harriet B. wife of Roland R. Read, daughter of the late Charles Morris, of Canajoharie.
In Salisbury. Mr. Henry Reynolds, aged about 40; and, shortly after, his brother, Geo. B. Reynolds, 38.
In Schuyler, Mr. Abraham Van Alstyne, formerly of Danube, aged 72.
At Fort Plain, Miss Mary Russell from Otsego, much lamented—25.
In Portland, Maine, Mr. Wm. Parker; dropped dead in a ball room, on leading out his partner for the first quadrille.
In Guilford, Ct. Capt. Nathaniel Fowler, 80—a revolutionary pensioner, and post-rider between New Haven and Saybrook for the last 30 years.
In Berlin, Mrs. Lois Carter, a female pensioner, 83.
In Norwich, Mr. Thomas Field, 66.
In Manchester, Vt., the Rev. Sylvester Sage, 78. Yesterday, in this city, Susan, wife of Wm. Cooper, and daughter of the Hon. James Vanderpoel.
On the 29th inst. Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, relict of the late John Bleecker, in the 73d year of her age.
Near Catskill, on the 20th instant, Ann Augusta, wife of George Griffin, jr. and daughter of James Nelson, Esq., in the 29th year of her age.
At New Haven, 21st inst. Francis Bayard Winthrop, Esq., aged 55.
On Monday evening, Wm. Pearsall, an old and respectable inhabitant of New York, aged 82.
At Baldwinsville, 25th ult. Henry B. Lasher, proprietor of the Seneca Hotel, aged 29.
At Troy, on the 27th inst. Elanthen F. Grant, in the 39th year of his age, of the house of Grant & Herrington, a highly esteemed citizen.
At Clinton, Oneida co., on the 18th inst. Mrs. W. Jane, wife of John H. Tower, esq., of that place, aged 22 years.
On the 22d inst., in Duaneburgh, Schenectady co. at the residence of her father, James Frost, esq. Mrs. Rosannah Bell, late widow of John Waddle of this city.
In Savanah, (Geo.) on the 22d inst. John C. Emerson, aged 32 years, formerly a resident of Albany.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) April 3;

Third night of Mons. LE TORT, the wonder of the world!!!

Third night of Mr. SWEENEY and Mast. CHESTNUT. Saturday evening, April 3rd, the performances will commence, in the circle, with horsemanship, by Mr. Madigan.

Song, by Mr. Plumer;

Equestrianism, by Master J. Howes;

Ethiopian Extravanzas, by Mr. Sweeney and Master Chestnut, &c. &c.

Mons. Le Tort will be introduced.

The performance to conclude with

THE RESE!

Carwin, Mr. Jackson | Therese. Mrs. Preston

For particulars see small bills.

Doors open at 7, performance to commence at half past 7.

Admittance—Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

Equestrian director, Mr. Needham; Stage manager, Mr. Jackson; Clowns, Messrs. May and Knapp.

POETRY.

RICH AND POOR.

When God built up the doom of blue,
And portioned earth's prolific floor,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line between the rich and poor;
And till that vault of glory fall,
Or beauteous earth be sacred with flame,
Or saving love be all in all,
That rule of life will rest the same.

We know not why, we know not how,
Mankind are framed for weal or wo;
But to th' eternal law we bow;
If such things are, they must be so,
Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy
One truth outshining bright and clear;
Yhat wealth is only hope and joy,
And poverty but pain and fear.

Behold our children as they play!
Blest creatures, fresh from natures hand;
The peasant boy as great and gay
As the young heir to gold and land.
Their various toys of equal worth;
Their little needs of equal care;
And halls of marble, huts of earth,
All homes alike endeared and fair.

They know no better! would that we
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
So power should find and leave us free;
So pride be but the owner's curse;
So, without marking which was which,
Our hearts would tell, by instinct sure,
What paupers are th' ambitious rich!
How wealthy the contented poor!

Grant us, O God, but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay,
And ours must be the better part,
Whatever else besets our way,
Each day may bring sufficient ill;
But we can meet and fight it through,
If hope sustains the hand of will,
And conscience is our captain too.

From the Mohawk Mirror.

HOME.

There the scattered rays of affection concentrate.

LONGFELLOW.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER, ESQ.

Though fair the forms that greet the sight
In the happy realm of dreams,
When the golden lamps of mystic night
Shoot forth unclouded beams—
Oh, fairer far—oh, fairer far,
To those who widely roam,
Than visions bright, or twinkling star,
Is a distant glimpse of Home!

The guerdon of heroic deed,
Triumphal crown and bay,
Far from his native land may lead
The warlike boy away;
But trophies won by high emprise,
Beyond the salt sea foam,
Forgotten are when round him rise
The green-robed hills of Home.

The son of Mammom, absent long
From that dear spot of earth,
Where eyes of love and lips of song
Made glad the household hearth,
His glittering purse of priceless store
Regards but "gilded loam,"
When breaks upon the view once more
His old ancestral Home.

Oaks planted by our perished sires—
The green mounds where they rest—
Halls where their hospitable fires
Cheered wanderer and guest—
More beauteous to the glance appear

Than pile or pill'd dome,
Although the lapse of many a year
Hath mossed the roof of Home.
Avon, N. Y. Jan. 15, 1841.

[Poets have done infinite mischief by giving a false colouring to pernicious pleasures, casting an air of grandeur and sublimity around the worst passions, and concealing the deformities of vice under the flowers of their own imagination. But when these things are described, as in the example below, in their real character and colours, the poet not only exercises a favourable influence upon society, but makes his own fame to rest upon the sure and permanent basis of truth.]

BY PRIOR.

I drank; I liked it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys;
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded and disordered rest;
And as at dawn of morn, fair reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I asked my soul, what done?
Perhaps the jest, that charmed the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion owed its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
—Add yet unnumbered ills that lie unseen
In the pernicious jest—the word obscene,
Or harsh, which, once elanced, must ever fly.
Irrevocable! the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate,
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add, too, the blood impoverished, and the course
Of health oppressed by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man—whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas, but to forget, nor sees
That melancholy, sloth, severe disease,
Mem'ry confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreath the flowing bowl,
Fell adds his hiss, poisonous serpents roll.

This sweet little love song is not unworthy of Burns
We cut it from an English Magazine. The author is
John Imlah, a young poet we need not add of high
promise.

THE BLUE E'D LASSIE.

I lo'e thee lassie! ah! how weel,
Nae thocht can reach—nae word reveal—
As nane hae felt—as nane can feel,
My bonnie blue e'd lassie, O.

I lo'e thee mair, sweet Isabel,
Than sign can shew, or tongue can tell,
My love, my life, my second sel',
My bonnie blue e'd lassie, O.

O! then by lip or look convey,
How I may wile thy heart away,
And I will bless thee night and day,
My bonnie blue e'd lassie, O.

Say, shall I roose thy roughish mou',
Or praise thy pawkie e'en sae blue,
What shall I say? what can I do?
My bonnie blue e'd lassie, O.

Should cares combine, and ills increase,
To wreck my pleasure, rest, and peace,
Were life but torment—death release,
My bonnie blue e'd lassie, O.

For thy sweet sake—for thine alane,
Through toil and trouble, grief and pain,
I'd live to lo'e, and ca' my ain,
My bonnie blue e'd lassie, O.

From the London Literary Gazette.

IT SPOILS A MAN TO MARRY HIM.

Believe, dear girls, this maxim true,
In precepts and in practice too,
That it spoils a man to marry him:
The creatures never ought to go
Beyond a honeymoon or so;
If they survive that, they will shew
That it spoils a man to marry him.

When first he kneels before your feet,
How soft his words! his looks how sweet!
But it spoils a man to marry him:
When once a late consent he'll wring,
And get your finger in the ring,
Oh! then he's quite another thing,
It so spoils a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy?—You must drop it.
A will, it may be?—You must lop it
Before you think of marrying:
And, even if you venture then,
Select the very worst of men;
If not, nine chances out of ten,
Twill spoil the wretch to marry him.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Laureburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Oliver Branch	Bethany Gt.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	1st Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday or 6 month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	1st Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 32

MASONIC.

OFFICERS,

Of Georgia Chapter, held in the city of Savannah, March, 1841:

Wm. Duncan, H. P. I. W. Rabun, K. I. Ives, S. A. H. Root, C. H. F. A. Tupper, P. S. Stephen Gardner, R. A. C. T. Verstelle, L. Scranton, James M. Fulsom, M. of V. B. Furnie, Tyler.

OFFICERS,

Of Oglethorpe Lodge, No. —, held in the city of Savannah, March, 1841.

R. D. Arnold, W. M. A. H. Root, S. W. J. D. Mason, J. W. G. S. Nichols, Treas. J. W. Webster, Sec'y. Joseph George, S. D. C. E. Barie, J. D. R. T. Turner, Tyler.

Our correspondent who sends us the above, adds the following gratifying intelligence:

"The cause of Masonry with us is onward, as much so as the most zealous could desire. Our Chapter has been in operation a little over a month, and already have 30 Petitions been received. Our Lodges also are in a healthy state; at every meeting, there are from three to six Petitions or applications,—and not only is it so with us, but throughout the State do we hear of the same spirit having been awakened. The world at last is about to appreciate the cause of Masonry; and most earnestly do we wish, that in every quarter its good effects may be felt, and rightly valued."

For the American Masonic Register.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON FREE-MASONRY.

1.—In its original institution, and perhaps centuries after, it is probable that Freemasonry was an association of operatives united together for mutual assistance, and for the preservation and advancement of the arts connected with Architecture. At a subsequent period it was divested of its strictly operative character, and assumed a spiritual or speculative form, and men were admitted to its privileges, not for their skill in Architecture, but their virtues, and their knowledge of the arts and sciences. As civilization advanced, the Society continued to attract public attention, and its beneficial effects were felt in the alleviation of human misery, and relieving individual distress.

2.—Freemasonry, from the nature of its organization, and the principles upon which it is founded, is essentially a moral and charitable institution, and all its rites and ceremonies tend to produce the results indicated by the terms "moral" and "charitable," and reject every thing of a contrary tendency. It does not profess to be a religious institution, except so far as the great and fundamental principles of morality, the foundation of religion, are concerned. Every degree of Masonry prescribes some duty to be performed, or some vice or error to be avoided, and when its rules are observed, it is a sure foundation amidst the various disappointments to which all men are exposed, in their earthly pilgrimage. We are all liable to misfortune, and we know not what a day may bring forth—under such circumstances, how gratifying it is to the broken spirit, to be cheered by the kindness of a brother! It is then that masonic friendship exercises one of its highest and noblest attributes—it is as an "ointment which perfumes and rejoices the heart."

3.—That the privileges of the Society have been used by bad men for base purposes, we do not deny; but the abuses of the privileges of any Society, by one or a thousand of its members, is no argument against its intrinsic excellence. In every Society, however rigid may be its rules, and however carefully its avenues may be guarded, improper persons will obtain ad-

mission, and sully the emblem of purity with which they may have been invested. In every association, whether it be of divine or human origin—whether it have its foundation in divine wisdom, or in the imperfection of human reason—there are to be found men who dishonor their profession—who disregard every social tie, and trample with sacrilegious feet upon the most sacred obligations; but all this does not establish that the Society of which they are members is immoral in itself, or that it encourages violations of public and private duties. It only proves that all men are not influenced by the force of moral obligation.

4.—Freemasons have been charged with being hostile to free governments. If there is one political principle more fondly cherished by them than another, it is that of attachment to the government and laws under which we live; and to protect and defend the Constitution and laws, every mason is solemnly enjoined, even on his first entrance into the lodge—nor is there a single principle ever inculcated, of an opposite tendency. Masonry has never raised the standard of rebellion; it has never resisted the civil power; its true disciples cheerfully submit to the laws, and peaceably abide its decisions.

5.—If Masonry were dangerous to the peace of the community; if under any circumstances it were capable of being used for the destruction of the liberties of the people, would the immortal father of his country have countenanced it, or favored it? Would he have declared that "its principles were founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice?" Would he have designated the lodge as "the sanctuary of brothers?" The character of Washington was too pure, his sense of honor too elevated, his patriotism too devoted, his attachment to free institutions too sincere, to have countenanced for a moment an institution adverse to those principles of civil liberty for which he contended with so much glory, and so much success. To controvert this testimony, it is in vain to say that the principles of the institution have changed; its principal features, its fundamental doctrines remain unaltered.

6.—Brotherly love, temperance and charity may be called the cardinal virtues of Freemasonry. In their wide and extended signification, they include other virtues but little less important, and while their habitual practice elevates and ennobles the character of a mason, the institution itself is elevated and dignified. The neglect or disregard of these cardinal virtues degrades the character of the mason, and shakes the pillars of the edifice to their foundation.

7.—The stately pillars of wisdom, strength, and beauty would exhibit nothing but deformity, if surrounded by ill-will, uncharitableness, and intemperance. What mason would desire to look upon the great pillars of his order thus disfigured, when it is in his own power, by the exercise of his own will, to preserve their beauty and harmony of proportion?

8.—Within the lodge there is no virtue more frequently inculcated than that of brotherly love. It is the first lesson a mason is taught, when he enters within the porch of the temple, nor does it lose its value as he ascends the masonic ladder. There is no virtue which ought to be more deeply impressed upon the mind of every mason of every degree, if we regard the usefulness and permanence of the institution.

9.—Brotherly love is the chief cement which unites the building into one common mass. If it be removed, its beauty is defaced, its symmetry destroyed. Masons may be separated by degrees; but the sentiment of brotherly love and friendship should pervade the whole.

10.—The necessity of cherishing this virtue and practising upon it, within the lodge and without it, must be apparent to every mason, who reflects upon and venerates the principles of his order. We look with pleasure upon the friendship of individuals, but all animated creation cannot present a more beautiful picture for the contemplation of the philanthropist, than that of a band of brothers, united for purposes of

charity and benevolence, and the grand design of promoting each other's welfare.

11.—If every mason acted in conformity with the dictates of brotherly love, as they are inculcated in the lectures and charges of Freemasonry, the tongue of slander would be still, and we might point with honest pride to the lodge as the abode of peace, and the residence of every kind, generous, and noble sentiment.

12.—As the Masonic institution occupies high ground, it behoves every mason to observe its commandments as far as human frailty will permit, and guard its portals from the approach of whatever may impair its beauty, or disturb its harmony. The true principles of Freemasonry enjoin upon its members to

"keep the soul embalmed and pure,
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may his frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom."

Louisville, Ky. March 27, 1841.

T.

The following chronological list of Grand Masters and Patrons of the order in England, from the time of the Anglo Saxons, will be a decisive testimony that the order contains nothing repugnant to civil or religious liberty.

Austin the monk,	A. D. 597.
Bennet, abbot of Wirral,	680.
Saint Swilbin,	857.
King Alfred the great,	872.
Ethred, king of Mercia,	900.
King Athelstane,	924.
Saint Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury,	957.
King Edward the Confessor,	1041.
Gundulph, bishop of Rochester,	1066.
King Henry I.,	1100.
Peter de Rupibus, bishop of Winchester,	1216.
Walter Goffard, archbishop of York,	1272.
Walter Stapleton, bishop of Exeter,	1307.
King Edward III.,	1327.
William of Wykham, bishop of Winchester,	1357.
Simon Langham, abbot of Westminster,	1375.
Henry Chicheley, archbishop of Canterbury,	1413.
William Waynfleet, bishop of Winchester,	1443.
Richard Beauchamp, bishop of Salisbury,	1471.
King Henry VII.,	1485.
John Islip, abbot of Westminster,	1493.
Cardinal Wolsey,	1515.
Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset,	1549.
John Poynt, bishop of Winchester,	1551.
King James I.,	1603.
Ingie Jones,	1607.
King Charles I.,	1625.
King Charles II.,	1660.
George Villars, Duke of Buckingham,	1674.
Sir Christopher Wren,	1685.
Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond,	1695.
J. T. Dosaguliers, L. L. D., F. R. S.,	1719.
John, Duke of Montague,	1721.
Philip, Duke of Wharton,	1722.
William O'Brien, earl of Inchiquin,	1726.
Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk,	1729.
Anthony Brown, lord viscount Montacute,	1732.
T. Thynne, lord viscount Weymouth,	1735.
John Cambell, earl of London,	1736.
H. Brydges, marquis of Caenarvon,	1738.
James, lord Cranston,	1746.
John, lord Carysfort,	1752.
Sholto, lord Aberdour,	1757.
Washington Shirley, earl Ferrers,	1762.
Henry, duke of Beaufort,	1767.
Robert Edward, lord Petrie,	1772.
George, duke of Manchester,	1777.
H. R. H. Frederick, duke of Cumberland,	1782.
H. R. H. George, Pr. of Wales,	1790.
H. R. H. Augustus Fred'k, duke of Sussex,	1813.
King George IV., Grand Patron,	1820.

ORDER IS A FEATURE OF MASONRY.

The good order that prevails at public meetings of masons, however large and crowded, over that of every other sort of meeting whatever, is very striking even to the eye of a careless observer, and leads the world to suspect the truth, that there is a secret power in our institution, by which that marked, superior, and unparalleled regularity is maintained. It is even so. Brethren, for the integrity of our masonic character, for the honor you have pledged, for the reputation of our institution, let the power of that secret never be diminished among you.

How to make a strict subordination of rank and station consistent with that perfect equality upon which all men naturally stand, was long a problem very difficult of solution. And little does the world know or dream how much it is indebted to free masonry for its happiest forms of political institutions, and for all the most successful experiments in rational and practical liberty.

I have often contemplated the commencement of the American Revolution with amazement. When the leading men of that day had been exasperated by the delay of justice, and by repeated but unavailing threats—when the public mind was heated even to desperation—when the oppressive fabric of provincial government had crumbled away—when the yoke of established authority was thrown off, and no provision made for a substitute—when the civil arm was paralyzed—when the judiciary was in effect abolished—when every man was left to do that which was right in his own eyes, amenable to no law, liable to no apparent authority—what strong unseen influence at that critical moment laid its silent and salutary authority upon this whole mass of excited, discordant materials? What invisible tie bound them together? What did link the machinery then, so that one impulse should give motion to the whole? What effectual checks had those master spirits upon each other, so that no one could overstep the bounds of due influence, and snatch the sword of ambition, and seize upon the prize of arbitrary sway? What light illumined, and what genius inspired them? The leaders of that struggle were mostly masons—and it was in the lodge that they inhaled and cherished the spirit of liberty; in the lodge they cemented their indissoluble fraternity. The power of masonry was a curb on ambition, and the light of masonry disclosed the true principles of freedom, and the happiest models of free government, when our own was constituted.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT ROUEN.

The chapter of Rouen, (which consists of the archbishop, a dean, fifty canons, and ten prebendaries,) have, ever since the year 1156, enjoyed the annual privilege of pardoning, on Ascension day, some individual confined within the jurisdiction of the city for murder.

On the morning of the Ascension-day, the chapter having heard many examinations and confessions read, proceed to the election of the criminal who is to be pardoned; and, the choice being made, his name is transmitted in writing to the parliament, which assemble on that day at the palace. The parliament then walk in procession to the great chamber, where the prisoner is brought before them in irons, and placed on a stool; he is informed that the choice has fallen upon him, and that he is entitled to the privilege of St. Romain. After this form, he is delivered into the hands of the chaplain, who, accompanied by fifty armed men, conveys him to a chamber, where the chains are taken from his legs and bound about his arms; and in this condition he is conducted to a place named the Old Tower, where he awaits the coming of the procession. After some little time has elapsed, the procession sets out from the cathedral; two of the canons bear the shrine in which the relics of St. Romain are presumed to be preserved. When they have arrived at the Old Tower, the shrine is placed in the chapel, opposite to the criminal, who appears kneeling, with the chains on his arms. Then one of the canons, having made him repeat the confession, says the prayers usual at the time of giving absolution; after which service, the prisoner kneeling still, lifts up the shrine three times, amid the acclamations of the people assembled to behold the ceremony. The procession

then returns to the cathedral; followed by the criminal, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, and carrying the shrine of the saint. After mass has been performed he has a very serious exhortation addressed to him by a monk; and, lastly, he is conducted to an apartment near the cathedral, and is supplied with refreshments and a bed for that night. In the morning he is dismissed.

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD FELLOW.

The secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "A definition of a good fellow," applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when he received the following: Mr. Golightly.—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a duet, and never on a friend.

Mr. Le Blanc.—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. G. Montgomery.—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mawbray.

Sir T. Westworth.—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox-dinners, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a boroughmonger.

Mr. M. Sterling.—A good fellow is a good neighbor, a good citizen, a good relation; in short, a good man.

Mr. M'Farlane.—A good fellow is a bonnie braw John Hielandman.

Mr. O'Connor.—A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder; cares little about learning, and less about his neckcloth; loves whiskey, patronizes bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

Mr. Musgrave.—A good fellow is prime—flash—and bang-up.

Mr. Burton.—A good fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

Mr. Rowley.—A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with Sir Robert, when he can't get venison at my lord's.

Mr. Lozell.—A good fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

Mr. Oakley.—A good fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

TREADING THE WINE PRESS.

A letter from John Tappan, of Boston, who has recently travelled in Europe, gives the following description of the process of treading grapes. Fastidious wine drinkers will not fancy the fact.

We passed through the finest wine countries in Europe, in vintage time; and having witnessed the treading out of the grapes, it may interest you to know the process. On an appointed day, all the inhabitants of a hamlet assembled early in the morning, and with carts containing baskets, tubs and casks, proceed to gather all the grapes, sound and in every stage of decay, in large tubs resembling in size and cleanliness the tubs in which hogs are scalded and dressed in America.

When the tubs are sufficiently filled with grapes, spiders, spiders' webs and flies, a lad jumps into it, and drawing up his pantaloons to his middle, commences, sometimes with his bare feet, and at others with his barnyard shoes, to jump upon the grapes, and force the juice through the holes in the centre of the bottom of the tub into a large tunnel, which is inserted in a cask. When the cart is filled it is rolled away and carted to the village, from whence it goes to the wine merchant, and is manufactured, which means adulterated, and sent to market. Nothing can be more filthy and nauseating than the dirty, slovenly way, wine is made. Could wine drinkers, who so much extol the cockroach flavor of their wine, in our country, once realize that it is the spider flavor, they would loathe what they call the pure juice of the grape. It is a well known fact, that no pure wine is exported from wine countries.

MEDICAL.

DYSPEPSIA.

This term, which has become incorporated into every day's conversation, is the malady of *indigestion* and might also be appropriately called the *vice of indolence*. When nature is curtailed her fair proportion of exercise, fresh air, and sound aliment—when she is loaded with superfluous meats and drinks—or when she is stunted in muscular action, or doomed to languish under oppressive sleep,—debility and obstruction seize on the vitals, and dyspepsia comes among the first in the train of disorders, to prey upon the human system. What is the remedy? Return to nature—abjure all aliments which are not fitting in a child—taste the fresh air of heaven in long walks and regular exercise—give to slumber but six out of the twenty-four hours—abjure all quackery, your soot tea, your lie solutions, your blue pills, your antacids, your roborants and stomachics. In the use of wholesome exercise on foot or on horse, more may be accomplished than from all other remedies together. It is to be used generally, till *sweating* is induced—not perspiration, but till briny drops stand on the forehead. Exercise propels the blood throughout the small vessels of the system, and gives to the skin that kind of action which sustains the equilibrium of vital power; the lungs inspire more air in a given time, when excited by muscular motion, than when the body is at rest—and the blood is thus enabled to part with its excreted and receive its vivifying principles.

"To cure the mind's wrong bias spleen—
Some recommend the Bowling green;
Some hilly walks—all exercise;
Fling but a stone—the giant dies."

We confidently recommend the following prescription to dyspeptics, is the best we know for their disease.

Take a walk from five till six in the morning.

Make your breakfast on a cup of black tea, and a tumbler of milk with crackers.

Take a walk from ten till twelve before dinner.

Take your dinner of boiled mutton or beef, without butter or gravy, with any simple vegetable; a tumbler of milk, with a cherry pie, will do for a dessert—be moderate.

Beware of sleep after dinner—dose a little on an arm-chair.

Take exercise two hours after dinner, freely; very freely; and let your supper be the most moderate repast during the day. If you are hungry during the interval between meals, eat crackers or stale bread, or a little ginger-bread—drink nothing stronger than mead, or spruce-beer—beware of the ardent.

DISPLAY.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

WOOD, THE VOCALIST, left the packet ship Washington, when off Wales, and landed at Milford, whence he posted to London, with his shares of the U. S. Bank in his pocket, all of which he sold at 60. The Washington reached Portsmouth two days afterwards, with the news of the stoppage of that institution.—This is "coming Yorkshire" with a vengeance.

Gen. Jackson.—It is said that Gen. Jackson has become insolvent beyond his means, by endorsing for his nephew, Maj. Donelson, who has been engaged in extensive speculations that have proved unsuccessful. We hope that this report is untrue, and that the old hero will not be stripped of his property in his old age.

A great many anecdotes are related of personal bravery. We should like to see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her child!

Millers Bank of Clyde.—The Mortgages deposited with the Comptroller by the Millers Bank of N. Y., were sold yesterday at the Merchants' Exchange.—The amount of the whole, principal and interest, was \$95,372. They sold for \$64,705 in cash. The dividend to the bill-holders will be over 90 per cent.—*Exc. Jour.*

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 14.

OLD MSS.—No. 3.

SIR THOMAS LITTLETON.

Major haeret itas venit unicusque nostrum a jure et legibus,
quam a parentibus —Cicero.

It is often our misfortune to know the least about those men, the greatness of whose reputation raise a desire to enquire the most minutely into every event of their lives. We naturally want to trace the causes of their greatness, and watch its progress, from its first developement to its perfect maturity. No case will illustrate this more strikingly than that of Sir Thomas Littleton, who may with justice be called, the father of English law. He has, it is true, a formidable rival for this title in his illustrious commentator, but his work written at so early a period in the history of English law, has maintained through several centuries, a permanent reputation which its own high intrinsic merits could alone have secured. He labored too, under disadvantages which do not attach to later writers. The science of law was in his day, comparatively in its infancy, its principles not yet ascertained and few decisions of legal tribunals existing before his time, to assist an author in the arrangement of his subject, or the illustration and confirmations of the principles which he might endeavor to establish.

The path which he had chosen to pursue was in a measure, as yet, untrodden; it was angled with much brushwood, which must first be cleared away, and the landmarks which designated its directions, were so faint and obscure, that any mind which had not clearly marked out to itself and kept constantly in view, the ultimate object of its journey, would infallibly have been lost in the mazes of the forest. Such a mind however the venerable Littleton possessed; always clear, ever bent upon the great principles of the common law, and shapening its course constantly towards their illustration and establishment. Sir Thomas Littleton was born about the beginning of the 15th century. His father was Thomas Westcote, Esq. a gentleman of ancient descent, who married Elizabeth the only child of Thomas De Littleton, lord of Frankley. According to a practice common to those days, their eldest son, Thomas and his brothers took the name of their mother, thus preserving the honorable name of Littleton, and the large possessions which had devolved upon their mother, then the sole representative of her ancient family.

Littleton belonged to the Inner Temple, and for his worthiness was made, by Henry VI. his serjeant. Edward IV. in the sixth year of his reign, made him one of the judges of the court of common pleas, and afterwards in the 15th year of his reign, conferred upon him, the Knighthood of the Bath.

It is uncertain at what period he wrote his great work on Tenures, but it is supposed to have been not very long before his death, which happened in 1482, in the 21st year of the reign of Edward IV. as it appears to be incomplete.

He married one of the daughters of William Bury of Broomscraft Castle, and by her had three sons, Sir William, Richard who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer, and Thomas.

It is not known when his work was first published,

but the most plausible conjectures render it probable that it was printed some years before 1487, though according to Lord Coke, it does not seem to have been commonly cited until about 1533, "since which time," he observes, "he had been commonly cited and (as he deserves) more and more highly esteemed," and accounts for this by saying, "and yet you shall observe, that time doth ever give greater authority to works and writings that are of great and profound learning, than at the first they had." It may be interesting to transcribe the opinion which Lord Coke entertained of our author and his work. He says: "he that is desirous to see his picture, may in the churches of Frankley and Hales-Owen, see the grave and revered countenance of our author, the outward man; but he hath left this book, as a figure of that higher and nobler part, that is, of the excellent and rare endowments of his mind, especially in the profound knowledge of the fundamental laws of this realm. He that diligently reads this his excellent work, shall behold the child and figure of his mind, which the more often he beholds in the visual live, and well observes him, the more shall he justly admire the judgment of our author and increase his own. This only is desired, that he had written of other parts of law, and especially of the rules of good pleading (the heart-string of the common law) wherein he excelled; for of him might the saying of our English poet be verified:

Thereto he could indite and make a thing;
There was no wight could pinch at his writing:

so far from exception, as none could pinch at it. This skill of good pleading, he highly in this work commended to his son, and under his name to all other students, sons of his law.* He was learned also in that art which is so necessary to a complete lawyer; I mean, of logic, as you shall perceive by reading of these institutes, wherein are observed his syllogisms, inductions and other arguments; and his definitions, descriptions, divisions, etymologies, derivations, significations and the like. Certain it is, that when a great learned man (who is long in making) dieth, much learning dieth with him."

His work on Tenures was written in a species of legal French, frequently employed at that time, though it was never spoken. The excellence of this work was not conceded by several foreigners of high reputation, who speak of it and its author, in terms of severe censure. It would be an act of injustice to the memory of this great man to pass these by without explaining the reason of these dissenting opinions.

Hottoman, in his Treatise, on "Feudal words," says that "stupidity contends, in" this book, with malice and the desire of calumniating"—and Gravina, while admitting his great endowments, both natural and acquired, complains loudly of his abuse of other judicial writers.

Hottoman's general disposition to abuse, would sufficiently account for the violent expressions which we have quoted. But there are other reasons which betray the secret of the attack. He was blindly attached to the feudal doctrines of his own country, and desired to see the same unlimited reverence paid to them by others which he was himself so much disposed to concede. He forgot that though the principal institutions of the different countries of Europe, as derived from the feudal polity, were in many respects similar, yet the particular laws and customs of England, especially (about which Littleton principally treats) were and had for a long time, been strikingly dissimilar.—

"Know, my son, that it is one of the most honorable, laudable and profitable things in our law, to have the science of well pleading, in actions real and personal; and therefore I counsel thee especially to employ thy courage and care to learn this"—Tenures, sec. 434.

The English people had never, even under William the Conqueror, permitted the introduction of the more minute feudal doctrines and principles, inconsistent as they appeared to them, with those maxims to which they had stubbornly adhered and upon the maintenance of which they relied for the preservation of their liberties.

We will farther detain our readers only by a brief enquiry into the cause of the reputation of our author, and in what consists the excellence of his work, upon which that representation is founded, and this is the more difficult, since it is conceded by his greatest admirers, that it is remarkable neither for an accurate arrangement, very apt division of the matter, nor a strict adherence to the plan proposed by its author, "by preserving a close connection between the matter and title of a chapter;" but "the excellence of Littleton seems to consist in the great depth of his learning and simplicity of his manner, in a comprehensive way of thinking, and a happy method of explaining; with a certain plainness yet significance of style, that is always clear and expressive."

In accordance with the practice of his time, he quotes no authorities. He states fully and impartially the different opinions upon any mooted point and concludes with his own opinion and the reasons upon which it is founded. This mode of discussing points, together with his known and admitted abilities, secured him the confidence of posterity, and his dictum is now taken for law. His subject too contributed to maintain his reputation for so long a period, and this remark is best illustrated by the remark of Littleton himself upon his work. "Though certain things which are moved and specified in the said book, are not altogether law, yet such things shall make thee more apt and able to understand and apprehend the arguments and reasons of the law."—Litt. Epilog.—His fame was not confined to Great Britain. He has found a Commentator in M. Howard, a distinguished advocate of the parliament of Normandy, who has selected his work on Tenures, as the best help towards illustrating the customs and laws of that Duchy.

Smoking Hams in a Pork Barrel.—A correspondent of the Farmer's Cabinet prepares his hams as follows:—He inverts his barrels over a pan or kettle in which hard wood is burned seven or eight days, keeping water on the head of the barrel, to prevent drying. He then puts in two hundred hams, and pours upon them a pickle, made by mixing, boiling, and skimming, in a boiler, 6 gallons of water, 12 oz. salt-petre, and 2 quarts of molasses. In one week he has "well smoked hams, very tender, and excellent flavor." Will some of our readers try it, at least on a small scale? There appears no possibility of injuring the hams, and they can be smoked over in a smoke house if not done.

LINKS.—"Honest industry has brought that man, to the scaffold," said a wag, as he observed a carpenter upon a staging.

Speaking of wags, what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased?

By the by, speaking of tales, we always like those that end well—Hogg's for instance.

Speaking of hogs, we saw one of these animals reclining in the gutter the other day, and in the opposite one was a well-dressed man (!) The first had a ring in his nose; the latter a ring on his finger. The man was drunk—the hog was sober; 'a hog is known by the company he keeps,' thought we—so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went.

Speaking off going off, forcibly reminds us of a gun we once owned; it went off one night, and we haven't seen it since.

POPULAR TALES.

ALICE HERBERT, THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Ude's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visitor to the tune of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding doors at once with a grace that only could be acquired by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule and nothing was seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and warm heart.

Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the Morning Post.—The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that was ever seen: for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities,—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value,—she had nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thro' were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine; she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least. Now Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron; nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know well why,—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility.

There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, nor fool—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house, but father, mother, and daughter all thought him out of the question; the father because he was not a duke, the mother because he was a soldier; the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up in her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up to ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give his hint, and gave it plainly too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech, "I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada to put down the evil spirit there—

I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed."

Mr. Herbert economised his hint, and wished his young friend all success. "By the way," he added, "Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting and farming and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you."

Good fortune did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered.—There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy, but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red and she turned pale, and she sat still and said nothing. Henry Ashton became himself agitated. "It is all in vain," he said to himself. "It is all in vain. I know her father too well;" and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice "in the little room beyond the back drawing room."

Henry paused a moment longer; the temptation was too great to be resisted: he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips and said—"Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!"

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, "Alice Herbert will hear of this!" but often, too, he would ask himself, "I wonder if she be married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper—the births,—deaths and marriages.

His fears, if we venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit she might listen to the young Earl of—. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours.

What took place, Alice did not know, but Mr. Herbert looked grave and anxious, from that moment.—Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place, wished the banker and his family, where Alice wished to be—in Canada. In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing-room. There was no answer and unlatching the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the dim sickly light Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing table was vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man asleep.—

Alice approached, with a heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound

in the room. She knelt down beside him; it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtain. He was as pale as marble, and his eyes were fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing room; but Alice, thoughtful even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial, and was gazing on it intently.

"I had better put this away, Miss Herbert," he said at length in a low voice; "I had better put this away before any one else comes."

Alice gazed at the vial with tearful eyes. It was marked Prussic acid! poison!

This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found he had died utterly insolvent. That all his late great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother,—the funeral.—The examination of the papers,—the sale of the house and furniture,—the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations,—the commiseration of friends,—and scoffs of those who envied and hated in silence.

Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death bed of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over—the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert—and Alice sat with her tears dropping fast, thinking of the sad "WHAT NEXT?" when a letter was given her, and she saw the handwriting of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe man under the manifold sorrows and cares are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only balm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received; and tho' it did not heal the wound, it tranquilized its aching.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been indeed a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings which you will understand.—Economy, however, was now a necessity; and after taking a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec,—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the St. Lawrence—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th of May, 183—

We must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton. It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled, in various occupations—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the two great things in life, and read, first the marriages, then the deaths; and, as he did so, he saw:—

"Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq."

The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed, and although he said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, "Is it possible she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her."

"Here's a bad business," cried the man who was reading the other newspaper, "the Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there."

You are in for it too, Ashton. Look there! They ask of three shillings in the pound."

Henry Ashton took the paper, and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then he took his hat, and walked to head quarters. What he said or did there is nobody's business but his own; but certain it is, that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Fair winds wafted him soon to England; but in St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about without making much way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert and all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time that make or mar men's destinies. A coasting boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put his portmanteau, a servant, and himself, into the skimmer of the seas, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering place of Wiston, super mare. 't wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a post chaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant and his portmanteau toward Bristol, on their way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet some of the many things that fill inns, had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room, and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that as he had just come from the St. Lawrence, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish; and to cool himself he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feeling came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bedroom was one of those unfortunate inn bedrooms that are placed under the immediate care and protection of a sitting room, which, like a Spanish Duenna, will let nobody in who dares not pass by their door. He put on his dress gown, therefore, and issued out into the sitting room, and the smell was stronger—there was a considerable cracking and roaring, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened another door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare, from the direction of the staircase; but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken, and in a minute after loud knocking at doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of "Fire! fire!" showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women, which generally follows such a catastrophe, and the opening all the doors in the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were hallooings and shouting, there were screamings and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by the flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, and the terrific flames of the inn were rushing forth, in the midst of whom Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Oh, my poor young mistress! my poor young lady!"

"Where is she, my good girl," demanded the young soldier.

"In number eleven," cried the girl, "in number eleven! Her bedroom is in the sitting room, and she will never hear the noise."

"There she is," cried one of the bystanders, who overheard; "there she is. I dare say."

Ashton looked up towards the house, through the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth, and across the casement which seemed next to the very

room which he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman, in her night dress, pass rapidly.

"A ladder," he cried, "a ladder, for God's sake! There's some one there, whoever it be!"

No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

"The back staircase is of stone," he cried, "she may be saved that way."

"Ay, but the corridor is on fire," said one of the waiters; "you'd better not try, sir, it cannot be done."

Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn, up the staircase—but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the rooms he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting room. He dashed on, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

"I will open it," cried a voice from within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

"God of Heaven," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

"You will be lost! you will be lost!" he exclaimed holding her to his heart.

"And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!" said Alice.

"I will die with you at least!" replied Henry Ashton; "that is some comfort—but no! thank God, they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl you are saved!"

He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom, and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.

"It is as well," he said; "it is as well!" and as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet—the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed—but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.

When his last footstep touched the ground, an universal shout burst forth from the crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself—but ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing-room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the same street.

The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of the ocean every living thing that she had carried out from England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and ere many months was over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE.

MYSTERIOUS PROFESSIONS.

"Now, Tom," said the printer of a country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice, "put the 'foreign leaders' into the galleys, and lock 'em up—let 'Napoleon's remains' have a larger head; distribute the 'army in the east'—take up a line and finish the 'British Minister'—make the young Princess' to run in with the 'Duchess of Kent'—move 'the Kerry hunt' out of the chase—get your stick and conclude 'the horrid murder' that Joe began last night—wash your hands and come in to dinner, and then see that all the pi is cleared up." Some printers are devils—and no mistake.

The most important question for a young lady to ask, when a man pops the question, is, Do you take the newspaper and pay for it? Always have a dish of hot water handy in case he says no. But if he says yes, pin him—he's your man by all means.

THE GATHERER.

THE AGE OF WONDER.

Extraordinary Case.—The "Seren Gomer," a Welsh publication, contains the narration, for the authority of which it vouches, and gives names in support of its truth: "There is at present a young woman 21 years of age, residing in Clydey, Pembroke (daughter of Mr. John Davis, Hendre-Gwilym.) to all appearances quite dead, having been in that state for nearly a twelve month past, but awakes once every 24 hours, precisely at 10 o'clock at night, and will converse with the family and others for about twenty minutes, when she will again relapse into the same state, and remain so till 10 o'clock the following night at which hour she revives to the minute, throwing out her arms and folding her hands together, and rising up in her shoulders until the spectators imagine that her bones are cracking. She continues in that laborious state for a space of 10 minutes when she comes to a perfect self-possession of her faculties. She eats and drinks little or nothing. After conversing for a short time, she will suddenly clasp her hands together, throw her arms into the same manner as when awaking, and will return into the same state as before, until the following night."

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

That there is sometimes honor among thieves, is proved by the following circumstance:

A lady walking across some fields, observed two very suspicious fellows, who seemed watching an opportunity of robbing her, as they took the same road with herself, and kept at a very little distance from her. Her alarm was increased by observing a fellow, with a similar appearance in the path way at a distance; but as the case did not admit of hesitation, she beckoned him to stop, and addressed him with an air of confidence; "Sir, you look like a gentleman; I don't like the appearance of those fellows behind us, I think they intend to rob me; will you protect me?" Madam replied the man, I will attend you until you are out of danger. You will see when I wave my handkerchief, the two men who have alarmed you will sheer off.—They are my companions, and we intended to rob you; but when confidence is reposed in me, I am not scoundrel enough to betray it. He attended her until they came in sight of her own house, where she offered him a guinea as a reward for his protection; but he refused it, adding, he had more honor left, than to sink his character to the level of a lawyer's. Let the black robe gentry take fees—I am above it.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Col. Despreaux, in a late pamphlet on the Police of Paris, remarks, that there seems to be different periods for different crimes. He had always observed the summer months to be comparatively months of low riot. November began the burglaries, January and February the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes, probably from the conflux to the theatres at that time. But, that swindling transactions, and all other frauds that require peculiar dexterity, were prevalent about March.

SERENADING.

Some sentimental young gentlemen lately serenaded a house in New Orleans, with the belief that there was a young lady in it. After they had sung and played for some time, a black wench looked out of the window, and accosted them thus:

"Look hea, gemmeni, taint no use to be foolin away your time round hea, kase, dar aint no body in dis house 'cept Bess, and dat's me. I aint no 'jection to you playin 'Jim-along Josey, Cooney in do Hol-ler,' or any ting dat's fashionable and nice, but dem 'tahn and oder foolish tunes you's performin' round here aint no account. Go way, white folks."

ONE OF THE BLUE LAWS.—Among the early laws enacted in Connecticut, the following is the substance of one:—"No man shall carry to meeting, for a Sabbath luncheon, a dough-nut so long that while he is eating at one end he cannot keep the pigs from eating the other.—Pic

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 26.—the first six months, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions of the next volume.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

Our readers, long ere this, are probably acquainted with the death of our venerated President, with all its melancholy particulars. We clothe our paper in the habiliments of sorrow, not only in pursuance of the laudable custom on occasions of such magnitude, but also in testimony of our sincere regret for the loss of a good man, as well as in respect to the memory of one whom the sovereign people elevated to the chief magistracy of this Union.

The news of the death of Gen. Harrison came upon our citizens like an electric stroke. None were prepared to receive it; and we are happy to have it in our power to say, to the better feelings of our nature, that notwithstanding all the bitterness of party feeling which the recent election has exhibited, there has been but one sentiment, and that is, deep and heartfelt sorrow for our national loss.

The disease with which Gen. Harrison was afflicted was a bilious pleurisy, which hourly grew more alarming in its aspects, from the time when he was taken, up to the moment of his death.

On Saturday, the day of his death, bulletins were issued every hour, so great was the public anxiety in respect to the termination of his disease. Three hours before his death, while Dr. Worthington, his physician, was at his side, he spoke for the last time. At half past 12 o'clock, he expired without a struggle.

The following are the testimonials of respect which have been, and are to be observed:

THE COMMON COUNCIL, ALBANY.

Whereas, It has been officially announced that the funeral of the late President will take place at the city of Washington, this day at 12 o'clock at noon:

Resolved, therefore, that the bells of the Churches of the city be tolled from 12 o'clock until 2 o'clock P. M. That minute guns be fired during that time from the Capitol Park, and the flags of the vessels in the port, and at the public places throughout the city be displayed at half mast, and that the citizens be requested to close their stores and places of business during the hours aforesaid.

Resolved, That the Common Council Chamber be hung with black, and that the members and officers of the Board wear crape on the left arm for 60 days, and that the citizens generally be requested to adopt the same badge of mourning.

Resolved, That Friday next be set apart for appropriate funeral solemnities, in respect to the memory of the late President, and that a civic and military procession be formed on that day, and such other proceedings be had as shall be adopted by the Committee of Arrangements.

Resolved, That the different military corps, societies, associations and fire companies of the city be requested to join in the procession, and to appoint committees of their respective bodies to confer with the committee of this Board in relation to carrying into effect the necessary arrangements.

Resolved, That the Governor and Officers of State, and the Members of the Legislature, now in session, be invited to unite with the citizens in the observance of the ceremonies of the day.

Resolved, That it is requested that all the stores and places of business, and all places of public amusement be closed during that day.

BY THE CABINET—WASHINGTON.

The funeral to be solemnised on Wednesday, the 7th

inst. at 12 o'clock. The religious services to be performed according to the usage of the Episcopal church in which church the deceased most usually worshipped. The body to be taken from the President's to the Congress burying ground, accompanied by a military and civic procession, and deposited in the Receiving tomb.

The military arrangements to be under the direction of Major General Macomb, the General commanding in chief the army of the United States; and Major General Walter Jones, of the militia of the District of Columbia.

Commodore Morris, the senior Captain in the Navy now in the city, to have the direction of the naval arrangements.

The Marshal of the District to have the direction of the civic procession, assisted by the Mayors of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, and such other citizens as they may see fit to call to their aid.

John Quincy Adams, Ex-President of the United States, members of Congress now in the city or its neighborhood, all the members of the Diplomatic body resident in Washington, and all officers of Government, and citizens generally, are invited to attend.

And it is respectfully recommended to the officers of Government that they wear the usual badge of mourning.

BY THE COMMON COUNCIL—NEW-YORK.

The funeral of the late President of the United States will take place on Wednesday, the 7th inst. at 12 o'clock at noon, it is resolved, by the joint committee of the Common Councils of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, That our citizens of the said cities are requested to close their stores and places of business to-morrow (Wednesday) from the hour of 12 at noon until sunset, and also all places of public amusements in the respective cities to-morrow evening—that the bells of the several churches and the fire alarm bells in the two cities, be tolled from noon till 2 o'clock, P. M. and that 68 minutes guns (being the number of years of the late President,) be fired from the Battery, and also from such place in the city of Brooklyn as the committee from that city may designate—that the owners and masters of vessels in the harbor, and the proprietors of all public places in the said cities are requested to display their flags at half-mast during the whole day—and that our fellow-citizens are requested to wear the usual badge of mourning for sixty days:

Resolved, That the Common Councils of the cities of New York and Brooklyn will solemnize the death of the late President of the United States by a civil and military procession, to be composed of the military and different societies of our respective cities—and that such procession take place on Saturday next.

Resolved, That the different societies, trades and associations, and fire departments of our cities, are requested to send delegates to meet a committee of this body on Thursday next, at 12 o'clock, at the Common Council Chamber, to make the necessary arrangements to carry out the views of the Common Council in an appropriate manner.

BY THE LEGISLATURE.

That the Chaplains of the Legislature are requested to select one of their number to deliver an appropriate discourse in the Assembly Chamber, before the two Houses, on some Sabbath during the present session to be designated by him.

That the chairs of the President of the Senate and of the speaker of the Assembly be shrouded in black and that the Members and Officers of the two Houses wear the usual badge of mourning for the residue of the session.

That when the two Houses adjourn, they will adjourn to meet on Friday next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Whether the Lines on the loss of the Gov. Fenner, would be acceptable or not, we have no means of determining, being unable to decipher more than one third of the manuscript. We have not time to copy the articles of correspondents.

APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Apprentices' Library, held on Wednesday evening last, on motion it was

Resolved, That the books of this Institution be removed to the Commercial Buildings, (first flight of stairs,) corner of Hudson and Market streets.

Mr. Gould having declined the re-appointment of Librarian, it was

Resolved, That the thanks of the Trustees be given to Mr. JAMES S. GOULD, for his devotion to the Library, during the number of years which it has been under his charge.

Resolved, That HESSEL E. BROWER be appointed Librarian.

Resolved, That from and after the removal of the Library, the price for the reading of each volume be reduced to ONE CENT.

FOREIGN PAUPERS.—The N. Y. American says that 60 or 70 paupers, natives of Malta, arrived at that port, shipped from Denmark, on board the British brig Helen Mar. Now-a-days, it is not only unfashionable, but very anti-republican to say any thing about a foreigner, whether he be good, bad or indifferent—whether he is to earn his own bread, or eat ours. We do not believe however, that the patriots, and sages who framed our government, when they declared America to be an "Asylum to the Oppressed," ever intended that Europe should have the privilege of shipping a load of paupers for us to take care of. Our laws, both in humanity to the pauper, as well as in justice to our citizens, cannot be too strictly observed on this point. If each captain offending, was severely punished, and his vessel forfeited, our foreign neighbors would find the game a losing one, and consequently abandon it.

We learn from the Atlas that the arrangements for the funeral will be completed under the direction of the committee of the Common Council. The exercises will consist of a procession similar to that in honor of Lafayette, but greatly increased. Dr. Potter will officiate as chaplain, and Dr. Sprague as eulogist, Gen. John Taylor Cooper acting as Marshal of the Day.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—We are neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but the recent news from England is confirmatory of what we said last week, that the intentions of Great Britain are any thing but pacific. If the rumour is true, that a fleet has been ordered on our coast, and troops have been sent to Halifax, the British will find us as fully—unprepared to meet them as they can well desire. We are now beginning to see the wisdom of those sages, who voted away our means of defence. England will bully us out of M'Leod, guilty or not. Mark the prediction.

NOMINATIONS.—The Whig party have nominated Teunis Van Vechten, esq. as their candidate for Mayor, of this city.

The Democratic party have nominated Gerrit Y. Lansing, esq. as their candidate for the same office. The election of either of these gentlemen will be creditable to our ancient city. We really hope, in the ensuing election, that competency for the stations, will take the place of party spirit.

Four million and six hundred thousand persons have signed the temperance pledge in Ireland.

Look out.—Twenty dollar bills of the State Bank at Newark, N. J. have been altered into 50's; and are said to be extremely hard of detection.

A MOTHER'S APPEAL.—Hannah Wadsworth, of Mantua, Portage county, Ohio, appeals to the humane to assist her in recovering two children, who are deformed, and who were decoyed from her by a Joseph Morris, of New York, to exhibit around the country as a show. It is to be hoped, if Morris is found with the children, that he will not be lynched.

TEMPERANCE.—The "West Troy Catholic Total Abstinence Association," which has been in existence only about two months, already numbers ONE THOUSAND members.

Our Correspondent T. of Louisville, will always find a welcome with us. His present excellent article contains the whole gist of Masonry.

BIRTHS.—The Poughkeepsie Journal, is introducing the English fashion, of publishing a list of Births, as well as Marriages and Deaths. We shall follow the fashion, after it has become fairly started, provided the ladies make no objection. We borrow many worse European fashions, than this is likely to be.

The London Police, have sent word to the Police of New York, that the most artful robber they had ever to contend with, is now on a professional visit to this country. Particulars, probably, at some future period.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.—The Hon. Chas. F. Mitchell, late a member of Congress from Niagara, has recently committed forgery to a large amount, and fled the country. Mitchell, in a letter to the editors of the Courier and Enquirer, which truly exhibits the "gambler's fate," assigns the speculations of 1836, as the cause of his ruin.

A splendid Catholic Cathedral, is about being erected by Bishop Purcell, at Cincinnati, O. It is said that three-fourths of the German population of that city, are of the Catholic persuasion.

We suppose that the Anti-masonic patrons of the Jefferson county Carthaginian, would be offended should the Editor of that paper, credit any article to a Masonic paper. "Just step'd in—hope I don't intrude."

Intelligence.

Temperance in Ireland.—Mr. Kennagh, the Secretary of the Irish Temperance Society, at a recent meeting of the friends of Temperance in Cork, stated that the number of persons now enrolled in Ireland, as pledged to a total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors, amounts to four millions six hundred and forty-seven thousand—among whom are eight Roman Catholic Bishops, and seven hundred Roman Catholic clergymen.

"Ven you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many thing as you don't understand now; but vether it's vorth while goin' through as much to learn so little, as the boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste."—*Pickwick.*

Awful Occurrence.—A few nights since, says the Tallahassee (F.) Sentinel, 12 negroes belonging to the Rev. Wesley Adams, of Jefferson co., were burnt to death. They were all in on building and it is supposed were suffocated, and rendered insensible, as they gave no alarm, and when the doors were opened, uttered not a groan. The building was entirely destroyed.

Death of Mr. Chitty.—This distinguished law writer, whose works on Pleading, Bills of Exchange and Practice, have been so extensively used in our country, died on the 16th of February, 1841, in Southampton street, Fitzroy Square, London, in the 66th year of his age.

Gov. SEWARD has issued his proclamation, ordering an election for a member of the twenty-seventh Congress, for the twenty-sixth district, to take place on the 11th of May, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Granger.

Trading in Human Flesh in England.—The Sunderland Herald says—On Saturday last a country-woman was sold publicly, by auction, by her husband, for 7s 6d, in the Pavement, in the cathedral city of York!

UNITED CANADA.—The population of Lower Canada is estimated at 800,000; of Upper Canada over 400,000. The House of the united legislature will consist of eighty-four members—42 from each province. The election for these has recently taken place, and so far the returns from Upper Canada are more favorable to the republican cause than was anticipated; those of Lower Canada less so. Of 32 members, known to be elected, 19 are reported as liberals and thirteen are classed as Tories. Sir Allen McNab (we believe he was the commander in the Caroline affair, and has been recently knighted) has lost his election, and consequently his place as Speaker of the House, and is succeeded by a liberal.

Shocking Calamity.—In North Stonington, on the night of Friday, the 5th inst., two sons of Mr. George Geer were burnt to death. They went out about 10 o'clock, P. M., as usual, to watch a coal pit, and not returning at the usual time in the morning, another little son of Mr. G. was sent for them. He came running to the house, saying they were burnt to death.—The father immediately started for the pit, and a few of the bones were found where the cabin had been situated. One of them was aged 19, and the other 14 years.—*Norwich Aurora.*

Melancholy Catastrophe.—A small dwelling house was consumed in Amherst village, Lorain co., Ohio, on the morning of the 11th inst. Two young ladies, Miss Bivins and Miss Cunningham, perished in the flames.

Between 30 and 40 persons were baptized last Sunday in New Haven Harbor, by Elders Knapp and Teasdale, and nearly as many on the Sabbath previous.

Look out for Burglars.—A house in Jay street was entered on Sunday night and robbed of a large amount of silver ware. The thief effected an entrance through a basement window, and is yet undetected. "Safe bind, safe find."—*Alb. Atlas.*

M. Chaveau Legrade, a distinguished French advocate, who defended Charlotte Corday when tried for the assassination of Marat, died in Paris last month, in his 76 year.

Married.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday morning, 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gillet, George W. Hobbs, of this city, to Miss Sarah W. Boggs, of the former place.

On the 31st ultimo, at St. Thomas's church, by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. James S. Talbot, merchant of N. York, to Miss Catherine, daughter of the late Henry Livingston, jr., and grand-daughter of the late Judge Wm. W. Van Ness, of Claverick, Columbia county.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Alden, of Williams College, Sidney E. Morse, Esq. senior editor of the New-York Observer, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Gilbert R. Livingston, D. D. of Philadelphia.

In Washington, on the 22d inst by the Rev. Mr. Webster, Mr. Zebulon Montgomery Pike King, of Georgetown, D. C., to Miss Henrietta Landon, of Troy.

DIED.

On Saturday evening, at the residence of his son, Daniel Powers, in this city, Mr. Timothy Powers, a Revolutionary patriot, aged 91.

On Sunday last, Edmund Van Loon, aged 26 years.

At St. Joseph Female Seminary, Maryland, on the 27th of March, Mary, aged 21 years, sister of C. Mc Laughlin, of this city.

On the evening of the 5th instant, Mr. William Easton, an old and respectable citizen, aged 77 years.

Last evening, Charles Whitney, son of James and Elizabeth B. Whitney, aged 2 years, one month and four days.

In Sandy Hill, on Friday evening last, Henry A. Bancraft, formerly of this city, aged 42 years.

Last evening, Margaret Elizabeth, infant daughter of Elder James L. Hodge.

At his father's residence, in this city, April 2 of consumption, Lawrence Hallenbake, jr., in the 21st year of his age. In New Lebanon, on the 29th ult., of pneumonia Alvin Wood, in the 77th year of his age.

On Wednesday afternoon, after a lingering sickness Ellen Cunningham.

At Greenbush, on Saturday last, Mr. Wm. Aikin, aged 73 years. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and was alike distinguished by a vigorous intellect, unsullied integrity and uniform kindness of manners.

At his residence in La Grange, Fayette County, Tennessee, on the 14th of March, Stephen H. Sneed, Esq. in the 47th year of his age.

At his residence in Utica, on the 10th of March, ult. in the 42 year of his age, Mr. James Parke, chemist, seventh son of the late Thomas Parke, Esq. receiver of his late Majesty's customs at Liverpool, Eng.

At sea, on board barque Hecla, on her passage from St. Croix for New York, of consumption, Mr. Nathaniel G. Bennett, of the firm of Marvin & Bennett, of Buffalo, N. Y. eldest son of the Hon. Philander Bennett, in the 22d year of his age.

In Petersburg Rens. Co. on Wednesday morning, March 30th, Mrs. Triphena Bale, wife of Frederick Bale; in the 67th year of her age.

At Saratoga Springs, on Saturday, the 3d instant, Mrs. Eliza Rosell, in the 40th year of her age.

At Philadelphia, on Monday, James Ronaldson, Esq. in the 73d year of his age. Mr. Ronaldson was one of the oldest and most useful citizens of Philadelphia.

In Troy, Edward E. Stowits, child of H. Stowits, aged about 6 months.

Also, on Sunday the 28th inst. Mrs. Anna Merchant, wife of Mr. Mathew Merchant, aged 49 years and 5 months.

In Fort Plain, on the 2d inst. Aurelia, youngest daughter of Jacob and Abeel, aged 2 years, 2 months and 26 days.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) April 10,

The performance to commence with a variety of interesting feats in the circle, by the STARS.

To conclude with the petite Comedy of the
WIFE'S FIRST LESSON.

Mr. and Mrs. Asten is engaged, and will shortly appear.

On Monday the CATARACT OF THE GANGES, in which a fountain of real water will be produced.

For particulars see small bills.

Doors open at 7, performance to commence at half past 7.

Admittance—Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment for General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1844.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

A FRAGMENT—ENVY.

How pale with thought, and haggard, meets the eye
Yon sickly visage, lean, and most uncouth;
'Tis the meagre front of starving Envy!
With complexion yellow'd in redundancy
Of o'erflowing bile, it stalks along, breathing
A blighting pestilence; and most upon
The things, and deeds it cannot imitate.
How like a reptile will it worm along
The path where virtue treads, and smear the way
In all the stench of rank pollution; and
'Twill court the bower of beauty, and pour
Into the ear of blooming innocence,
The rank, corroding lie. But for the mire
That clogs its flight, 'twould on the golden sun
A tarnish bring, and straight make dim his light
To all the wonderers, who'd but believe
The tale; for naught would Envy have, with robe
Not borrow'd from its self-esteem'd
Dominion.

A voracious beast, it wends
Along, and naught within its wake is seen,
But barrenness, the tatter'd skeletons
And fragments of character despoil'd.—
Reeking yet in the hot blood of suffuse
Prey, its eye is wilder bent on more. Gore
Alone its appetite can sate, and the cold
Carcase leaves to the venomless insect,
That feeds, alone, its hunger full, and then
Is satiate. Oft, in rage malicious,
'Twill ope the sacred precincts, where repose
The crumbling atoms of the shells of men,
And drag from thence a putrid form before
The gadding multitude—of one, perhaps,
In which a breath of life, a sigh, into
Eternity would pack, in quaking fear,
The sacrilegious assailant; but now
It kicks about the mass in rudest sport,
Or tramples o'er its worth to power.—It
Will greet thee in smiles ineffable; aye,
And frame the comely look of truth; preludes
To some new "pending act," put on to win.
The more to damn; to sup upon thy fame,
And fatten on the keener relish, thus
Bestow'd for foul detraction. No spouse
It has, of honest heart and pure intent,
But like the grisly form of imag'd death,
Robs, itself bereft, of all attachment;
That when from virtue it has stript the name
She bore, or stolen from chastity her
Inheritance, or spread an idle tale,
With inventions new, at each new telling,
It naught can lose, though the specious libel
Be as foul as e'en its larger self. C.
Albany, March 29, 1841.

THE MEMORY OF JOYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

There is a tear of sweet relief—
A tear of rapture and of grief;
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow.
It is when memory charms the mind,
With tender images retired;
'Tis when her magic spells restore
Departed friends and joys no more.

There is an hour—a pensive hour;
And oh! how dear its soothing power!
It is when twilight spreads her veil,
And steals along the silent dale;
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
When all is silence and repose.
Then memory wakes and loves to mourn
The days that never can return.

There is a strain—a plaintive strain,
The source of joy, and yet of pain;
It is the song whose dying measure
Some friend I belov'd has heard with pleasure;
Some friend who never again may hear
The melting lay to memory dear;
Ah! then her magic spells restore
Visions of blissful days no more.

From the Quarterly Review.

TO A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning light, are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee:
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are advancing towards the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never canst thou be again,
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection;
And care shall come with womanhood,
And wake with cold reflection;
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep
O'er pleasures unreturning.
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyless expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He who now doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,
All rich in nature's measure;
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure;
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it;
'Tis nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it?

TO A BRIDE.

Pass thou on! for the vow is said
That is never broken:
The hand of blessing hath trembling laid
On snowy forehead and simple braid,
And the word is spoken
By lips that never their words betrayed.

Pass thou on! for thy human all
Is richly given,
And the voice that claimed its holy thrall
Must be sweeter for life than music's fall
And this side of heaven
Thy lip may never that trust recall.

Pass thou on! yet many an eye
Will drop and glisten,
And the gushing heart in vain will try
To still its pulse as thy step goes by,
And we vainly listen
For thy voice of witching melody.

Pass thou on! yet a sister's tone
In its sweetness lingers,
Like some twin echo sent back alone,
Or the bird's soft note when its mate is flown,
And a sister's fingers
Will again o'er the thrilling harp be thrown.

And our eyes will rest on their foreheads fair,
And our hearts awaken,
Whenever we come where their voices are—
Ere of thee forsaken,
The mingled voices we listed there.

Pass on! there is not of our blessing one
That may not perish—
Like visiting angels whose errand is done,
They are never at rest till their home is won,
And we may not cherish
The beautiful gift of thy light—Pass on!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	EACH MONTH.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany		2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany		2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany		1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany		1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy		2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy		2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy		2d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy		2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg		1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ga.		1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment.	Lockport N.Y.		2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101.	Wheeling, Va.		1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19.	"		2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"		1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"		2d Monday ev. o month.
Utica Lodge, 47.	Utica,		1st Thursday.
Oneside Chapter, 87.	"		1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"		2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.		1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do		4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters	do		Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do		2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do		4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do		2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do		1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do		1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn		2d Monday.
Memphis L. d. c.	do		2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah		2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon L. d. g.	do		1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do		2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do		1st and 3d Monday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones St N. Y.	Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Cosackie	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
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Stephen T. Leggett Troy	G L Cope Jr Savannah
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Charles Steinagel Cincinnati, Ohio.	H B Smith, Steubenville, Ohio

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY
NIGHT IN.—PASSAGE \$1.—The pub-

lic are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Ulica, and by adding hereto the South America a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany at intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptability to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprize, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. Mr. 12

MASONIC APR. NS. of the Degree of Master and Royal Arch, splendidly engraved on satin, can be obtained on application to this office. Likewise, have elegantly engraved Diplomas of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 33

MASONIC.

CONNECTICUT. OFFICERS.

Of Harmony Council No. 8, held in the city of New Haven, for 1841:

Nahum Flagg, G. M. E. G. Storer, D. G. M.—
Marcus Bassett, P. C. Geo. Shumway, C. G. Samuel Bishop, Treasurer. Fred'k. Croswell, Recorder.
Wm. H. Ellis, G. S. Isaac Tuttle, Tyler.

OFFICERS.

Of New Haven Encampment No. 2, held in New Haven, for 1841:

Eliphalet G. Storer, G. C. Wm. H. Ellis, G. Abijah H. Woodruff, C. G. Nahum Flagg, Prelate.—
Richard Dodd, Treasurer. Benj. Beecher sen. Recorder. Wm. E. Sanford, S. W. Fred'k. Croswell, J. W. George Shumway, Warder. Nahum Hayward, Std. B. Ralph Warren, Swd. B. Willard Lyon, Josiah Brinsmade, Samuel Bishop, Guards.—
Isaac Tuttle, Com. and Sen.

OFFICERS.

Of Franklin Chapter No. 2, held in New Haven, for 1841:

Wm. H. Jones, H. P. Henry Peck, K. Nahum Hayward, S. Richard Dodd, Treas. Wm. Storer Jr., Secretary. Fred'k. Croswell, C. H. E. G. Storer, P. S. George Shumway, R. A. C. Ralph Warren, Daniel H. Brown, Fred'k. Daggett, M. of V.—
Isaac Tuttle, Tyler.

OFFICERS.

Of Hiram Lodge, No. 1, held in New Haven, for 1841:

Avery C. Babcock, W. M. Wm. E. Sanford, S. W. George Shumway, J. W. Elisha L. Silliman, Secretary. Richard Dodd, Treas. George Love, S. D. Lee Dunning, J. D. Joseph G. Anthony, John A. Myers, Stewards. Isaac Tuttle, Tyler.

DEWITT CLINTON.

It is always refreshing, when we can get hold of any thing from the pen of this gifted man. The following is extracted from an Address, delivered many years ago, before the Grand Lodge of this state. It will be new to most of the Masons of this generation:

The principle of association, which is implanted in our nature by the author and dispenser of all good, is calculated to produce the same beneficial end in the moral, that the power of attraction does in the natural world. The propensity to associate may be observed in every stage of society, from the rude hunter of the forest, to the polished inhabitant of the city; from the first elements of simple societies, to the more complicated and expanded associations. Whether it is an instinct or a habit; whether it is the dictate of powerful unerring nature, operating for the benefit of the subject, or the result of prudence and reason, consulting individual as well as general good, it is not necessary to investigate. We feel and we know that it predominates over our species; that it operates with the power of both these causes; and that, whether it exhibits itself in families, in literary and benevolent institutions, or in nations, its spirit is good and its object beneficent. The absence of this principle in men, or in other animals, is generally attended with ferocious and sanguinary propensities: and wherever it prevails, we find our nature improved, our felicities increased, and the general condition of society ameliorated. The gloomy anchorite, the unfeeling fanatic, and the re-

pulsive misanthropist, always inshroud themselves in solitude, and seek in vain for that happiness which they failed of obtaining on the busy theatre of the world. Independent of those associations which may be denominated natural, we observe voluntary societies springing up in a thousand shapes, for the improvement of our physical, mental, or moral faculties. Of all the institutions however, which have been established for the purpose of proving our condition, none are more numerous and more beneficial than charitable ones, which are as diversified as the various wants or miseries of man.

Amongst associations of this description, freemasonry stands as pre-eminent in usefulness as it is in age. Its origin is lost in the abyss of unexplored antiquity. No historical records, no traditional accounts, can point out the time, the place, or the manner of its commencement. While some have endeavored to discover its footsteps amongst the master-builders and artists engaged in the construction of the first Jewish temple, others have attempted to trace it to the Eleusinian mysteries, which are said to have taught the immortality of the soul, and again have ascribed its rise to the sainted heroes of the crusades, while others have endeavored to penetrate the mysteries of the Druids, and to discover its origin amongst the wise men of that institution. Amidst this uncertainty which must ever result from the absence of written history, our safest course is to avoid a particular conclusion, and to rest satisfied with the general conviction, that our society is the most ancient benevolent institution in the world. It is remarked by an elegant and profound delineator of nature, that no other species but that of man is generally diffused over the globe. The assimilation of his nature to every clime and country indicates his excellence and demonstrates his superiority.

This remark may be applied, with some modification, to our institution. While other societies are either ephemeral in point of duration, or limited in respect to place, freemasonry is co-extensive with the enlightened part of the human race, and has raised its insignia in every quarter of the globe. Wherever man in his cultivated state fixes his habitation, freemasonry may be seen enlightening and consoling him. No diversity of religion or form of government opposes barriers to her progress. Amid the dark clouds of fanaticism and despotism she may be seen shining with unobscured brightness, diffusing light and imparting joy. In countries where one man's happiness is the cause of all men's misery, we observe with astonishment the ardour with which our institution is cultivated, and the eagerness with which it is embraced by all descriptions of men; but our astonishment must cease when we reflect that it inculcates the natural equality of mankind: it declares that all brethren are upon a level: it admits of no rank except the priority of merit, and its only aristocracy is the nobility of virtue. The avidity therefore, with which men resort, in despotic countries, to the standard of freemasonry, is the effort of nature to recover her original rights, and to surmount the corruptions of society.

Amidst the pleasing intercourse of brethren, the artificial distinctions of rank and office, and the adventitious advantages of wealth, are lost. Seeing the strong hold which masonry has upon the human heart; that it intertwines itself with the best sympathies of our nature, and is approved by the most enlightened faculties of the mind; that all the terrors of punishment—that even the horrid inquisition has not been able to destroy the institution; that like the true religion, it has flourished on the bloodstained soil of persecution: the despotic ruler, perceiving these striking characters of freemasonry, and despairing of extirpating it, has endeavored to make it an engine of state, or to regulate it in a way most conformable to his interest. Hence he has frequently descended from his throne, approached with reverential awe our sacred altars and mingled freely among the brotherhood. The beneficent and

enlightened ruler, although clothed with unlimited power, yet anxious for the good of his subjects, cannot fail of countenancing an institution calculated to produce so much benefit to mankind. Hence, from different motives, and with various views, our society has been encouraged and fostered in the most ungenial climes. Its progress in free nations, where law, liberty, and good order prevail, has been singularly great; but, in these United States, it has attained an elevation and a perfection unequalled in other countries. It travels with our population from the Atlantic to the Michigan; from the Michigan; from the St. Lawrence to the Missouri: it flourishes in the sequestered hamlet as well as in the wealthy city—it is embraced by all descriptions of men as a softener of the cares and an improver of the felicities of life. In this country, where there is so little poverty, masonry in the restricted sense of pecuniary beneficence is not so essential as in other countries, where man is reduced to the most abject state; but in its more comprehensive signification of benevolence in general, and as a school where all the friendly affections of the heart, and all the delightful charities of life are taught and cherished, it is deservedly ranked amongst the most important establishments.

The state of society, of government, and of knowledge with us, is admirably calculated to countenance and encourage freemasonry: like seed thrown into a congenial soil, it has flourished accordingly. Some of its most important doctrines are here practically illustrated in the condition of our species. Man here recovers his dignity: he no longer exists a slave. All institutions which enoble his nature, which elevate his mind and purify his heart, must be cherished by him in proportion as he feels, in his own experience, the importance of those objects: and he is certainly better qualified to receive and to foster the doctrines of masonry, than if he were the slave of ignorance and despotism. There can be no doubt but that much of our flourishing condition is to be attributed to this source. Masonry considered as a moral benevolent institution, will unquestionably prefer those stations she observes man in his most dignified and happy form: and as an intellectual establishment, where she can be more gratified in beholding the diffusion of knowledge and the supremacy of mind, than in this country?

The purity of freemasonry, here, has no doubt, had an auspicious tendency in promoting its prosperity. It is vain to conceal that our institution has in various countries been adulterated and degraded by the arts of designing and interested men. The distinction between ancient and modern masonry, which occurred in England a long time ago, is well known; but Germany has been the prolific parent of a thousand devices, intended to sport with public credulity, and calculated to degrade the simplicity and beauty of our society. The great landmarks have been broken down: the genuine degrees of freemasonry have been considered as initiative steps into more elevated orders, and more sublime mysteries; with a view of gain or gratifying that taste for frivolous parade which is the natural companion of frivolous minds, orders have been invented as connected with and more exalted than freemasonry. They are decorated with stars and ribbands and garters, and other insignia—all calculated to mislead the weak, the frivolous and the vain. They are attended with the pomp and mystery and solemnity which the imagination can invent. They are imposed upon their credulous votaries as the offspring of heroic achievements—as the establishment of sages who administered before the oracles of God—or as the invention of heaven-endowed philosophers, possessed of all the secrets of nature—of the immortal elixir—the philosopher's stone, and the powers of invisibility and ubiquity. Such gross impostures being invented and practiced in most instances by unworthy brethren and being ingrafted upon our institution,

have tended to degrade and debase genuine freemasonry. In this country, ancient masonry, as used and taught for ages, exists in its pure unsophisticated shape: its venerable simplicity has not been invaded by the rude hands of modern barbarians; its sublime doctrines have not been sullied by the ridiculous fables of wretched adventures—nor have its beautiful ceremonies been ridiculed by the empirical parade and disgusting mumery of recreants and cowans.

The exertions of some individuals, have had a signal effect in exalting the institution. At the close of the revolutionary war, some distinguished brethren applied themselves with zeal and industry in rebuilding the masonic temple, which had been nearly destroyed.—This generous spirit was communicated to others; and to this original and continued impulse, we are indebted for much of the ground we now occupy. Some of the brethren of whom I now speak, have gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Many of us have witnessed—all of us have heard of their laudable exertions. No pains were spared—no talents were unemployed by them in their honorable career: that enthusiasm which they felt they communicated; and before they descended to the silent tomb, they had the satisfaction of seeing their efforts crowned with success, and their most sanguine anticipations surpassed. Had I time or the talents, I would pronounce their eulogium—but I cheerfully submit the task to the grateful feelings which animate the bosoms of all who hear me: that they will enjoy the rewards of benevolence in another and a better world cannot be doubted.

But turning from a subject, calculated to operate so much upon our sensibility, and to excite the mingled emotions of sorrow and joy, let us render the justice due to the paternal and superintending care of the grand lodge and its officers. A good government, a flourishing community, cannot exist without good laws. It is impossible that our institution could have attained such an elevation in feeble and unworthy hands. The success of your past efforts, will doubtless serve as a stimulus to future exertions.

MASONIC REMINISCENCE.

In the year 1781, a young American merchant, settled in France, employed several Nuns in a Convent at Nantes, to execute a variety of masonic ornaments, including aprons, with the American and French flags entwined, emblematical of the happy union subsisting between the two countries. They were elegantly executed, and were sent as a present to General Washington, accompanied by a masonic address. The year following (being the last year of the revolutionary war) the same merchant, while travelling in England, received a letter of which the following is a copy, which had made the tour of England in pursuit of him. Had the various post offices through whose hands the letter passed, known they were transmitting the signature of the immortal Washington, at that crisis of the Revolution, what would have been their sensations?

State of New York, August 10, 1782.

"Gentlemen—The masonic ornaments which accompanied your brotherly address of the 23d January last, though elegant themselves, were rendered more valuable by the flattering sentiments, and affectionate manner in which they were presented.

"If my endeavors to avert the evil with which this country was threatened by a deliberate path of tyranny should be crowned with the success that is wished, the praise is to the *Grand Architect* of the Universe, who did not see fit to suffer his superstructures and justice to be subjected to the ambition of the Princes of this world, or to the rod of oppression in the hands of any power on earth.

"For your affectionate vow permit me to be grateful, and to offer mine for true brothers in all parts of the world, of whatever nation, and to assure you of the sincerity with which I am yours.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Messrs Watson & Cossard, East of Nantes, France.

LABOR LOST.—A learned man of Naples, Martorelli, occupied himself for two years in writing a long memoir, in order to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass for windows; and fifteen days after the publication of this folio, a house discovered in Pompeii, all the windows of which were paneled with glass.

SCIENCE.

INDICATIONS OF RAIN.

1st, *By Birds.* When the large black sea-mew, the cormorants, aquatic birds, and birds generally, go to the river and water and bathe noisily; ducks, geese and moor-hens plunge into the water, flapping it about with much noise; wild geese fly high in the air and in disorder; the plovers become restless, flying here and there, and uttering their peculiar cry; the ravens and the rooks assemble in groups, and then almost immediately separate; the ravens in the morning, and the rooks in the evening, utter continual cries, and walk solitarily on the ground; the swallows fly low in the air; the magpies cry much at other seasons than at pairing time; domestic birds rub themselves in the dust; partridges, pigeons and smaller birds bathe themselves in sand; the cock crows immediately after sunset (when, on the contrary, the cock walks about during rain, it is a sign it will not continue long); the melancholy cry of the chaffinch is heard; the wood-lark, linnet, sparrow, and robin, cry or sing during the mornings; the peacocks and owls cry more frequently and strongly than usual during the night; the poultry are longer engaged searching out the insect beneath their feathers the latter penetrating deeply into the skin.

2dly, *By other animals.* When the cattle pant for air toward mid-day pastured cattle, sheep and goats, leap much and quarrel with each other; pigs are restless, and disperse their food; cats rub their ears and press their bodies against obstacles; dogs become restless, scratch the ground, eat grass and bark in a growling manner; the foxes bark; the wolves howl;—the moles raise the earth higher than ordinary; the frogs croak much, and hide themselves in meadows; the bats do not leave their retreats in the evening; the spiders work but little; spin short threads, and retire to their corners; the flies bite horses and cattle on the legs, are agitated and fly confusedly together; the fish (*corbitis fossilis*) trouble the water; and the worms disturb the earth.

It is considered as a presage of wind, when aquatic birds of the sea and marshes fly together towards the land and play especially in the morning; birds at sea take shelter on vessels; wild geese fly very high, and in bands, going toward the east; water-fowls cry, and are agitated; the lapwing cries loudly: the king-fisher flies towards the earth; the (*corvus frugilegus*) pass rapidly through the air, and play on the borders of water. It is well known that hares have a presentiment of wind and will often set ten hours in advance on the place where it will blow.—*Sylvan, jahrbuch fur Fast Maenner.*

ADIPOCIRE.

When the exhumation of the dead bodies from the burial ground of St. Innocent's, at Paris, led to the discovery of adipocire, or rather to its re-discovery, for it was known to Sir Thomas Brown and Lord Bacon, it produced a strong sensation among the men of science in England. Some went so far as to believe that adipocire might be made on a large scale, and a joint stock company was actually formed for that purpose; several nobleman and men of property subscribed 20,000*l.*, and an establishment was constructed at Bristol, containing a number of locks, each large enough to hold several dead horses, through which a stream of water was constantly flowing. The experiment failed, and the money, of course was lost; but I am told that the principal superintendent, an able chymist and eminent physician of the present day, asserts, that it failed, not from any absurdity or impracticability in the scheme, but from the impracticable and unmanageable men he had to deal with; and that he is still convinced that, if properly conducted, it would be possible to transmute dead horses into spermaceti candles. If this had been known in the year 1825, we should have had an Adipocire company, and the shares at a premium.

A gentleman, married, and, in embarrassed circumstances, suddenly disappearing, it was concluded that he had gone off to avoid his creditors; on which they met, declared him a bankrupt, ascertained the amount of his property, and declared a dividend. Among the property was, a jointure of 200*l.* a year to his wife, which they could legally claim if he was a bankrupt,

but if not it continued the property of the widow.—Five weeks and four days from the morning of his disappearance, his body was found floating in a neighboring river, and so putrid that it was identified chiefly by the dress, and the contents of the pockets. And here arose a question, was he dead at the time he was declared a bankrupt, and if so can a dead man be made a bankrupt? One of his relatives, a veterinary surgeon, discovered, on carefully examining the body, that part of the flesh of the loins had been converted into adipocire—this he cut out, carried off, and showed it to Dr. Gibbes, who was at that time superintending the Institution for the Production of Adipocire, and the result of whose extensive experience was, that it was never formed in less than six or eight weeks.—This evidence was produced on the trial, and was conclusive—it was clear that the drowned man must have been under water ever since the morning of his disappearance, and consequently, that he was dead at the time when he was declared a bankrupt. In law, a dead man cannot be made a bankrupt—the bankruptcy was set aside, and the jointure of 200*l.* a year, restored to the widow.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

TAHITI MARRAIGES.

Marraiges among the higher orders were often contracted in the following manner. A person who had a beautiful daughter brought her, while yet a child, to a chief, saying, with the utmost frankness, "Here is a wife for you." If the great man liked the girl's appearance he took her off her father's hands, and placed her with some trusty dependant, to be trained and fattened, like a calf for the slaughter, till she had attained a snitable age. When her master chose to take her for his wife, the dethrothed and their friends met at the marae. The girl appeared there with a cord about her neck, supported by one of her nearest kin, accompanied by a man holding some leaves of sweet smelling fern in each of his hands, which he pressed on either side of his head, above the ears. When the procession reached the altar, these leaves were cast upon the ground. The priest having muttered his prayers, took up one of the sprigs of fern, and, while each of the dead ancestors of the bride (as far back as they were remembered) was named, he doubled down or tore off one of these side leaflets. Then, while the names of her living relatives were mentioned in due order, one of the remaining leaflets was successively pointed out as the number of each. When that which represented the nearest in blood of those who were at hand occurred, that kinsman stepped forth, loosed the rope from the bride's neck, and delivered her to her husband. The friends on both sides then presented the couple with hogs, bundles of cloth, wooden dishes, canoes, &c. according to their rank and ability. In less time than the honey-moon requires to fill and empty her horn, the chief grew weary of his spouse, and said to her, *Aluia* (it is enough) *haere a jo* (go away.) The woman was then abandoned, and what often became of her may easily be guessed. In this manner the great people took and put away as many wives as they pleased, or could get.

AUCTION OF LADIES.

An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "they assembled on a certain day of every year, all the virgins of marriageable age." The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives, according to the depth of their purses. But, alas! it seems there were ladies in Babylon for which no money was likely to be offered, yet these were also disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians. "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other imperfection." This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ,

RIDICULOUS FOLLIES COMMITTED BY SOME ANCIENTS.

Xerxes having made a bridge of boats over the sea, to convey his army out of Asia into Europe, which by a furious tempest, and the rapidity of the current, broke to pieces, he was so angry at it that he sent a defiance to the sea, commanding his officers to give it 600 stripes, and to throw fetters in it to produce calmer behavior; but as if all these rigours was not a sufficient chastisement, with hot irons he branded ignominious stamps upon it. "O, unruly and stubborn waters, your sovereign lord has assigned you these punishments, in revenge of the injuries you have done him, and now will pass over you in spite of all opposition."

The great Cham of Tartary, every day when he had dined himself, caused a noise of trumpets to sound at the gate of the palace, to notify to all the kings and sovereign princes in all parts of the universe, that the great Cham had dined, and now gave them leave to go to dinner.

A woman of very nice apprehension complained to the minister of the parish, with tears in her eyes, of an unsupportable affliction she daily underwent, which was, that in the morning she was necessitated to put on her clothes, and at night when she went to bed, was obliged to put them off again.

Caligula, the Roman emperor, excessively delighted in a horse he had that was named Swift, whom, by a solemn message he invited to supper with himself at his own table, caused his provender to be given him in a vessel of gold, and wine in basins of the same metal; swore by his health and fortune, promised to make him consul of Rome, and was vain enough to have done it, if the horse had lived to the next election.—He made the horse a priest, colleague with him in the empire; his stable was a sumptuous palace, built with marble, his manger was made of ivory, his harness purple with a jewel of precious stones hanging at his breast, and had a family, servants, and his house richly furnished.

Miscellany.

EMMET'S LAST MOMENTS.

One day, previous to the trial, as the Governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmet's room rather abruptly; and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance he apologized for the interruption.—He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it there was a tress of hair. "You see," said he to the keeper, "how innocently I am employed.—This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am playing it to wear on the day of my execution." On the day of that fatal event, there was found, sketched by his own hand with a pen and ink, upon that very table an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and the frightful paraphernalia of high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm and fortitude did not the above traits exhibit. His fortitude, indeed never forsook him.

On the night previous to his death, he slept soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned, he rose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk which he drank, wrote two letters—one to his brother in America, and the other to the Secretary of State enclosing it; and desired the sheriff to be informed that he was ready. When they came into his room he said that he had two requests to make; one that his arms might be left as loosely as possible, which was humanely and instantly acceded to. "I make the other," said he, "not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I made it; it is that I may be permitted to die in my uniform." This of course could not be granted; and the request seemed to have no other object than to show that he gloried in the cause in which he was to suffer. A remarkable example of his power over himself and others occurred at this melancholy moment. He was passing out, attended by the sheriff, and preceded by the executioner—in one of the passages stood the turnkey, who was personally assigned to him during his confine-

(a) The color of the rebel uniform was green,

ment; this poor fellow loved him to his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes in torrents.—Emmet paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty—he kissed his cheek—and the man who had been an inmate of a dungeon, habituated to the scenes of horror and hardened against their operation, fell senseless at his feet. Before his eyes had opened again upon the world, those of the youthful sufferer had closed forever.

THE EGYPTIAN YEAR.

It appears that the first people that formed themselves into states after the deluge, gave only to their year 360 days. The Egyptians soon perceived that this year was shorter than the revolution of the sun; they therefore prolonged it by five more days, which they added to the end of the twelve months, without making a part of either of them. In Egypt each of these days received the name of one of their divinities. But the Egyptians still saw that their year was yet too short, and that it was necessary to add a day more to every four years, in order to make it correspond with the movement of the sun; from religious scruples, they would not calculate among the other days, this sixth added day, in order that the commencement of their year should be definite. Thus each day of the year was sanctified successively by fetes and rejoicings which happened in the course of a cycle of 1460 days. It was not until the time of Augustus, that they adopted the Julian year, and they made it to commence in the month of August: twelve gods presided over the twelve months. They divided the year also in 36 parts of ten days each, and placed each of these divisions under the protection of inferior divinities. These genii or spirits were called Decans, Impeteurs, or watchers over portions of time of ten days; they had their names, and particular functions allotted to them, and their astrologers attributed to them the most extensive influence over diseases and health. It has been supposed by some, that the Egyptians divided their year into 36 parts; after the divisions of their country, which was divided into 36 Nomes or governments. The lucky and unlucky, or happy and unhappy days formed a part of the legends of the ancient Egyptians. They observed them with the utmost exactness, and it is from them the superstition of lucky and unlucky days arose, which the councils had great difficulty to abolish. They are still indicated in the calendars of the 9th century, and the influence of them has descended to our own times, as we frequently see among certain classes of people.

Egyptian names of the months: 1. Troph, beginning 29th Aug.—signal of the opening year—time of the vintage. 2. Paophi, beginning 29th Sept.—the equinox—time of fishing. 3. Athi, beginning 29th Oct.—cessation of the Nile's overflow. 4. Choiac, beginning 29th Nov.—month of flowers and verdure. 5. Tybi, beginning 29th Dec.—the sun ripens the seed—the annual election of magistrates. 6. Muhyr, beginning 29th Jan.—the sea becomes navigable. 7. Phammoth, beginning 29th Feb.—the month of spring. 8. Pharmuti, beginning March—harvest. 9. Pachon, beginning April—the sun in his greatest force; the midsummer of Egypt. 10. Payni, beginning May—saviour, or gathering of fruits. 11. Epiphi, beginning June—grapes ripen. 12. Mesori, beginning July—the Arabian and Hebrew name of Egypt.—*London Journal*.

DR. PARR'S ECCENTRICS IN THE PULPIT.

Attending Hatton Church one Sunday before he rebuilt it, I came in, with a lady while he was reading the lessons. Fixing his eye upon me, he stopped, and called aloud in the full congregation to his man Sam who stood in the aisle, "Sam, show that Lady and Gentleman into my pew."—One Sunday, on mounting into the pulpit, he, to my surprise, produced a printed volume of sermons, and addressed the congregation—"My beloved friends, I have been neglectful of my duty, by not having a sermon of my own ready for you to day, but I will read you a better than I could make for you. It is Dr. Rees, a Dissenter; but there is nothing in it to which we of the Establishment do not subscribe." He then read it through and closed the service as usual.

LEGAL CRUSHING TO DEATH.

At the assizes in Sussex, August, 1735 a man who pretended to be dumb and lame, was indicted for a barbarous murder and robbery. He had been taken up upon suspicion, several spots of blood, and part of the property being found upon him. When he was brought to the bar, he would not speak or plead, tho' often urged to it, and the sentence to be inflicted on such as stand mute, read to him in vain. Four or five persons in the court, swore that they had heard him speak, and the boy who was his accomplice, and apprehended, was there to be a witness against him; yet he continued mute; whereupon he was carried back to Horsham jail, to be pressed to death, if he would not plead—when they laid on him 100 weight, then added 100 more, and he still continued obstinate; they then added one 100 which made 300 lb. weight yet he would not speak; 50 lb. more was added, when he was nearly dead, having all the agonies of death upon him; then the executioner, who weighed about 16 or 17 stone, laid down upon the board which was over him, and adding to the weight, killed him in an instant.

Giving the Bag.—This is well known to be a cant phrase among the galls, equivalent to discharging a beau: A young gentleman went to make an evening visit to a young lady and upon entering the room found her laughing right merrily at something—of course he inquired the cause—she told him her mother had just been making a pillow case and sewed up both ends! Well, said the gentleman, it is a pity she han't sewed you up in it—yes, perly answered Miss, and then I suppose you would have wanted her to give you the bag.—*Bangor Whig*.

A Precious Family.—At a sitting of the Special Sessions yesterday, Margaret Mack and Anna Mack, mother and daughter, were tried for stealing, earrings, dress, quilt, red-cape shawl, &c., from Mrs. Ellen McGrath, found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary for ninety days each. The husband and father, and one daughter of this family, are now in the state prison, a son in the penitentiary, another son in prison for felony, awaiting his trial, and now the wife and another daughter are sent to the penitentiary, leaving only one child, a little girl of 7 to 8 years old, out of prison.—*Sun*.

Borrowing.—The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditor in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty, was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.

PRIVILEGES OF THE LADIES IN LEAP YEAR.—In an ancient Anglo-Saxon law, which still remains in force, it is enacted:

"Albeit as often as Leape Yeare doathe occurre, the women holdeth the prerogative over the menne, in matter of courtshippe, love, and matrimonie; soe that when the ladie proposeth, he shall receive her proposal in all good courteship."

A beggar asked Dr. Smollet for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which, Smollet return it to him, with another guinea, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "What a lodging Honesty has taken up with!"

A geranium at a window sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it—something analogous to clothing and comfort, says Leigh Hunt.

Brazilian Introduction.—The warmest manner in which one Brazilian can introduce another to a family is: "This is my friend, if he steal anything, I am accountable for it."

POPULAR TALES.

A P E L L E S,

A ROMANCE OF GREEK HISTORY.

"What can be the cause of this?" soliloquised the painter Apelles, as he sat alone one morning before his easel, on which appeared the half-finished semblance of a beautiful female countenance. "What, in Apollo's name can be the cause of this? Hath my right hand utterly lost its cunning, that I cannot complete this portrait? A full hour have I now been here, and yet my work stands precisely where it did yesterday. Nothing—nothing can I do but sit like an idle dreamer, and gaze on those lovely eyes? Campaspe has been most kind—most patient with me, tho' she might well have complained of my delay, after having sat here thrice a-day for so long a time. Oh had I but left those eyes—those glowing smiling eyes—to the last moment! I must dash them out yet.—There is no other way to break the strange charm they have cast upon me. Yea! they must be effaced." So speaking, the painter took his brush, dipped into his darkest colors, and raised his hand to effect his meditated purpose. For a minute he gazed on the basilisk-like orbs looking upon him from the canvass, and then, with the exclamation, "It would be sacrilege!" threw the brush aside, and began hastily to pace the floor of his painting-room.

For a time he walked with his arms folded, and his eyes cast on the ground. "Can it be possible," continued he, "that my heart has been so mad as to attach itself to the object of my sovereign's—of the generous Alexander's love. No, no, surely not; surely not. Besides, have I not sat face to face with the majestic Olympias—nay, have I not figured forth the lineaments of Venus herself, and in such manner that men have knelt before the portraiture, and confessed the visible presence of the immortal queen of love—have I not done this, and felt no harm—kept my head cool, my hand steady, and my heart at ease! And can a mere woman—a girl—have chained me, whom a divinity and a queen have failed to move! No, no, it is impossible—it is impossible! Gratitude to my master alone would have prevented it. Let me endeavor at once, then, to throw off this inexplicable fancy or rather phrensy, and proceed with my task." With these words he resumed his seat before his easel, still uttering, with a tone of determined conviction, the words, "It is impossible!" But the smiling, charming eyes again met his gaze, and again he sank back in his chair, still muttering "it is impossible" but in a fainter and fainter tone at each successive repetition.

"What is impossible, Apelles?" said a remarkably soft voice at his ear. The painter started from his reverie, and beheld the owner of the enchanting orbs standing behind him. "Campaspe!" said the confused artist; "I—I was—" "You were idling, Apelles, you would say, if you spoke the truth," replied the beautiful visitor; "look at the canvass; not one touch added since I was here yesterday! Why you most indolent of painters, what have you to say for yourself?" "I deserve your severest displeasure, Campaspe," said the painter, looking sadly on the ground. "Nay, Apelles. I meant not to chide or be angry with you," returned the lady, approaching him, and laying her hand upon his arm; "truth to say, Apelles, I care not although the portrait were never finished. Never were these poor features put on canvass before, and, somehow or other, I love to sit so well, that I run away from every thing to come here." The ardent look which the artist turned upon the speaker's ingenuous countenance at these words, caused a blush to rise upon her cheek, and her eye in turn to drop its gaze on the floor. "But come Apelles," continued she after a pause, "let us resume our sitting; Alexander hath ordered this painting, and his will—(a gentle sigh here interrupted her words)—must be obeyed." The name of the Macedonian struck a chill through the painter's frame, and served to recall him once more to his senses. He sat down at his easel, while the beautiful original of his half-completed sketch took her allotted seat by his side.

For a considerable period the artist retained his place, striving manfully to commit to the canvass the yet unportrayed lineaments of the lovely countenance before him. But by degrees he became agitated; his

hand trembled, and his eye grew dim. At length exclaiming, "No, no, it is vain—it is impossible!" he threw down his brush, and fell back in his seat, in a passion of tears. Campaspe sprang in an instant to his side. "Apelles, dear Apelles!" she cried soothingly, "you are ill—you are fevered; your hand and brow are burning hot; you have overtasked your frame by these midnight labors at the easel!" "No, Campaspe," exclaimed the painter, as losing all control over himself, he fell at her feet, and retained her hand in his own, "no, Campaspe! I am well in body, but I love—I adore you. In vain have I struggled against this passion, and but now, before your entry into this apartment, I declared it impossible that my heart should have fallen into this snare. Alas! I feel now that it is impossible for me to resist loving you—that it is impossible for me to pursue this task, unless it can be done without your being before my eyes!"—the poor painter let go the hand which he had held during this speech, and again threw himself into his seat, burying his face in his hands. Campaspe meanwhile stood motionless and speechless. "Campaspe!" said the painter, raising himself once more, "you are angry with me for this madness?" The beautiful girl sighed as she answered, "I am not angry, Apelles! Your words give me pain, but, alas! they also give me pleasure—more pleasure than pain." The painter again knelt before her. "You love me, then, Campaspe!" cried he passionately. "Alas! I fear it Apelles!" was the reply of Campaspe, as she averted her gaze from the kneeling artist.

"Vipers! ungrateful vipers! I shall have your bodies thrown to the dogs!" This terrible exclamation sounded in the ears of Apelles and Campaspe like the knell of doom. It was the voice of Alexander, who had entered the apartment unperceived by the pair, entranced as they were in their own emotions. His eye glaring like that of a tiger made cubless, his lofty brow contracted and discoloured with passion, and his whole features bearing the impress of the most violent rage, the young conqueror of Asia seemed to the unfortunate pair like one animated with the spirit of the avenging furies. "Begone from my sight!" continued Alexander, striding hurriedly up and down the chamber, and addressing himself to Apelles; begone! ere I am tempted to defile a monarch's hands by tearing thy wretched body in pieces!" The unfortunate painter knelt before his sovereign. "First let me say, sire, that the fault is mine! Spare Campaspe!" The trembling lady also sank on her knee, and cried, "Mine was the crime, Alexander! Let thy anger fall on me alone!" The monarch's wrath was ought but appeased. "Away from my sight, ingrate!" he again exclaimed to Apelles; "and, mark me, I swear by the head of Philip, that thy body shall feed the dogs, if thou art found within the walls of Halicarnassus—ay, on the same soil which I tread—after this day's sun goes down! Begone!" "Oh, fly, Apelles!" murmured the weeping Campaspe.

Within a few hours after this scene took place the miserable Apelles had left Halicarnassus, where the Macedonian king and court were then stationed. The city of Halicarnassus was situated on the sea-coast of one of the ancient provinces of Asia Minor. Within sight of the shore lay the island of Rhodes, and thither Apelles bent his course, reckless whether he went but led accidentally in this direction by finding a Rhodian fishing-boat about to sail homewards, across the strait dividing the island from the mainland. At first the exiled painter sat moodily in the stern of the little boat, heedless of all around him, and racked with fears for Campaspe, as well as grief for his separation from her. But by degrees his mind cleared up. He was young and hope is the inseparable attendant of youth. He remembered, besides, after his thoughts grew calmer, that the character of Alexander was too noble a one to render Campaspe's fate a cause of alarm. It was true that he himself was divided from her—for ever; but what chance had there ever been of his love being fortunate? "It was a dream at best," said the painter. He had spoken unconsciously aloud, and the old fisherman, who, with his son, was engaged in rowing the boat, exclaimed, "Dream, master! why, you don't dream with your eyes open, do you?" "Nay, good friend," replied Apelles, I was but communing when I said so with my own unhappy thoughts." "You are not like one," returned the fisherman, looking at the

painter's handsome attire, "to whom fortune has been very cruel, and no damsel, surely, can have been hard-hearted to a youth with so fair a form and face as yours. By Neptune, you might receive a mint of money were you to go and hire yourself as a model to our 'Protopogenes.' 'Protopogenes!' cried Apelles, 'what, the famous painter! Methought he was not in Rhodes at present but at the Olympic Games.'" "Nay, master," replied the fisherman, "true, he meant to have gone thither with his incomparable picture of Venus; but when he heard that Apelles—the painter of Cos, you know—had gone to attend on Alexander; and was not to be at the festival, Protopogenes said that 'no other painter, in Greece or all her isles, was worthy of contending with or going to see,' and so would not stir. It was well for Apelles, for no living painter could rival our Protopogenes." "Say you so!" was the reply to this remark; "I must see this unparalleled painter."

Accordingly, soon after his arrival at Rhodes, Apelles, whose griefs faded for the time before his interest in his art, sought out the house of the painter Protopogenes. The dwelling was a mean one, yet the visitor knew that the most illustrious artists were often compelled to live in penury. An old woman received Apelles. "My master is not at home, noble sir; he has gone out with some pious lords who came to borrow our Venus—you must have heard of our Venus, sir—for the great festival to-morrow. I warrant me, now, thou wouldst have thy sweet features pictured to please some love-lorn fair one. Our lady Venus make thee kind to her!" No bad portress this (thought Apelles) for a painter. "Nay, dame," said he aloud, "I would only at present see your master's work-room. Could you show it but for a moment to me?" "It is against rule," returned the old woman; "but bless thy comely face, I can refuse thee nothing. Ah! it was ever my weakness—from my youth upward!" With these words, the dame conducted Apelles to her master's painting-room, where finished and unfinished pieces of various descriptions rested against the walls. Apelles could not refrain from repeated exclamations of delight, as his skilful eye scanned the splendid coloring and execution of the paintings around. "Oh, could you but have seen our Venus!" cried the old woman. "Nay, good dame," replied Apelles, "I see enough to tell me I am in the workshop of a master." The gratified housekeeper, on seeing her visitor about to depart, said, "My master will be glad to see one who knows and loves the art. Will you give your name, sir?" Apelles looked around him for a moment, and then seizing a board and brush, placed the one on the easel, and at one stroke drew a circle, so perfect in outline that the patient labor of years could not have improved it. "Show this to Protopogenes," said he to the dame, "and tell him that thus the painters of Cos write their names!" He then departed.

The adoption of this way of introducing himself to his brother artist and rival in celebrity, was the dictation chiefly of a momentary fancy. Apelles waited till some time after the hour when Protopogenes was to return home, and then he again bent his steps to the Rhodian painter's dwelling, anxious at once to see him, and curious to know the impression made by his own fanciful mode of displaying the professional touch and character. The old housekeeper received Apelles with a look of great importance as well as respect. "Follow me, gentle stranger," said the dame, as she led the way to the painting-room, "There," continued she, pointing to the same board on which Apelles had drawn the circle, "there is a specimen, my master bade me say, of the style in which the painters of Rhodes write their names!" Apelles looked, and beheld his circle filled up with more beautiful colors than ever nature laid on the apple of the tree. "What tints! what light and shade!" exclaimed Apelles with rapture; "I can design—Protopogenes can paint!"

As Apelles uttered these words, a side-door opened, and a thin tall man of middle age, issued from it, bearing on his lofty brow and in his glowing eye the stamp of genius and enthusiasm. "Thou," cried this personage on entering, "thou art Apelles!" "And thou, Protopogenes!" was the reply. The two painters embraced each other warmly, and speedily plunged into an animated converse on the art they both loved so well. "To what chance," said Protopogenes at length, "do I owe this happy sight of one I have longed for years to see!" The question awoke Apelles rudely.

from the forgetfulness into which his professional enthusiasm had for a time immersed him. His countenance darkened, and this so visibly, that the Rhodian painter exclaimed, "Pardon me, my friend, if my abrupt question has given thee pain." "It hath pained me, Protogenes," replied the other, "but no fault rests with thee." Apelles then laid open the whole history of his unfortunate love, and its more unfortunate issue. The artist of Rhodes had no sooner heard of the ire of Alexander, than he struck his hands together, and cried in a tone of great distress, "Thou art lost, Apelles—utterly lost, unless thou canst immediately escape from Rhodes, or be closely concealed within its bounds! Before returning home even now, I witnessed the arrival of a Macedonian galley in the harbor. It came from Halicarnassus, and bore a party hither in search of a fugitive; I heard the description—alas! it was thine, Apelles! Come, my brother, thou must be concealed instantly!" Apelles stirred not, but raised his hand to his brow, and remained in thought for a moment. "Come, come!" cried Protogenes. "we must not delay, for assuredly they will soon seek thee here." "No, my friend," replied Apelles calmly, "I will not fly, nor will I stoop to hide me even from the lion's wrath. If Alexander seeks me, he shall find me. Never will I fly, and leave Campaspe to bear the punishment that should have fallen alone on me!" Protogenes wrung his hands. "I have loved thee long, Apelles, though my eyes beheld thee not, and I but love thee the more for these noble sentiments. If thou art taken before Alexander, I also will go, and it may be, will move him not to strike this blow at the arts of Greece—of his country. Yea Apelles, I will share thy fate." "My generous brother," was all that Apelles could say in reply.

It was not long ere the resolves of Protogenes was put to the test. But a few minutes after this conversation had passed, a band of Macedonian soldiers entered the house of the Rhodian painter. Apelles was indeed the object of their search; and when they notified their orders to bring him to Halicarnassus, the painter only said, "I submit to the will of Alexander," and gave himself up to their charge. Protogenes besought and received permission to accompany his friend. Without delay, although the shades of evening had already fallen in, the party went on board the galley with their charge, and rapidly proceeded on their way across the strait. The moon was riding high in the heavens ere they landed, Apelles and Protogenes were then left temporarily under the guard of the soldiers, until the commander of the party went to learn the further orders of Alexander. He soon returned, and thus addressed the unfortunate painter. "Apelles, it gives me pain to say that the king hath commanded thee to be thrown into the deepest dungeon of the guard-house, there to await thy fate on the morrow." Protogenes, who was more moved by this stern command than the object of it, entreated so earnestly, that the commander of the party was prevailed upon to permit him to bear the prisoner company. "I may lose my head for it," said the reluctant captain, "but I honor thee for thy warmth of friendship, and will take the risk." The party then conducted the two painters to the guard-house, and lodged them in a vaulted cell, dark, damp, and miserable in the extreme. Here the friends passed the night.

Alexander the Great sat in his chamber of audience surrounded by his courtiers, on the morning succeeding the day that had proved so lamentably eventful to Apelles. The king's looks were thoughtful and gloomy and the aspect of his courtiers was not less so, partly because they followed the old use and wont of dressing their faces by that of their sovereign, and partly because they loved Apelles (whose flight and capture, though not his crime, were known,) and feared for his fate. "Why comes not the prisoner, Clitus?" said Alexander, suddenly breaking the long silence that had been preserved. "My lord, the guard-house is at some distance. But I delivered your commands, and he will be here anon." Silence again followed the reply of Clitus, and nothing occurred to disturb it until Apelles was led into the hall. The unfortunate painter retained his eyes fixed on the ground as he moved towards the footstool of the throne on which the king sat. When at the distance of a few feet, Apelles knelt down, without raising his eyes. Protogenes followed his example, but at a short distance behind him,---

Without noticing the presence of the prisoner's companion, Alexander turned to his courtiers, and said, in a low but stern tone. "What deserves the man who has stolen the affections of one whom he knew to be the object of his king and master's love?" The courtiers were silent, until the king repeated with vehemence, "Say, what doth such a man deserve?" "Death!" was the reply that passed from lip to lip. "You have spoken well," said the king, "and as I expected from you. The man is now before you, and has heard the doom you have pronounced." Protogenes could bear this scene no longer; he started forward, and exclaimed, "Royal Alexander! do not, for an involuntary error, take away the crown and glory of Grecian art, Apelles—" "Who art thou?" interrupted the monarch. "I, great king, am Protogenes, a painter of Rhodes." "I have heard of thee," replied Alexander; "thou too speakest well. But it is vain to intercede for this man. His doom is fixed! It is right, however, that the partner of his crime should share that doom. Clitus, bring hither Campaspe!" Apelles had not opened his lips to pray for himself, but he now exclaimed, in accents of agony, "Oh, royal, noble sovereign, spare her! She is innocent!" "Silence, one and all!" was the king's reply. In a few moments, Campaspe was led into the hall by Clitus. The king left his throne, and advanced to meet her. The lady sank at his feet. "Mark the doom, all of you," cried the king in a loud and clear voice, "which I pronounce upon these two unfortunates. Let them for daring to love each other, be instantly bound—together for life! And be the bonds," he continued, with a smile, "the golden ones, which Hymen forges!"

Snatched thus unexpectedly from the brink of the grave, as it were, Apelles and Campaspe were in an instant pouring forth broken expressions of gratitude before the feet of their sovereign; while, at the same time, all the courtiers, who had but the instant before devoted the pair to death, were crying out, "Generous, mageanimous monarch!" "Nay," said the hero of Macedon, "if Alexander cannot control himself, how shall he presume to govern and command others? And yet, believe me, the concession is not without its merit, since the struggle to accomplish it was a more arduous one than any the conquest of Asia shall ever cost to the king of Macedon. But it was short, and is over. Take her, Apelles," continued Alexander, joining the hands of the painter and Campaspe, "and learn that thou servest a master who loves his friends more than himself."

THE GATHERER.

AN IMPRESSIVE INCIDENT.

Within his house in a great arm chair before the fire sat an old grey headed man ripe for the grave. 'Twas winter, and the cold wind whistled among the leafless branches of the trees, and the snow and sleet rattled against the windows. The old man chuckled, for he was warm and comfortable, and the biting blast touched him not. He said, "I have enough—I am rich—so blow ye winds, and drift ye snows, I am safe." A servant entered and said: "Sir, a woman is at the door trembling in the cold—has no where to sleep—no home to go to. She begs for a corner of your kitchen to pass the night in." "Away, I've no room for thieving beggars—there is a tavern close by; tell her to go there." "She says she has no money, and begs you to give her enough to buy a meal and lodging." "Begone! drive her off. What I've got's my own, and I'll keep it too. I've got none to squander on worthless meddants."

The next morning the old man stepped out into the porch, and there upon one of the benches, sat the poor beggar woman. His rage was kindled.

"Did I not tell you I have nothing for you, impudence! Come, come, tramp! Leave my house I say, d'ye hear?" She heard him not. She was dead! The old man smote his breast and entered his house. He never left it again, for he also died miserable, though rich.

A man is supposed to be tolerably well occupied when he has a wife on one arm, a baby on the other, carrying a basket and a cane in his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and his hopeful heir holding on to the skirt of his coat.

THE TAR AND THE WHALE.

The following curious anecdote, told me by the captain of a whale ship which was at Valparaiso, shows us of what unshaken fortitude the hardy sons of Neptune are possessed, and what indifference they evince under the greatest misfortunes.

"One morning," says he, "as we were cruising about in search of whales, we espied a fine looking one, and at no great distance from us. We immediately manned four boats, and soon came up with this monster of the deep, which proved to be a whale of the sperm kind. We attacked him, and in return for the death wound which we inflicted, he, as is frequently the case with these ferocious animals, stove one of the boats. In the confusion which ensued, one poor fellow unluckily came within reach of the whale, who, although in the agonies of death, made a shift to draw one of his legs into his mouth. The thigh was pierced by one of his tusks, and consequently broken. Luckily for the sailor, however, the whale began to gasp, which afforded him an opportunity to escape from the jaws of immediate death. On being carried to the ship, it was found necessary to amputate the leg above the joint, which operation was borne with the greatest equanimity. Shortly after," continued the captain, "I asked him what were his feelings when he was in the whale's mouth; 'why,' (says he,) 'I thought he might furnish sixty barrels of pretty good oil.'"

THE FIRST DUEL IN ENGLAND.

The first duel in New England, was fought with sword and dagger, between two servants. Neither of them was killed, but both were wounded. For this disgraceful offence they were formally tried before the whole company, (the first settlers,) and sentenced to have their "hands and feet tied together, and so to be twenty-four hours, without meat or drink." Such, however, was the painfulness of their situation, and their piteous entreaties to be released, that upon promise of their good behavior in future, they were soon released by the governor. "Such was the origin," says Mr. Morse, "and such, I may almost venture to say, was the termination of the odious practice of duelling in New England, for there have been very few duels fought there since."

A GENUINE ONE.

A lady in this city perceiving her maid, a raw Irish girl, who had arrived only a few weeks before from her own swate land, throwing the end of a rope into the cistern and moving to and fro, went into the yard to inquire the cause, and found that she had lost the pail and was trying to recover it. The lady told her to take the cistern pole and she would soon get it. "Och, madame," said she, "I know better nor all that sure, for on me passage from me own country, Pat Dougherty fell overboard, and sure they did nothing at all, but jist threw the end of a rope to him, and he took a hold directly, and jump't aboard again."

DEATH.

The Prince de Ligne finely remarks, that to paint Death as we generally do, is a great injustice. We should represent death in the shape of a venerable, mild, and serene matron, with traces of beauty in her countenance, and arms gracefully expanded to receive us. This is the emblem of an eternal repose after a melancholly life harrassed by anxieties and storms.

A PUFF DIRECT.

An itinerant pedlar wishing to recommended his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made by the light of a diamond, in the famous province of Andalusia. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your head at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved when you wake in the morning."

A person speaking with indifference of Byron's poetry, a gentleman who heard him, said, "Aye, that is a man now, who could see nothing in St. Paul's dome but a large tumbler turned upside down."

GLASS IN GRASS.

One of Mr. Coate's children accidentally discovered that two bonnet canes rubbed together produced a faint light. The novelty of this phenomenon induced me to examine it, and I found that two canes, on collision, produced sparks of light as brilliant as those from the flint and steel. On examining the epidermis, I found, when it was taken off, that the canes no longer gave light on collision. The epidermis, subjected to chemical analysis had all the properties of silex. The similar appearances of the epidermis of reeds, corn and grasses, induced me to suppose that they likewise contained silex. By burning them carefully, and analysing their ashes, I found that they contained it in rather larger proportions than the canes. The corn and grasses contain sufficient potash to form glass with their flint. A very pretty experiment may be made on these plants with the blow-pipe: if you take a straw of wheat, barley, or hay, and burn it, beginning at the top, and heating the ashes with the blue flame, you will obtain a perfect globe of hard glass fit for microscopic experiments.

Double Letters.—A pretty little maid of Erin presented herself at the grate of the Post Office the other day, and handing in a letter, modestly asked how much was to pay, as, she said, the letter was to her mother, and she wished to pay in advance. The clerk asked the usual question, 'single or double?' when she replied, with the most bewitching *naivete*, at the same time blushing up to the eyes, "double, sir—I was married last week."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 28.—the first six months, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions of the next volume.

THE LATE OBSEQUIES.—The papers from all sections of the Union, are adorned with the customary emblems of grief, and their columns continue filled with the details of the last melancholy rites in honor and veneration of the illustrious dead. The universal and absorbing sorrow, which the demise of President Harrison has elicited, does honor to human nature. It will elevate our National character abroad, and exhibit our Republic in a new guise. What a sublime spectacle it presents to the world, a vast nation who are proverbial for the bitterness of their party strife, merging all political considerations in one sincere and deep demonstration of sorrow.

In many places eulogies were delivered, and odes sung, which were written for the mournful occasion, all of which should be collected and carefully preserved for future reference. Our circumscribed limits debar us from even a recapitulation of the funeral honors, if it were necessary, which it is not, as every feature of it is indelibly impressed on the memory of the American people.

THE 24TH OF JUNE.—We understand that Evening Star Lodge, of West Troy, will celebrate the natal day of our Patron Saint, in a suitable manner, on the ensuing 24th. All Brethren in standing, are invited to participate in the festivities incidental to the occasion.

While noticing this subject, we cannot but express the hope that this day will be generally observed throughout the land by the brethren. We think, that the time has arrived, to revive this ancient custom.—A masonic celebration, in almost every place, if judiciously arranged, would be attended with happy results. Will our "well informed brethren," turn the matter over in their minds.

PREMIUMS FOR MASONIC ESSAYS.—In another column, our Masonic friends will observe an advertisement for Masonic matter. It was our intention to have extended the premiums to a prize tale, and also to a poem. But the mortifying delinquency of a large number of "Patrons,"—who have not paid us a farthing since our commencement, deprives us of the means of carrying out our intentions. We would feel particularly obliged to our Agents, and others, if they will induce the press in their immediate neighborhood to copy the advertisement. We are anxious to give it all the publicity possible: and our Agents, who have manifested so lively an interest in the welfare of the paper, will, we are sure, aid us all in their power.

A man named Thomas T. Rowe, has been mulcted in \$1000 damages for seducing Rachel Schermerhorn, in Lockport.—*N. Y. Sun.*

[The said Thomas, has been one of our subscribers, and the last mail brought us a letter from the postmaster, stating that Tommy had absquatulated to parts unknown, leaving us minus some \$2. It is no wonder, therefore, that Thomas was given over to the buffetings of Satan. Great darkness of mind, usually follows the cheating of a printer.

REPORTER.—A proposition is before the Assembly, to abolish the present system of Legislative and Legal Reports. The office of State reporter has been a heavy burthen to the legal profession, as it is now constituted. The new proposition is to furnish the session laws and decisions of the Courts of Law and Equity at an advance of five per cent on the costs of compilation and publication. It appears to be an excellent proposition and should commend itself to the favourable consideration of the Legislature.

ORATORIO OF DAVID.—This great musical prodigy was performed at Dr. Sprague's Church, in this city on Tuesday evening for the first time. The attendances (we regret to say) were not so general as could have been desired or expected. It was admirably performed in all respects, and will be long remembered by those who heard it.

WAR.—The Press and Parliament of Great Britain are exceeding "wolfish about the head and shoulders;" they threaten the most dreadful retaliation in the event of the execution of McLeod. If the threatened war depends on that event, we opine, all parties will long chew the quid of peace. The bellowings of John Bull fail in provoking Jonathan from his propriety; he will pursue the even tenor of his way, regardless of all considerations save those of strict justice.

AMPHITHEATRE.—Elaborate preparations are being made to give Mr. Nichols, the proprietor of this establishment a complimentary benefit. Mr. N. with a munificence which was by many deemed prodigal constructed that place of amusement, and since its opening has conducted it on a scale of the most extended liberality. No expense or trouble has been spared in the production of attractions and novelties worthy of the attention of our citizens.

Mr. Nichols, unasked, has in all cases volunteered benefits, to many deserving charities, and has at all times, contributed liberally, to our different societies by the loan of horses, carriages &c. The public will in due time be advised of the arrangements, programme, &c.

At a meeting of the canal commissioners on the 12th inst., it was resolved to open the canals on the 24th of this month.

THE CHARTER ELECTION.—The quiet and harmonious manner in which the recent charter election passed off, is a new era in our city politics—the division of the five Wards into ten, makes the number of votes at each poll so small that the former throng and confusion are entirely obviated.

The Election in this city, has terminated in the choice of twelve Whig, and eight Democratic Aldermen. The Whig Mayor was elected by a majority of 8 votes.

In New York, we understand that Mr. Morris (democratic) is elected Mayor by about 1000, and that there is a majority of Democratic Aldermen.

President Tyler, has, by proclamation, recommended Friday, the fourteenth of May, as a day of Fasting and Prayer, in reference to the decease of General Harrison.

THE 1ST OF MAY.—Those of our subscribers intending to change their residences in the city of New York, are requested to give notice to our Agent, Mr. Wm. Boardman, 33 Jones-st.

Those changing residence in this city, will please inform the carrier.

NEW STEAM BOAT.—The South America, Capt. L. W. Brainard, made her first trip on Thursday last. The S. A. is connected with the People's Line, and she is said to be a perfect floating palace. The S. A. takes the place of the Rochester in the regular line, while the latter boat hauls off for new boilers.

Intelligence.

Coroner's Office—Culpable Negligence.—The Coroner on Saturday was called to the house of Henry B. Knapp, 504 Fourth-st. (N. Y.) to hold an inquest on the body of Elizabeth Knapp, a native of Connecticut, aged 29. The deceased and her sister Ann had gone on Thursday on a visit to some friends at Hoboken and neighborhood, and on Friday evening about 7 o'clock embarked on board the ferry boat plying between the latter place and the foot of Barclay street, on their return home. As they neared the bridge at the head of the dock, some person apparently somewhat intoxicated, removed the bar at the bow of the boat, and it being very dark, and there being no light on that end of the boat or on the bridge, the sisters Knapp supposed the boat was at the wharf, and stepping off fell into the water when the boat was 3 or 4 yards from the bridge. The boat was immediately backed, and a long bench and the bar of the boat were thrown over to the sinking females, both of whom laid hold of the latter, and were a short time upheld, when the deceased, becoming exhausted, said, 'I must go,' and instantly sunk and drowned. The other sister was happily supported by the cloak, and by the bar she held fast to until rescued by three or four gentlemen who came to her aid. The body of deceased was found between 11 and 12 o'clock on Friday night by grappling. The jury found that she was accidentally drowned, from on board one of the Barclay st. ferry boats, and that there was culpable negligence on the part of the proprietors, in not providing sufficient lights and hands at the bow of the boat.

We understand that orders have been received here for the completion and arming of Fort Ontario on the east side of the river. It is also stated that Fort Niagara is forthwith to be put in condition of defence.—*Oswego Com. Herald.*

Lee, Mass.—There are 12 paper mills in Lee that manufacture 1200 tons of stock annually, producing paper to the value of about \$300,000.

Large Crop.—The crop of Tobacco raised in Kentucky last year amounted to two and a half millions of dollars in value.

Intemperance, thou curse!—Died at the Orphan Asylum in Rochester, April 4th, Sarah Jane Davy, aged 1 years. The sufferings and death of this child afford another melancholy proof of the horrors of intemperance. She was born of an intemperate mother, from whom she received a series of abuses, until both body and mental faculties, were exceedingly impaired, and she left entirely prostrated—a mere wreck—akin to an idiot. After reposing several nights beside a drunken mother, on the cold ground, until her limbs were frozen, with no other covering than the canopy of heaven, she was rescued by the civil authorities, and taken to the Orphan Asylum, to receive from strangers that fostering care and tenderness, denied by maternal love. There for six months she struggled under her varied afflictions, until death brought a sweet release.—*Democrat.*

Sentence of Death.—Madison Johnson, a youth scarcely of age, convicted of murder at the Fall term of the Superior Court at Raleigh, has been sentenced to death. He is to be executed on Friday, the 30th inst.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We learn from the Keene Republican that the dwelling house of Mrs. Martha Wood, of Westmoreland, N. H., was destroyed by fire on the 3rd inst. and that Mrs W. perished in the flames. She was 84 years old.—*Boston Post.*

Prisons and Palaces.—Viscount Jocelyn who was in the N. Y. Bridewell in 1834, is about to marry Lord Palmerton's youngest daughter, Lady Fauny Cowper.

The N. O. Bulletin of the 30th ult. says, the steamboat Cinderella, on Sunday morning, struck a snag in Bayou Plaquemine, and sunk, and it was feared the boat at least would be a total loss.

Amistad Africans.—S. S. Jocelyn, Joshua Leavitt, and Lewis Tappan, the committee who have been charged with the legal defence of these people, make an earnest appeal to the people for money to enable them to support, educate and return them to their native land.

Cute Thieves.—A gentleman who resides at Covington Ky. being at Cincinnati, went to the river, and called for a ferry boat to take him across. Two men appeared in a skiff—he got in, and after arriving in the middle of the river, they turned down stream—rubbed him of his watch, money, &c., and landed him on the same side from which he started about five miles below.

JOHN TYLER, who is now President of the United States, is a widower. His son married a daughter of Thomas A. Cooper, the distinguished tragedian.—She is a grand-daughter to the late Major Fairlie, formerly of New York, an officer of the revolution, one of whose daughters was the wife of Mr. Cooper. Mrs. Tyler (formerly Miss Cooper) will preside as the lady of the White House. She is one of the most amiable and accomplished ladies in the country, and will do honor to the station to which she is elevated.

LIBEL.—The following libel is going round. Never entrust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sisters, and her sisters will tell her aunt Hannah, aunt Hannah will impart it as a profound secret, to every one of her female acquaintances.

Gen. Jackson in Pecuniary Distress.—The following paragraph from a late number of the Louisville Journal, will be read with pain:—"A few weeks ago, we saw a very long letter from Gen. Jackson to a gentleman, who had drawn on him for one hundred dollars. He acknowledged that the money was due; but stated that he was so miserably embarrassed by his security debts as to be utterly unable to raise the small sum necessary to meet the draft. He said he had some blooded stock which he was willing to give up to the drawer of the draft, but that \$100 in money was out of the question."

CASUALTY.—Jonathan B. Stuart, a merchant at Barton, in this State, was accidentally drowned in the Nanticoke dam on the 4th inst. He was a highly respected citizen, and was three years ago nominated for the state assembly, by the Whigs of Tioga Co.

Incidents during the Funeral Procession.—A woman who must have been nearly ninety years of age, and almost bent double, leaning on a staff, followed the procession through the entire route. She appeared deeply affected, and in reply to a gentleman who made the inquiry, she said that had known and nursed Gen. Harrison when he was an infant and never thought to have lived to witness his funeral.

General Morgan Lewis, who acted as one of the pall bearers, has served in that capacity in the funeral solemnities of three Presidents.

New Pills.—A Yankee is making his fortune in the valley of the Mississippi by selling purely vegetable pills for the cure of fever and ague, and other diseases. The pills are Peas, soaked in a solution of liquorice!

Airful!—A philanthropist, by way of illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life in an American prison, only fifteen survived it.

Seasonable Indulgence.—In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it is stated, that "if master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents he shall no more be put upon by his sister, and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea."

Bonaparte's Economy.—Napoleon, in the zenith of his glory, had his stockings darned, and even grafted. We have in our possession his tailor's and bootmaker's bills: there are charges for new cuffs and collars, and for soleing and heeling his boots.

Married.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hodge Mr. Christopher Warner, of Berne, to Miss Margaret Gould, of this city.

In Lansingburgh, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. H. Townsend, Mr. Leander Wilmarth, of Troy, to Miss Louisa S. Van Buskirk of the former place.

In the village of Fort Plain, on Sunday morning, 11th instant, by the Rev. A. B. Crocker, Mr. William L. Fish, Printer, to Miss Eliza Ann Dow, all of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst., Lydia Viessher, relict of Matthew Visser, in the 88th year of his age.

Yesterday, at the residence of his father, in Bethlehem Yates Osburn, aged 18 years.

At his residence at Lishas Kill, in the town Water-vliet, on the 14th inst., Dr. John G. Van Zandt, in the 79th year of his age.

At Havana, Cuba, about the 20th of February last, of consumption, Chauncey Baker of Sacket's Harbor, aged 42 years. Col. Baker held the office of Sheriff of Jefferson co., three years and at the time of his death was cashier of the Sacket's Harbor Bank.

At half past 7 o'clock this morning, Mrs. Mary Ann Wright, wife of Dr. John Wright, of Troy.

On the 14th inst., John Tunnecliff, of Warren, Herkimer county, aged 63 years.

On Saturday, 10th inst. at his residence at Achuetuc, (the Indian name of that beautiful groupe of low-land farms) in Coemans, Dr. Jesse Smith, in the 62d year of his age. Dr. Smith has been practising physician in this town for nearly forty years.

Died, in Bethlehem on the 4th inst. Mrs. Susanah, wife of Mr. Francis A. Winne, aged 52 years, 2 months and 22 days.

At Pittsburgh, on Wednesday, April 7th, Hon. Trevanion R. Dallas, one of the Judges of the district court of Allegheny co.

In New-York on Monday morning, after a short illness, Francis, wife of William Fulton, in the 29th year of her age. On Thursday, after a short illness, J. Scoettal, aged 53 years, late from Strasbourg, France a Sergeant of the Old Napoleon Guard, who fought

in the Spanish and Russian campaign, &c. &c. After a lingering illness, Miss Mary Ann Howe, widow of the late Dr. J. J. Howe. On Monday, the 12th inst., of a lingering illness, Ezekiel Moore, aged 82 years. On Monday morning, Richard Grant, in the 66th year of his age. At Westfarms, 12th, of a cancer, Mrs. Buphemia Warner, wife of Aaron Warner, of Youkers, aged 67 years.

On Tuesday morning, April 13th, of inflammation of the lungs, Mr. Edward Crouch, in the 37th year of his age. On Saturday morning, 10th inst., at Bergen Point, N. J., Waters F. Morse, of consumption, which he bore with christian fortitude, in the 25th year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, April 13th, of inflammation of the lungs Mr. Edward Crouch, in the 37th year of his age.

Yesterday morning, April 14th, after a long illness, Madame Rignad, aged 27.

On the 14th inst. after a short illness of one week of bilious pleurisy, Mr. Peter A. Pratt, Printer, son of Mr. Luther Pratt, aged 25 years and ten months.

Sunday morning, April 13th, James Cochran, son of the late John Cochran; aged 21 years 7 months 13 days.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Baillie, in the 89th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Eliza Dickson, aged 36 years.

On Monday, 12th inst. of a short illness, Abram Van Winkle, in the 33d year of his age:

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) April 17,

To commence with horsemanship, by Little Walt. Mr Madigan, in a dashing act. Song by Mrs. Hood. Mrs. Asten, the celebrated female equestrian, will appear as Flora on her fleet charger.

To conclude with the grand Eastern melo-drama of the CATARACT OF THE GANGES.

Mokarro (Grand Bramin)	Mr. Jackson
Col. Mordaunt	Hardy
Iran	H. Nichols
Jack Robinson	Hall
Mokarjee	Knapp
Akbar	Fa-lin
Jam Sahab	Sharpe
Zan-lue	Mrs. Preston
Utra	Nichols
Matali	Wilkes
Princess Dessa	Miss Devine

For particulars see small bills.

Doors open at 7, performance to commence at half past 7. Admittance—Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS**, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the **FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT**; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jans streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT.

O talk not to me of the beauties of spring,
Or the pleasing enjoyments of summer's gay hours,
Of the warbling of birds, as they joyously sing, [ers:
On the leaf-covered branches of nature's green bow-
Of evening's soft twilight—of bright rosy morn,
As it comes in its glory o'er valley and hill,
Or of nature's green mantle that carpets the lawn,
Or the sweet gentle sound of the murmuring rill.

Sad, lone, and forsaken, an outcast on earth,
Far from the lov'd scenes of my childhood I roam,
An exile, I am from the land of my birth,
Bereft of friends, kindred, and dearly love'd home;
No more shall the accents of love in my ear,
To my care troubled breast, consolation impart,
Nor shall the lov'd voices of those I held dear,
Send comfort and peace to my sad, broken heart.
Albany, April 12th. 1841. C.

From the Philadelphia Saturday-Courier.

TO REDELIA.

BY PAYNE KENTON KILBOURN.

I have sung of wit and beauty,
Glowing cheeks, and glossy curls—
'Tis a poet's pride and duty
To immortalise the girls!
But my harp too long hath slumbered
To repeat such sounds again—
All its gayest notes are numbered,
I must wake a graver strain.

May the bower of bliss be over
Her for whom my harp is strung—
Oh, what dreams of glory hover
Round the beautiful and young!
Fair Redelia! Heaven smiles o'er thee,
Thou art in thy spring time now—
The bright summer is before thee,
Deck'd with roses for thy brow!

Youthful beauty round thee lingers,
But its transient hues will fly;
Time and age with frosty fingers
Touch its blossoms, and they die!
Yet rejoice, while hope is keeping
Watch upon her emerald throne—
Ere thy cheek is pale with weeping,
Ere the birds of love have flown!

Round the bloom life's richest flower,
Seek them while they may be sought;
Build thy castles and thy towers,
Treasure up each happy thought,
When in distant years thou turnest
To survey the glorious past,
Many a star which now thou spurnest,
Will a hallowed radiance cast.

Though the light of love be glowing
On thy spirit's inmost shrine,
To some kindred heart bestowing
Bliss and rapture half divine;
Yet to me its glory seemeth
Like some pure and distant star—
Fixed and brightly though it beameth,
I must worship from afar!

Glorious sights enwrap thy vision,
Voyager on the fleeting hours!
Far in fancy's bright Elysian
Wave its ever-blooming bowers!
Thou art gay and joyous-hearted,
But my sweetest dreams are o'er,
Time is flying—we have parted,
And perchance to meet no more!

Then, with swift and gentle motion,
Down life's summer stream will glide;
I, upon the world's great ocean,
Warring with the wind and tide.

Yet, whate'er our lot or station,
Wheresoe'er our barks are driven,
May the pole-star of Salvation
Guide us to the port of Heaven!

Wilmington, Del.

I HEAR THY VOICE, O SPRING!

I hear thy voice, O Spring!
Its flute-like tones are floating through the air,
Winning my soul with their wild ravishing,
From earth's heart-wearying care.

Divinely sweet thy song—
But yet, methinks, as near the groves I pass,
Low sighs on viewless things are borne along,
Tears gem the springing grass.

For where are they, the young,
The loved, the beautiful, who when thy voice,
A year ago, along these valleys rung,
Did hear thee, and rejoice!

Thou seek'st for them in vain—
No more they'll greet thee in thy joyous round;
Calmly they sleep beneath the murmuring main,
Or moulder in the ground.

Yet peace, my heart, be still!
Look upward to yon azure sky, and know
To heaven lies music now their bosoms thrill,
Where balmy breezes blow.

For then hath bloomed a Spring,
Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,
Whose music is the song the seraphs sing,
Whose light the smile of God!

THE MASON,

When life becomes a scene of woe,
Of pain and poverty;
When sighing man is doomed to know
Too much of misery;
Who then will seek his humble door
And smooth his nightly bed?
Ah, who will pity then the poor,
When all his friends have fled?

The Mason.

When he is doomed to death, nor knows
His wife and children's fears,
Who then will soothe the widow's woes
And dry the orphan's tears?
Ah, who will then a father be,
To those in deep distress—
Extend the hand of charity,
And sorrow's sighs suppress?

The Mason.

If to the grave the mother fall
The victim of despair,
Who then the orphan boy will call,
His bounteous board to share?
Who will bind his bleeding heart—
His little hands extend—
And bid him breathe, with lips apart,
His thanks unto his friends?

The Mason.

And who will bend his little knees
Before his God on high—
Teach him to reverence Heaven's decrees,
And fit him for the sky?
Yea, teach him to shun paths of shame,
And honor virtues laws—
A patriot on the page of fame,
In his dear country's cause?

The Mason.

Yet man denies the garland green—
The blooming bay of praise;
But calls the Mason's motives mean,
And tho' convinced, inveighs,
Thus prejudice thro' time hath been
The scourge of Masonry.
Of all—the worst of I have seen,
Is mental tyranny.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Ten pie Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d Monday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st & 3d Thursday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st Wednesday.
Olive Branch	Bohany Gen.	2d Thursday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	1st Monday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	1st Saturday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month
Washington Council,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	"	2d Tuesday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st & 3d Monday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	4th Saturday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	Quarterly
Louisville Encampment	do	2d Monday
Council 8 & R Masters	do	4th Tuesday
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and moneys on its account.

Wm. Boardman 23 Jones st N. Y.	Isaac Cronie Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Coxsackie	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
Joel D. Smith Castleton	J H McMahon Memphis Tenn
James Teft Coxsack	James A Miller Mobile
Stephen T. Leggett Troy	G L Cope jr Savannah
S. D. Smith Lansingburgh	A C Davis Portsmouth Ohio
Joseph Blackburn Poughkeepsie	D M Sheffield Tallahassee
John S. Wood West Greenfield	A S Foster Columbus Miss
Ebenezer Mix Batavia	Jacob Nichols Wellsburg Va
Blanchard Powers Cowlesville	Richard S Dutton St Louis Mo
James Cavanaugh Watertown	H Coleman Liberty Mo
Myron L. Burrell Lockport	George Fisher Houston Tenn
C B Vary Port Jervis	O Hughes Erie Ky
E W Northrop Le Roy	Dr J A Whitstone Washington Dc
Samuel Graves Auburn	Lewis S Delaplain Wheeling Va
A P Foster Tuscaloosa, Alabama	Rev Peyton F Smith, Monticello
Charles Steingel Cincinnati, Ohio	H B Smith, Steubenville, Ohio
Wm D Johnson, Lagrange, Tenn.	Joseph Cable, Carrollton Ohio.

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Master and Royal Arch, splendidly engraved on satin, can be obtained on application to this office. Likewise, handsomely engraved Diplomas of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE.—PASSAGE \$1.—The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place on the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the convenience of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptability to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 6 o'clock P. M.
For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock.
mr. 12

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN.

Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their paper by mail, Two Dollars, if paid within 30 days after subscribing; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within 6 months, or Three Dollars, if not paid until the expiration of the year. No subscription received for less term, than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 34]

MASONIC.

GRAND LODGE OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS—FOR 5841.

M. W. A. Butler,	G. Master.
R. W. Alexander Russell,	D. G. Master,
W. John A. Greer,	S. G. Warden.
W. Barry Gillespie,	J. G. Warden.
M. R. Chauncey Richardson,	G. Chaplain.
W. Br. Henry Millard,	G. Sec'y.
" James Izod,	G. Treas.
" George K. Teudon,	S. G. Deacon.
" Parry W. Humphreys,	J. G. Deacon.
" Albert H. Lattimore,	G. Sword B.
" D. S. Kaupman,	G. Orators.
" James Riley,	G. Pursuivant.
" W. F. Grey,	G. Stewards.
" Jacob Mattassy,	G. Tyler.
" L. F. Marguerat,	
" Heman Ward,	

OFFICERS,

Of Morton Encampment, No. 4, held in the city of New York, elected on the 9th inst., for the ensuing year:

Ferdinand L. Wilsey, G. C. Jonathan Dodge, G. Thomas Pitts, C. G. Robert B. Folger, Prelate.—James Alcock, S. W. Joseph P. Pirsson, J. W. Sylvester Spencer, Recorder. John V. Greenfield, Treas. A. B. Haxton, Warden.

OFFICERS,

Of Lafayette Chapter, No. 11, held in Lagrange, Tennessee:

Robt. J. Yancey, H. P. Thomas B. Firth, K. Harrison Locke, S. Wm. D. Johnson, C. H. Hugh Robertson, P. S. M. H. Cabler, R. A. C. G. W. Adams, Sec'y. C. Stewart, Treasurer. Rev. Jeremiah Burns, Chaplain. D. C. Booth, S. B. Birge, Joseph Arbuckle, M. of V. J. P. M'Kee, Tyler.

OFFICERS,

Of Lagrange Lodge, No. 81, held in Lagrange, Tennessee:

Thomas B. Firth, W. M. D. C. Booth, S. W. Wm. D. Johnson, J. W. Robt. J. Yancey Sec'y. Joseph Arbuckle Treas. M. H. Cabler, S. D. S. B. Birge, J. D. J. P. M'Kee, Tyler.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

We have been favored with the recent proceedings of the Grand Lodge of this state, from which we make such extracts, as will be of interest:

Application having been made to the Rt. W. D. G. Master to lay the corner stone of a Methodist Church, at Brushville, Long-Island, the R. W. deputed the W. Alexander Copeland, of Naval Lodge, No. 69, as his representation on this occasion.

The customary ceremonies having been performed, the W. Joseph P. Pirsson pronounced an appropriate address, which was followed by prayer, and an address by the Rev. Mr. Chery, and the ceremonies were closed by prayer by the Rev. Br. Matthias, both of the M. E. Church.

The following petitions were received: for a warrant for a Lodge at Schodack, Rensselaer county; for the revival of the Masonic labors of Hamilton Lodge, at Palatine Bridge, Montgomery county; and for the revival of Montgomery Lodge, at Stillwater, Saratoga county, which were referred to the Grand Officers.

The commission from the M. W. Grand Master, constituting the W. Anton Daniel Pehmoller, P. M.

of the Lodge "Ferdinand zum Felsen," the representative of this Grand Lodge, in the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, was then read.

Extracts from the Minutes of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, Texas, and New Jersey, were then read by the Grand Secretary, all of them expressive of the determination of those Grand Lodges to sustain the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, in the exercise of the sole and supreme jurisdiction over the lodges in this State.

The Grand Secretary stated that he had been informed by several Brethren present, that reports had been circulated in this city, and in New-Jersey, that the permanent fund belonging to this Grand Lodge had been squandered or used for the private purposes of himself or some other officers of this Grand Lodge; that he considered it due not only to himself and the other Trustees of that fund, and the Grand Treasurer, but to the whole of the members of the Grand Lodge then assembled, that the utter falsehood of those reports should be made manifest upon the spot. The Grand Secretary therefore requested the Grand Treasurer, in whose custody the property of the Grand Lodge is placed by the Constitution, to produce the Scrip of the Bank Stock belonging to the Grand Lodge. The Grand Treasurer then produced the inventory of property transferred to him by his predecessor in 1835, and the Bank certificates of the stock standing in the name of the Trustees of the Grand Lodge, in the Mechanics', Greenwich, and Butchers' and Drovers' Banks, amounting to \$9775, at par value, as reported by him in June, 1837, and published in the extracts of proceedings of that year, being an increase of \$250 on the amount owned by the Grand Lodge, as reported by the Grand Treasurer in June 1833. The Brethren present were invited by the Grand Master to examine the scrip if they thought proper.

The Grand Secretary asked permission to present the prospectus of a work which he contemplated publishing, under the title of the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and history of the Masonic Institution in the United States.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge highly approve of the proposed work of the Rt. W. Grand Secretary, entitled the Portrait Gallery of eminent American Freemasons, and recommend it to the patronage of the Fraternity.

The D. G. Master called the attention of the G. Lodge to the report from the Grand Stewards Lodge on the state of the finances; whereupon it was Resolved,—

That the Grand Secretary notify the Lodges in arrears for dues to the Grand Lodge, that the funds of the Grand Lodge are in an embarrassed condition, and call upon all the said Lodges to remit or pay to the Grand Secretary, the amount of their indebtedness without delay.

The Grand Secretary reported that on the 5th of June, a warrant had been issued to constitute a Lodge at Mixville, in the county of Alleghany, by the name of Mixville Lodge, which had been constituted by the W. Blanchard Powers, on the 7th of October last; that the Lodge held no election since, and they supposed the officers hold over. This principle having been repudiated by the Grand Lodge in other cases, cannot be allowed in this, and as this case is attended with an extra difficulty, the Master and Senior Warden named in the warrant having refused to be installed, the G. S. considered it a proper case for the Grand Lodge, whereupon it was

Resolved, That the W. Blanchard Powers, G. V. in the county of Genesee, be instructed to hold an election for officers in Mixville Lodge at the earliest convenient time, and report to the Grand Lodge in June next.

The G. Secretary further reported that the Most W. Grand Master had issued a dispensation on the recommendation of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 3, to George S. Gibbons, M. John Owens, S. W. Thomas

Stewart, J. W. and others, to hold a Lodge at Albany, by the name of the Washington Lodge; returnable at annual meeting in June next, with their proceedings and by-laws, for the examination of the Grand Lodge.

The G. Secretary read a communication from the Grand Lodge of Georgia, on the adoption of the representative system, and requesting this G. Lodge to nominate some Br. to represent the G. Lodge of Geo. Whereupon the W. Joseph Pirsson, Master of Hibernia Lodge, No. 57, was nominated by the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Secretary informed the Grand Lodge that the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey, had appointed the W. Sylvester Spencer their representative, and that the W. Brother was now in waiting for reception. The G. Master requested the G. Secretary to introduce the W. Brother. The W. Brother Spencer being clothed in the peculiar costume of the G. Lodge of New Jersey, was conducted to the East, through the dense ranks of the fraternity assembled, who remained standing through the ceremony of reception. The G. Secretary addressed the Grand Master as follows:—

Rt. Worshipful Brother,

I have the honor to present our worthy and Worshipful Brother, Sylvester Spencer, Past Master of Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, who at the annual communication of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of New-Jersey, in November last, was appointed to represent that body in this Grand Lodge, of which official information has been received. I am confident this appointment will prove highly satisfactory to the members of both Grand Lodges, as his appointment and reception, as well as the appointment and reception of the W. Brother Kerwood, our representative in the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, affords the surest evidence that the two Grand Lodges are determined to stand, not only geographically but masonically side by side, in support of each other's integrity, honor, and independence.

The G. Master then greeted the Representative of New-Jersey in the following words:—

W. Bro. Spencer,

The firm and decided stand which the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of New Jersey has taken in support of the rights and honor of this Grand Lodge, has secured our warmest welcome to their Representative.—Between two masonic governments, so contiguous as those of New Jersey and New-York, the utmost harmony and friendship ought to be cultivated and cherished, as well for the honor and repose of our noble Institution, as for the prosperity and happiness of the Fraternity under the jurisdiction of each. Whatever occurs within the Territory of either Grand Body for good or for ill, must affect the other equally. A common interest, therefore would seem to require a more intimate correspondence than has hitherto existed, and I fervently hope that the measures which have been adopted, may secure the union of both Grand Lodges in friendship and brotherly love. I present the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, to the Representative of the Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey.

To which the W. Bro. Spencer made the following reply.

Rt. W. Grand Master,

The right hand of fellowship so feelingly tendered, I most gratefully receive as a symbol of the masonic governments which we respectively represent. The allusions you have been pleased to make relative to the course taken by the Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey, through the trying seasons of rebellion with which this Grand Lodge has had to contend, call on me to return you my sincere thanks on their behalf, and to express the feelings of pleasure which animate my breast, at the proud position of this G. Lodge, in having maintained a stand which has proved so signally triumphant, and which has elicited not only the ap-

proval, but the admiration of the Grand Body, as the Representative of which, I now address you.

I shall deem it a pleasing duty at all times, to be the medium of communication between the two Grand Bodies, and beg leave Rt. W. in behalf of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-Jersey, to wish you a long career of undisturbed repose, and to pledge you the aid and co-operation of my constituents in all the trials whether present or to come, so long as you pursue the same firm and incorruptible course that has heretofore marked your career.

The Representative of the Grand Lodge of N. Jersey was then seated in the East, in front of the Grand Officers.

MEDICAL.

[Such in our estimation is the importance of a well conducted and thorough system of medical education to the welfare, safety and happiness of community, that we most cheerfully give place to the following suggestions, (from as we suppose an industrious and successful physician) to raise the standard and increase the amount of knowledge and experience among the votaries of this highly responsible profession.

It is in our humble opinion the only antidote to the bare-faced and disgusting empiricism that now stalks abroad at noon-day, and sets at defiance all laws, reason, and common decency, and at once robs the credulous and unsuspecting of health, property, and often life itself.

In these days of general improvement, the titled Physician clothed with a Diploma, must possess more general knowledge, professional experience, and a higher sense of honor than the itinerant quack, otherwise the one cannot be held in higher estimation than the other, by an educated and enlightened community.]

From the Evening Journal.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

Among all the professions in which a prescribed course of education is required, either by the laws of the country or by established custom, none is more important to the welfare of community than that of Medicine. And at the same time in proportion to its importance to the preservation of health and life, none it is believed, is more frequently neglected and imperfectly attended to than this all-important occupation, upon which the welfare and happiness of community so much depends.

As I have observed during the winter that there are before the Legislature a number of applications for aid to the Medical Institutions of the State, it has occurred to me that now is a favorable time to require from these Institutions a higher standard and improved system of education in this important profession, as a condition upon which the bounty of the State can alone be bestowed.

It is a subject of every day's observation to those in the slightest degree acquainted with the condition of the profession, that at least double the number are now educated, or rather in part educated, than can under ordinary circumstances find employment as physicians and surgeons.

Hence it would seem that encouragement is by no means needed merely to increase the number, but it would be a highly commendable and laudable object either for public or private enterprise, to elevate the standard and increase the amount of knowledge in the profession.

To this all-important object I most sincerely hope the State authorities will especially direct their guardian care and attention; and when proper, appropriate the necessary endowments to our Medical Schools and more especially our Hospitals and Infirmaries, an attendance upon which should always be considered indispensable to the completion of a medical education.

Now, for the purpose of raising the standard, especially of preparatory as well as medical studies I would respectfully submit the following plan, viz:—

Unless the candidate for this highly responsible and important profession be a graduate of some of our

Colleges, let him be required to undergo an examination before some competent Board entirely disconnected with the Medical Schools, or interested directly with Medical Education, upon his literary and scientific qualifications. If he should sustain such an examination as would generally entitle him to enter the junior classes of our Colleges, or an amount of knowledge in reference to his intended profession that should be deemed an equivalent, give him a certificate of his proficiency thus far, which should entitle him to admission to the Medical College, or to commence the study of medicine under private instruction.

Continue this medical course of instruction three years—during which time two courses of lectures in some of our medical colleges should be attended—then if he sustains an examination before a medical board appointed by the Regents of the University, entirely independent of the medical colleges, grant him a license which will entitle him to practice medicine and surgery in this State.

Then let him continue his practice in connection with his studies for two years longer, six months of which time must be in connection, with some established hospital, and then submit himself to examination for the degree of M. D. If he sustains this examination, which should be principally upon the practical departments of the profession, grant him its highest academical honors as a reward in the first place for the acquisition of general as well as medical science; but more especially for his successful application of this invaluable knowledge to the prevention and cure of diseases.

The advantages of this course over the one now generally pursued are so manifestly superior as to seem to require no comments. The preparatory course of studies which is now so often neglected, or very imperfectly pursued, is absolutely indispensable to acquire that degree of mental discipline without which it will be impossible for the student to pursue the complicated and intricate science of medicine with facility or chance of final success.

I am well aware that not so many students will commence the study, under the restrictions I propose; but then the number will be sufficient—as many as can find employment with an adequate compensation for the arduous and responsible services which the well-educated physician will be called upon to perform.

H. G.

THE HUMOURIST.

From Bell's Life in London.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Sir—As I know many of your readers "love fun," in the hopes that I may contribute to the frolics of the day, and afford some useful hints to the admirers of practical jokes, I send you a short sketch of my own sport on the first of April:—

Got up early, and placed a large basin of cold water close to my wife's side of the bed, laid down on the hearth-rug, and screamed ten thousand murders. Poor Betsey seeing me, as she thought, in dreadful agony, jumped out to my assistance, when popping both her feet into the basin in her alarm, she overturned the unexpected bath, slipped on her back, and was completely soured. Scrambled up laughing, and ran out crying "April fool." Rushed up stairs, and calling the cook, told her her mistress was in a fit, and desired her to go to her assistance. Down ran cooky, in chemise, and rushing into the room, received the empty basin full in her face, intended as the "retort courteous" for me. Her nose was split, the basin broke, and I had to pay the doctor's bill, but then I had my joke. Went into the parlor, and seeing my brother's boots at the fire, dropped an egg in each.—Was delighted to see him crack them both, and draw out his feet covered with the yolk. Laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "April fool." Threw his boot at my head, but ducking, the iron heel smashed a pier-glass. "Who's the fool," cries Jem. Heated the handle of the poker, and told Molly to stir the fire. In ecstasies, at seeing her drop it with about four inches of the skin off her fingers. Unfortunately, it fell on a valuable china plate filled with toast—the former was broken and the latter spoiled, but then it was the first of April. Looked demure when my wife came to

breakfast. Said nothing, but thought it was d—d bad. Took another cup and complained, when Betsey consoled me by observing that it was the first of April, and she thought a little *jalap* would do me good.—Didn't relish such jokes. Heard an old Irish woman crying mackerel. Called her several times. Highly amused to see her turn round, and scream "coming." Twiggd me at last, and flung her pattern at the window to the detriment of two squares. Wrote a note to Alderman Gobble to dine with his friend Thompson, who I knew was in the country. Gobble took the bait, but unfortunately, finding Thompson abroad, he just "dropped in" upon me at dinner time, and nearly devoured a whole dish of smelts, which I had got as a treat for self and rib. Met Mrs. Williams. Asked if she had heard of her son's accident. "Good God! no," said she; in great alarm; "what is it?" "He has broke—" "Broke what? in the name of Heaven?" she shrieked with increasing alarm. "His walking stick," said I, and trotted on in a roar of laughter; but, not noticing where I was going, stepped into a milk-pail, to the great injury of my black silk stockings, as well as to the annoyance of the vender, who called me all the fools she could lay her tongue to.—Went into Baston's, called for a basin of soup; drank it, emptied the ink-bottles into the basin, and then asked the waiter how he could bring me such stuff. He begged pardon, and I left him to find out his mistake. Sent my son with a bottle to Apothecaries' Hall, for six-penny worth of pigeons' milk. Came back in half an hour, and said they had none made. "Where's the sixpence," said I, "I spent it in oranges," said the young rogue and had the grin of me.

Brushed into my neighbor's, and told him I was sure there was a fire in his house. Dreadfully alarmed, he ran into every room on the premises, but returned with an assurance that I was mistaken. Called him "April fool," and bid him look in the kitchen. Sent Molly to Spital-square to see a master silk-weaver roasted. Came back in a hurry, and said he was only "in a stew." Vexed with Alderman Gobble about the smelts. Asked him to take a glass of Madeira, and accidentally, on purpose, poured him out a glass of vinegar.—Burst into a snort of laughter to see his wry face. My own wife went the wrong way, and I was nearly choked. Filled a blind nut with cayenne pepper, and gave it my wife to crack. Had her a second time. I thought she would have spit out her eye teeth in getting rid of its effects. Knew my brother was going out to an evening party, and had soaped the soles of his shoes. Was delighted to hear him come hump down on his crupper, overhead. Went up to have my laugh, and found him crying with a sprained ankle. Run down to send for a doctor, but nobody would go, believing I only meant to make them "April fool." Went myself, and came all haste back with Dr. Bolus. Found a cat tied by the tail to the knocker, kicking up a precious clatter. Couldn't go near for fear of my eyes. At last, she worked the skin off her tail, and bolted.—Cook opened the door, all consternation. Scrambled up stairs to my brother's room, with Bolus at my heels, but he was not there. Came running down again; trod on some peas which my son Jack had placed to overturn the maids, was launched forward like a seventy-four, and rose majestically with all the skin off my back. Limped into the drawing-room, and found my brother had only been gamming. Made a virtue of necessity, and laughed with tears in my eyes, and pains in my bones. Not done yet. Sent cook to the linen-drawer's for two yards of ell wide pack-thread. Came back, and said, "they an't got none so narrow." Had another hearty laugh; but changed my tone on old dripping coming back, and saying she had left the door ajar while she was gone for the ell wide pack-thread, and some fool or other had walked off with my great coat, and Alderman Gobble's hat. No such fool either, thought I. Wanted to get rid of Gobble, and told Jack to tell Tom to get some one to come and say that his mother was dead. The news came, but Gobble took it very easy. "I know it," said he "for I was at her funeral when I was fourteen. No go," and he had the smile in his favor. Determined to be even with him, and after supper filled the kettle with gin, and put a bottle of the same on the table. Swore it was fine strong spirit, and tried in vain to weaken it with water from the kettle. Go blind drunk, played the devil with the Turkey carpet and I was obliged to send him home in a coach. Slipped alyly up stairs, while my wife was gone to see all right in the kitchen.

and made "apple pie" with the sheet by turning it up half way with the tail towards the head. Thought I should have died of laughing to see her getting in.—Called me an old booby, got out to make the bed again. Put out the candle, and got in myself, but found to my great dismay, that there were two sorts of bed-pies, for Betty had actually placed a large dish of hare-pies under the clothes, into which I jumped, but was very well content, in the end, to find it was nothing worse.

THE NATURALIST.

FIERY FLYING SERPENT.

In the early part of 1833, a native chief of Limbo Manis, in the vicinity of Padang, named Tam Basar, in company with another person, mentioned to Mrs. A. F. Vandenbergh and myself, that they had just before seen a serpent flying, and, as it was considered dangerous, had killed it. We smiled at them as romancing, but they affirmed positively that they had seen it fly, and offered to take us to it. We accordingly went and finding no appendage of the nature of wings, we again laughed at them, as attempting to impose on our credulity. They, however, continued positive that they had seen it fly, and explained the mode of flying, by saying it had power to render the under part of the belly concave, instead of convex as far as the ribs extended, whence it derived its support in the air, whilst its propulsion was produced by a motion of the body, similar to that of swimming in water. We, however, continued incredulous, and took no farther notice of the circumstance.

In January, 1834, I was walking with Mr. Rogers in a forest near the river Radang Bessie, about a mile from the spot where the above was killed, when stopping for a moment to admire an immense tree, covered as with a garment of creepers, I beheld a serpent fly from it, at the height of fifty or sixty feet above the ground, and alight upon another at the distance of forty or fifty fathoms. Its velocity was as rapid as a bird, its motion that of a serpent swimming through water; it had no appearance of wings. Its course was that of a direct line, with an inclination of ten or fifteen degrees to the horizon. It appeared to be three or four feet long. The one killed by the native chief was about the same length, was of slender proportions, dark colored back, light below, and was not characterised by any peculiarity which would make it remarkable to a stranger.

Thus was I convinced of the existence of flying serpents; and, on inquiry, I found some of the natives, accustomed to the forests, aware of the fact. Those acquainted with the serpent call it, "Ular rampay hari," or, "Ular apie," (the fiery serpent,) from the burning pain, and mortal effect of its bite. So that the fiery flying serpent of the Scriptures was not an imaginary creature, though it appears now extinct in the regions it formerly inhabited.

I have delayed the present notice, in hope of obtaining a specimen, which I could offer as a more convincing proof than my bare assertion, but further delay may possibly, with some, weaken even this testimony on a point which appears to have been long disputed, and which has not been credited by any of the Dutch gentlemen employed in collecting specimens of the natural history of these parts, to whom I have mentioned it. I learn from the natives, however, that this is not the only species that flies. There is one called "Ular Tadung," with a red head, and not exceeding two feet long, seen sometimes about cocoa-nut trees, whose bite is instantly mortal, and which has the power of flying or rather leaping a distance of twenty fathoms, for it is described as not having the waving motion through the air of the one I saw.

OTTY MOTTY.

An amusing anecdote is related of that great equestrian, Otty Motty. During his recent engagement in Philadelphia, the managers gave out that "any spectator who doubted the genuineness of the cannon balls which the daring performer cast up and received upon his neck, chest, and arms," might bring along one with him to the circus, and he would perform the feat with it. Accordingly, when the evening came, a sail of from the Navy Yard produced in the arena a large fifty pound shell, which the undaunted German unhes-

itatingly cast up at a height of fifteen feet, and received the immense globe of iron on its decent upon the nape of his neck, to the satisfaction of all. Motty, who felt somewhat hurt that his reputation should be thus put to the test, offered to charge the shell with powder, and suffer the sailor to light the fuze, alleging that he would perform the feat and extinguish the fire before the shell would explode. The audience, not considering themselves bomb-proof, objected to the experiment, and the intrepid horseman left the ring amid thunders of applause.

Motty is expected shortly in New York, to perform a short engagement at the Bowery Theatre. The most novel feature in his performance now is the introduction into this act of a living tiger, one of the largest and most beautiful in the country, which he has taught to run about the ring and stage in a variety of performances. The animal is perfectly tame and inoffensive.—N. Y. SUN.

CHARACTER.

TOL LOL PENNY.

Towards midnight, as the company began to drop off, I found myself seated almost alone in my corner, where I was in a manner fastened on by a rough span kind of character, in a rather shabby coat, with a purser's button, whose peculiar mode of speech had rendered him an object of my particular observation during the last hour. He knew every body, and every body seemed to know him. He had acquired the habit of adding 'Tol lol' to almost every sentence; but it was not so much the absurd words themselves that excited attention, as the very impressive and varied tone in which he uttered them which gave them so much force. He had a Tol lol of glee, another of surprise, another of sorrow; but his Tol lol of anger was really terrific. This man's name was Penny, a purser in the navy, known at every port in England by the cognomen of "Tol lol Penny." This curious character took post directly opposite to me, in the box in which I was taking my negus and a bit of bread and cheese; and without further introduction than having been in the same room together for nearly two hours, entered into familiar conversation with me, commencing with—'No intrusion I hope, tol lol?' None in the least, Sir. I regret that I have nothing before me to offer you to partake of; but if you will allow me to—' 'No! no! my young gentleman,' interrupted the purser, 'swig your own tittle; and poor stuff it is, I guess tol lol! Let every man crack nuts out of his own bag. Here, waiter, bring me a glass of grog; and, d'ye hear let it be double shotled, tol lol.' On the arrival of his grog, 'My service to you Sir,' said he, and gulped down half the magnum at a draught. I returned the compliment by drinking his good health in my bottom of negus, and called for another for the honor of the cloth. On asking him to eat a crust of bread and cheese—'What! cheese!' said he; 'cheese to a purser! Why you might as well offer physic to a doctor!—But dam'me! with submission, I will have some at with you in the grubbing way, too, for I like the cut of your mug, though it is a little coxcomical or so. Don't be angry!—tol lol! And then your handkerchief, bleached as white as the royal of a home-ward-bound Indian, swells like Sidney Yorke's of a frosty morning. * * * Waiter! walk a kidney three times around the fire, and bring it me with a shallot as hot as the first broadside; and d'ye hear, put a bit of butter not bigger than a bee's knee on the bilge of it; mind that!—tol lol! Your general, young'un, is an out and out good'un, they say; but dam'me! he has been hardly hit. That's his look out—tol lol!—' 'How?' said I. (with my curiosity strongly excited.) 'I know nothing of his affairs!' 'Bah!' said the purser, with an incredulous smile. 'Tell that to the marines! tol lol!'—'Upon my honor, Sir,' I replied, 'I really know nothing whatever of my general's affairs nor ever saw him before this morning. His character as a brave officer is sufficiently established; and of that alone I can speak.' 'Well, then, I can tell you,' eagerly interrupted the purser, 'that a finer or more generous-hearted fellow never breathed. But he has a wife—worse luck for him!—tol lol!' 'And what of her?' I anxiously inquired. 'Oh! nothing very uncommon now-a-days! only that they were not of the same—' 'Kidney, Sir!' said the waiter, as he laid the smoking relish before the purser, three revolutions of whose jaws served to demolish it.

Miscellany.

A GOOD BUSINESS, AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS.

We heard a story the other day which amused us not a little, and one we consider altogether too good to be lost. A few weeks since, a person of respectable exterior and gentlemanly deportment made his appearance in a little village not a thousand miles from New Haven, where the inhabitants are somewhat proverbial for keeping a closer eye to their neighbor's affairs than to their own. The stranger took lodgings at the village inn, and having no visible employment to perplex or disturb him, his time passed off, apparently quite agreeably to himself, but much to the disquiet of the neighborhood. Curiosity, that ever restless tormentor of the village, was all agog to learn the stranger's business and means of support, and many were the wise guesses and sage surmises as to both, until a pretty general consultation and thorough canvassing of the pros and cons, by the board of gossips, it was concluded that he had neither, and that he would eventually leave the landlord with an uncanceled score as a token of remembrance.

At length one of the most inveterate of the meddlers resolved in his own mind to broach the subject to the stranger, and thus by performing an act of kindness for his neighbor unsolicited—whose easy nature he was certain was being imposed upon—he would have an opportunity to satisfy himself as to the stranger's real character.

He accordingly introduced himself, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Well stranger, you've been in these here parts considerable time now, I reckon?"

The stranger nodded assent.

"Pretty dear travelling now; cost you a good deal to live at the taverns, I guess."

Another nod.

"Must have some business to pay it, pretty good business, eh?"

"Yes, sir, you are correct there; I have business—and it is good business—excellent business."

"Thought so. How much might it bring you a month?"

"Forty dollars, sir."

"Forty dollars a month! well, 'tis good business any how that pays you that. What is it, if I may be so bold?"

"Not bold at all, sir—I take pleasure in informing you. You must know, in the first place, I make twenty dollars a month simply by *minding my own business*, and again, I make twenty dollars by letting other people's alone!"

Our informant adds that the interrogator forgot to impart the result of his enquiries to his curious neighbors.

EXECUTION OF ROBINSON.—This inhuman monster paid the forfeit of his crimes yesterday in the yard of the jail at New Brunswick. At half-past 9 o'clock he was led forth from the jail dressed in a shroud and cap. The gallows was erected within a small enclosure which had been built in front of the prison. A guard of military was drawn up around the enclosure to preserve order and to keep off the immense crowd of people, who had assembled in hopes to see the execution.

The culprit mounted the platform with a firm step, and till the fatal noose was adjusted, manifested the same stoical indifference which has characterised him throughout since his arrest.

At a given signal the drop fell, and, owing to some inexplicable carelessness in adjusting the noose, the rope slipped over the head of the wretched victim of the law, and he fell to the ground, a distance of some four feet, apparently unhurt. He was raised up by the sheriff's officers, and as he rested upon his knees, he exclaimed, "Oh! Lord have mercy."

The noose was re-adjusted, and with fatal accuracy. All things being prepared—another fall of the drop, and all was over. The soul of Peter Robinson was in eternity. The body, after hanging over half an hour, was taken into the prison, and the gates of the enclosure were thrown open for the admission of the spectators, who after satisfying their curiosity, and proclamation being made by the Mayor, that nothing more was to be seen, the crowd of people dispersed, and all was again quiet.—*Courier*.

POPULAR TALES.

THE POOL OF THE DROWNED.

A STORY OF ANCIENT BAGDAD.

One evening, during the month of the Ramadan, the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, accompanied by his vizier, set out on a ramble throughout the city of Bagdad, according to his accustomed practice during many years of his glorious reign. The dress of both parties was of the plainest order, consisting of a yellow woollen turban, and a craftan of striped silk and cotton, with an outer robe of common cloth. By such means did Haroun trust to conceal his true character, till the fitting time came to reveal it, if it was his pleasure so to do. 'Giafar,' said the Caliph, as they left the palace, 'shall we again turn our steps to the Pool of the Drowned?' 'Commander of the Faithful,' answered the Barmecide, 'might thy slave dare to advise, we should not so often visit that melancholy scene. Why should the sounds and sights of woe be permitted to grieve the soul of the Prophet's vicar, into whose presence Allah designed happiness only to enter? Let us rather seek the bazaars—' 'Enough, Giafar,' interrupted the Caliph, 'thy words have determined me—but it is to go to the Pool. If sorrow does haunt the place, it becomes the Prophet's vicar also to be there, that he may, if possible, administer relief.—Thou knowest that once already hath he been able to do so.' As the Caliph spoke, he turned aside from the course which they had been pursuing during this conversation, and entered on a path which led directly to the side of the Tigris.

The Pool of the Drowned was a remarkably deep part of the river, situated below the more closely inhabited suburbs of Bagdad. The bank of the Tigris was here low and sloping, and covered with smooth and beautiful green turf. Opposite to the Pool, and divided from it only by this narrow grassy place, was a cemetery, containing many elegant marble monuments, the white cupolas of which were overhung by tall cypresses, which, waving in the breeze, sang a continual requiem for the dead below. The spot was altogether of a melancholy character, for the Pool had not received its common appellation without memorable cause. The place was retired, and more suicides had been perpetrated in the waters of the river, within sight of the numerous tombs of the cemetery, than might have sufficed to fill them with inhabitants. It was on this account that the Commander of the Faithful had latterly come thither more than once, having on one occasion accidentally met and saved a desperate man who was about to cast himself into the depths of the river, there to end his life and woes. Gloomy as the associations were that accompanied the place, the Caliph on approaching it, could not restrain his admiration of the effect produced by the rich moonlight on the river, the trees, and the tombs. 'Thou hast no soul for poetry, Barmeki,' said Haroun to his companion, 'else thou wouldst turn to this spot with more pleasure than to the crowded streets of Bagdad. Let us take up our station here,' continued he, entering the porch of one of the tombs nearest to the Tigris, on which side the cemetery lay perfectly open. 'I could be well content, methinks,' said the Caliph, after gazing for a time on the glittering surface of the waters, 'to spend the hours till dawn here in lonely musing; but there is an impression on my soul that the Prophet hath something this night for his servant to perform.'

The Caliph had scarcely, in truth, uttered these words, when his eye caught the figures of two persons approaching by the same path which had led himself and the vizier to the place. Haroun drew his companion into the shaded side of the porch, and motioned him to be silent. The two new-comers drew nigh, and at length stood still within a few feet of the Caliph's station. The one was a female, and the other of the opposite sex, both of them seemingly young, and plainly dressed, as far as the moonlight permitted them to be seen. 'Here,' said the man, after a pause, pointing at the same time to the Pool, which lay but a few paces from them; 'here, Fatima, is the spot to which I wished to lead thee.' The tones of the youth were deeply melancholy. 'And why, Hassan, my beloved,' said the female, in a voice which the Commander of the Faithful thought more sweet than any that sounded within the walls of his harem, 'why hast thou

brought the wife of thy bosom to a place so secret—to a place of tombs?' 'Fatima,' replied the youth, 'I have come hither—to die!' 'To die, Hassan!' exclaimed his companion. 'Ay, to die! and thou also, and our babe must die with me!' returned the young man. The woman uttered a shriek, and the Caliph now saw that she had an infant below her mantle, which she clasped wildly to her bosom. The husband and father stood with his arms folded, and his eyes turned to the ground. 'Oh, my dear husband,' said the female, after a pause, broken by her sobs, 'I have ever obeyed thee faithfully; I have borne poverty and want with thee; nor will I survive thee. But our babe—to destroy our babe, Hassan! What fit of despair hath seized thee? Thou hast ever been cheerful and hopeful under all our misfortunes. How has this change taken place so suddenly?' 'Fatima, I was hopeful while I had ground for hope. Thou knowest that I expected to be the heir of my uncle Ali Meeram, and so to be restored to the comfort and wealth that were formerly mine—' 'And which thy love for me, Hassan,' said the female, tenderly, 'caused thee to lose. But speak on; hast thou not that hope yet?' 'No, dearest; my uncle is dead—I did not tell thee of this event when I first learnt it, because I wished to make thy restoration to happiness the more pleasant from being unexpected. But, alas, my uncle has made another his heir.' 'And cruelly broken faith with thee, my husband!' said the wife. 'Did he not tell thee, Hassan, that although he had sworn never to pardon thee during his life, he had so far repented of his cruel oath, as to be willing that thou shouldst enjoy all at his death?' 'He did say so, Fatima,' returned the young man, 'and I believed him. But a will was found in his repositories, dated several years back, which gave all he had to the Imam, his friend and attendant at death.' 'The Imam, Hassan!' cried Fatima, 'that Imam is a villain! I feared to tell thee before; but know that this Imam has dared to make professions of love to thy wife! There has been villainy practised, my husband!' 'No, Fatima,' said the young man sadly, 'there has been no deception. I could not stay to peruse the whole, but it was enough for me that Misnar, the aged and most trusty servant of my uncle's house, and who has been my friend, gave me his assurance that he had witnessed the deed drawn up in favor of the Imam. I fled—and now I have come here to die!'

The unfortunate pair were now silent for a few moments, till the young man turned and embraced his wife fondly, and repeatedly kissed the brow of the infant, which slept soundly in the warmth of its mother's bosom, unconscious of impending evil. 'There is no hope for us, Fatima,' said her husband, 'no way but to die! I cannot bear to think of a whole life of poverty and want for one so lovely, so tender as thee!—Nor can I endure the thought of perpetual toil to thee, my beloved!' returned Fatima. 'Yet, my boy—my flower of paradise—the light of my eyes! Oh, it is piteous! But he too would suffer want and hardship. Hassan, I am ready!' The miserable couple embraced each other, cast their eyes up to heaven, as if beseeching forgiveness, and with slow steps moved closer to the Pool. At this instant the Caliph burst from the entrance of the tomb. 'Hold, rash, unhappy creatures!' he cried; 'would ye thus deface the work and image of Allah, and deny the justice of his Prophet?' The commanding tones of Haroun, and the stately majesty of his figure, as he stood on the bank in the moonlight, with his arm outstretched, caused the wretched pair at first to think that Mahomet himself had interposed to stop their purpose. They shrunk together, and were silent, confounded by such an unlooked for interference, coming as if from the tombs of the dead. 'Advance,' said the Caliph, guessing partly at their feelings. 'I am human like yourselves, and am here but by accident—or what men may call accident, though it may be indeed the guidance of heaven. Advance!'

There was in the voice of the speaker so much kindness mingled with dignity, that Hassan and his wife moved slowly forward, as if led involuntarily, to the spot where the Caliph stood. 'I have heard your story,' said Haroun, 'and pity you. But if injustice has been done, as there seems some reason to suspect, why would you fly to this last guilty resource of the miserable, without being more assured that there is indeed no hope of better fortune? Has the Prophet

not a viceregent on earth—may Allah guide and preserve him?—and here he slightly raised his turban, as if in reverence—'whose duty is to redress all the wrongs of his people!' 'My lord,' said Hassan, using the term of respect instinctively, 'if you have indeed overheard the tale of the unhappy person before you, it must have been apparent that the law is against us—that the wealth which was promised to us seems to have been truly and rightly given away to others.' 'The man who has supplanted you,' returned the Caliph, 'is wicked. You have been told so. Is not there some reason in this to make you believe him capable of wickedness and deceit in this matter.' The wife, who had hitherto kept her eyes on the ground, now raised them and exclaimed, 'Yes Hassan! listen to this noble stranger, who surely has been sent by heaven, this night to save us, and our child, from death! Do not let us sink beneath our load, when it may be, there is no cause!' 'What would our generous preserver counsel us to do?' said her husband, after a pause. 'Make an appeal to the Caliph, and demand an examination into these deeds in his presence,' was Haroun's reply. 'Alas, my lord we are poor, and can command the services of do one to procure us an audience of the Commander of the Faithful,' said Hassan. Giafar had been standing in silence behind the Caliph during this scene, and when the last remark was made, Haroun pinched his vizier sharply on the arm, as he observed in answer to Hassan, 'Surely gold is not required to open the way to the presence of Mahomet's vicar! But here,' continued he, 'is a ring, I am an inmate of the palace—an attendant on the Caliph. Show this, and it will procure you admittance to-morrow to the hall of audience. Be there, both of you, immediately after the hour of morning prayers, and give an early summons to the Imam to meet you there, and answer your appeal. Are you willing to follow my counsel?' 'I am, noble, generous stranger,' replied the young man; 'whether we succeed or not, may Allah shower blessings on your head for having saved three unfortunates from falling a sacrifice to rash despair?' 'Farewell, then,' said the Caliph; 'to your home, and hope till the morrow!' The young man and his wife knelt and kissed the Caliph's hand, for although they did not suspect his true character, they felt conscious they were in the presence of some one of high rank.—Hassan and Fatima then departed by the path they came, leaving Haroun Al Raschid and his vizier once more alone. After a little conversation on this adventure, the Caliph and Giafar also took their way to the palace, which they reached without meeting with any thing further to arrest their attention.

When Hassan and his wife reached their home, they spent some time in giving grateful thanks for the almost miraculous prevention of an act, the intention of which they now entirely repented. Early in the morning the husband rose, and prepared to fulfil his promise of summoning the Imam. Hassan, however, had strongly in his mind the remembrance of what Misnar, his uncle's old servant, had said to him, in corroboration of the authenticity of the deed, and he doubted of the issue. When he reached the Imam's door, it was opened by Misnar himself, the very object of Hassan's thoughts. 'Go away, young man,' said Misnar, before the other could speak, 'I pity thee; but I am now the Imam's head servant, and dare not give any thing to thee.' Hassan was irritated at being taken for a beggar. 'I seek nothing from thee, Misnar, or from thy master,' said Hassan; 'but I come to summon the Imam to appear before the Caliph this day, immediately after morning prayers, and to bring the necessary means to prove his right to the property left by my uncle Ali Meeram.' Misnar stared at the speaker, and at length said in a compassionate tone, 'Poor youth! His loss hath taken away his reason.' 'Let me warn thee not to believe so, but either to do my message to the Imam, or suffer me to speak to him myself.' Misnar replied, 'I will deliver thy summons; but the Imam will surely laugh at and despise it, as a freak of a weakened brain.' 'Let me again caution both the Imam and thee not to think so.' With these words, the young man departed, leaving Misnar still fixed to the spot, in amazement, seemingly, at his insanity.

Having dressed himself as well as his poor choice of clothing would permit, while his wife did the same for herself and babe, the pair set out after the hour of

prayers for the palace of Haroun Al Raschid. Fatima looked so lovely even in her mean attire, that Hassan felt a momentary sensation of pain at the thought of exposing her to the gaze of a court, but the remembrance of her faithful tenderness speedily banished the feeling. On reaching the entrance of the palace, Hassan presented the ring. At sight of it the keeper of the gate, prostrated himself on the ground, and led the visitors through the court, and into the inner buildings of the royal dwelling. The long flights of marble steps up which Hassan and his wife were now taken, and the grandeur of the apartments which they traversed, dazzled their eyes, and created an impression of awe in their minds. On reaching the door of the audience hall, the ring was shown to another attendant, who also bowed himself to the earth, and exclaimed, "The bearers of this ring will be the first persons received by the Commander of the Faithful this day. Enter the hall, and wait his appearance." Hassan and his wife entered. They were not alone in the hall. Various splendidly dressed officers of the household stood around and before the throne, which was placed at the end of the room, and blazed with massive gold and many colored stones of price. Hassan and Fatima did not recognise their friend of the previous evening in any of these officers, and retired modestly to the farther end of the apartment. Ere long, Haroun Al Raschid appeared, and all present bent their bodies to the ground. When at the Caliph's gracious command, the husband and wife raised their eyes, they did not recognise in the magnificently robed monarch their former friend; but when he addressed them by name, they at once knew the truth, and again fell prostrate. The Caliph caused them to rise, and spoke kindly to them. "Is the Imam here?" said he at length. "Commander of the Faithful, I obeyed your orders, and summoned him to appear at this hour," was Hassan's reply. Haroun sent a messenger to the common waiting room to learn if the Imam had appeared. The officer returned with the intelligence that the Imam was not there. "Dog!" said the Caliph, "does he dare to think that the Prophet's viceregent will not hear the poor! Go! drag him hither. Hassan, do thou direct them to his house."

Ere long, the Imam, Misnar, and Hassan, stood face to face before the Caliph, while poor Fatima shrunk behind, trembling she knew not why for the issue of this case to her beloved husband. Hassan was first called upon to speak, and he modestly related "that he had been left when a boy, to his uncle's care, and had been brought up by him, along with an orphan girl, the daughter of Ali Meeram's friend. That Fatima and he had ever loved each other, and had finally been wedded, but contrary to the will of Ali Meeram, who wished to force a wealthy match upon his nephew. That Ali Meeram had sworn deeply never to bestow an asper upon the pair while he lived; but that he had afterwards repented, and had said to Hassan, that the latter should inherit all his wealth at his death. Ali Meeram died a few moons afterwards, and all his wealth appeared, by a will produced, to have been left to the Imam, who had been his friend, and who attended his death-bed." When Hassan mentioned Fatima, every eye was turned on her, and it was thought by all that the blushing beauty who stood in unveiled poverty before them, might well excuse such a trespass as the old man's nephew had committed.

When the Imam, who was a middle-aged ill-favored personage, and exhibited no emotion, was commanded to speak, he declared that he knew nothing of Ali Meeram's intentions to make him his heir, until the will was produced, disposing, all in his favour. They had long been friends, and the deed was dated five years previous to Ali's death. "Did you not observe, in your intercourse with the deceased uncle of Hassan any change of feeling recently towards his nephew?" asked the Caliph. "Commander of the Faithful," said the Imam, "I knew of my lamented friend's anger at his nephew on account of the marriage, and I never observed that that anger had ceased." The Imam spoke these last words emphatically, and there was a bitter glance of his eye shot at the same time at Hassan and his wife. "Where is this deed?" said the Caliph. "It is here, great king," replied the Imam, kneeling down and presenting it to the Caliph. Haroun glanced over the writing, and enquired after the witnesses. The Imam answered, that one of the

witnesses was dead, but the other, Misnar, was now in presence. Misnar was then beckoned forward by the Imam. Haroun looked intently, as did all around at the old servant, of Ali Meeram. Misnar was a venerable-looking old man, with hairs as white as snow, and a countenance expressive of calmness and resignation. On looking at him, almost every one became assured that the Imam's cause was just. The Caliph seemed to have the same feelings, as after demanding of Hassan, if the signature seemed to be that of Ali Meeram, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he turned over the deed again and again in silence. He at last chanced to notice, that, altho' the paper was open, the seal was yet unbroken, the parchment having been cut around it. He mentioned this, and inquired if "there was any cause for it." The Imam immediately advanced a step and exclaimed, "There is a cause, oh just and munificent prince!—and since thy piercing eye hath noticed this circumstance, it may now be explained, as it will afford a final and conclusive proof in this matter." At the call of the Imam, Misnar now stepped forward, and said, Commander of the true believers, it was I who caused the Imam to preserve the seal, when the deed was opened in the presence of witnesses; and I requested him, at the same time, not to cause me to explain the reason, unless it appeared absolutely necessary. I made this request, mighty prince, because I was unwilling to appear an active agent against Hassan, my dear master's kinsman and the sharer of his blood. But the explanation now seems unavoidable. When that deed was executed, foreseeing that it might be yet the subject of dispute, I placed a sequin below the seal, as a token that might be of avail. The deed has never since been in my possession, and if the seal be now broken, it will prove my words."

The Caliph immediately broke the seal, and the sequin dropped out! All present uttered an involuntary murmur, as if fully satisfied, and the Imam wore a look of triumph. But the feelings of all speedily changed, when the Caliph, who had looked intently for a moment on the coin, started to his feet, and bent a terrible look on the Imam and Misnar. "Wretches!" he said, "you have overreached yourselves! This conclusive artifice, as you esteemed it, has overthrown the whole fabric of your deceit! This deed," continued the Caliph, striking it with his hand, "is dated five years back, and, though this piece of gold be without a date, there is upon it a private mark, known but to ourselves and our servants of the mint, which tells us that *three* years have not yet passed since it was coined! Slaves, do ye confess your monstrous villainy?"

The picture which the Imam and Misnar presented at this most unexpected detection, cannot be described—terror overcame all their presence of mind, and they fell prostrate before the Caliph, and cried, in abject tones, for mercy! Haroun was not cruel, but he was nevertheless so enraged at their treachery, that, after having made them confess the forgery of the deed for their joint benefit, and the suppression of the true will which was in Hassan's favor, he would have instantly sent them to death, but for the intercession of him who had been their chosen victim. They were, however, banished forever from Bagdad.

Hassan and Fatima were now restored to the enjoyment of every worldly comfort. They did not regret their misfortunes, which had been the cause of bringing upon them the sunshine of the Caliph's favor. Their children, also, were taken under the royal protection, and more than one of them rose to rank and honor in his service.

RECIPE FOR THE LADIES.—Ladies who cultivate flowers in their parlors, will gratefully receive the following recipe for destroying a very troublesome reptile.—Worms in pots may be easily destroyed, simply by watering the soil with lime water, which may be made by putting about two pounds of lime into a pail of water—when the whole is slacked and well stirred up, it should be allowed to settle; the clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pots liberally watered with it. The worms will soon leave the premises by crawling upon the surface, when they may be taken off and destroyed. If any remains, another watering may be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.

THE GATHERER.

Snaring Alligators.—During the Mahratta war, says Major Napier, the British camp lay on the banks of a large tank swarming with alligators, and he proposed the following way of destroying those disagreeable neighbors:—There were numerous bamboos growing round the tank, possessing all the elasticity of a yewbow; one of these was to be bent to the ground and fastened to a tent peg, driven in sufficiently to make it retain that position. This done, a dog was to be next tied down close to the peg, and a rope with a running knot fastened in such a manner to the bamboo that the alligator must insert his head into the noose before he could reach the cur, which he would seize, and attempting to bear away, tear up the tent peg; the bamboo released from its hold, immediately rebounding with such violence as to carry aloft the whole trio—dog, peg, and crocodile. Twenty or thirty bamboos were accordingly baited; and so successful was the experiment that not an eye was closed that night in the camp, from the dreadful bellowing of the monsters as they were swung to the winds of heaven.—Next morning there was displayed the finest crop of bamboo fruit ever witnessed, every tree bearing its burden of a tent peg, a Pariah dog and an alligator, some already dead, others in their last agonies. The disturbance caused by their roaring had, however, been so great that the General put a stop to the sport in next day's orders.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—Man is strong; woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man shines abroad; woman at home. Man talks to convince; woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart; woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; woman an angel of mercy.

SINGULAR.—One of the workmen attached to the Baltimore shot tower, while passing through Howard's Park, at an early hour yesterday morning, heard a flock of wild geese passing over him, and looking up saw something white descending towards the ground. He took off his hat containing his handkerchief, and was thus enabled to catch unbroken a large goose egg, which had been sent down by one of the aerial party referred to.—*Balt. Amer.*

We learn that in Richmond, an "Anti-borrowing-your-neighbor's-newspaper-every-day-and-thus-cheating-the-printer-out-of-his-honest-and-hard-earned-dues-Society," is about to be formed.

TALL BUSINESS.—The editor of an inland paper offers five cent premium for the best original conundrum for his paper—and a pair of second hand mittens for the best anecdote—and a jewsharp, minus the tongue, for the best dozen wellerisms. He will also give a set of new horse shoes for the best original tale. Truly, this is the age of liberality.

BENEFIT OF EARLY RISING.—There is a class of people in London, whose profession it is to rise before day and commence their peregrinations about the city, searching for objects lost the previous night and eve, by the million and a half who swarm the streets.—These persons often make fortunes.

Death of a Philanthropist.—The Portsmouth Gazette records the death in that town, on Friday evening, of William Ladd, well known throughout this country and Europe, for his noble and persevering exertions for many years, to extend the principles of peace.—*Atlas.*

A youth introduced suddenly into life, feels as awkwardly as one immersed for the first time into water; and chances are that he sinks as soon.

A German artist, now in London, is about to take out a patent for the invention of a clock, of which the motive power is electricity. Its construction is said to be one of extreme simplicity.

DESCRIPTION OF A BALL AT PARIS.

Fancy a scene of perfect enchantment. A suit of fifteen rooms laid out for the amusement of the guests. We were first introduced into the Salon de la reception, furnished in the first style of splendor; from thence we joined the dancers in the ball-room, which was resplendent with lustres, mirrors, &c. When fatigued with "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," or incommoded with the heat, we took refuge in a gallery filled with the most choice and fragrant plants: all along this gallery were rooms, which, if you will follow me, we will visit in their turn.

The first by the means of scenery and other embellishments, was fitted up in the style of a Swiss Dairy. Here a lovely young dairy maid wearing her national costume, presented us with the most delicious cream you ever tasted, in beautiful little china bowls. I assure you it was a thousand times more refreshing than ices, sorbets, &c.: quitting the Laiterie Suisse, we entered the library, over the door was written Salon de Lecture, here we found a long table covered with green cloth, and on it books of prints, annals, albums, drawings, caricatures, &c., and every thing that should be in such a place. Our next visit was to the cell of a forbidding looking astrologer, with a long white beard, who, examining your palm, would predict the most extraordinary destinies. We next turned into a tent where a cantiniere offered us liquors from a number of pretty little barrels, and gave us slices of rye bread with the most excellent butter. Next door was a Chalatan who distributed, in place of nostrums, beautiful little cut glass bottles filled with scent. And next to this was a lottery office, with the prizes (for there were no blanks) arranged on tables, etageres, &c. here you chose a ticket and went on to a theatre, where a thunder storm in a forest was represented, when this was over the scene changed to a ballet of the reign of Henri III. This concluded, the scene changed to the gardens of Versailles, where the brilliant Louis IV., was seen walking, surrounded by his court in full costume. As the monarch and his suit vanished from our sight, the public crier announced the drawing of the lottery, when we hastened to see dame fortune distribute her gifts with that want of perception which proved the propriety of representing her as blind, for to the gentlemen she gave work-boxes, Chinese figures and the thousand little trifles we run after, and to the ladies snuff-boxes, pipes, tobacco, pouches, &c. at five in the morning we seated ourselves at the supper table, after which we retired.—*Ladies' Book.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 26.—the FIRST SIX MONTHS, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions of the next volume.

THE 1ST OF MAY.—Those of our subscribers intending to change their residences in the city of New York, are requested to give notice to our Agent, Mr. Wm. Boardman, 33 Jones-st.

Those changing residence in this city, will please inform the carrier:

"THE GARLAND OF THE MILLS."—That portion of the female population of Lowell, Mass. usually denominated "Factory girls" in addition to their monthly Magazine, propose publishing an annual under the above title, the matter of which is to be entirely written by girls in actual employment in the factories of that place, aside from the novelty of such a publication, it will doubtless possess much literary merit, judging from the character of former effusions from the same source.

This announcement will sound strange abroad, where the name of female operative is synonymous with degradation and misery. What a proud refutation the mental, and moral acquirements of these young ladies

present to that narrow minded prejudice which has engendered this opinion. What an illustration of the fact that but a brief portion of human existence is necessary to arrive at eminence. These girls are confined to the loom and spindle, probably ten hours in the day, and they yet find time to enrich their minds, and render themselves capable of conveying instruction to the pampered daughters of affluence, and to elevate the standard of female character, in the estimation of mankind.

PERCUSSION.—In the course of a debate on the M'Leod question in the Assembly a few days since, Mr. Culver of Washington co., made some allusions to the character and competency of the leaders in the late Canadian troubles. Within a few hours after, Mr. C. received a challenge from Gen. Sutherland, of patriot memory. Mr. Culver being a man of peace lodged a complaint with Justice Kane, and caused the Gen. to be held to bail, to keep the peace.

DANCING TO SOME TUNE.—The correspondent of the Baltimore American, under the date of April 3d, says:—

"Fanny Elssler's benefit took place last night—and such a benefit. There were fully \$6000 in the house. The fair danseuse was literally pelted with roses. In one of the wreaths thrown to her there were a pair of diamond bracelets which cost \$1,500. Others contained valuable presents. So that the gross receipts of the night could scarcely have been less than from \$8,000 to \$10,000. She has probably netted \$20,000 by her engagement in this city. It is doubtful whether she will be re-engaged at the St. Charles or will dance at the Theatre d'Orleans. She has set the enthusiastic population of the sunny South almost delirious by her performances.

The above is but one among the many evidences of the peculiar species of insanity prevailing throughout our country, in relation to the "divine danseuse;" and such waste of means upon a wanton, whose only merit consists in rendering what is proper and graceful, extravagant if not indelicate, is a national reproach. The public taste must be greatly depraved to enable a dancing adventurer to absorb such an amount of money. But it is idle to rail at folly. The tens of thousands of dollars lavished upon this woman, instead of relieving and benefitting the distressed and deserving in our own country, will be taken to Europe to pamper the appetites of those who live in idleness and voluptuousness. We hope the day will speedily arrive when people will awaken to a sense of such folly, and refrain from such preposterous exhibitions of it, as indicative of anything but plain republicanism or sound sense.

COLLECTOR OF ALBANY.—Alderman Thomas L. M'Elroy has been appointed Collector and Inspector of this port, in place of Mr. William Seymour removed.

IMPORTANT.—A Col. Umbrella, of New Orleans, has won Fanny Elssler's side-comb in a raffle. Lucky man, what an inheritance to transmit to the unborn generations of umbrellas?

FIRE AT NORTH BEND.—The late residence of Gen. Harrison at North Bend, was entirely consumed on the 11th inst. It was occupied by Mrs. Harrison, the widow of the deceased President; the fire was accidental; most of the furniture was saved. This unexpected visitation will renew the sympathies of the people for the lone widow, who so recently had the cup of happiness dashed from her aged lips.

Colonel Davies has been elected mayor of Cincinnati.

SENSIBLE.—A Mr. Farnsworth of St. Louis, on being nominated for a lucrative office by his political friends declines the favor in a card, in which he expresses his thanks and "only desires to be a candidate for their favors at the old established stand 50 Main st. nearly opposite the auction houses, where he continues in the copper, tin and sheet iron line, and the manufacture of matchless Paste Blacking."—If his blacking is as shining in its qualities as his judgement is sound, Day & Martin will be obsolete in a month. If our political parties could boast of a few more such men it would be a happy thing for our country.

AMPHITHEATRE.—COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT.—We are happy to perceive that a complimentary benefit is to be tendered to Mr. S. H. NICHOLS, the enterprising and liberal manager of the Amphitheatre. We have not yet learned the particulars, and are unable to furnish a bill of the performances, but we are confident that the public will give him their undivided support upon the occasion.

WOODEN PAVEMENTS.—We understand that a project is on foot to test the experiment of wooden pavements in this city, and that the vicinity of the Exchange, is the place designated. Wherever this mode has been substituted for the old old one, it has been attended with success, and could State street, be thus paved it would add materially to the appearance of the city, and to the comfort of our citizens.

OPENING OF THE CANAL.—The canal opens today. During the past winter it has been thoroughly repaired, and now opens for the season, with every prospect of an extensive and prosperous business.

DISGRACEFUL.—A Mr. Sparry, has been recently lecturing in our churches against "Popery" and has attracted great numbers to hear him, many of whom holding antagonist opinions have manifested their disapprobation by unmanly interruptions and noisy declamations.

Not having heard Mr. Sparry, we are entirely ignorant of his merits as a man or as a lecturer; but we have fallen on evil times indeed, if discussions on sectional or doctrinal points are to be prevented by a turbulent mob. The true and manly course of opposition is to stay away. None are compelled to go but if they do so, they are bound to behave as men. This species of incipient rebellion against good order and decency should be reformed at once.

AUBURN AND ROCHESTER.—The cars of the Auburn and Rochester Railroad will commence running on Monday the 26th instant.

COINCIDENCE.—Of the six deceased Presidents, four have died on the fourth of the month; Adams, Jefferson and Monroe, on the 4th of July, and Harrison on the 4th of April.

The report that President Tyler is a widower, is said to be a mistake. Mrs. Tyler, his wife, is living and in good health. He has two sons and two daughters married, and one son and one daughter unmarried.

EX-PRESIDENT JACKSON.—We learn from the Natchez papers that Gen. Jackson is confined to his bed by severe indisposition. The nature of his disease is not stated.

The Advantage of Reading.—'Here,' said the librarian, of a mechanics' and apprentices' library, 'here's a book which will set you a-thinking.' 'Lord bless you,' replied the hard-working mechanic, 'I want something that will keep me from thinking.'

APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

This institution has been removed to No. 1 Commercial Buildings, and the Librarian will deliver Books on Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock 24th inst., and the following Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings of each week.

I would inform the Patrons, readers and apprentices generally, the Trustees have enlarged the Library, by adding over 200 Volumes among which are, many of the late productions, with other interesting and standard works, and reduced the fees to one cent per volume.

H. E. BROWER, Librarian.

Albany, April 23rd, 1841.

N. B. Those having books belonging to the Library, will please return them. Donations of Books thankfully received.

Intelligence.

Another Sad Rail Road Accident.—On Thursday afternoon, ten of Mr. Dodd's stone cars with a locomotive, were sent out on the Rail Road, for a load. In Wilbraham, the engineer noticed some cattle on the track, so near him that in order to save them, he reversed his engine; by which sudden re-action, the cars were so jammed up together, that seven of them were broken. Six men were on the cars. One of them, John Whipple, of this town, aged 19 years, was instantly killed in the crash; a Mr. Powers of Palmer, dangerously wounded; and another man slightly injured. The other three escaped without injury. The mangled remains of Whipple were soon after brought to the house of his afflicted parents in this town.—*Springfield Republican.*

Shipwreck.—The Charleston Courier says the steamer Anson arrived at Georgetown on Wednesday last having in tow the Spanish brig Idefonsa, mentioned in our paper last week, as being off Pawley's island in distress. The I. was from Havana, with a cargo of sugar and coffee to Hamburg; she had three feet of water in her hold, and was about being abandoned when fallen in with by the Anson.

Drought.—By advices from Jamaica, W. I., to the 22d ult., we learn that there had been great suffering on the island, by reason of a drought—so much so that water was doled out by masters of the plantations to their hands in very short allowances.

A little son of John Duncan, at Princeton, N. J., was instantly killed at that place on Friday. A cart was passing through the street with a roller attached; the little fellow jumped upon the roller, and falling before it was crushed to death. He was 9 years old, and a child of great promise.

Marriage in the Police Office.—A young Jewess named Delia Phillips, having sued a young Israelite named Isaac Steinberg, for breach of promise of marriage, laying her damages at \$5000—the faithless swain was lodged in the debtors' prison, in default of bail.—There he had time to reflect, and then agreed to marry when the lady refused, but the counsel and friends of both parties interposing, they became re-united again, and proceeding into the police office with their witnesses, were duly married by Justice Matsell.

Monstrous Wolf.—A wolf was taken a few weeks since, on the Kenebec, of a grizzly grey color which measured from his nose to the tip of his tail, 6 feet 4 inches. The Maine Cultivator says: "Such an animal must have been a frightful acquaintance to meet in the woods alone."

Pocket Picking.—A gentleman of this city had his pocket picked at the depot of the Boston railroad, of a copy of the New Testament, which from its size and form, was probably mistaken for a pocket book. The gentleman is reconciled to his loss in the hope that this thief may be benefitted by the book of which he has obtained possession in such an unexpected manner.—*Prov. Jour.*

Cincinnati.—The annual exports of Cincinnati are estimated at \$9,000,000, viz. Pork and Beef, in all forms, \$3,000,000; flour, \$1,200,000; whiskey, \$800,000; manufactured articles of all kinds, \$3,000,000; and the residue articles of produce.

National Fast.—The Governor of New Jersey has issued a proclamation recommending that the 14th of May be observed in that state as a day of fasting and prayer, in view of the recent severe affliction which the American people have sustained in the death of the lamented William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States.

Suicide.—A servant to the Hon. J. McNab, in Halifax, committed suicide last week, by hanging himself in his master's stable.

Singular Death.—The N. Y. Herald of Wednesday says that Dr. Archer of that city was called to the house of Michael Burns, No. 3 Washington-st. to hold an inquest on the body of James Porter. It appeared that the deceased was of Albany, and a shoe maker by trade, but came to this city in consequence of the hardness of the times, to follow the profession of an oysterman. For some days past he had complained of ill health, and on Tuesday morning, after breakfast, retired to his room very weak and faint. On the servant going to see him, a short time afterwards, he was in a dying state. A medical man was sent for, when it was discovered that Porter had been bled recently in the arm, that the bandage had been removed and he bled to death.

A Maiden Lady.—A Miss Mary Prince, aged 100 years and 1 month, lately died at Philadelphia, having attained that advanced age in a state of "single blessedness."

Lake Erie.—The ice is out of the Buffalo harbor, and a steamboat, the Anthony Wayne, arrived at that port on Wednesday last.

Rail-Road Accident.—Henry Goulding, an engineer on the Pontchartrain rail-road, was passed over by the cars on the 24th March, and died from the loss of blood as he was being carried to the New Orleans hospital.

Married.

In this city, last Sunday evening, by Rev Mr Kelly, Mr George Olney to Miss Mary Doyle.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev Mr Kissam, Mr James Litchfield, to Miss Julia Ann Latta.

By the Rev Mr Wyckoff, Mr. Peter Smith to Mrs Jane Cameron, all of this city.

In Groveland, New York, on Thursday evening last by the Rev Mr Atwater, Hon James G Birney, of the city of New York, to Miss Elizabeth Fitzhugh, daughter of the late Col Fitzhugh.

DIED.

On Sunday, 18th inst., Hosea Hewlett, of this city in the 53d year of his age.

At his residence, in Hardin co., March 3d, Rev. Alexander McDougal, in the 103d year of his age.

On Sunday morning the 18th inst., David Cosgrove, in the 8th year of his age.

On the 18th inst, Mr. Murtagh Gilmore, aged 71 years.

On Sunday the 18th instant, of consumption, Robert Mooney, in the 18th year of his age.

After a short illness, early on the 17th inst, Miss Cornell Adams, daughter of the late Abraham Adams, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, 15th inst., after a lingering illness, Henry Payton, in the 24th year of his age.

In Manor township, on Wednesday the 10th inst. Andrew Geiger, son of George Geiger, Esq.

In Stillwater, Saratoga co. N. Y. on the 15th inst Rev. Calad Green, aged 73,

At her residence in Fort Plain, on the 7th inst., Anna wife of Daniel Holt, Esq. aged 33 years. Also on the 15th inst., Lester, infant son of the deceased, aged 8 days.

On Saturday the 8th inst., in the town of Brazoria, Texas, Mrs. Harriet H. Erwin, consort of Dr. Thos. R. Erwin, aged 33 years.

On the 19th inst., Mrs. Ann, wife of William McGregor, aged 23.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) April 24,

The entertainments to commence with

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM!

Vernon
Alicia

Mr. Jackson,
Mrs. Preston.

After which, an act of horsemanship by Mr. W. Nichols,

A beautiful act by Mr. Madigan.

Song, Mrs. Hood.

Mrs. Asten will appear as Donald the Lord of the Highlands.

Moos. Le Tort, the wonderful, will appear.

For particulars see small bills.

Doors open at 7, performance to commence at half past 7. Admittance—Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1—The pub-

lic are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North R. ver, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. mr. 12

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS**, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the **FREE** subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than **TEN PAGES** of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the **FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT**; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

POETRY.

WHAT IS HOPE?

The flowret in its brightest bloom,
The blue sky on it shining,
Filling the air with sweet perfume,
Its tendrils gaily twining;
Such—such is hope.

The flowret fallen from its stem,
Its leaves all scatter'd round.
Its beauty and its bloom with them
Storm-stricken to the ground:
Such—such is hope.

The sea—the deep, the dark blue sea,
No breeze its mirror breaking,
Across whose waters, noiselessly,
The bark its course is taking;
Such—such is hope.

The sea its waves in fury lashing,
Its billows deep and dark—
O'er its black waves the lightning flashing,
While onward sweeps the bark:
Such—such is hope.

The sky—the star-bespangled sky—
Its pure and solemn beauty
Inspiring thoughts of Him on high,
And calling us to duty:
Such—such is hope.

The sky, its face with fury clouded,
The lightning flashing o'er it,
The moon, the stars in blackness shrouded,
All vanishing before it:
Such—such is hope.

Yes, such is hope; the lovely flower,
The blue sea, azure sky,
All—all may fade within an hour—
All mock us as they fly:
And such is hope.

But there is hope beyond the tomb,
Unchanging and enduring,
Where flowers of deathless beauty bloom,
With no vain charms alluring:
Such be thy hope!

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

H O P E .

Hope animates dejected man,
Buys up his broken heart;
Assures him that his present plan
Will future joy impart.

With hope the disappointed rise,
And onward bravely press,
Till they shall gain the wish'd for prize
They've long sought to possess.

'Tis hope that stays the struggling hand,
When fortune deigns to frown;
Conducts, when wisdom doth command,
Its vot'ries to renown.

When gloomy prospects greet the sight,
And dismal scenes appear,
Hope's voice is heard—the way is bright,
And coming pleasures near.

Oh Hope! But for thee what were man?
Despondent soon to die!
'Twere but for thee, with sorrow's clan,
No mortal e'er would vie.

'Tis thou that swells the heart replete
With all that joy inspires;
That bids despair and grief retreat,
Gives life to our desires.

Are we depressed, borne down by sadness?
Oh Hope, thy favor lend!
Fill full our cup with gladness,
That troubles all may end!

Are we the objects of thy care?
Then Hope, we do implore
That thou wouldst grant a double share,
That joy be ours the more.

THE GRAVE.

BY EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.

Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack! Don Jan.

Beneath these rankly spreading weeds,
This lowly mound, and dreary stone,
The sordid earth worm darkly feeds
On one men loved to look upon:—
Of gentle race and beauty rare,
The land delightfully she ranged,
And now she slumbers deeply here;
Ah! the heart aches to think how changed!

I saw her once in life, and said
So beautiful a thing could not
But breathe awhile, and then be made
To share in death the common lot;—
'Twas idly thought! her form so fair
Is buried in this narrow cave;
But late she lit this upper air,
And now, I look upon her grave!

I mourn for her, though nought to me
In kindred, or indeed in heart;
Save something that I liked to see
And wished not ever to depart:
A pleasant sight—a creature I
Gazed on in no unquiet mood,
And turned from most unwillingly
To glance on things of meaner blood.

A selfish grief! she lies within
A place of solitary rest;
Where care shall never entrance win,
Nor anguish wring her lovely breast!
Light hearted girl! I would that thou
Could'st change thy state with me,
That I might sleep the tomb below,
And the sun shine again on thee!

From the Cannoharie Radil.

ON VISITING MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Here,
Within the silent chamber of the tomb
Thou art. My mother—
This, the last mansion of mortality,
Is thy resting place.

And can it be,
That this is all of noble man!
This cold corpse. This, the silent tomb!
Is this all of him who is scarce beneath—
Those just spirits,
Who do the bidding of our God?

It cannot be.
Where that mind, whose aspirations
The things of time and sense
Ne'er could satisfy.
Does this too, bear the signet of relentless death?
No. A voice from within seems to say,
It lives, unshackled by human nature
In that realm where it can feast
Upon the mysteries of eternity.
Ere the sun of life passed its meridian height
Thou left this, thy earthly tabernacle,
For that land, from whence no traveller returns.

We felt thy loss,
But I would not call thee back.
No! Sleep on; for while here, thou did'st drain
The bitter cup of affliction to its very dregs.
Yet there is consolation in the hope
That we shall meet again.
Not within the narrow bounds of time,
But at the resurrection's promis'd morn
We meet to part no more.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN A GENTLEMAN'S ALBUM.

Like one, who in some coronet,
Where fairest pearls are found;
Would seek some paler gem to set,
Than those that shine around;

So I, where beauty's pen hath placed
The words to Friendship dear,
Where beauty's fairy hand hath traced
Its wish for thee, sincere—

I can but do, as they have done,
Although with feebler force,

And wish thee, pleasure's shadeless sun
To shine upon thy course.

The smiles of youth, without its tears,
Its brightest smiles be thine,
And manhood's hopes, without its fears
Their wreath for thee entwine.

From the N. O. Picayune.

TO FANNY ELSSLER.

Fanny! O Fanny! you may take my hat,
And ev'ry thing I've got; I'm fairly smitten,
I'm Fanny-phobia struck and Elssler bitten;
Herewith my will and testament is written;
And I'm descended to *requiescat*;
Upset, turned round, tipp'd over, broken flat!
Just be my heiress, Fanny, I implore you,
My large possessions I now lay before you.
I'll serve you, laud you, follow and *encore* you,
If you will just permit me to adore you!
Would I had more for you a thousand times,
But my plantation, situate—somewhere,
All my estates and castles—in the air,
I give—and throw in these immortal rhymes!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev. o month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Master and Royal Arch, splendidly engraved on satin, can be obtained on application to this office. Likewise, handsomely engraved Diplomas of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,
Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,
Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 36]

MASONIC.

Masonry is a system co-eval with the first rudiments of civilization and refinement; nay, some who have ministered to the altar, have, without compromising their orthodoxy, ventured to trace its origin to that momentous period, when man, by the Almighty fiat, was spoken into existence when "the spirit moved upon the face of the waters, and God said let there be light." Its antiquity, however, cannot, will not be disputed; history confirms the fact that it has existed in all ages, and flourished in all countries; nor can its Tuscan pillars and Corinthian columns, which are based on the deep foundations of immutable truth, be destroyed, until they are swept into the abyss of universal desolation.

It was not until king Solomon built the temple at Jerusalem, on Moriah's mount, where first the destroying angel was appeased, that masonry assumed its stability of form, and beauty of proportion; it was not until that memorable epoch, that a regularity of working, and symmetry of structure, were established.

Such was the wisdom and forecast of the royal architect, that notwithstanding his visible fabric has long since mingled with the dust, still the towering speculative edifice, whose Mosaic pavement stands upon holy ground, whose tessell encompasses the living springs of refined and plastic enterprize, and the head of "whose corner is made of the stone which the builders rejected," remains unimpaired by the ravages of time.

It has survived the reign of barbarism, the rude shocks of Gothic violence, and the convulsions of exterminating war. Societies, systems, cities, nations, and empires, have successively disappeared. Nought but broken columns and dilapidated temples designate the site where once stood Rome's illustrious rival; and Rome herself, proud Rome, is almost a pile of ruins; the lofty spires of her four hundred temples, are nodding to the earth; the brazen statues have fallen into decay; the villas of the Fabii and the Cæsars have become the lurking retreats of brigands and desperate assassins; the mistress of Asia is blotted from the face of empire: yet masonry exists in all its pristine vigor and beauty scattering blessings to the four corners of the habitable globe.

Wherever the liberal arts and sciences have flourished, they have been made tributary at the mystic behest, and perhaps at no period since the distinguished era, to which allusions have been made, could the annals of Masonry more justly than at present boast of its imperishable grandeur. Indications of decay, have it is true, in the lapse of ages, apparently threatened the demolition of the noble structure, but it was only the mould of neglect, forming for a season, over the rough ashlers of the building, which were exposed in the shades of ignorance, the damps of superstition, and the mildews of vandalism. The corrosive incrustation has long since yielded to the gravel of science, and the chisel of refinement. The polished fabric on whose key-stone is "written the new name, which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it," at this day presents to the admiring view of the accepted, its original Ephesian aspect, bearing upon its pilasters the stamp of duration, and containing within its spacious apartments, the incense of devout gratitude, and the hidden manna of life. The nations of the east are gradually emerging from heathenish darkness. The day star seems to proclaim that light is beginning to dawn again in that once favored land which gave birth to masonry, and which received the impress of a Saviour's feet.

Our sublime institution has, for its fundamental principles, universal benevolence, and brotherly love; it stimulates its professors to deeds of charity, and offers to them dignity and respect; it illustrates those awful truths which

"point out an error, and
"and intimate truth to man."

To a corrected mind, and a faithful heart, it furnishes a balm for every affliction. There is no selfish inclination which it is not calculated to banish; no generous sentiment which it is not intended to inculcate; it discourages defamation, it tempers the passions, and fortifies the heart; it enjoins us to be faithful to our trusts; to let the words of our mouths express the thoughts of our hearts; to renounce error; to avoid rash engagements, but what we do promise, religiously to perform.

It would, however, be useless to declaim upon the excellence of the virtues, which are constantly arrayed before us in the most captivating manner. Every maxim of the craft breathes with them; every example of our distinguished sages illustrates them; every admonition contained in our mystical pages, eloquently enforces them; every tenet learned from the oral lectures of our enlightened compeers, teaches the bright lesson of love, charity, and universal benevolence.

When the direful blasts of war assail an unhappy country, and embattled legions of kindred men are engaged in the strife of blood; when thousands perish by the victor's sword, and humanity shudders at the sight, the mason's well known sign preserves the captive from chains. Instead of receiving the fatal weapon in his bosom, he finds himself encircled within the arms of an affectionate brother, and his heart is gladdened by the generous sympathies of a kind friend.

We have innumerable legends, which are treasured in memory, and constitute a species of intellectual heritage. Tradition has preserved and transmitted them from antiquity, in a manner which makes them indelibly more impressive than the modes of communication adopted by other institutions. They are not the day-dreams of a romantic imagination, but a pleasing reality; the banquet of chastened thought, combined with the fruits of tender meditation, which are equally delightful, interesting, and permanent.

Our entire system is conceived in a strain of beautiful allegory, and furnishes hieroglyphics to remind us constantly of our imperative duty to ourselves, to our neighbor, and to our God. The ark of innocence will waft its inmates in triumph over the tempestuous billows of adversity; and the anchor of well grounded hope, which has been cast in the furnace of affliction and repentance, will safely moor them in the peaceful haven of felicity "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Masonry has ranked among her votaries, men most prodigal of good gifts to the human family, and celebrated for their sterling virtues: philosophers and statesmen, heroes, kings, and princes, both in ancient and modern days, have been proud to divest themselves of the ermine robes of power, in order to put on the more honorable badges of our order; and have thought it no disgrace to bring themselves to the level, which knows no rank but that attained by superior wisdom and parity; and acknowledges no distinction but that which untiring zeal, and masonic devotion secure to their possessor.

Solomon, who preferred wisdom to all other earthly blessings: Hiram, who erected the temple of the living God; and St. John the Baptist, and precursor of him "who spake as never man spake," have consecrated our annals. But without resorting to antiquity, or adverting to the many living ornaments who at this day adorn the ecclesiastical and civil departments of the world, our own favored country furnishes a splendid list of our departed worthies, who yielded not their attachment except with their last breath. Warren, the martyred hero, who fought, and bled, and died, under the first ensign of liberty which America bravely unfurled, was a mason; so was Franklin, the philosopher who could wrest the lightning from heaven, and make it familiar with the instruments of his laboratory. And so also was Washington, "that blazoned star amidst the bright constellation of the universe, which

eclipses the splendor of every surrounding luminary."

Well indeed may the institution which can boast of such champions, dispense with the meed of a studied eulogium; "recorded honors shall gather round their monuments, and thicken over them; they are solid fabrics, and will support the laurels that adorn them."

Masonry knows of no geographical boundaries; its residence is the universe: the sons of India and America alike share upon its existence: mysteriously bound by the unbroken compact, it ranges resistless, thro' every region and through every clime. The thunders of the Vatican, the receipts of imperial despotism, the terrors of the Auto de fe, and the tortures of the inquisition, have in vain essayed to check its illimitable progress. "no tint of words can spot its snowy mantle, nor chemic power turn its sceptre into iron."

Religious and political disputes enter not our portals: every sect (acknowledging a Supreme Being) is equally respected by our order: all are left free to pursue whatever they deem important to Zion, or to the world; never forgetting, however that we are to keep within the square with all men, and to regard the sacred volume as the only sure guide to eternal happiness.

The principles and privileges of the order are open to all, whose capacities qualify them for exercising the one, or exhibiting the other: but let it not be vainly supposed, that therefore every individual who enters our mystic sanctuary is necessarily a free and an accepted Mason; and, brother Masons, however humiliating the reflection, too true it is, we must acknowledge to the world the lamentable fact, after long trial, and strict examination, have come out of the furnace, seared and scarred: disqualified and unworthy: many too, many have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting:" they only who hold out to the end, who in all situations, and in defiance of every temptation, prove themselves true and trusty: they alone catch the unquenchable element which animates the craft, and incites them to deeds of honor, and noble daring.

He who can faithfully represent that certain point, within the circle, embroidered by the parallels of Christianity, on whose vertex rests the volumes of inspiration and wherein are contained the commandments on which hang the law and the prophets, may well exclaim with the philosopher of Socrates, *Ureka*, I have found it; and it will require the sacrifice of a hectacomb to secure to him the benefits of the discovery.

I am aware that many persons, strangers to the inviolate principles which unites the craft, make the misconduct of some of our associates, a radical objection to the institution.

Without intending to enter into a labored strain of polemical disquisition with such fastidious cavilers, it may be answered, that even the inspired precepts of the Mediator have not been secure from abuse and profanation. When Moloch fell, his defection left no blemish, on the white throne where sits Supreme Majesty. Shall Religion, that sacred principle (without a reverence for which it is morally impossible to become a Mason) be neglected and rejected? Shall the house of, prayer and worship be avoided, because apostates and pretenders have for aken the glories of perfection, to wander in the mazes of infidelity? No; forbid it genius of masonry: forbid it every promise which keeps alive the hope set before us, and intimates to fallen man, the bright prospect of immortality and salvation.

However numerous, however flagrant may be the instances which furnish cause of regret for the aberrations of frail human nature, I boldly maintain, and I call upon every brother within the sound of my voice, to support the declaration, that whilst on the one hand, masonry has confirmed the wise determinations of the virtuous and the pious; and the other, our history, our records, and our tradition, abound with memorable instances, where a misguided fellow-mortal has been

entirely reclaimed from the haunt of vice, and suddenly arrested from a course of self destroying depravity, after every suggestion of native pride or intuitive principle had failed.

Masonry is founded in the fitness of things, relative to men exclusively, which forbids the idea of subjecting female tenderness to the preparatory dispositions for initiation, and to the labors required to secure advancement. Besides, the implements of the craft are not adapted to the delicacy of the female hand.

The plan of the *Diet* has designed the fair for a different, and no less enchanting sphere in the wide range of intelligent existence. The advancement of female happiness, the protection of widows and orphans, the defence of "injured innocence," and "suffering virtue," peculiarly allotted to the hardier sex, and among none, more than masons, have these laudable objects been cherished with more devoted zeal, from time immemorial.

All that is lovely, all that is virtuous, all that is dignifying to the most charming, and amiable part of creation, is held by us in sacred reverence. Eden was a wilderness, its fragrance was wasted in the "sad solitude" of man's companionless hour, "till woman smiled. She is the glory of the man."

The mantle which surrounds the female character, is made of so delicate a texture, that even the breath of surmise will sullies its purity; and that secrecy, which gives value to our indispensable labors, would render it, in the eyes of a censorious world, obnoxious to the blasts of suspicion. Man is formed of coarser materials, and in a rougher mould; he is doomed to encounter dangers and difficulties; he is apt to become morose, vindictive, and inexorable: he needs all the influence of masonic discipline to soften the ruggedness of his nature; to quiet his angry passions, and to render him mild, tolerant, and humane. But how different the attributes of the last, and more perfect part of creation! Who that has seen the seraph form of beauty bending with fond anxiety over the cradle of sleeping innocence, and guarding with a mother's care its infant slumbers; who that has beheld the tender wife, soothing the sorrows, encouraging the hopes, and whispering comfort to the bosom of an afflicted husband; or the affectionate daughter supporting the tottering steps of declining age, and smoothing the pillow of sickness; who that has seen woman ever susceptible of generous emotions, dispensing blessings with "a hand open as day to melting charity;" who that has known her as the ministering angel of health, and in sickness, in weal, and in woe; who that has seen, and known, and felt all this would willingly subject her to vocations, appointed by Providence exclusively for masculine exertions? Among the foremost ranks of her guardians and protectors, will masons ever be found—they cannot be accessory to a violation of the laws of nature.

It would ill comport with the situation or duty of any reflecting craftsman, to attempt to cull the meretricious decorations of fancy, or to scatter the flowers of persuasion among those who are not masons, for the purpose of procuring an accession to the numbers of the fraternity! Masonry needs no resort to such means, to give it either strength or durability. We expect, nay we wish, no one to approach our mystical altar, who comes not spontaneously, to undergo the severe difficulties and dangers which beset and embarrass the most courageous candidate at every gradation. That there are difficulties and dangers, and those of the most unexpected and trying nature, a regard to truth will not allow us to deny. We who have surmounted some of them unhurt, may well exclaim, cold must be that bosom, which has not been warmed by the electrifying ordeal! and obdurate indeed must be that heart, which has not been softened by the trials and tribulations.

TALENT.—Homer was a beggar: Plautus turned a mill, Terence was a slave; Boetius died in Goal; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Cervantes died of hunger; Milton ended his life in obscurity; Bacon lived a life of meanness; Spenser died of want; Dryden lived in poverty and died of distress; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from prison; Fielding lies in the burying ground of an English Factory; Savage died in prison; Chatterton destroyed himself, and Keats died of a broken heart.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE LEECH FISHERY.

The country about La Brenne is, perhaps, the most uninteresting in France. The people are miserable looking, the cattle wretched, the fish just as bad; but the leeches are admirable.

If ever you pass through La Brenne, you will see a man, pale and straight haired, with a wollen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked; he walks along the borders of a marsh among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed: this man is a leech fisher. To see him from a distance, his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his lived lips, his singular gestures,—you would take him for a patient who had left his sick bed in a fit of delirium. If you observe him now and then raising his legs, and examining them one after the other, you might suppose him a fool; but he is an intelligent leech-fisher. The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts; he feels their presence from their bite, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and sea-weeds, or beneath the stones covered with green and grey moss. Some repose on the mud, while others swim about, but so slowly, that they are easily gathered. In a favorable season it is possible, in the course of three or four hours, to stow ten or twelve dozen of them in the little bag which the gatherer carries on his shoulder. Sometimes you will see the leech fisher armed with a kind of spear or harpoon: with this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches: they soon gather round the prey; and are presently themselves gathered into a little vessel half full of water. Such is the leech fishery in spring.

In summer the leech retires into deeper water; and the fishers have then to strip themselves naked, and walk immersed up to the chin. Some of them have little rafts to go upon: these rafts are made of twigs and rushes, and it is no easy matter to propel them among the weeds and aquatic plants. At this season, too, the supply in the pools is scanty; the fisher can only take the few that swim within his reach, or those that get entangled in the structure of his raft.

It is a horrid trade, in whatever way it is carried on. The leech-gatherer is constantly more or less in the water: breathing fog and mist and fetid odours from the marsh, he is often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors, to keep off the noxious influences, but they pay for it in the end by disorders of other kinds. But, with all its forbidding peculiarities, the leech-fishery gives employment to many hands; it is both pernicious, it is also lucrative. Besides supplying all the neighboring pharmacies, great quantities are exported, and there are regular traders engaged for the purpose. Henri Chartier is one of those persons, and an important personage he is when he comes to Meobecq, or its vicinity; his arrival makes quite a fete—all are eager to greet him.

Among the interesting particulars which I gathered in La Brenne relative to the leech trade, I may mention the following:—One of the traders—what with his own fishing and that of his children, and what with his acquisitions from the carriers, who sell quantities second-hand—was enabled to hoard up 17,500 leeches in the course of a few months; he kept them deposited in a place where, in one night, they all became frozen *en masse*. But the frost does not immediately kill them; they may generally be thawed into life again. They easily, indeed, bear very hard usage. I am told by one of the carriers, that he can pack them as closely as he pleases in the moist sack which he ties behind his saddle; and sometimes he stows his cloak and boots on the top of the sack. The trader buys his leeches *pete-mêle*, big and little, green and black—all the same; but he afterwards sorts them for the market. Those are generally accounted the best which are of a green ground, with yellow stripes along the body.—*Medical Gazette*.

FAROESE METHOD OF CATCHING SEA FOWL.

The most common mode of catching sea-fowl, in Faroe, is by letting a man down from the top of the cliffs by a rope. This is about three inches thick, from 600 to 1200 feet long, and is fastened to the waist

and thighs by a broad woollen band, on which he sits. The fowler is let down by this over the perpendicular rocks, the rope being prevented from chafing by a piece of smooth wood on which it slides. The daring adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. It requires great skill to prevent the turning round of the cord, the inexperienced being wheeled about in a circle, and thus exposed to great danger. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, fastens it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in the hollow of the rock, the bird-catcher gives himself a swinging motion, by means of his pole, till the vibration carries him so close that he can get footing on the cliff. He can communicate a motion to himself of thirty or forty feet; but, when the shelf lies deeper, another rope is let down to his associates in the boat, who can thus give him a swing of 100 or 120 feet. When the labor is over, the man is drawn up by his companions.—Where the rocks are less elevated one person can fasten a line to the top and let himself down alone. This occupation is attended with many dangers. The greatest care cannot prevent the rope from sometimes breaking; a stone detached from the cliffs falls on the unfortunate fowler, or, in swinging himself, he misses his footing and is dashed against the rock. When landed on the terrace new dangers await him—he may lose his balance and fall into the sea, or the projection on which he rests may itself give way. The number of fowls, however, caught in this manner, is sufficient to induce the hardy natives to risk their lives.—*Edinburgh Library*.

Miscellany.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

A story is told of a sergeant who travelled through the woods of New Hampshire, on his way to the American army, which well shows the character of the Indians. He had twelve men with him; their route was far from any settlement, and they were obliged every night to camp in the woods. The sergeant had seen a good deal of the Indians, and understood them well. Early in the afternoon, one day, as they were marching on, over bogs, swamps, and brooks, under the great maple trees, a body of Indians, more than their own numbers, rushed out upon a hill in front of them.

They appeared to be pleased at meeting with the sergeant and his men. They considered them their best friends. For themselves, they had taken up the hatchet for the Americans, and would scalp and strip those rascally English for them like so many wild cats.

"How do you do, pro?" (meaning brother) said one, and "How do you do?" said another; and so they went about shaking hands with the sergeant and his twelve men.

They went off at last; and the sergeant having marched a mile or two, halted his men, and addressed them thus: "My brave fellows, we must use all possible caution, or before morning we shall all be dead men. You are amazed, but depend upon me, these Indians have tried to lull suspicion. You will see more by and by."

They concluded finally to adopt the following scheme for defence. They encamped for the night near a stream of water, which protected them from behind. A large oak was felled, and a brilliant fire kindled. Each man cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it up nicely in his blanket, put his hat on the end of it, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might take it for a man.

Thirteen logs were fitted out in this manner, representing the sergeant and his twelve men. They then placed themselves, with loaded guns, behind the fallen tree. By this time it was dark, but the fire was kept burning till midnight. The sergeant knew that if they ever came, they would come now.

A tall Indian was seen through the glimmering of the fire, which was getting low. He moved towards them, skulking as an Indian always does. He seemed to suspect at first that a guard might be watching, but seeing none, he came forward more, rested on his toes and was seen to move his finger, as he counted the 13 men sleeping, as he supposed, by the fire. He counted them again, and retired. Another came up and did.

the same. Then the whole sixteen in number came up and glared silently at the logs, till they seemed satisfied that they were fast asleep. Presently they took aim, fired the whole number of guns upon the logs, yelled the war-whoop, and rushed forward to murder and scalp their supposed victims. They were fired upon by the sergeant and his party, and not one of the Indians was left to tell the story of that night. The sergeant and his party reached the army in safety.

From the Boston Transcriber.

CAN SHE SPIN?

This question was asked by King James 1st, when a young girl was presented to him, and the person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in the ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew." These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "but pray tell me, can she spin?"

Many of the young ladies of the present day, can boast of their skill in the fine arts and polite accomplishments in music, painting, dancing, but can they spin? or what is more appropriate to the times and the modern improvements in labor-saving machinery, it may be asked, can they perform the domestic duties of a wife? do they understand the management of household affairs? Are they capable of superintending in a judicious, prudent, and economical manner, the concerns of a family?

A young lady may be learned in the ancient and modern languages, may have made the extraordinary proficiency in every branch of literature; this is all very well, and very creditable, and to a certain class of the community, who are not obliged, as was St. Paul, "to labor with their own hands," is all that is absolutely requisite, but to a much larger portion of the community, it is of far greater consequence to know whether they can spin?

It is of more importance to a young mechanic, or a merchant, or one of any other class of people who depend upon their own industry and exertions, if he marries a wife, to have one who knows how to spin or perform other domestic duties, than one whose knowledge does not extend beyond a proficiency in literature and the fine arts.

It has often been said that the times are strangely altered; and certain it is that the people are. It was once thought honorable to be constantly employed in some useful avocation; but now-a-days it is thought more honorable to be idle. People complain of the high prices of the necessities of life, and with much truth. But if the amount of idleness could be calculated accurately throughout the community, allowing the drones half price for their services, which they might perform, and which others are paid for, it might be a safe calculation to estimate it equal to all that is expended for provision and marketing in the United States. So it is not a little inconsistent to hear parents complain about the price of provision, while they bring up their daughters to walk the streets and expend money.

Let the fair daughters of our country imitate the industrious matrons of the past. The companions of those who fought our Revolution were inured to hardships, and accustomed to necessary toil, and thus did they educate their daughters. Health, contentment, and plenty smiled around the family altar. The damsel who understood most thoroughly and economically the management of domestic affairs, and was not afraid to put her hands into the washtub, or to "lay hold of the distaff," for fear of destroying their elasticity, and dimming their snowy whiteness, was sought by the young men of those days as a fit companion for life, but in modern times to learn the mysteries of the household would make our fair ones faint away; and to labor comes not into the code of modern gentility.

Industry and frugality will lead to cheerfulness and contentment, and a contented wife tends greatly to soften the asperities and smoothen the rough paths in a man's journey through life. It has been truly said, a pleasant and cheerful wife is a rainbow in the sky, when the husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder cloud, charged with electric fluid.

The Newspaper Press.—"Saturday night," writes Captain Marryatt, in his new work, *Olla Podrida*, (and we could tell him that this is a very frequent exception,) "appears to be the only night on which those connected with these immense undertakings can be said to have any repose from year's end to year's end. What a life of toil! What an unnatural life must theirs be who thus cater, during the hours of darkness for the information and amusement of the mass who have slept soundly through the night, and rise to be instructed by the labor of their vigils! It can be effected in no other country in the world. It is another link in the great chain of misery which proves the greatness of England. The editors of these papers must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing of the article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction or distress of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is something like walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The population of New Hampshire falls somewhat short of 300,000 inhabitants; and a more persevering, thrifty, intellectual and moral community—a more brave, hardy, industrious people, remarkable for their fidelity, and their zealous attachment to the liberties of their country, is not to be found in the world. There is a primitive simplicity of manners, an open and unaffected frankness, and an invincible spirit of freedom, which I never have found in any other State in the Union. It is remarkable that the countries the least fertile are the most beloved by their inhabitants. An Italian or a Spaniard may be contented in exile, but a Swiss peasant, or a New Hampshire farmer, never; and altho' the young men often leave the State after they arrive at their majority, yet when they have acquired a competence, neither the luxuries of the cities, nor the rich prairies of the West can content them, while away from their sublime but unproductive mountains.—*Knickerbocker for April.*

VERY POINTED.—The following is from an exchange paper.—"I wonder how any body can eat his breakfast before reading a newspaper," said an old borrower of this article. "I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast after reading a borrowed paper," said his more conscientious wife.

The man who attends promptly to his own business, will never have to rely upon that of other people for support.

CHARACTER.

THE WAITER.

He attributes all virtues to every body, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes, Sir," is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements of Butlers, which latter he pursues with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming sir." If you told him that, in Shakspeare's time, waiters said "Aoon, aoon, sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables

of his "Yes, Sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir." "Thomas!" "Yezzir." "Is my steak coming?" "Yezzir." And a pint of port? "Yezzir." "You'll not forget the post-man." "Yezzir." For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says, "Yes, Sir," for "No, Sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE ITALIAN PEASANTRY.—"The temper of the lower Italians, their customs, and their morality, present, even in the same persons, contradictions of the most curious kind. The impression which the hasty traveller receives is almost unavoidably unfavorable. In visiting the northern lakes, he is surrounded by as mercenary a race as those who inhabit the other show countries of Europe. From Lombardy to Calabria, if he travels with a display of wealth, he is passed from hand to hand through a series of postmasters, postboys, couriers, innkeepers, shopkeepers, and valets-de-place, who successively try which can cheat him most. Inclination or curiosity may unfortunately lead him into those scenes of deauchery, which, in Italy, are nowhere glaring except at Naples; and if, on his way to the luxurious city, he happens to be robbed in the Pontine marshes, his experience of low life is completed. And yet his harsh opinion of the people would be utterly unjust. If he were to reside long among them, and mix familiarly with the laboring classes, either in the country or in town, allowing their character room to develop itself, he would be not unlikely to commit injustice in the opposite way. That class of men who revenge their nation on foreigners, by universal though petty spoliation, will not indeed improve much on further acquaintance (although even their cheating is oddly limited by a few traditional rules;) and the general character can scarcely be estimated fairly in any districts much frequented by travellers.—But the observer will discover honesty and purity even in the towns; in the country he will have difficulty in detecting any thing else; and every where, when he has contrived to step within the line of separation, he will be met with a warmth of heart, as originality and independence of character, a picturesqueness of ideas, and in several provinces a marked fertility of wit, which will inspire him with true affection for the fallen nation, and make it no easy task for him to represent their faults clearly, either to himself or others.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

IRONICAL RULES FOR GOOD BREEDING.

If you walk in State-street, or any other public place with a superior, always observe to take the upper hand yourself; and if three or more be in company, be sure to place yourself in the middle.

If two companies be passing each other, it is a proof you are acquainted with the principles of politeness, when you look over the shoulder of your friend with a fashionable grin, lisping out at the same times, a fine woman; or, a queer quiz, egad.

In walking, to keep up a conversation with yourself has a fine effect, particularly if you accompany it with extravagant gestures. If you are too well dressed for a poet or an actor, you will probably be taken for a member of congress.

It is very becoming to run along the street, like a little shop-keeper to a ready-money customer, or a dancing-master on a new pupil. It also looks very well to stop and loiter at every object you pass, like a printer's errand-boy, who is sent with a proof-sheet to an impatient author.

I would particularly recommend to all dashing young men to assume a contemptuous look, if an old acquaintance in adversity should pass, especially if he is a little shabby in his appearance: this shows humanity, generosity, good sense, and discrimination.

To gape into a dining-room, or parlor, where a company is assembled, as you pass along the streets, is presumptive evidence of your politeness.

If you meet a fine woman, instantly turn your eye-glass full in her face. The reason is obvious. If modest, you will throw her into the utmost confusion, which heightens her charms.

Gen. Scott has been confined to the house, at Buffalo, for two weeks. He was in Rochester, on the 12th ult.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the "Black-Booker."

MARY HART.

The following narrative was derived from an officer of General Wellborn's corps, who was in battle with the Creek Indians, as below narrated, and an eye-witness of the remarkable events here recorded. The whole affords but another proof, that truth is indeed often stranger than fiction:

The Creek war of 1836-7 was a most barbarous one and continued nearly two years. The Creek population comprehended in the treaty for emigration westward, was twenty-two thousand souls, about two thousand of whom, warriors, broke the treaty, and commenced hostilities in May, 1836, by an attack on the town of Roanoke, in the night, butchering its inhabitants, putting them to flight, and pillaging and setting fire to their habitations. The terrors of an affrighted population, once exposed to Indian barbarities, can hardly be conceived. Rumor follows quick upon the heels of rumor; yet no story can exceed the horrors of Indian warfare, as it is impossible for language adequately to depict its realities. It is stated of a man in flight with his family from a supposed pursuit of Indians in this war, that having got fresh intelligence of alarm by the less hasty flight of others who had overtaken him, he took up his boy from behind his wagon, tossed him in, and ran forward to whip up his team, when lo! at the place of stopping, he found that the violence of his action to save his son, had killed him by breaking his neck!

When General Jessup had reported the Creek war at an end, and drawn off his troops into Florida to act against the Seminoles, contrary to the remonstrances of the inhabitants of Alabama—who assured him that the Indians were not at all subdued, but that some hundreds were still lurking in their hiding places—the war broke out afresh, with increased barbarity; and the Governor of Alabama, the Hon. Clement C. Clay, now Senator in Congress, was forced to act with great vigor in mustering fresh troops for the exigency, by enlisting the citizens of the state into the service of the United States. Gen. William Wellborn received the command, and acquitted himself with great valor and honor, to the end of the war.

Some time in the winter of 1836-7, Gen. Wellborn heard of an encampment of Indians on the banks of Pee River, near its confluence with Pee Creek, between the Forks. With a company of two hundred and ten mounted men, he set off in search of the foe. Having discovered and reconnoitred their position, from the west bank of the Pee, without being observed he left one hundred and twenty of his troops on the higher grounds, about half a mile from the river, at a point by which the Indians must retreat, if dislodged, with instructions to cut them off whenever they should be driven in upon them. With the remainder, ninety men, he descended the river a few miles, and crossed on a bridge below the confluence of the two streams, with a view to come round and attack the Indians by surprise. Having made his way across Pee Creek, he found the access greatly impeded by low and wet grounds, it being a time of high water, and several lagoons or channels, running from one river to the other, and at this time flooded: cane-brakes and palmetto thickets were to be broken through, and various obstacles, peculiar to that wild retreat, interposed. Nevertheless, the bravery and determination of the troops surmounted all impediments, and they arrived at last on the bank of a lagoon, on the other side of which was the Indian encampment, themselves screened from observation by a grove of palmettos and favorable grounds.

At this moment a firing was heard in the direction of the place where the one hundred and twenty troops had been left, and it was manifest, as none but women and children were to be seen on the opposite bank of the lagoon, that the Indians had discovered the whites on the west side of the Pee, and had themselves become the assailants. This was the more painful to observe, that the firing grew rapidly more distant, an indication that the Indians were victorious and in pursuit.

Gen. Wellborn instantly conceived the project, as retreat was impossible, of placing his men in line as near the bank of the lagoon as he could, for a desperate onset on the return of the Indians; and having given

his orders, he retired to an eminence about a quarter of a mile, and showed himself to the women, who instantly raised the cry of "Esta-Hadka! Esta-Hadka!" "White man! White man!" pointing to Gen. Wellborn, on the distant eminence. This alarm was rapidly conveyed by runners to the Indians now engaged on the other side of the Pee, and as soon as possible, some three hundred warriors or more came rushing back, flushed with victory, and full of vengeance.—They seemed to know that they had routed the largest body of their opponents, and were eager to find the remainder. It was a critical moment when they stood upon the open ground, within gun-shot of Gen. Wellborn's men, on the other bank of the lagoon, demanding of the women where they had seen the white man. The Indians knew that the lagoon was fordable, but their opponents did not. At the moment they were about to rush in, and at a given signal, a well-directed fire was poured in upon them from the whole line, and they fell back, with a shout of terror and discomfiture, into a pine wood, about forty rods distant, leaving many of their number dead upon the field.

It was evident that the fire told well, but no less certain, that the foe would soon rally, and return with a confidence of victory. They knew there was no escape for the white man, and that they had driven from the field his strongest force. Violent speeches of the chiefs and warriors were heard, and understood. In about forty minutes, a hideous yell of onset rang thro' the forest, and the entire array of the Indian force leaped upon the bank of the lagoon, to cross and drive their assailants by closer fight. At that moment they received a second time the whole fire of Gen. Wellborn's men from behind the palmettos, halted, staggered, and again fell back into the woods, leaving the ground strewn with their slain. Again the rallying speeches were heard, and Gen. Wellborn saw that he and his men must transfer the action to the other bank or perish before a superior force. Believing, from the demonstrations of the Indians, that the lagoon was fordable, he ordered two men, at different points, to make the attempt and if they succeeded the whole corps were to plunge in, form upon the opposite bank, and rush upon the foe.

It was but the work of a moment, and every man was in line. The conflict was desperate and bloody. Women fought and fell with men. A single white man encountered a warrior and two of his wives, all three of whom were laid dead at his feet, by a necessity which he could not avoid, in self-preservation. The Indians fled across a bridge of trees which they had thrown over the Pee, fighting and falling in their retreat; and all that could, were soon out of the battle leaving behind them camp and spoils, the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Seventy-three warriors, averaging six feet and two inches in height, were counted among the slain.

An old chief, Apothlo-Oholo, who afterward escaped in the night, being entirely disabled by the shot he had received in various parts of his body, fell into the river, as he was attempting to cross the bridge of trees. He clung to the branches, and buried himself entirely under water, while the victors were crossing and re-crossing, during and after the action. He lived to recover of his wounds, joined his party, and afterward made the following speech to Gen. Wellborn, at Conchatto-Mecco's Town, when about to emigrate with his people:

"You are a Great Chief. I have fought as long as I could. You have beaten me. You have killed and taken nearly all my people. I am now ready to go: the farther from you the better. We cannot be friends. I thank you for taking care of my women, children, and wounded warriors, and for sending them back to me. You are a Great Chief."

In the sleeve of the coat of Apothlo-Oholo, after the battle, were found twenty-eight hundred dollars, in gold; and many spoils that had been taken from murdered white families, or pillaged from their deserted houses, were recovered. A roll of bank notes was also found. Most of the Indian ponies were left behind, and the whole of the next day was consumed in making arrangements for a vigorous pursuit of the routed Indians. Nine of the ninety engaged in this attack were killed. The carcasses of the Indians, we are sorry to learn, were left without burial. The exasperated feelings of the troops, themselves citizens of a commonwealth doomed to the horrible atrocities of an

Indian war, with their families exposed, many of whom had already suffered, must stand as an apology for not paying to a fallen enemy the usual respect of civilized warfare. It was a scene of carnage, left to the face of the sun, and to the eyes of the stars.

On the morning of the third day, a pursuit of the retreating foe was ordered, the trail of which led them down the Pee, to the plantations of two brothers, Josiah and Robert Hart, about forty miles below the battle-ground above described. As they approached these settlements, it needed no prophet's ken to anticipate the fate of these unhappy families. The Indians, still counting scarcely less than two hundred warriors, came upon them the second night.

Josiah Hart had a wife, a son, and two daughters, the youngest of whom, Mary, was nine years of age. The family of Robert Hart, living about a mile from his brother, consisted of himself, two sons, a married daughter, and son-in-law. The log cabin of Robert, as is usual in that country, was built in two separate parts, with an open space or court between, over which the roof of the building extended, the door of each part being in the middle of this court, opposite to each other. Aware of the dangers to which he was exposed, Mr. Hart had "chinked" the logs, before open and admitting of being fired through by the musketry or rifles of an enemy, leaving here and there a port-hole, through which the tenants might be able to repulse assailants. He was also provided with nine pieces of fire-arms, rifles, double-barrel and others kept constantly charged, and ready for a sudden emergency. In one of these buildings, the whole family slept by their arms and ammunitions, while the watch-dog kept his post without.

At the mid-hour of this fatal night, they were suddenly awakened by the earnest barking of the dog, and the simultaneous yells of the Indians. The dog was soon silenced by the rifles of the savages; and the subsequent stillness without, except when interrupted by the occasional light tread or sudden bound of the wily foe around the house, reconnoitring, in preparation for the execution of his purpose, was fearful. Having failed in their usual stratagem of driving out the tenants of the house in affright, by the yells of their onset, in an opposite direction, where they would be sure to fall into the hands of a party in ambush, they sought opportunity to make an attack through the crevices of the logs which composed the walls of the building. Not succeeding in this, for the reason before mentioned, and not venturing yet to enter the court, for fear of a fire from within, which had not yet opened upon them, their next device was, to kindle a fire under the side of the dwelling, by which, if successful they were sure of their prey. This, however, they could not well do in the dark, without becoming marks for an unseen hand. Accordingly, the first attempt proved fatal to those engaged in it, and two or three Indians fell before the sure aim of the rifle from within the walls. Hour after hour, in painful suspense, passed away, with now and then a shot from either party, to little or no purpose, except that a chance ball from an Indian rifle found its way between the logs, and wounded Mr. Hart's daughter in the arm. Not daring to strike a light, they endeavored, as well as they could, to bind it up, and to staunch the blood. At length a lurid light cast upon the clouds discovered to Mr. Hart that his brother's house was in flames, and a yell of triumph broke from the horde of savages by whom he and his children were environed, secure, though less successful hitherto, in accomplishing the same object. The flames rose higher, and threw upon this besieged habitation a flood of light, that compelled the besiegers to retire behind the out-houses for protection, as they would otherwise be exposed to the fire of Mr. Hart and his sons.

Day dawned at last, and a desultory fire was commenced, as chance invited, and as an Indian head was exposed to view. Several of the Indians fell. Exasperated by these failures, they resolved to set the house on fire at any hazard. They collected combustibles, chose their position, and rushed with fire and kindling wood under the stick chimney of the house, where, as it happened, the rifles from within could not be brought to bear. The smoke was soon felt in the house, and not a moment was to be lost. Despair finds weapons; and by the concert of an instant, a bold device was projected, to strike through the frail chimney-back on the heads of the Indians, and by a sudden

sortie drive them from the field, to purchase to themselves an opportunity of escape to the Fort, about seven miles distant. It was done. Three or four Indians were killed, and the rest fled. In some two hours after, Mr. Hart and his children were all safely lodged in the Fort, having left their house to pillage and flames, to which it was doomed in the course of that morning, so soon as the Indians had mustered a stronger force, and returned to renew the attack.—Plunder was all they had to enjoy.

About thirty-six hours after the Indians had quitted the plantation of the Hart, which they had left a scene of ruin and of carnage, and descended the river, little dreaming of being pursued by the party whose power they had felt two days before, Gen. Wellborn and his men came in sight of the smoking ruins of Josiah Hart's habitation and out-houses. Not a living creature moved before their eyes, and every aspect was that of desolation. From a party in the advance, so soon as they approached the ruins, a cry of horror and vengeance arose, which broke the awful silence of the place; and each one as he came near, was petrified at the spectacle which was presented. In a yard, a few rods from the house, lay the mangled and naked bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, their son, and eldest daughter; and a little removed from them, the body of Mary, also naked, with her skull apparently broken, in by a pine-knot, which lay by her side, covered with scattered hair and blood. She was lying upon her side, her person stabbed in several places, from head to foot; and the blood of each wound extending in unbroken conglomeration to the ground, which had drunk the crimson streams. The sight of Mary was not so fearful as that of the rest of the family, though sufficiently shocking. It was evident, that she had never struggled or moved, from the moment she was left in that position, thirty six hours before. Save her wounds, her appearance was that of an innocent, marble repose.

The mutilated and mangled condition of the other members of the family was too horrible to be recorded. Mr Hart had been pierced with many balls; Mrs. Hart with less; each had been shot; and all were covered and disfigured with ghastly wounds. The spectacle filled the men with absolute madness. They raved, stamped, ran to and fro, struck the trees and stones with their clenched hands, until the blood followed from their blows, without seeming to feel the wounds they inflicted on themselves; and they cried, "Vengeance! Vengeance! Vengeance!" till all the region rang with it, and loud enough to awake the sleeping dead.

And it *did* awake the dead! Surrounded at this moment by a throng of exasperated beholders, who were looking upon her innocent countenance, and raising these fearful cries, but not having yet presumed to touch this relic of mortality, little Mary Hart opened her eyes, turned up her face, and said, audibly and distinctly, "How they did beat us!" and then closed her eyes, and turned back, clasped again in the same silent and death-like repose! The moment was awful, and the feeling of the spectators entirely changed. The innocent victim was carefully approached, tenderly lifted up, her wounds bathed, and the proper surgical applications attached. On examination, it was found that life was not extinct; but she was so literally drained of her blood, that no symptom of reviving animation could be awakened. Wrapped in a blanket, she was carried on horseback in the arms of General Wellborn to the Fort, with little more sign of life than when first taken from the ground, and was committed to the charge of her uncle and his family, whose escape has already been narrated.

The troops started off in hot pursuit of the flying foe, and after two days' march overtook them in Florida. Thirty-nine of them were slain in the engagement that ensued; many prisoners were taken, with the booty from the pillaged houses of the Harts; and the rest took flight to the town of Conchatto-Mecco, where they surrendered for emigration, and the Creek war was ended.

Mary Hart, by means of tender nursing, and the restoring powers of nature gradually recovered. The indenture in the skull proved not to be a fracture, and she is now supposed to be as well as if the massacre had never happened. She is at this time twelve or thirteen years of age, and sole heiress to a great estate.

THE GATHERER.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

It was formerly the custom in London to print the King's speech on a letter sheet upon which was endorsed "King's Speech." Certain printers, to be up to competition, just before the opening of Parliament, procured a large quantity of letter paper, printed the usual endorsement and laid it by, ready for the speech to be clapped on the inside. For some reason, his Majesty on that occasion, gave no speech at all. Here was a waste of Bath Post, hot-pressed! But, to save themselves, the publishers caused the sheets to be folded in the usual way, with the usual label, ready to meet the eye of purchasers. A boy was despatched into the streets to sell them. No sooner did he rush along bellowing "King's Speech!" than all the passers by stopped and bought the precious document.—So eager were they to read it that not a soul thought of unfolding it, but hurried off home or to a coffee-house that he might peruse it at leisure. At last some person, who had just bought of the running boy, tho't he observed a sly twinkle in his eye; and not having heard of any speech from the throne, opened the paper to see what was in it. A blank met his view! A blank like that to which Dr. Franklin "every infant mind." "Hilloa! lad—stop; look there is nothing in this paper!" "Is't there!" replied the boy, increasing the rapidity of his movement, "well—the king said nothing."

CAPUCHIN INTERMENT.

A gentleman, who had resided many years abroad and particularly amongst the Italian Catholics, once described to me the manner in which the Capuchins inter the brethren of their order. These defunct *freres* are embalmed, arrayed in their peculiar habits, as when living; and in the vaults of their monastic churches or chapels, ranged upright in niches formed for this purpose. On certain days, particularly on the Feast of All Souls, the doors of these cemeteries are opened to the public, who, as a religious duty to flock in to view these singular and affecting relics of mortality. The bodies undergo but little alteration in appearance for centuries; but Mr. M. being tempted to touch the very long nose of one old fellow, who looked "a leathern Pharaoh, grinning in the dark," it disappeared in a shower of dust beneath his fingers.

THE BURNING OF A WORLD.

It is not a little remarkable that the predicted conflagration of the earth and circumstances attending as is foretold in the ancient scriptures are both natural and have a strict coincidence with scientific probability. None but the ignorant would conclude, that because the earth had whirled round the sun in safety for some thousands of years, that therefore, it must forever go on undisturbed. There are principles in the atmosphere which engirds the globe, of sufficient potency, if properly proportioned, to feed a combustion that would liquify the rocks and evaporate the seas.—The two gases which feed the intense flame of the compound blow pipe, are component parts of the air we breathe. Besides the combustibility of the atmosphere, the earth may have central fires that her mountain ribs may not be always able to imprison. Are not the ancient volcanoes the great arteries which lead down to this heart of fire?

It is computed by the French astronomers that more than fifteen hundred fixed stars have disappeared within three centuries past. La Place says that one of these stars situated in the northern hemisphere, gave the most indisputable evidence of having burned. It was so bright as to be visible to the naked eye at mid-day—"first of a dazzling white, then reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color." The conflagration lasted and was visible 16 months, when the star forever disappeared.—*Free Trader.*

PRAYERS.—In Placourt's History of Madagascar, is the following beautiful prayer, said to be used by the people whom we call savages:

"O Eternal, have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite, because I am weak. O Sovereign of Life, because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omnipotent, because I am in darkness. O All

Bounteous, because I am poor. O All Sufficient, because I am nothing."

A JUST REPLY.—"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that only costs you ten days labor." "You forgot," replied the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

FROM THE ESSAY OF WILSON'S ESSAY.

DEATH OF BURNS.

On the near approach of death he returned to his own house in a spring-cart, and having left it at the foot of the street, he could just totter up to his door. The next day he was delirious, and the next day after too, though on being spoken to, he roused himself into collected and composed thought, and was, ever and anon, for a few minutes himself—Robert Burns. In his delirium, there was nothing to distress the listeners and the lookers on—words were heard that to them had no meaning—about incidents and events unnoticed in their happening, but now strangely cared for in their final repassing before the closed eyes, just ere the dissolution of a dream.

Nor did his death-bed want for affectionate and faithful service. The few who were privileged to tend it, did so tenderly and reverently—now by the side of the sick wife, and now by that of the dying husband. Maxwell, a kind physician, came often to gaze in sadness where no skill could relieve. Findlater, supervisor of excise, sat by his bedside the night before he died; and Jessie Lewars, daughter of a gauger, was his sick nurse. Had he been her own father, she could not have done her duty with a more perfect devotion of her whole filial heart. His children had been taken care of by friends, and were led in to be near him, now that his hour was come; and the great poet of the Scottish people, who had been born "in the auld clay biggin" on a stormy night, died in a humble tenement on a bright summer morning, among humble folk, who composed his body, and, according to custom, strewed around it flowers brought from their own gardens.

A BRAVE IRISHMAN.—An Irishman who was a soldier of the Revolution, was suddenly stopped near Boston by a party, during a dark night; a horseman's pistol was presented to his breast, and he was asked to which side he belonged. The supposition that it might be a British party, rendered his situation extremely critical. He replied, "I think it would be more in the way of civility, just to drop a hint which side you are pleased to favor." "No, (testily said the first speaker) declare your sentiments or die!" "Then I will not die with a lie in my mouth; American to extremity! Do your worst, you spalpeen." The officer replied, "We are your friends; and I rejoice to meet with a man so faithful to the cause of his country!"

RETORT.—Lord B. wore his whiskers very large. Curran meeting him, "Pray, my lord," said he, "when do you intend to reduce your whiskers to the peace establishment?" "When you, Mr. Curran," said his lordship, "put your tongue upon the civil list!"

A DESPERATE LOVER.—A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady-love, that it was his firm intention to drown himself, "or perish in the attempt."

A burst of Eloquence.—A down east orator, declaiming upon the power and grasping disposition of England, breaks forth as follows:—

"The youthful and sovereign Queen of England, now stands facing the South—with one foot upon the shore of Asia, and the other upon that of Western America; while the deep swelling Pacific rolls in its spherical form beneath, in the broad expanse. Bending forward, she is grasping with her right hand the tree soil of Eastern America—with her left, that of benighted Africa; shading with her form the great Atlantic—while she calmly surveys her hundred fleets upon the ocean-wave, and her own native England, with its thousand isles."

A drunken woman at Richmond, Va., a few nights since accidentally set fire to her bed, and burned herself to death.

New Plan of Courtship.—At a wedding recently celebrated, were present some twenty-five persons, all of them in a condition which, for various reasons, they generally concurred in regarding as undesirable—the “unengaged.” One of the gentlemen of the party suspected the prevalence among them of feelings that might easily be exchanged for others infinitely more fixed and agreeable. He accordingly proposed the choosing of a President, a person worthy of all confidence, whose duty it should be to receive from each individual a folded paper inscribed with the name of the person handing it in, and also with the another person of the other sex whom the first would be willing to marry. The President, in addition to the restraints of his own sense of honor, was to be put under a solemn pledge of eternal secrecy. All refusing to accede to the proposition were for the time to leave the room. Those whose choice was reciprocal—that is, whose papers contained the same two names—were to be privately informed; while the selections of the others were to remain undisclosed. The result was that the trial was made: all shared in the experiment, and eleven couple were found to have made themselves happy—and their several unions were afterwards consummated.

Anecdote.—A worthy old sea-captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers at a port emerald isle, to bring to this country. On approaching our coast he as usual sounded, but found no bottom. “And did ye strike the ground, captain?” inquired one of the Irishmen. “No,” was the reply. “And will ye be so good as to tell us,” rejoined Pat, “how near ye came to it?”

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 26.—the first six months, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions of the next volume.

MONTGOMERY BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—Is the name of a society which has been recently added to the number of charitable institutions, in which the city of Albany is so prolific. Institutions which have for their object charity, and the promotion of social intercourse are eminently useful, and speak well for the virtues and intelligence of the people, who are instrumental in their organization and support. The Mechanics Benefit Society, is a happy illustration of this fact, that society has been productive of the most happy results, and is the medium through which much human misery is prevented.

THE PRESIDENT.—The prevailing opinion is, that this vessel is lost. If so, the probability is that we can only conjecture in what manner the sad disaster occurred. The president was a staunch vessel, and in all her rig, build, and engine, as perfect as the ingenuity of man was capable of. There is still a fulsome hope of her safety, which those who had friends on board of her, cling to, a few days will suffice to confirm their hopes or fears.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.—We see that an effort is being made to make the Sabbath a day of rest indeed. Every philanthropist, will rejoice in the consummation of this event, a just observance of good order and morality requires it. The physical constitution of man, requires it; but it must be accomplished by the force of public opinion, anathemas and coercion will avail nothing, penal statutes and inflictions, will inevitably increase the evil, the public sense of propriety must be appealed to. Let the press take the matter properly in hand, and the desired end, will be speedily accomplished.

HUMBUG.—This “oft-quoted, oft repeated” term, though apparently unmeaning and absurd, is nevertheless very significant. We are not prepared to account satisfactorily for its origin, any more than for the origin of the thousand and one other singular and inexplicable terms, with which our language abounds. We suppose, however, that the individual who first uttered it, had reference to some *humming insect*; and therefore its application to certain extravagant absurdities of the present day, which, though creating considerable noise, are nevertheless deficient in strength and stability.

This is, emphatically, *the age of humbug*. We wish not to insinuate aught against the practicability of establishing a line of *balloons* between this country and Europe, as has been suggested—neither do we hint at the impossibility of propelling rail-road cars with the swiftness of thought, merely by substituting *electricity* in place of *steam*: (another sage suggestion;) but we wish, simply, to advert to *individual humbugs*—and these are numerous indeed. First in order comes the *medical humbug*—an illiterate quack announces to the world, that he has at length discovered the philosopher’s stone, whereby he is enabled to heal every disease incidental to the human system, simply by the use of his nostrums; and thousands are *humbugged* thereby. Then comes the *theatrical humbug*;—a fellow, conceiving himself possessed of all the necessary qualifications for the profession, struts his brief hour upon the stage; and is enthusiastically applauded by the enlightened and discerning *pit*. He is immediately set down as a great actor. A foreign female, of questionable reputation, but of undoubted grace and agility, visits our shores, in a few months amasses a large fortune, and returns to Europe, laden with substantial evidences of the *gullibility* of the Yankees. We might go on to show the literary, political, and innumerable other humbugs; but our limited space compels us to desist for the present.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—Scarcely a day passes, without some proposition is submitted to the Legislature for an alteration in some feature of our common school system. This is entirely wrong and attended with serious mischief. A matter of such paramount importance, should be instituted on the broadest scale of liberality, and should remain permanent, in its nature and action.

THE BRIDGE.—An abridged report of Mr. Enoch Strong’s bridge exterminator, and English language contortioner, is published in our daily papers. Enoch is terrifically tremendous in his opposition, and his eloquence passeth all human understanding. His *speech* should be preserved as a literary curiosity. The price of sturgeon has advanced materially since its delivery. Enoch must be put on a low diet, and take cooling purges, the homeo pathic system won’t do, large doses must be administered.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—We regret to learn from the Argus, that Mr. Conant of Saratoga, who was one of the sufferers on board the steamboat South America, died on Friday evening, April 30, at Cones’ Hotel in this city. Mr. C. was a worthy young man, aged 22, formerly of Schenectady. This is the second victim. There is also little hope of the recovery of Mr. Glen, of Schenectady, who is also under treatment at the same hotel.

EMIGRANTS TO TEXAS.—In the first quarter ending on the 31st March, 1841, there had arrived at Galveston, 506 white adults, 15 children, 109 slaves: total, 629.

THE WEATHER.—May is not always the season of “sunny skies and fragrant-smelling flowers.” We were visited, on the second instant, (Sunday) by a heavy fall of snow, which continued, with little intermission, until the following morning. As the poet says, this is “winter lingering in the lap of May.”

FALLEN.—Dr. John Loffland, extensively and favorably known as the “Milford Bard,” has been committed to the Baltimore alms-house as an object of charity. Many of our citizens no doubt remember that the first efforts of his muse, and which gave promise of great excellence, were given to the public thro’ the “Masonic Record” formerly published by Mr. E. B. Child, in this city.

☞ The Canal is now navigable, we believe thro’ out the whole line. Boats have arrived from Rochester.

A violent storm was experienced in Philadelphia on Sunday. Two or three houses were blown down, and several vessels were more or less injured. The storm was equally severe in Jersey.

THE NEW-YORK MECHANIC.—This is the title of an excellent weekly paper, devoted to the interests of the American mechanic. From what we have seen of it, we should judge it to be worthy of extensive patronage.

Printers are looked up to as the (*) of intelligence, as well as a ~ of social beings, who frequently put a (:) or a (.) to a writer’s production.—*Cosmopolite*.

They are a fine (—)ing set of fellows, never backward to lend a helping (☞) to a brother in distress; and though they frequently *chase* and *lock* up the *forms* of many an unhappy author, and are constantly armed with (†) and *shooting stick*, yet ‘tis their invariable rule to provide a comfortable *bed, blankets* and *furniture*, for the needy, in an incredible short *space* of time.—While we are *composing* this (¶) we may as well add, that they are subject to unfiled *imposition*—truly a hard case for so eminently *pi-ous* a class of citizens.

MC LEOD.—A New-York paper, of May the 6th, says:—In the court room this morning, McLeod seemed totally indifferent at what was going on, and appeared more anxious to ogle some ladies that were there, and pay attention to the fold of the ruffles of his shirt than any thing else.

THE TRUTH is the title of a new evening paper, published in New-York, by E. A. Theller, of *patriot* memory.

A man named Cheek was a short time since arrested in Cincinnati, on suspicion of firing a feed store on the canal. He must have a hard *cheek* to commit so rashly a deed to deprive horses of their feed.

WELLERISMS.—“We can’t pass,” as the brass half dollar said to Major Andre ven he vos caught.

“Let’s borrow your light a minute,” as the moon said to the sun.

“This is all downhill work,” as Lucifer said when he was falling from heaven.

“I turn and turn and find no ray,” as the blind organist said.

“I am ticklish there,” as the roast pig said when the fork went between his ribs.

“With all thy faults, I love thee *still*,” as the loafer said when he went into the distillery.

“I feel down at the heel,” as the old shoe said when a dandy could not get it on.

“I’ll wipe the stain from your reputation,” as the host said to the dandy when he expunged his score.

A novel mode of indulging grief.—A noble lady residing in Paris, leaving a singular example of attachment to the fallen dynasty of France. After the departure of Charles X. from Cheshbrough, she never quitted her apartment, which she had caused to be hung with black cloth, ornamented with tears and fleurs-de-lis of tin. The mournful arrangement was the same in every room, from the ante-chamber to the kitchen. All the furniture and utensils were painted black, and those that could not bear the brush were covered with black crape. It was not until the auction of the lady's effects, that her neighbors were enabled to ascertain the extent of her grief. Amongst the various objects that excited curiosity, was a cage containing a parrot, dressed in deep mourning!

Both Alike.—"You needn't feel so big," said a butcher's man to a young doctor, "for we are both of a trade. We are both paid for killing."

Wooden cakes beautifully frosted, mahogany doughnuts, cast-steel poundcakes, and smooth polished nigger babies, are advertised to be let for parties, at Bangor.

A country editor complains that ladies' bonnets are now made so small that they will hold but one face at a time.

A simile.—Impure people resemble streams, which deposit their mud only where they wind their way between resisting irregular banks.

A Great Pork-eater.—The Boston Mail says there is a man in that city who eats so much pork, that he squeals in his sleep.

He is the victim of animal magnetism.

"Father, what does bursting of hilers mean." "Blowing up folk's tea-kettles, my child."

A gentleman, without a nose was followed by an importunate old beggar woman, who wound up all her speeches, with Heaven preserve your eye sight!—Why so, good woman? said he. Because, sir, your honor has no place to hang a pair of spectacles on.

Intelligence.

Awful Occurrence.—A few nights since we learn twelve negroes belonging to the Rev. Wesley Adams, of Jefferson county, Florida, were burnt to death.—They were all in one building, and it is supposed were suffocated, and rendered insensible, as they gave no alarm, and when the doors were opened uttered not a groan. The building was entirely destroyed.

MITCHELL THE FORGER.—This worthy was pursued as far as Baltimore by two of the New York police. They lost track of him when they reached that city, yet one of them has followed on South, resolved not give over the chase until he comes up with the fugitive.—*Ex. Paper*

FIRE.—The Cotton Mill owned by Messrs James Rhodes & Sons, at Rhodenville, Thompson, (Conn.) was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. The origin of the fire is not known.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

A monument to Richard Houghton, esq., late of the Boston Atlas, is to be erected at Mt. Auburn.

Ice and cold weather.—It is conjectured by many persons that the backwardness of the spring and the continued cold weather, may in a measure be attributed to the quantities of ice off the coast.—Ship masters crossing the Grand Banks represent the quantities as enormous, both in icebergs and sheet ice.

Sudden Death.—The N. Y. American of Tuesday says Mr. Charles Mowatt, formerly a merchant of that city, dropped dead in the street yesterday morning. He had, as was his custom, just drunk some Congress water at Mr. Dodd's apothecary shop, cor. of Broadway and Bleeker street, and was walking homeward, when death overtook him. He was aged 62 years.

Mysterious.—On Tuesday afternoon last, the entire skeleton of a human being was discovered by the workmen engaged in removing an old stable from the premises at present occupied by Dr. Mc Kaig, of this place. The frame, as we are informed, was complete and found stretched at its full length. It was immediately under the stable floor, with a slight covering of manure. The bones indicate a man of large size.—*Ohio Pat.*

Lamentable Accident.—We regret to record a distressing accident, which befel James W. Ford, Esq., Whig delegate elect of Stafford, and J. B. Ficklin, Esq., merchant of Falmouth, on Monday evening last. They were leaning against the railing of the bridge, between the abutment and the edge of the river, when the rail suddenly broke and they were precipitated backward upon a hard and rocky beach, from a height of about twenty-five feet. Mr. Ford had his thigh broken and was otherwise much injured. Mr. Ficklin had no limbs broken, but has sustained very severe injury.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) Arena.*

Accident and Loss of Life.—The steamer Victoria picked up a woman and child 25 miles above the mouth of Black River, after having floated on a snag nearly 5 hours. Her name is Mrs. Litterall, and it appears that a party of seven persons were coming down from Powhattan, when the canoe capsized, drowning 5 individuals, viz: a young man of the name of Pebert, a boy named J. Gray, a young woman and a little boy, and a baby of Mrs. Litterall. A subscription to the amount of \$50 was promptly made for the latter on board the boat.—*N. O. Bee.*

In firing the cannon yesterday morning, at Alton, John Adams had one of his arms shot off, and otherwise badly injured. The firing continued, but another like catastrophe was the consequence. Wm. Sheets was the other victim. His right arm was shot off above the elbow—his left hand was also shot off.—*St. Louis Republican, April 22.*

Sudden Death.—On Wednesday of last week, the New Haven Palladium announces the marriage of Dr. D. Henry Ely—on the Monday following announced his death. This was indeed a short step from the bridal to the tomb.

Horrible Death. We learn by the Morgantown (Pa.) Republican, that a young man by the name of James Weerman, by imprudently trying to jump from one side of a machine to the other, in a rolling mill, on Cheat river, was caught between the rollers and drawn through in the twinkling of an eye, and mashed to a pulp.

Melancholy Accident.—Lieut. Wm. B. Lyne, of the U. S. Navy, while on duty on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, during the middle watch on Thursday night, fell from the fore-chains overboard and was drowned.

Lieut Lyne was an accomplished officer, and leaves a wife and child and numerous friends to lament his untimely fate.

Hydrophobia.—A freeman of color died last week of hydrophobia. It was reported that he had been killed but the testimony of Dr. Stone, who attended the deceased at his house in Calliope street, places the matter beyond a doubt that he died of that dreadful disease, having been bitten by a dog, about two months since.—*N. Or. Bulletin.*

Married.

On the 3d inst. in this city, by the Rev J Castle, Rev Seth Mathison, of Ovid, to Mrs Catherine E. Goodrich, of Newburgh.

Tuesday evening, by Rev Mr Hodge, Mr James Gilkerson, to Miss Elizabeth Ford, all of this city.

Monday evening, by Rev Mr Kelly, Mr Matthew Higgins, to Miss Mary Ann Maher, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev Mr Hodge, Mr Robert Taylor, to Miss Marion, daughter of James Hart, all of this city.

At Washington city, on Sunday afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, Lieut. Montgomery C. Meigs, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, to Louisa, daughter of the late Com. John Rodgers.

At Hadley, Mass. on the 27th ult. by the Rev Gordon Dorance, Mr Milo R Eames, to Miss Eliza Ann, daughter of Deacon Ashley Williams, of the former place.

At New York, 30th ult. by the Rev T D Williams, Mr John G Treadwell of that city, to Miss Ellen T Holmes, formerly of New London, Conn.

In Hartford, 27th inst. by Rev Dr Hawes, Rev Prof Jackson, of Washington College, to Emily, eldest daughter of his Excellency Wm W Ellsworth.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday, after a long illness, Mrs. Rhoda Barker, wife of Charles Barker.

In N. Blenheim, Schoharie co., on the 25th ult., Mrs. Martha Hilton, wife of Wm. P. Hilton, and daughter of the late John Vernor, of this city.

At his residence in Schodack, Saturday, 1st instant, Mr John Link, aged 45.

Saturday 1st inst. Simon Glen, aged 68.

On Tuesday last, at Cummington, Mass. of consumption, Mary Emerson, wife of Rev R Reed, and sister of Wm B Emerson of this city, aged 28.

At Schenectady, 28th ult. Isaac A Quackenboss, Esq., attorney and counsellor at law, aged 74 years.—He was for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city, but lately resided in Erie, Pa.

At Ballston Spa, 28th inst. A. Goodrich, Esq. aged 58. Mr. G. was a member of the Legislature of 1825, and formerly Clerk of Saratoga co.

In Goshen, Orange co. on Monday last, Hon D M Westcott, aged 72. Col. W. had lived long and usefully; he established the first newspaper published in Orange co. and was for many years a member of our Legislature.

On Tuesday evening, Wm Sprague, infant son of L. S. Parsons.

REMOVED. JOSEPH CHATFIELD, Dyer and Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 133 Market-st. four doors south of the old Tavern, where he has taken up his abode, and is now conducting the tailoring business in the most approved manner. J. C. has a large stock of goods, and is prepared to merit a share of public patronage, and will be glad to receive the same. His present custom is left to himself by the long experience he has had in the above business, to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. Just received a new assortment of goods, suitable for the season. m 31.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jams streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to be buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscript will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

INTEMPERANCE.

A sound of woe salutes my ear—
Fell misery meets my eye;
I see the lonely widow's tear,
I hear the orphan's sigh;
And houseless children, shivering, stand,
With brows of haggard grief—
With hunger'd look, and outstretch'd hand,
Sue humbly for relief.

O what, with pestilential breath,
Sweeps thousands to their doom—
(Dread cause of foul disease and death.)
Into an early tomb?
Intemperance! whose fiery waves
Engulf its victims there,
And sink, into its yawning graves,
The old, the young, the fair!

O drink not of the fatal draught,
Avoid the poison'd bowl,
Or soon will keenest sorrow's shaft
Pierce to thy very soul!—
And wretchedness, and dark despair
Shall then thy frame consume—
O be it even then thy care
To shun the drunkard's doom!

C.

For the American Masonic Register.

LINES.

I love to see upon the ground
The snow-flakes gather fast,
And listen to the solemn sound
Of winter's piercing blast;
There's music in it, sad and drear,
That soothes my lonely breast,
As, faintly murmuring in my ear,
It lulls me to my rest.

I love to listen to the roar
Of mighty-ocean wild,
And see, along the pebbled shore,
Its dashing surges piled;
And when dark storms brood o'er the sky,
How grand—sublime the sight,
To see its waves rise mountain high,
And revel in their might!

T.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For liberty bursts in its ray;
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage, that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the West?

"War, war to the knife, be enthral'd or ye die!"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not his voice that promoted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand;
He raised not his arm—he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till, goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sigh'd o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Tho' he threw back the fetters, and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

O his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, and foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Revere not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed,
That his was the glory, and ours was the blood
Of the deeply stained field of the West.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

HOME VISIT.

The morning breaks—I stand once more
Upon my own, my native hills;
I raise the prayer, and kiss the soil,
For grateful thought my bosom fills.
Year after year I've roamed abroad,
And sought the wealth of other lands;
Once, home returning, tempest toss'd,
Was dashed on Afric's desert sands.

On other shores—in foreign climes,
How oft I've had my thoughts fixed here;
But now I find they all were dreams
Of what on earth can ne'er appear.
The sky is clear, the trees are green,
And birds sing cheerily around,
As they were wont in former years,
Ere I was tempted from their sound.

The house, the hill, the purling stream,
Are all the same they were before;
But hearts, and feelings, all are changed
From what they never can be more.
Here stands the beech tree, which of yore,
In childhood's hour we sported near,
Ere care had drawn the slightest trace
Across this brow, which now is sore.

'Twas here my mother kiss'd my cheek,
And bade me to the school repair;
At eve, returned—my sisters dear,
With flowrets twined my sunny hair;
And here's the pool, where Ponto oft
Has plunged to bring the useless chip;
And there, the ivy'd bank so dear,
From whence we launch'd our tiny ship.

And this, the church-yard—ah, how sad
To tell the names now gathered here—
Companions—one by one they sped—
Day after day, year after year.
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Have been to rest my troubles here.
But time has sadly changed the hearts,
That once were to this bosom dear.

No! I'll depart, nor seek again
The cold and heartless friends at home;
In other climes, o'er summer seas,
With kindred souls, I'll freely roam.
Then home, farewell—to-morrow's sun
Shall light me on my distant way;
Nor longing wish, nor dreams again,
Of thee, shall through this bosom stray.

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms,
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those bright streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her pleasant dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love the forest dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night;
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her vallies fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
"THE LAND OF LIBERTY."

THE GRAVE.

'Tis but a home where all must rest,
Change which to all must come;
A certain, which o'er all must spread
Its deep unfathomed gloom!

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY
NIGHT LINE.—PASSAGE \$1.—The pub-
lic are informed that during the past winter ex-
tensive arrangements have been made in the People's Line, by sub-
stituting the North America in the place of the Ulrica, and by ad-
ding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building
in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the
line on the opening of navigation. The line will then consist of
the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA,
three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North Ri-
ver, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance
of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and
intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The
above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any
boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of ac-
commodation, and general adaptability to the business in which
they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat
men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen
years experience in the business will be devoted to the manage-
ment of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation
and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with con-
fidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and sup-
port.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York,
daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the
office on the dock. mr. 12

MASONIC APRONS of the Degree of Master and Royal
Arch, splendidly engraved on Satin, can be obtained on ap-
plication to this office. Likewise, handsomely engraved Diplomas
of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev. of month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	21 & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for
the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to
receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 38]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADDRESS.

Delivered at the dedication of St. John's Hall, in the city of Louisville, Ky. on Saturday evening, April 10th, 1841.

BY R. W. WILKINS TANNEHILL, D. G. M.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 450.

I have had occasion more than once to remark that Masonry is a moral, not a religious institution; in the usual acceptance of the latter term, but, being strictly moral in all its injunctions, it is closely connected with religion. Morality may be called one of the great pillars of that beautiful temple which Christianity has erected, for if this support be withdrawn, the edifice itself must fall into ruins. Hence certain duties to God, our creator and preserver, are inculcated upon every candidate. On his entrance upon the threshold of the masonic Temple, before he is admitted to the slightest participation in its rights and privileges, he is solemnly required to declare his unwavering belief in the existence, power and goodness of one Supreme and Eternal God, and you all know with what solemnity he is required to repeat the declaration, and how it is enjoined upon him to pay that homage and render that adoration, which is due from the creature to the creator, and the strict principles of the order enjoin upon him to

"—to keep the soul enbalmed and pure
In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may his frame consume
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom."

Man is by nature religious, however this natural feeling may be weakened by a vicious life, by prediginate associations, and by the force of evil examples. His reason, his feelings, his instincts (if I may so speak) prompt him to religious duties in some form. The rudest nations adore a superior Being; they "see God in clouds and hear him in the wind;" they hear his voice in the rolling thunder, and see his footsteps in the lightning's flash. Hence have arisen the various systems of religion that have prevailed in different countries and at different periods. The masonic institution prescribes no form of worship; it neither adopts nor recommends any particular creed; hence every brother is left to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, untrammelled by obligations and uninfluenced by masonic rules. While it inculcates that "there is a being to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away" it prescribes no particular system of belief, or form of worship, for reasons that must be obvious to every mason. If it were confined to a particular creed or system of christian worship, its universality, one of its most striking features, would be destroyed, and its general usefulness impaired by limiting its sphere of action to a particular sect or denomination. Although masonry in its principles is closely allied to religion, it does not profess to be religion itself; by its moral influence it aims to correct the vices and restrain the passions of men. It does not profess to change the heart, that must be left to the regenerating influence of the spirit of God. As a human institution it operates by human means; by endeavoring to impress the sound principles of morality upon the mind and heart; by admonition and reproof; by exhibiting the beauties of virtue and the deformities of vice.

So intimate is the connection between morality and religion, that the mason who acts in conformity with the injunctions of the first, if he be not a religious man in the strict sense of the term, he at least lays the foundation on which to erect the more splendid and imposing superstructure of piety and religion.—Morality alone will not save, but the habitual practice

of the great moral duties will the better prepare man for that strict accountability for the deeds done in the flesh, which religion not only imposes but demands, and at length clothe him with that righteousness which will waft his immortal soul on seraph's wings to the realms of never-ending life and glory. The duties which we, as men and as masons, owe to the Great Creator, are laid down in that volume which, by all christian nations is regarded as the word of God, and which we regard as one of the great lights of our order, and receive as the rule and guide of our faith. It is our duty to search it that we may know its laws and if we obey not its precepts and injunctions, it is our own fault; if we disregard its admonitions we must suffer the penalty of their violation. That we are not all governed by its rules, is too true. We often forget its sublime precepts in the pursuit of unhallowed desires, and disregard its injunctions in the gratification of improper appetites, and our unsubdued passions too often reject their admonitions when they interfere with some interested purpose, or the accomplishment of some favorite object. On this occasion then, when you are about to resume your masonic labors, after a short suspension, and under the most favorable circumstances, am I asking too much, when I ask you, in the name of our order, seriously and deeply to ponder on the great principles upon which it is founded, and the various duties which are so often and so forcibly presented to your minds, in our various lectures, charges, and ceremonies? Am I asking too much, when I exhort you to practice Brotherly Love, Temperance and Charity, which we rank among the cardinal virtues of our order? Am I asking too much when I exhort you to cherish love of country;—to be firm in your allegiance to the government that protects you; to be undeviating in your attachment to those principles of rational freedom which have exalted this republic to the highest rank among the nations of the earth? Surely not; methinks I see every eye in this assembly beam with love for the order, and sparkle with the fire of patriotism. So long, my brethren, as we are governed by those principles, so long will our order defy the persecutions of its enemies.

So strongly am I impressed, that the permanence and usefulness of our institution depend upon the observance of our masonic duties, that on the present interesting occasion I cannot refrain from adverting to them. The duties we owe to the fraternity at large, and those which attach to ourselves, are contained in the lectures and charges delivered from this chair, as we advance in the order. They are numerous but not complex. When conveyed in symbols they are readily understood; when otherwise, they are so plain that he "who runs may read." They demand of us nothing which may not be accomplished; they require nothing which may not be performed, when the performance is undertaken with a proper spirit. If our masonic obligations restrain us in the indulgence of our desires, or occasionally require some personal sacrifice, the restraint and the sacrifice will be found to tend our comfort and happiness. Who that ever extended the helping hand to an unfortunate brother, even at some cost, that has not felt a gratification in the lively gratitude of that brother which more than compensated for the sacrifice? The various masonic duties when carried into active operation unite men with a "threefold cord not easily broken;" and secure that harmony, friendship and union, which ought ever to reign undisturbed among men, connected as masons are, by the most solemn ties. When carried into the world, they extend the blessings of social intercourse, and improve society, not by the introduction of new elements, but by the courteous application of principles long established. If we wish to maintain the pre-eminence we claim over other societies, the principles of our institution should be subjects of frequent reflection, and our individual and united efforts should be exerted to maintain them in their purity, and extend their benefits. The occasional repetition of ma-

sonic duties on public occasions will be of little effect in elevating our order, if we neglect their application in conducting the affairs of our own household.

I see around me brethren of every degree, from that of Entered Apprentice to that of Knight Templar, all of whom, I trust, have entered this Hall, animated by the true spirit of the order, and resolved to persevere in rebuilding the temple, and placing it upon the same elevation it occupied before the blast of persecution swept through its courts. I see before me brethren who guarded its banners, like faithful sentinels, in the day of trial, and who stood forward in its defence when calumny, aided by perjury assailed it. Upon them and other faithful brethren, devolves the duty of restoring the institution to its primitive standing. It may be asked how can this be accomplished? To this I answer, the means are in your own hands; let them be faithfully employed, and the work will be achieved. We have much to encourage us in the prospect before us, and but little to discourage.—On this subject then permit me to offer a few suggestions, which I deem worthy your serious consideration.

First. Let the avenues to your respective lodges, chapters, and encampments, be strictly guarded, so that none may enter but those whom you have good reason to believe will conform to your rules, and properly appreciate the privileges of the order. Be not deluded by the idea that a lodge is prosperous because it is numerous—this idea has been the fruitful source of numerous evils. The respectability of a lodge depends not upon the number, but the character of its members. Remember that carelessness with regard to the admission of members has cast no little odium upon the order, and has caused its privileges to be abused, and employed for unworthy purposes. We have already among us too many who are seldom seen within the walls of a lodge, except upon public occasions. Such members are as drones in the hive; they swell the numerical, but add nothing to the moral force of the institution—they enjoy its privileges, but they contribute nothing to the "feasts of charity," and feel none of the excitement of Friendship and Brotherly Love. To the world they may be known as masons, but they are scarcely known in the "household of the faithful." It should be borne in mind, that it is not the decorated apron, the glittering jewel, the embroidered sash, or the pomp and display of processions, that constitute freemasonry. These are transient and perishable objects; they may be put on and removed at pleasure, without making one valuable or useful impression. The jewels which give permanence, dignity and elevation to the masonic character, are those immovable ones that are impressed upon the mind, and engraven upon the heart, and which reflect lustre upon the order by deeds of charity and pure benevolence.

Second. Encourage by every means a spirit of union and let Brotherly Love and Friendship pervade each bosom, and animate every heart. Friendship and Brotherly Love, are among the cardinal virtues of the order, and their careful cultivation is essential to its preservation. So long, my brethren, as you cherish these virtues, so long as they warm your hearts and regulate your conduct, other and kindred virtues will follow in their train. Then will our order flourish, and our children's children will point with honest pride to the lodge as the abode of peace and harmony. We should often ask ourselves, Do we cherish as we ought these nobler and generous virtues? Do we use our influence to maintain them? Do we cast the mantle of charity over a brother's faults, and kindly admonish him to return to the path of virtue from which he has strayed? Do we endeavor to correct his vices by presenting before him new motives, and urging him to abandon the dangerous path he is pursuing? Do we warn a brother of approaching danger, and protect his reputation when unjustly assailed? Do we feel the

influence of "heaven-born Charity," and freely and cheerfully contribute to the relief of the distressed widow and helpless orphan, and thus exercise one of the noblest of the masonic virtues? Do we cheer the desponding, encourage the industrious, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds affliction has made? These are serious, but by no means irrelevant questions, and if every "master in Israel" could answer them in the affirmative, our order would shine forth in glorious beauty, and stand as pre-eminent in usefulness as it is in age.

Third. Let no ungenerous rivalry exist between brethren. Cultivate peace and harmony, and "good will to men," and not only study but practise the principles of the order, within and without the walls of the lodge. Wear them about your hearts; breathe them into each other's ears; encourage each other in every laudable undertaking, and be courteous and respectful to each other as well in public as in private. In your intercourse with each other, remember the words of the royal psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Fourth. Let no rivalry except that which can best work, exist between the different lodges. They are all members of our great family; branches of that fraternity whose signs and symbols are recognised in the remotest corners of the civilized world. Every lodge has the same great objects in view, the improvement of the moral and social condition of mankind. In union there is strength; in disunion there are found the elements of decay and dissolution, which must sooner or later overturn the mighty fabric, and leave not a wreck behind. If we admire individual friendships, where soul is united to soul, and heart to heart, with how much more admiration do we contemplate a band of brothers united for the purposes of charity and benevolence, and the promotion of each other's welfare. At no period has our order exhibited in this city a more flourishing aspect. To maintain it in this flourishing state, there should be a continual interchange of courtesy, and of kind and friendly offices, between the different lodges—an interchange of feeling, not of mere ceremony. Then will the tree of masonry grow with vigor, and expand its branches, until every brother shall find shelter under its shade.

Fifth. Suffer not the privileges of the order to be abused with impunity, by the profligate, or trampled upon by the intemperate. No single vice has more deeply affected the character of our order than intemperance, and there is none more odious—none more degrading—none in whose train follow more numerous evils—none more productive of private calamity. An indulgence in this vice is without apology, without justification, while it is a direct and palpable violation of one of the cardinal principles of the order. You have it in your power to wipe from the institution this reproach, so far as you are concerned, by saying to the intemperate when they approach the door, "Thus far mayest thou come but no farther." If there be any among you addicted to this vice, caution them to beware, lest they fall never to rise again.

Sir Knights, Companions and Brethren,

To you who are to occupy this Hall, which has now been solemnly dedicated to masonic purposes, belong important trusts, and you cannot be insensible to the responsibilities which rest upon you. The prosperity and character of the institution, so far as regards this city, rest upon you and the other lodges and chapter, and your united influence may be felt in other parts of the state. Protect the ancient landmarks from innovation, and the principles of the order from corruption and false interpretations. To effect the purposes for which our institution is designed, there should be perfect union, and cordial co-operation between the different lodges. Although you meet in separate halls, never forget that you are one and the same—one and indivisible. Maintain with each other a constant and friendly intercourse, and let no trivial circumstance interrupt that harmony which should ever exist between those who have in view the honor and usefulness of the institution. And now, my brethren, "when the shadows of life shall be dissolved in the realities of eternity" may we all be admitted into the Grand Lodge above, there to enjoy a glorious immortality.

Light Reading—A treatise on feathers.—*Picayune.*

Miscellany.

From "Foreign Sporting" in the New Monthly for April

WATCHING FOR A TIGER.

The spot I selected (says the writer) was the edge of a tank where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind-tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me, and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours without anything stirring. It might be eight o'clock, the moon had risen, and so clear was the light that we could see the jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brintparries passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank.

They loitered for some time, and becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his (the shikaree's) black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing left but to drop behind a bush, and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper.

It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down, shaking every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling round the tree as if he did not observe him. At last he made his fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life blood. I know not what possessed me at this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl.

There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my peon about all this time? he had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learned, the poor fellow was trying to fire my double rifle, but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that was my only chance, so when he could do no good he did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there he would soon have relieved me, but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me—a ray of hope cheered me—he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet I still had a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless by my side;

to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dare not move a joint. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed round my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off.

Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl, grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end.—At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wonder that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before eight o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The following details are as strange as they are true. In the neighborhood of Gloucester, a young lady of highly respectable connexions has experienced a series of reverses in the cause of the heart's best affection seldom equalled. A gentleman of some station in society became by accident acquainted with the maiden to whom we allude, and their affection becoming reciprocal, a day was fixed for their union, which was to have taken place in the city of Gloucester. Agreeably with this arrangement, and as the match was a desirable one, her parent parted with a lucrative business in the country, on which she and her mother lived in respectability and comfort, and went to Gloucester, intending to settle. The day for the celebration of the wedding arrived: but, alas! the bridegroom came not; his parents had peremptorily forbidden the match, and he was already, by their contrivance, on the seas, bound for Jamaica. A letter reached the poor girl, but to confirm her fears; his parents' consent had been withheld, and he had suddenly left the seaport town in the west of England, where he resided, not a faithless, but an unhappy lover. Time passed, and industry on the part of the hapless girl but ill supplied the loss of the comparative independence herself and family had left when they came to the city of Gloucester, with the views and indulging in the hopes to which we have alluded, and though blighted in heart she cheerfully succeeded in helping to support her decrepit mother and aunt in comfort.

Time, the gentle softener of affliction, had many a long day cast its dimming shadow over the great event of her life, and nothing more had been heard of her absent lover, till a week or two ago, when to her astonishment and delight, she received a letter from him breathing the devoted affection, not the less welcome though wafted across the seas. Another and another followed, begging forgiveness for the former apparent neglect—and still another, the last accompanied by the consent of the parents of the absent one. The poor girl's hopes were at the highest point of anxiety, when she received a still more welcome epistle, assuring her that her lover had landed at Falmouth, and was hastening to perform his neglected promise.—The day was looked forward to with delight; it came, and with it the dark tidings of the grave—her lover had been suddenly seized with illness the night before his departure for the city of Gloucester—he was a corpse before morning! As a melancholy satisfaction to the poor disappointed girl, the mother of the intended bridegroom visited her immediately, when his mother confessed that her son had been a voluntary exile and would have remained so, had not his parents, whom he loved and respected, given their consent to his union; after frequent communications, his parents assented, and he instantly quitted Jamaica to claim the hand of his first love; hastening to meet her, death ruthlessly arrested his progress before he had been many hours on his native shore. As a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, the lover, in the hour of dissolution, bequeathed to his bride elect £2000.—*Hereford Times.*

Street Inspectors.—Persons whose duty it is to practice retirement, and keep out of the streets.

A SINGULAR SERMON.

Four gentlemen and an old minister, were assailed on the highway by three robbers, who demanded and took possession of all their funds. The old minister plead very hard to be allowed a little money, as he was on his way to pay a bill in London. The highway-men, as our authorities inform us, "being generous fellows, gave him all the money back again on condition of his preaching them a sermon." Accordingly they retired a little distance from the highway, and the minister addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen---You are the most like the old apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you; they had neither lands nor tenement; that they could call their own; neither I presume, have you. They were despised of all but those of their own profession, and so, I believe, are you: they were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and I dare swear so are you; they were often hurried into jails, and prisons; all of which sufferings, I presume, have been undergone by you; their profession brought them all to untimely deaths; and if you continue in your course, so will yours bring you. But in this point you differ mightily; for the apostles ascended from a tree into heaven, where I am afraid you will never come; but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners."---*Methodist Magazine for February, 1791.*

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PUTNAM.

During the French war, when the British commander, Gen. Amherst, was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes, which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The Gen. was in trouble: his boats were no match for it, and if his men were embarked in them, that single ship might easily sink the whole of them. While he was pondering on the course to be pursued, Putnam came to him and said, "General, *that ship must be taken.*" "Aye," says Amherst, "I would give the world she were taken." "I'll take her," says Putnam, "if you'll give me leave." Amherst smiled, and asked, how? "Give me," says Putnam, "a beetle, (a large wooden maul, or hammer) and some wedges, and a few men of my own choice." General Amherst could not understand Putnam's method of taken armed ships with a beetle and wedges but thought proper to grant him what he required. At night, Putnam put his men, and his beetle and wedges, on board of a boat; then passing silently under the stern of the vessel, in a moment drove his wedges in the little cavity between the ruder and the stern, and made his escape. In the morning, the ship, being adrift in the middle of the lake, with her sails fluttering entirely unmanageable, was presently blown ashore and easily taken.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN;
OR, THE COCKNEY TOURIST.

A young sprig of the London press happened some six months ago, to be travelling in a stage coach, in which vehicle a raw Vermont youth was a passenger. The young boy was not one of your "rad cute" fellows, but a shy, diffident stripling, travelling from a distant school, to spend his vacation at home. To the Londoner he was an object of great curiosity, being the first sample he had seen, and he pestered the boy with questions touching his mode of life, habits, studies, employments, &c., thinking to amuse himself, gather items for his journal, at the same time impress the other passengers with the proper idea of his vast importance. The boy although evidently annoyed, answered politely and displayed none of the characteristics of the Green Mountain youths; so the Englishman thought he could boast as he pleased with impunity. He told the passengers that he heard much of Yankee tricks and Yankee shrewdness, "but for his part he had never seen any thing in them that he could call clever, and indeed he wished very much to be made the subject of one of their tricks, for if they could fool him, he could then believe in what he had heard of their character."

This hint was not thrown away upon young Jonathan. He thought he would set his wits to work, for

the honor of 'down East,' and soon hit upon a scheme. He had heard the Englishman enquiring the direction from the town where the coach was to stop, to a residence some five miles distant. This direction happened to be the very path the boy was to take home but he said nothing.

The coach stopped. Little Jonathan trotted towards home, and Johnny Bull, after having deposited his luggage in the tavern, soon followed. There was a lunatic asylum near the town we mentioned. Jonathan told every soul he had met that one madman had escaped, and was coming along the road, and that they would know him by his perpetually enquiring for the residence of Mr. Brown. Not content with this, he turned to every farm house, and told the inmates in great alarm, that a madman had escaped from the asylum, and to be on their guard against a man who would enquire for the residence of Mr. Brown. The thing succeeded to a miracle. Johnny Bull had not advanced far on his way, before he perceived, a man plant himself on one side of the road, brandishing a thick cudgel, and assuming the attitude of one who expects danger, and was resolved to defend himself to the last. Johnny thought it was singular, but nevertheless put the question.

"Sir, can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, I thought you was the man. Now look here stranger, you just conduct yourself respectfully, and keep your own side of the road, for if you come near me, I swan to man I'll smash you!"

Johnny opened his eyes and his mouth too.

"My dear friend, I don't want to approach you, I honly wish to know where Mr. Brown lived."

"Well now, you just follow your nose, and don't mistel nobody, you tarnal varmint. You'd better go home, and get on your waistcoat."

The man, who seemed in a hurry, passed on. Johnny gazed after him an instant, quite confounded, and then proceeded on his way, saying to himself, "Vell, upon my word, that person's conduct was werry singular!" He turned off to a farm house. A woman was sitting at the door sewing. When she perceived him, she started from her seat, and darting in the door, held it for an instant, while she returned to take a look at the stranger.

"Madam, will you be so kind as to hinform me whether I ham in the right road to Mr-Brown's ouse?"

"I thought so!" exclaimed the woman, slamming the door fast, and bolting it, and the next moment she was seen peeping suspiciously from the upper window.

"Vot is the matter, madam? I merely vant to know---"

"Oh, go away you unfortunate wretch! Don't you attempt to cut any of your tantrums here. Go away now, do---there's a good fellow."

The woman disappeared, and Johnny paused an instant to ascertain if there was any thing frightful about him. He then proceeded and encountered a good humored countryman, coming whistling along the road.

"Pray sir," said Johnny, "can you direct me to Mr. Browns?"

The thoughtless countryman had forgotten little Jonathan's warning, but when he heard the question it recurred to him, and without saying a word, took to his heels in such a hurry that he tumbled over a log; but picking himself up again, he took into the woods, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Vell," said Johnny to himself, "this is certainly werry hextraordinary!" He began to feel strange sensations, and walked half a mile, ruminating awfully upon the unaccountable treatment he had received.---Here he met another traveller, and with very doubtful feelings about getting an answer propounded the question.

The stranger paused right before Johnny, and his hat seemed to be rising off his head. To judge from his looks his feelings must have been like those of a bird fascinated by a rattle-snake. Johnny noticed the frightful appearance of the stranger, and terror now took possession of him. He imagined something dreadful was going to occur, and forthwith took to his heels in the woods.

"God bless my art," exclaimed he aloud, "what can be the matter with the people? Vot kind of a country av I got into? Vy, these inhabitants are wild!---They are Wallentines and Horson's! Houran Houtangs! Regular wild men of the voods!"

He was now completely lost in a thick wood. When he found the road again; he was afraid to ask any more questions, and finally got back to the town, where the next day, our hero visited him with "Look here, stranger, Mr. Brown's house is just where it was yesterday. When you see him, tell him what you think of Yankee tricks."

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.---We saw a gentleman evidently belonging to that respectable and ancient fraternity termed loafers, the other evening, gracefully extended in the gutter, and edifying the spectators with something like the following harangue: "Guzzy's my name---Bill Guzzy; I'm to be found at Jim Thompson's cellar when I'm to home, and when I ain't to home, jist enquire for me at the market; d---n it, they know me at the market, I s'pose! Most men have seen my name in the papers---I ain't ashamed of myself; that's the talk! Bah---talk! I'll tell you what 'tis---if I thought that any man in this crowd had been a-speakin' agin my character, I wouldn't talk---I'd astoosh him without talkin'---that's my way!---Blow me!" Hereupon Mr. Guzzy hit the pavement a very hard blow, and requested the bystanders to go to a certain place that shall be nameless; whereupon we left.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

A Hit to the ladies.---Knocking off a lady's bonnet with a snow ball.

Christian Urbanity.---Shaking hands with your antagonist before blowing his brains out.

Woman, as the dew lies longest and produces most fertility, in the shade of domestic retirement sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life.

CHARACTER.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

It is a matter of high moment to the young American gentleman to reflect, as he shapes his character for life, on the model by which he would be moulded to future distinction. The republican form of our government, the omnipotence of public opinion in this country of free, unshakled mind, and the high destinies allotted to the elder of the western continent, impose peculiar rules of formation on the rising pillars of American empire. The scholar, the jurist, the statesman, the artist, the mechanic or the cultivators of the eastern continent, may be the models of those of the new world---a world happy, disenthralled and aloof from the despotism of hoary error, the accumulations of many centuries of ignorance and encroachment of social rights.

The young American must make religion the foundation of his character---for here, as to a refuge, the persecuted servants of God, came when the green curtain of the wilderness covered the continent, and their prayers hallowed all the soil and dedicated their unborn posterity to a holier cause than that of earth. The young American should be generous---for here, as to an asylum for cruelty and the whirlpool of revolution, thousands have come, and millions must come as the old continent breaks up under the hammer of convulsion and melts down under the purifying fires of judgment, to a purer and holier type. He must be patient and persevering---for those who have ever breathed the tainted atmosphere of monarchy and hereditary power cannot in a moment be made to understand the nature and the full extent of our national freedom, the lessons of Washington to a young nation are often to be repeated. He must be brave---for too much has been entrusted to him to be in the keeping of a coward. To him has been committed the world's last experiment for liberty---to him belongs the helm of the republican vessel, if his skill and patriotic virtues prove him worthy to guide the ship of state through seas of passion and under the adverse storms of external war. He must be energetic---for the men of America are self made men and gather no honor from birth but the broad, proud honor of citizenship in a country where not a lord nor a lordling, as such, can throw contempt over their plebian origin.

POPULAR TALES

LIFE'S VALUE.

A STORY OF BRITTANY.

The scene of our little story opens in an apartment in an ancient castle in Brittany. The young proprietor is about to quit the abode of his forefathers, to pursue schemes of ambition at court, or in the great world. The family, consisting of the mother and two sisters, with the hero of the piece, are met together on this interesting occasion. But we let the young gentleman relate what passed at the interview.

The time at length came when I should depart; and Joseph, opening the door gently, informed us that the *chaise de poste* was ready. This announcement was startling to my mother and sisters, who, in an agony of feeling, threw their arms around me.

"It is not yet too late!" they exclaimed with tears; "renounce this intended journey. Oh, do not leave us!"

"My dearest mother," I replied, "at twenty years of age, and the inheritor of a noble name, I must make myself known in my native land. I must open a path to fame, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone," said my poor mother, "what will become of me?"

"You will hear with pride and pleasure of your son's success!"

"And should I hear of his death in battle?"

"Well; of what use is life at my age," I replied, "but to gain honor and glory? Think rather of the time when I shall return a colonel—perhaps a marshal of France."

"And then?"—said my mother.

"Why, then, honor and respect will follow my steps wherever I go."

"And then?"—pursued she.

"Then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta; we shall find noble husbands for my sister; and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors."

"And why not commence this life of happiness from this moment?" said my mother. "Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than yours? Who claims a nobler name in the province? In the midst of your faithful vassals, are you not sufficiently honored and beloved? Leave us not, my son!—leave not your friends, your sisters, your aged mother, whom you may never again behold! Go not to waste, in the pursuit of vain glory, or to shorten, by sorrows and disappointments, those youthful days that pass away so rapidly. Life is a treasure, my beloved Bernard; and where can you enjoy it more than under the lovely sky of Brittany?" As my mother spoke, she led me to a window, and pointed out the noble avenues of the ancient park, where the stately chestnuts were mingled with lilacs and woodbines, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air. Before the door stood the aged gardener and his family, whose saddened looks seemed to say, "Desert us not, our noble master—desert not those you are bound to protect!" Hortensia, my eldest sister, twined her arms round my neck, while Amelia, the youngest, taking up a volume of *La Fontaine*, pointed to an engraving, of the *Two Pigeons*. I started up, and extricating myself from their embraces, again exclaimed, "I must win honor and glory! let me go, let me go!"—and I rushed into the court-yard.

As I was about to ascend the carriage, a female figure appeared at the hall door. It was my cousin Henrietta. She wept not, spoke not; but, pale as marble, appeared sinking to the earth. She held a handkerchief in her hand, with which she waved me a last farewell, and then fell senseless. I rushed to her, raised her, and uttered vows of love and constancy.—But when I saw the color revisit her cheek, leaving her to the anxious care of my mother and sisters, I hastened back to the carriage, without even turning my head. One look more at Henrietta, and I felt I could not have left her. In a few minutes the *chaise de poste* was rolling along the high road to Sedan.

For some time, my thoughts were entirely filled with my beloved Henrietta, my weeping sisters, my dear mother, and all the happiness I felt I was leaving. But as the ancient turrets of Roche Bernard receded from my view, these saddening images seemed to vanish also, and were succeeded by the brilliant visions

of glory and ambition. What airy castles rose before me as I leaned back in the rumbling vehicle! Riches—honors—dignities—nothing did I refuse to myself as the just reward of merit; and the scale ascending as I advanced on my journey, I was a duke, governor of a province, and Marshal of France, by the time I reached the inn at which I was to repose for the night. The voice of my servant, simply addressing me as *Monsieur le Chevalier*, forced me, unwillingly, to abdicate my newly created dignity.

The next day, and for several succeeding ones, I indulged in the same intoxicating dreams, my journey being of some length. I was repairing to Sedan, to the residence of the Duke of C—, an old and tried friend of my father's and the protector of the family. He had promised to take me to Paris, and introduce me at the court of Versailles. He hoped, also, to obtain for me a company in a regiment of dragoons, by the influence of his sister, the Marchioness of F—, a young and beautiful woman.

I reached Sedan at so late an hour that I could not think of present myself at the ducal chateau, and therefore installed myself for the night at the *Arms of France* the best the town afforded, and the rendezvous of all the officers of the garrison. Sedan was then a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike appearance, and the citizens a martial air, that seemed to say to a stranger, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne!"

I supped at a table-d'hôte, and took the opportunity of inquiring my way to the chateau, where I intended going in the morning.

"Any one will point it out to you," was the answer; "it is well known in the whole country. In that chateau expired one of our most celebrated men, and bravest of warriors, Marechal."

And hereupon, as was natural amongst so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the marechal. They spoke of his gallant exploits, and of his singular modesty, which had made him refuse the title of nobility, and the ribbons of several orders, offered to him by Louis XIV. Above all, they expatiated upon his extraordinary good fortune, which had enabled him, without the aid of family interest, he being the son of an obscure printer, to raise himself from a common soldier to the rank of France. It had appeared so extraordinary and unprecedented an elevation, that even during the life of Fabert, popular rumor had not been backward in attributing it to supernatural causes. It was currently reported that he dealt in magic, and it was even affirmed he had made a compact with Satan.

Our landlord, who, to the ignorance of a native of Champagne added the credulity of a peasant of Brittany, gravely assured us, that a few moments before Fabert expired, a black man, unknown to any one in the chateau, had entered the chamber and carried off the marechal's soul, which, indeed, of right appertained to him, he having purchased it long before. Mine host also went on to state, that from that period to the present time, upon each anniversary of Fabert's death the black man was seen at midnight bearing a lighted torch in his hand.

The next morning, at an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke of C—. It was an immense and gloomy Gothic pile, which would not perhaps, at another time, have made much impression upon me, but I must confess that I now gazed upon it with a singular feeling of interest, as I called to mind the landlord's story.

The domestic who ushered me in told me his master was not yet visible. I gave my name, and was then left alone in an ancient hall, adorned with the trophies of the chase, and hung round with family portraits. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. "Is this brilliant career of glory to commence by the ante-chamber?" exclaimed I beginning to conceive the impatience of a discontented place-hunter. I had gone three times the round of the grim portraits, and had sedulously counted all the beams in the lofty ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot, and found it proceeded from a half-closed door, moved by the wind. I pushed it gently open, and saw a small room tastefully furnished, and from which a glass door opened into a magnificent park. I advanced, in order to enjoy the view from the window, when another object met my sight. Stretched on a sofa, whose back was turned to the door by which I entered, was a man, who not observing me, rose hastily and rushed to the win-

dow. I then perceived that his face was bathed in tears, and that despair was marked in every feature. He remained for a moment motionless, his face buried in his hands, then with rapid steps began to pace the apartment. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped and shuddered, while I, distressed at my intrusion, muttered some words in apology, and was about to withdraw.

"Who are you?—what brings you here?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and seizing my arm with violence.

"I am the Chevalier de Bernard, and I come!"

"I know, I know," he said, hastily; and taking my hand warmly, he made me sit down by him, and inquired with much interest about my family; spoke of my father, whom he appeared to have known so well, that I could not doubt my being in the presence of the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur de C—?" said I.

He rose, and replied, in an agitated tone, "I was once; but I am nothing now. Hush!—do not speak—do not ask me any questions!"

"Permit me, at least," I ventured to say, "to assure you, that if the most devoted friendship can in any way lighten the affliction of which I have been an involuntary witness!"

"You are right," he replied, abruptly; "though you change my doom, yet you may receive my last wishes. That is the only service you can render me."

He closed the door carefully and returned to his seat at my side, and where I waited in trembling anxiety for the result. There was something awfully solemn in the tone of his voice, and an expression in his countenance I had never seen before. His face was deadly pale, while lightnings seemed to flash from his large dark eyes, and his features, worn by suffering, were frequently convulsed by a demoniac smile.

"What I am about to relate to you," he said at length, in a hollow tone, "will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will perhaps utterly disbelieve. Even I almost doubt at times still—at least to do so; but the proof, the fatal proof, is too strong. Alas! are there not in all that surrounds us, in our very organization itself, mysteries whose existence we are compelled to acknowledge without any powers of comprehending them?" He paused for a moment, as if to recollect his ideas, pressed his hand to his brow, and continued—

"In this castle I first drew breath; and being a younger son, upon the elder born was of course to devolve all the wealth and honors of our house, while I had nothing to look forward to but the cloak and band of an abbe. With a heart burning with ambition and a head filled with dreams of glory, the prospect of this obscure lot made me wretched, and I resolved, by some means or other, to raise myself above it.—Life was distasteful to me; I lived but in the future; and yet what a gloomy future appeared to my aching sight!"

"I thus attained my thirtieth year, and I was still nothing—nothing; while I daily heard of colossal reputations, whose fame reached even this remote province. 'I will try the career of letters!' I exclaimed; let me win fame in any way, for fame alone is happiness."

The only confidant of my chagrin was an aged negro, who had been in the chateau even before my birth. Indeed, he was so old, that no one remembered his coming; and it was said he had been present at the death of Marechal Fabert.

Here an involuntary start of surprise, which I could not repress, made my companion pause. "Go on," I said, "tis nothing; but, notwithstanding, I thought of the black man described by the old landlord."

"One day," continued Monsieur de C—, "I gave way before Yago (so the old negro was called) to the despair of my soul, at the shameful obscurity in which I dragged on my days. 'I would give ten years of my life,' I exclaimed, 'to become a celebrated author!'"

"Ten years," said Yago, coldly, "it is paying dear for such a trifle. However, I accept your offer. The ten years are mine. Keep your promise; you will find me true to my word."

I will not attempt to depict my astonishment at this speech. However, after a moment's reflection, I naturally concluded that age had enfeebled his intellects; and with a smile of pity I left the room, and in a few

days after, the chateau. I arrived in Paris, and soon found myself in the most distinguished literary society of the metropolis. Encouraged by their approval, I published several works. My success exceeded my most flattering dreams. The journals of Paris, even foreign nations, rung with my name; yourself, even yesterday, young man, acknowledged the power of my genius."

"How!" I exclaimed, with astonishment; "you are not, then, the Duke of C—?"

"No," he replied, coldly.

"What favored son of genius, then, stands before me?" said I: "Marmontel? D'Alembert? Voltaire?"

The unknown, with a smile of contempt, continued his recital.

"The literary fame I enjoyed, unbought as it was, could not satisfy a soul like mine. I longed for nobler triumphs, and could not help exclaiming to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, 'Oh, there is no real glory but that which is gained on the battle field!—What is a philosopher—a poet?—nothing! Speak to me of a hero! What are the poet's lays compared to the laurel wreath of a conqueror? To purchase that I would willingly give ten years more of life.'"

"I agree to the bargain," said Yago. "They are mine also. Do not forget."

At this part of the narrative, the unknown paused, for he observed the astonishment expressed in my countenance.

"I told you," he said, "you would not believe.—You think it a dream, as I, alas! did once. But the honors I won, the triumphs I gained—squadrons led to meet the fire of the enemy—fortresses carried by skill—standards seized by my bravery—victories that were echoed through the world; these were not dreams—no! that glory was real, and that glory was mine!"

He paced the room with rapid strides, and his cheeks flushed with the vehemence of his discourse, while I muttered to myself, "Who, then, is this renowned warrior?—Coligny?—Richelieu?—perhaps Marshal Saxe himself."

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sunk again into despondency.

"Yago spoke truly," he continued, in a low and mournful tone. "I was soon wearied with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world I purchased by five years more of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true, though incredible—I saw my wealth increase beyond my most sanguine desires. Lands, forests, castles, all were mine; even this morning I thought myself—but no matter: you will soon be convinced of the truth—oh, how soon!"

He approached the clock on the chimney, and looked at it with a terrified gaze, then continued, rapidly.

"This morning, on awaking at daybreak, I felt a degree of exhaustion throughout my whole frame that alarmed me. I rang my bell, and Yago answered the summons. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed; 'I am faint.' 'It is but the course of nature,' he answered, calmly. 'Master, the hour approaches—it is come.' 'What hour?' I cried, in surprise.

"Do you not divine it?" said Yago. "Heaven allotted as your portion sixty years of existence. You had lived thirty of them when I first became your slave."

"Yago," I cried, "you are jesting with me!"

"No, master, no; in five years of life you have expended twenty-five to purchase glory. They became my property, and will be added to the term of my existence."

"That, then," I cried, "was the price I paid for your services?"

"Others have paid dearer," he answered boldly; "for instance, Fabert, whom I served also."

"'Tis false, 'tis false!" I exclaimed, vehemently.

"You will find it true, my master," said the black; "you have but half an hour to live."

"Oh, say not so, Yago; you are deceiving me?"

"Calculate yourself," he answered; "thirty five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five lost. The account is square. It is my turn now; every one their own, is but justice."

He turned to go, but feeling myself gradually sinking, I exclaimed in despair, "Oh, Yago, Yago! give me but a few hours more!"

"They would be deducted from mine, said he; 'and I know the value of life better than you did. What treasure is equal to two hours of existence?'"

A dark cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and the chill of death was in my veins. With a last effort, I gasped out, "take back the wealth for which I have paid so dear. Give me but four hours more of life, and I resign my lands, my castles, my gold—all, all!"

"You have been a kind master," said he, after a pause; "I wish to do something in gratitude. I felt my courage revive, and ventured to say, 'Four hours are almost nothing: Yago, Yago, grant me some more in addition and I resign the literary fame that placed my name so high in the world.'"

"Four hours of life for such a bagatelle as that!" said the negro, with disdain; "but for your sake I will not refuse your last request."

"Oh! say not my last," said I, emboldened by his compliance; "give me the twelve hours complete—one more day—and let the fame of my battles and victories be for ever effaced from the memory of mankind. One day, Yago—one day, and I am willing to resign all else."

"You abuse my good nature," he said; "but I will not refuse. I give you till sunset. Farewell—with the last beam of day I come to fetch you"—And left me," continued the unknown, in the accents of despair; "and this is the last day I have to remain on earth." He rushed to the window, and pointed to the park. "I shall never again behold that lovely sky, that verdant lawn, that silvery stream, nor ever again breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool—fool that I was; the blessings that God lavishes upon all were mine also, and I despised them! Now I know their inestimable value; and I might have enjoyed them for twenty-five years longer; and in a few hours I must lose them ever! I have squandered my life for a vain chimera—a sterile fame, that has perished even before myself.—Look!" he cried, pointing to a group of peasants, who on their return to labor, filled the air with their joyous songs; "what would I not give to share their labors and poverty? But I have nothing now to hope for—not even labor and poverty. A bright sunbeam at this moment fell upon his pale and distorted features; he grasped my arm convulsively, and exclaimed, "Look—look at the glorious sun; and I must leave it for ever! Ah! let me lose not a moment of this precious day, to which, for me, alas! there will be no morrow!" Thus saying, he rushed into the park, and disappeared amongst the foliage of a shady alley.

I threw myself upon the sofa, bewildered and oppressed by all I had heard and seen. Was it indeed a reality, or was I under the influence of some fantastic dream? The door was opened, by the servant, who announced the Duke of C—.

A noble looking personage, of about sixty years of age, entered, and cordially taking my hand, apologized for having detained me so long. "He had been compelled," he said, "to attend a consultation of the faculty upon the state of his unfortunate brother."

"He is not in danger I trust?" said I.

"No, replied the duke mournfully, the disease is a mental one. From his youth he suffered the most extravagant ideas of glory and ambition to gain possession of his mind, till his frame, weakened by such violent emotions, was attacked by a fever in which his life was despaired of. He recovered, however—but his reason is, I fear, gone forever. The unhappy illusion under which he labors is, that he has but one day more to live."

All was explained.

"Now, my young friend, continued the duke, let us speak of your future prospects. Towards the end of the month I will be able to accompany you to court."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness, my lord," I replied, "but I have given up all idea of profiting by your generous offer."

"How is this!" exclaimed the duke, in unfeigned surprise; "give up the advantages that are almost within your grasp!"

I resign them all, my lord.

Young man (said the duke) you know not what you do. Good Heavens! such a brilliant career open before you! in ten years—

Which would be ten years of my life lost, said I with a smile.

Lost! cried the duke—would it not be cheaply buy-

ing glory, fortune and honors? Come, come, you but jest; you will go with me to Versailles.

No, my lord, I replied in a respectful but firm tone; I will return to Brittany, where I will ever retain a grateful sense of your lordship's goodness and condescension.

This is madness—downright madness! muttered the duke, in a disappointed and angry tone.

I feel it is sound reason, whispered I, as I thought of all I had heard and seen so lately.

The next morning I was on the road. Oh, with what inexpressible delight I beheld again the sweet sky of Brittany; the trees of my noble park; the turrets of my noble castle. There I found my beloved mother, my sweet sisters, my faithful vassals; and there I found true happiness, which I have never since quitted. Eight days afterwards, I was the husband of Henrietta.

THE GATHERER.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Who invented the Mariner's Compass? This is a question not often put, but less frequently answered.

A shepherd of Italy by the name of Magnes, was the first to discover the properties of the loadstone—a mineral which gives polarity to iron, from the circumstance of his walking over a quarry, and small particles of this stone adhering to the iron nails in his sandals.

In the year 1322, John de Groja, a handicraftsman of Naples, first discovered that a piece of iron rubbed with the loadstone, and suspended on its centre of gravity, had the property of pointing to the north star, and he was the first to apply needles on centres for the purpose of navigation. John tried his needles at different places in Italy, and moored a vessel in the Mediterranean, to ascertain whether this magnetic power was the same on water as on land. The name of magnet was given to the loadstone, and to the needle.—The division of the shipman's card was first made into four quarters, then into 16 and 32 points, and ultimately into 360. This gradation was progressive, and marked out upon a movable disk. It was not until the middle of the last century that the needle and card were combined and hung on a common centre.

In the time of Columbus, nearly 200 years after the discovery of the magnetic needle by John de Groja, the card was placed under the needle. It is worthy of remark, that this highly useful instrument, discovered, not invented through any scientific or theoretical deductions, should continue to puzzle and baffle the philosopher, in his attempts to discover the cause of its variation in the different parts of the earth. To the Italians we are indebted for the compass and early enterprise in navigation, and to a Philadelphian for the discovery of the quadrant by Godfrey.—*U. S. Gazette*

A NECDOTE.

A haughty General, who had risen from obscurity reviewing his troops, took notice of a man in the ranks who was excessively dirty. Going up to him, he said, "How dare you, you rascal, appear on parade with a dirty shirt? It is as black as ink. Did you ever see me so nasty, and with such a dirty shirt, when I was a private man?" "No, yer honor, to be sure I never did," answered the man; "but then yer honor will please to recollect that yer honor's respectable mother was a washwoman!" The General rode off.

SATIN BREECHES.—A Frenchman wanted to purchase a pair of satin unmentionables, but could not tell how to designate the material. At length he inquired of his mercer, "Vat name do you call de devil beside de devil?" "Beelzebub." "Eh bien, Beelzebub breeches! no." "Lucifer?" "Eh bien, Lucifer small clothes! no." "Satan?" "Ah oui, yes; I want a pair of black satan breeches."

CONTENTMENT.—A gentleman had a board put on a part of his land, on which was written: "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and, when an application came, he said, "are you contented?" The general reply was, "I am." "Then," rejoined the gentleman, "what do you want with my field?"

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

"The Patriarch," Magazine just published, offers the following receipt for the selection of a wife:

"A place for every thing and every thing in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. Now, said he, pleasantly, on a gay May day, to one of his companions, I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it, shall have the offer of my hand. They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove; some stumbled over the broomstick and others jumped it; at length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled. She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one; it is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations. Both were rich, and each enriched the other.

A YANKEE ADMIRAL.

It is stated in a New Hampshire paper that a former citizen of that state Thomas F. Williams, has become an Admiral, Count Zinzechoff, in the Russian Navy.

It seems that he was in early youth a clerk in a store in Meredith Bridge. Being naturally of a generous, bold and ardent temperament, no sooner had he served out his time, than he went to visit a relative in Portland for the purpose of seeing a ship, and if possible of obtaining employment in one. He at length succeeded; after one or two voyages he was taken dangerously ill at St. Petersburg, and upon his recovery, through the aid of the American Consul, obtained a berth on board of a Russian merchant vessel as privileged seaman. After a prosperous voyage, on their return home the vessel was attacked by a piratical corsair;—owing to the bravery and skill of Williams the pirates were beaten off and the vessel arrived at her destined port in safety. The Emperor Alexander hearing of this brilliant exploit, was so much pleased with the bravery and good conduct of Williams, as to send for him to visit his palace; the result of this interview was his appointment as senior Midshipman, in the Russian navy. From this he has risen to his present rank. He has been married for several years to a beautiful and accomplished Russian lady.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 26.—the first six months, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions of the next volume.

NO NEWS OF THE PRESIDENT.—The Caladonia arrived at Boston on Wednesday last, and up to the time of her starting from Liverpool, on the 4th inst., no tidings had been received of the steamship President. No doubts are now entertained of her fate. All hope with respect to her has been abandoned.

CLOSED.—The N. Y. Bowery Theatre, Thomas S. Hamblin, manager, has been closed, by order of the Chancellor, on the complaint, and at the request of the Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. This summary measure has been retorted to, in consequence of the inability of Mr. H. to pay immediately, the sum of \$500 for license to keep open his establishment. Some nine years since, the Legislature of this State inflicted a yearly tax of \$500 on the performance of the legitimate drama, represented at the New York theatres only—the said sum to be appropriated to the support and maintenance of juvenile thieves and other offenders. Mr. Hamblin states, in a card published in the N. Y. Sun, that he

has already paid upwards of \$4,000, which has been applied to this purpose.

Without presuming to question the propriety of the above proceeding, we cannot but express our regret at its result. Mr. Hamblin's enterprise as a manager, and distinguish'd abilities as a performer, are well known and acknowledged, and certainly deserved reward and encouragement.

THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.—What rapid strides are we of the present generation taking towards the completion of every invention, and the attainment of every object in science, that can possibly contribute to the comfort or convenience of those whose operations such improvements are designed to facilitate!—As the revolving wheel of time continues to bring successive centuries into existence, and to hurry those which are past and the one which we now behold, into deeper oblivion, so will mankind undoubtedly continue to advance in scientific and mechanical improvement, until the climax is attained—and what then?—Will mankind then revert to their state of original barbarism, or will they remain stationary in that state of refined civilization to which the industry of those of their own and preceding ages, has elevated them?—But this is a problem of extremely difficult solution, and one with which we are not disposed to interfere.

"The world now goes by steam." To what purpose cannot that powerful agent be applied? It is steam which enables us to travel with an almost incredible rapidity over the "ocean wave," and accomplish distances in a space of time, which, a century ago, would have been regarded as miraculous; and it is that which, on dry land, transports us from place to place, with a velocity which seems to annihilate both time and space. By the invention of a sub-marine apparatus, a person is enabled to descend to the bottom of rivers and lakes, and explore the caverns of the deep, remaining for almost any length of time beneath the surface of the water, and breathing with almost the same facility as on *terra firma*. But it would be futile to attempt to enumerate one half the useful inventions and improvements, which have been made within the last half century.

We have heard it prophesied that the time is yet to arrive, when steam will be applied to very many of the operations now performed by hand. When by its agency, a perfect coat is made in the twinkling of an eye, out of a roll of cloth—or when a fashionable boot is manufactured simply by supplying the machine with the quantum suff. of common leather—or, more wonderful still, when steam is made to write and put in type effusions in poetry and prose—then will the days of miracles be revived.

Seriously, however, it is reasonable to suppose that many valuable improvements remain yet to be made, which we of the present age dream not of—improvements which will immeasurably lighten the labor of man, and which will therefore greatly tend to the substantial comfort and happiness of the whole civilized community.

MITCHELL THE FORGER.—Caught at last.—Under the head of "fashionable intelligence," the N. Y. Sun of Tuesday announces the capture of this "honorable absquatulator," by Officer Bowyer, of the N. Y. Police. His honor was accommodated with an apartment at the splendid edifice in Centre street, (the Tombs) in which not a few have for some time past been anxious to see him domiciled. He is said to look very much like just such a character as he is; and as though a little seclusion from the trials and temptations of the world would do him no harm.

THE ST. LOUIS MURDER.—By St. Louis papers of the 5th inst., we learn that Sewell and Warrick, two of the wretches engaged in the recent tragedy in that city, an account of which we published last week, have been arrested. Three of the four implicated by Ennis, have now been taken. Madison is still at large.

Soon after being taken, Warrick acknowledged his participation in the horrible work and corroborated the disclosure made by Ennis. His confession, however, implicated Ennis, who, he says, planned the plot but was not present at its execution.

Sewall confesses that the same gang were concerned in the robbery of Messrs. E. & A. Tracy's store, and that of Sinclair, Taylor & Co., at St. Louis.

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.—This gentleman arrived at New York on Friday, on his way to Washington.

EZRA WHITE.—The trial of this man, for the murder of Fitzpatrick, has terminated in a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree, and recommended to mercy by the Jury.

It is said that the Marquis of Hereford, is a loser by the failure of the United States Bank, to the immense amount of £500,000.

SIGNS OF DRUNKENNESS.—The Rochester Democrat, in one of its police reports, lays down the following as signs of drunkenness which can hardly be mistaken: "A man is considered drunk when he goes to the pump to light his pipe, or when he can't see a hole through a ladder, or when he lies in the gutter and requests any one to come and tuck him up, or when he goes home at night and can't put the key in the door, and swears some person has stolen the key-hole, or when he attempts to wind up his watch with the boot-jack."

PROPER WORDS IN PROPER PLACES.—A farmer lately wrote to a committee of one of the Eastern Agricultural societies thus: "Gentlemen, you will have the goodness to enter me on your list of cattle for a bull!"

Intelligence.

MURDER.—We learn that Mr. James H. Wright, keeper of the Hotel in Knoxville, was shot down in that village, on Sunday, the 25th ultimo, by a man named Israel Champion. The deceased lingered about 30 hours, and expired. Champion is in the Jail of this county, awaiting his trial at the August term of the Crawford Superior Court.—Macon Telegraph.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that Mr. John Ward, a wealthy farmer in Withamsville, about 14 miles from this city, was accidentally killed last Thursday. He was out hunting, and in clambering over a fence, his gun got entangled, and its contents discharged into the head of Mr. W. who was killed instantly.—Cin. Reporter.

SUPPOSED SUICIDE.—A person named John Lathrop, of Norwich, Conn., died in this city, on Monday 10th ult., of poison, taken either purposely or accidentally—not known which. He was believed to be a man of wealth, and was evidently wandering in his mind.

A daughter of B. Newton esq., at Palmyra, Wayne county, aged nine years, was burned to death on the 8th inst. While leaning her head upon a table on which was a lighted candle, she fell asleep and her sleeve took fire from the blaze. Before she could be relieved from her burning clothes she was past recovery.

Isaac Haines, an aged colored man 60 years old, committed suicide at Philadelphia on Saturday by putting his throat.

Sentence of Execution.—Judge Barton this morning passed sentence upon Sarah Ann Davis for the wilful murder of Juliana Jordan. The prisoner's guilt was perfectly clear and it is doubted by no one. Judge Barton made the occasion of delivering the sentence more deeply impressive by his remarks and address to the wretched subject of it. She remained composed until the words were uttered, and then swooned. This is the first capital conviction of a woman in this city for at least sixty years.—*Phil. Nat. Gazette.*

Natal.—A man-of-war was at anchor below Woughby's Point yesterday morning, probably the Cyane, from the Mediterranean.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

A Fragment of Wreck.—Captain Davis, of the ship Goodwin, from Liverpool, states that about 15 days ago he passed a piece of wreck at sea, and the mate observing it, remarked that it evidently belonged to a steamer. He had no apprehension in relation to the President, or he would have picked the fragment up. Capt. D. arrived at this port on Saturday last.—*Phil. Enquirer.*

An Earthquake.—An earthquake occurred at Lima, South America, on the 22d December last, which shook off the roof of a school house, and buried twenty scholars and three masters beneath the ruins. All but one were taken out alive.

Capt. Barclay, the celebrated English pedestrian who walked a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, arrived in this city on Monday and took rooms at the American.

FIRE.—The house of Mr. N. Hill, on the Kennebunk road, took fire on Wednesday morning last. The fire fell upon the bed where the children were lying, and set it on fire—and the shrieks of the children, who were badly burnt, gave the alarm to the parents. In rescuing their children from the flames, Mr. Hill and his wife were badly burnt. The house was not destroyed—and the neighbors turned out on the following day, one and all, and put their neighbor's house in complete repair.—*Saco, (Me.) Democrat.*

Winter Navigation.—Mr. Mellen Battel, an ingenious mechanic of this city, has taken out a patent for fitting a steamboat so as to force its way through ice of moderate thickness. The curious in such matters can examine the plan at Mr. Battel's machine shop, 15 Quay street.—*Daily Adv.*

Accident.—A sail boat was capsized in the Hudson river, opposite the village of Newburgh on Wednesday afternoon, and a lad named Hughes aged about 17 years, one of the celebrated musical performers, known as the Master Hughes, was drowned. The deceased, with his two younger brothers, were to have given a concert at the Orange Hotel, on Wednesday evening. The remainder of the party were picked up by the ferry and other boats, and brought to Newburgh in an almost exhausted state. It is a little remarkable that the deceased was the only one of the brothers who could swim, and yet the only one drowned.

Drowned.—A Mr. Austin was drowned in Franklin, N. H. last week. He was thrown from a raft in running Eastman's falls; his body has not been found. Another man was drowned in the same town in the same week, named Cole Chapman, a man of intemperate habits. His hat and jug of rum were found not far from a small brook, in which was found his body, with scarcely water enough to drown him.—*N. H. Pat.*

Another.—We regret to learn that young Mr. Wm. Coupland, son of Mrs. Coupland, of this city, was accidentally shot a short time since when crossing a river, with his cousin, near his uncle's seat in Canada. The young men were on a shooting expedition, and a willow twig catching the trigger of Mr. Coupland's gun, the load was discharged into his breast. He died in a few minutes.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

Fatal Accident.—On Monday the 3d inst., a son of Mr. Hollica Greenwood, of Whitefield, N. H., was killed by a number of logs rolling over him in a Mill yard in that town.—*N. H. Pat.*

"Sport."—The Savannah Georgian says that during the recent races in Columbus, three men were shot, one of whom it is supposed will not survive. This is one of the certain products of the 'manly sport' of racing horses.

Awful.—From January to April, 1841, there have been chronicled in the newspapers, seventy-four murders and sixty-three suicides.

A Philosopher.—Madame Adolph is doing a world of business at the Lafayette Hotel telling fortunes. The curiosity among the Bostonians for knowing the secrets of the future, is so prevalent, that Madame Adolph would do well to open the business, and instruct some half a dozen of her sex in the mystic art, to attend to her customers. Crowds of anxious visitors wait the live-long day to get a peep at this wonderful Philosopher. The proportion of old maids and married men is nearly equal. One class to find out when they are to get married, the other when they are to get rid of their better halves.—*Easton Notion.*

Married.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. John Cochran, to Miss Mary Gott, both of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Hodge, Mr. James Hart, merchant of Troy, to Miss Louisa J. Martin of this city.

At South Kingston, Washington co. R. 1., on the 11th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Newman, Mr. S. V. R. Watson, of Albany, to Miss Julia, daughter of Elisha Watson, esq. of the former place.

By the Rev. Mr. Levings, Mr. William Trott, to Miss Elizabeth Pladwell, both of this city.

In Greenbush, on Tuesday, 18th inst. by the Rev. James G. Cordell, Mr. Allen Butler, formerly of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to Miss Lucy Wood of Greenbush.

DIED.

Monday afternoon, Lydia Dutcher, relict of the late Salem Dutcher, in the 63d year of her age.

Tuesday morning, after a short but painful illness, Mrs Almira, wife of A. S. Clark, aged 23.

Tuesday morning, Wm. Henry, youngest son of Edwin Hubbard, aged 2 years and 2 months.

In Salem, Wash. co. last Sabbath, Mrs. Susan Woodworth, aged 71 years.

At Beaver Brook, Sullivan co., on the 11th instant, Col. Benjamin Woodward, formerly of Orange county aged 61 years.

In New York on Thursday evening, 13th inst. Laurence P. Jordan, esq. aged 39 years.

Suddenly, at Utica, Friday 14th inst. James Burk, of Cleveland, Oswego co. N. Y. in the 29th year of his age, formerly of Lower Canada.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.



Hudson Lodge No. 7, Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.

S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.

L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.

Hudson, May 4, 1841.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us; if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN—REMOVAL.—The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the Travelling Public generally, that he has removed from his old stand nine doors below on the same side of the street to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 169 Market st. and for a number of years past, occupied by M. S. Crosby, as a Boarding house. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his friends and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is 4 stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms admirably calculated for Families, men of business, &c. Persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by Rail Road, Steamboat or Stage, will find the New England, well adapted to their accommodation, being within five or ten minutes walk of the Rail Road, and within sixty or seventy rods of the Steamboat landings. Breakfast will be prepared every morning during the season of Navigation, at 6 o'clock, or those wishing it—and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning Boat for New York—also at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is attached to the house with every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuation of their favors at his new one. His old Customers and the travelling public generally, are respectfully invited to give him a call; and he pledges himself that every exertion shall be made to make their stay while at his House both pleasant and agreeable. His prices will be moderate so as to suit the times. 75 cts. per day, for Board and Lodging. A. W. STARKS. Albany, May 15th, 1841.

REMOVAL.—JOSEPH CHATTERSON, Draper and Tailor respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 119 Market-st. four doors south of the Eagle Tavern, where he intends to conduct the tailoring business in the latest and most approved fashions. J. C. trusts by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and solicits a continuation of the favors of his present customers; he flatters himself by the long experience he has had in the above business to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. Just received a choice assortment of goods, suitable for the season. my 31st.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam's street, (formerly Middle Lane), Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1.—The public

are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. my 12.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE DEAD SEA.

BY SAMUEL CULLEN CLISBE.

I've crossed Asphaltus' turgid tide,—
I've gazed beneath the silent wave,
And mark'd the ruins stretching wide
That fill its dark and fearful cave,
And with the eye of prophet old,
The scroll of time far back unroll'd.

Deep in the bosom of the lake,
(Whose fated waves no life sustain,)
Stand fane, and spire, and moated gate—
The beauteous cities of the plain;
Not quick with life, but silent all,
And shrouded in their watery pall!

The sounds of revelry were high,
Fair woman's eye was beaming bright,
And music, soft as zephyr's sigh,
Stole on the ear—and gushing light,
From festal hall, and lady's bower,
Cast over all a silv'ry shower.

The minstrel pealed the songs of old—
Th' impassion'd lover knelt before
The idol of his heart, and told
His dearest wish—the ceaseless roar
Of moving thousands filled the air,
For joy, and sin, were rev'ling there!

Hark! what sound is that—what burst
Of treasure'd wrath—of awful doom?
Ye children of a land accurs'd,
Look up—behold your fiery tomb!
See through the murky midnight air
The sulph'rous storm's presaging glare!

A cry of horror wild and shrill—
A hasty prayer—a mutter'd curse—
The infant's dying groan—the thrill
Of death—and such a death!—ah, worse
Than where the rod of famine fell—
Thus buried in an earthly hell!

A faint, low cry of misery rose—
A gasp—a thrill, and silence stole
O'er all save where the light'ning throws
A fitful gleam; and thunders roll,
And molten surges lash the walls,—
O'erwhelms the dead in flaming halls!

Three thousand years have roll'd away,
Yet still beneath the sluggish tide,
In low and fearful grandeur lay
The cities of the heathen's pride;
Death holds his courts in Sodom's halls,
And waves of death roll o'er her walls.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE BRIGHTEST SPOT.

The Brighest Spot that earth can give,
When in thy presence, love I feel
Is not the throne where monarchs live
But here, where at thy feet I kneel;

To sip, as from ethereal spring,
Enchantment from thy honied lip;
And catch the sigh, on truant wing,
That steals, forbidden, as I sip;

To have thy hand in virgin-fear
Trembling o'er my fever'd brow;
To feel thy throbbing pulse so near,
And know it beats more quickly now;

And O! to know that thou dost too
In all my dotting trance, contrive
To wish it were forever new—
To wish it could 'en death survive.

Albany, May 14th, 1841.

C.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

What are they? gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury—
Rich Robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
With lordly pomp and state
Or thankless livered serving men
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats
Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden chased cups o'erbrimmed
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchments setting forth
Broad Lands our fathers held?
Parks for our deer—ponds for our fish—
And woodsthat maybe felled?

No, no, they are not these! or else
God help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these! our household wealth
Belong not to degree;
It is the love with our souls—
The children at our knee!

My heart is filled with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know, 'mid countless treasure,
Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving, human things
Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children—
The toiling, though they're young—
Gathering with sun-burnt hands,
The dusty wayside flowers!
Alas! that pastime symboeth
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand;
And this he kisseth tenderly,
And that sweet names doth call—
For I know he hath no treasure
Like those dear children small.

Oh, children young, I bless thee;
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate
When love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures!
Life's sweetest, holiest claim—
The Saviour blessed ye while on earth—
I bless ye in his name!

THE WASTED FLOWER.

The storms of heaven have borne thee down;
Thy stem is broke—thy leaves are strown
In wild disorder o'er the plain,
Whence thou shalt never lift again
Thy head to catch the evening dew,
Or charm the lonely wanderer's view.

Yet, wasted flower! thy sweet perfume
Partakes not of thy fearful doom;
It lingers still around the spot
Where erst thy form the sunshine caught;
And pours its incense on the air,
When thou art desolate and bare.

Thou art a type, thou lonely flower!
Of virtue's death-surviving power—
Fit emblem of the fragrance shed
Around the truly virtuous dead—
The hallowed memory of the good,
Which from the grave's cold solitude,
Gives to the thought of parted worth,
A charm unknown to things of earth.

TO THE MOON.

Fair planet, hung out on the azure sky,
Like a rich jewel on a fair girl's brow;
Or like a lovely line of poetry
'Midst worlds of prose—from this cold sphere below
I love to gaze on thee; thy silver beams,
Shining serene, while lightnings round are hurled,
Make thee appear, so wakeful fancy deems,
Like some pure spirit in the angry world.
But most I love to see thee with thy bright
Attendants straying through the midnight skies;
For, whilst I gaze with mingled awe—delight—
Giant emotions in my bosom rise,
Until I almost wish earth's bonds were riven,
That my freed soul might wing its way to heaven.

IMPROMPTU.

Theodore Hook being in company where he had said something humorous in rhyme of every person present, on Mr. Winter, solicitor of taxes, being announced, made the following impromptu:

'Here comes Mr Winter,
Collector of taxes:
I advise you to give him
Whatever he axes;
I advise you to give it
Without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter,
His actions are summer-y.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter.	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 39]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS.

Of Columbian Encampment, No. 1, held at Barne's Building, 33 Canal-st. New York,—elected April 9th, 1841.

Sir Robert R. Boyd, M. E. G. C. James Miller. G. Jonathan Jarvis, C. G. Charles S. Rowell, Pre-late. Thomas Dugan, S. W. W. L. Hall, J. W. Richard Ellis, Treas. William W. Nexen, Record-er. Samuel Maverick, Warder. Wm. Boardman, Sentinel.

ADDRESS

Delivered before Warren Lodge, No. 37.

BY JESSE R. JONES, ESQ.

BRETHREN AND COMPANIONS:

By the kind interposition of a beneficent Providence, we have been permitted to convene together on this occasion, to mingle in social converse, and to renew the pledges of our fraternal affection. The time, the occasion and the subject which presents itself for our consideration and reflection, are well calculated to draw upon the deepest fountains of our feelings, and to extract from the inmost recesses of our bosoms, the overflowings of our gratitude, benevolence and love. Though the subject which claims our attention is too deep, too profound, too capacious for the humble ability of your organ on this occasion, yet it is a subject that is intimately interwoven with every ligament of my heart. It is a subject which has shed a shining ray of hope, of bright expectation, of glowing anticipation around the darkest path of life in which it has been my destiny to travel. And I now feel cheered in the confident belief that its light will continue to illumine the residue of life's vanishing and changing scenes. Only take a survey of the Masonic Institution and its principles. What a wide-spread field of improvement both moral and intellectual, does it open on the mind of the Initiated! How does it expand and enlarge as he advances in the several degrees?—How sublime the morality of its precepts, how useful, entertaining and engaging, are the lessons which it teaches? How well adapted to that state of mutual dependence in which we find ourselves placed in social society are the reciprocal duties which it imposes.—How well calculated to nourish a high-souled patriotism in the bosoms of its votaries are that attachment and obedience to our government and laws, which it so solemnly enjoins? How unbounded its charity, how universal its benevolence? How sure, how unerring, how salutary the guides which it points out to us to guard our wavering steps along the thorny road of this world's dreary pilgrimage. How bright the light which it sheds on our destiny here, and how gloriously it hallows this life's dreary darkness with the sunbeams of an immortality beyond the grave.

Yet no Institution on the face of God's earth, no society of men that ever breathed the vital air of life or walked beneath the shining rays of the benignant sun have ever suffered such vile and unmeasured abuse as have the members of the Masonic fraternity. All that fanaticism could imagine, or ingenuity invent, all that superstition in her darkest dreams could conjure up, or bigotry promulgate. All that infamy from her gloomy cavern could rake or vengeance from her den-den, could fulminate have been poured in one continual stream on this devoted Institution. It has been invested with something supernatural by the ignorant and superstitious. They have imagined that infernal spirits, fiends or devils preside or have some agency in the nocturnal meetings of the Lodges. They have dressed it up in all the trappings of horror, disgust, and every thing that is revolting and repelling, not only to the finer, and more refined sensibilities of our nature, but to human nature itself in all its natural de-

pravity. They have uttered proscriptions against the brethren, no matter what may have been their moral and religious worth, and the purity of their lives and conduct. Yet notwithstanding the slanders, misrepresentations, and vile abuses which it has suffered, notwithstanding the mighty efforts which have been made to put it down, and the infamy and degradation which have been heaped upon it, the Masonic Institution has survived the mighty wreck of thrones and altars, dynasties and temples, and rears its time-worn summit above the ruined grandeur of the most solid, the most permanent and the loftiest structures that the mind of man could invent. The mighty flood of ages which has buried in its bosom the monuments of the great, and the trophies of the valiant has rolled its desolating wave over this venerable Institution, leaving it unscathed, unimpaired, and undemolished. Will you ask me how this has come to pass. How this Institution has survived the angry storms which have raged around it, and the awful thunders that have threatened to rend it asunder. Why has it been exempted from that mutability and decay which have swept into dust and oblivion all other human Institutions?

Do not indulge the expectation for a moment that I will pretend that Masonry is of divine Institution. No, it is of terrestrial origin. But the principles upon which it is established are immutable. The foundation upon which this ancient Masonic fabric is erected, cannot be shaken neither by all-trying time with its desolating influence, nor by the combined powers of ignorance, bigotry nor superstition. What those principles are, it is my province to unfold and to expound to you, to-day. But before I proceed further, it may not be improper to answer some of the objections which have been made against Masonry. But do not expect that I will stoop to notice the vile and malignant slanders, and accusations which are rife upon the lips of the envious, the vulgar, and the bigoted. No! these deserve, and should receive the silent contempt and indignation of every honorable man, or honorable Mason. Neither will I attempt to defend the character or moral worth of the fraternity for these need no vindication at my hands at this, or any other time. For the greatest and best men who have adorned any age or any country, have been patrons of the order, and no Institution in this or any other country, that has received the sanction and support of a Washington, a LaFayette, a Franklin, and a Jefferson, can be brought into infamy and degradation by the foul machinations with which this Institution has been assailed. The greatest and most universal objection to Masonry, and one which carries with it the appearance of reason to those unacquainted with the regulations of the Lodges, and the government of the order, is its secrecy. Its secret meetings, its secret labor, and some great and mighty secret which most of people suppose is kept among Masons. (Ladies and Gentlemen probably before I am through I will let you into this secret so far as it could be of any benefit to you and if you will properly appreciate it, it will be incalculable advantage to you.) But to return from this digression in answer to the objection which has been made I will simply say, that usefulness and the utility of the institution, and the great and manifold advantages resulting from it to mankind can be perpetuated and preserved only by this veil which covers it from the public eye. It is the cord that binds it.—It is the cement that holds it together; destroy this, remove this veil and you will at once destroy an institution that has been acknowledged by the great and the good by the philanthropist and the philosopher, to be based upon the wisest and best of principles, and one too that is conducive to the benefit and happiness of mankind. And for what purpose would you demolish this institution which has been erected for the protection of the weak and unfortunate, and as a shelter for the way-faring man in this vast howling wilderness of life. Why you would demolish it merely to satisfy a vain and idle curiosity, to let peeping, goggle-eyed suspicion fix her withering gaze

upon the wreck of human happiness, that it had wrought.

But there is another objection which carries an equal if not greater weight of reason with it than the former and one too which comes from a source not to be disregarded but which does and which should at all times and under all circumstances command the respect and attention of every honorable Mason. This is an objection which is mostly made against us by the ladies and is this; why should the female part of the community be excluded from the rights, privileges and benefits of the order. And, indeed it does look unreasonable to exclude the fairest part of God's creation, the pride and ornament of Man. Those beings who gild the dreary shades of adversity and lend a brighter glow to the sunshine of prosperity, who administer to our joys and allay our sorrows, who win us by their fascinating loveliness, from the haunts of vice and dissipation, who cheer and comfort us thro' all the changing vicissitudes of life, who go hand in hand with us strewing flowers along our thorny path—this surely demands an explanation at our hands.—The first reason that offers itself to my mind, and probably the best that could be adduced is to be found in the ancient establishment of the order, and in the primitive state of the Institution. Masonry in the earlier ages of the world, particularly at the time of the erection of the temple by Solomon was operative as well as speculative. The female constitution, its delicacy, the nature of female employments and pursuits, and the proper station in life to which nature assigned them, forbid that they should be employed in the hard and toilsome labor, the menial drudgery and exposure which employed the workmen upon the temple. For these reasons which I think entirely satisfactory, females were excluded from the institution of Masonry in its formation, as such. It is true that with us Masonry is speculative only and not operative this seems to waive the reasons for the exclusion of Eve's fair daughters from Masonic privileges; but from the danger of suffering innovations upon the rules and regulations of our ancient order which might, and which in all probability would ultimately destroy it, forbids our receiving you into the lodges at this day, and will in all probability always exclude you. But the objection is not against you, it is not that we are unwilling to receive you, on your own account; but it is the structure of the institution itself which with us is unalterable. But be assured that you are the special objects of our peculiar care and protection that the benefits if not the rights and privileges of masonry are extended to you. And I hope never to see the time when a Mason shall be remiss in his attention, care and protection of the female sex or wanting in respect and reverence for the female character. Another objection which is entitled to our attention and respect, in an eminent degree, is made against Masonry by the religious part of the community, but is an objection on their part which bespeaks a total destitution of that Christian charity which should characterize the conduct and actions of those professing to be followers of the precepts and examples inculcated by the immaculate Savior of the world, while upon earth; principles which he so forcibly and so solemnly enjoined. They object to Masonry because of the immorality of some of the members of the Institution. This Institution like all others, is liable to be abused, but because some wicked or designing men may have imposed themselves upon us, and crept into the lodges, is that any objection to the Institution itself or to its principles, surely not. The mere fact of a man's joining the lodge no more constitutes him a Mason than the fact of his joining the Church would constitute him a Christian. It is only he that acts and carries out the principles of the order in his deportment amongst men, in his intercourse with society, and in the faithful and honorable discharge of every duty, which is incumbent upon him, in life, as a moral, a social and an accountable being, that is entitled to the honorable distinction of a Mason.

Masonry embraces the whole duty of man as a rational, a social, and an accountable being. The greatest and most important of those duties, and those too which embrace all others, are to his God, his neighbor and to himself. His duty to God in never mentioning his name, but with that reverence which is due from a creature to his Creator. In rendering that obedience to his will and commands which infinite wisdom claims of finite intelligences. In honoring him in all our lives and conduct, in all his attributes and divine perfections, in keeping his law, and in loving him supremely, above every thing else, and our neighbor as ourselves. How numerous are the duties which devolve upon us in a relative point of view? How many are the ties, social and fraternal, that bind us to those with whom we are thus, by the ties of our civil policy, by our feelings of humanity, by the injunctions of our order, and by the wise contrivance of the supreme ruler of the universe. So intimately united and connected. The most important relative duties which are inculcated by our principles, are a firm, an upright and an honorable deportment in our conduct among men. A strict adherence to the faithful discharge of the duties of life, never betraying any trust that may be reposed in us, but in all things, and under all circumstances, to act upon principles of virtue, honor and fidelity.—To do justice to all mankind. To render to every man his due. To cherish feelings of benevolence and kindness towards our fellow beings. To let the hand of charity be extended to the relief of the distressed and the unfortunate. To wipe the falling tear from the bedewed cheek of sorrow. To smoothe the thorny pillow of suffering and pain. Though the array of duty and obligation which stands thus thick in our way, may almost deter the timid and the feeble from the rugged path, yet, my brethren, let us reflect in our toilsome journey, upon the happiness, the joy, the delight, and the heartfelt satisfaction that will inevitably follow from a faithful discharge of those duties. Oh! how pleasing, how charming, how calm and heavenly, are the feelings which inspire the benevolent heart, when man is made the instrument of administering to his fellow man. To call the wanderer from the bewildering madness of vice, dissipation and degradation. To snatch the heedless and the thoughtless from the brink of the vortex of sin and pollution. To calm the troubled mind, and soothe the aching heart. To hush the orphan's grief. To turn the widow's wail and lamentation into rejoicing and gladness. To be the bearer of glad tidings and good news to those ready to faint. To irradiate the sullen dungeon's gloom, to set the oppressed captive at liberty. Oh these are sunny spots in life's dreary waste. They are flowery green in the rugged wilderness of earth's gloomy pilgrimage—they are cooling springs in the scorching, withering Sahara of time. Along the straight forward path of duty bloom the joys, the happiness and enjoyments of this world's blessings. Along this path the feelings, the soul of man can feast and luxuriate on rational delights.

His duty to himself consists in preserving his life and conduct free from intemperance and excess, and from the control of the vicious, the turbulent and unruly passions of the human heart. Will you believe me, when I assure you, upon the honor a man and a Mason, these are the abstract principles of Masonry.

But besides these, the mode and manner of initiating the regular succession of the degrees themselves, and the admonitory symbols are all replete with religious and moral instruction. On advancing to the first degree, the candidate is forcibly reminded of that moral gloom which overshadowed them on the disobedience of our first parents in the garden of Eden; of the darkness and obscurity of his mind and reason until the light of truth, that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world bursts in irradiating splendor on his benighted and grovelling mind. In a moral sense he feels, and that sensibly to his impotence, his weakness and his dependence. He is willing though strong to throw his protection on the weak. Though wise to be instructed by those less intellectual than himself from whence he may draw this useful moral lesson that there are none so powerful, so learned, or so wise, but what they may under some circumstances, or situations be practiced by the weak, gain knowledge from the simple and reap instruction from the ignorant. He is also taught that all his undertaking in life should be of such a nature that he could with-

out shame or confusion of soul or conscience ask the blessing of God to crown them. The Holy Bible is given him as a rule of life. The square, to square his actions, by the precepts of virtue and the compass to circumscribe his desires and passions, and to keep them in due bounds with all mankind, but more especially with a brother Mason. The lamb skin, or white apron reminds him of that purity of life, that unblemished character, that spotless heart, that will make him a fit inhabitant of that spiritual building that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. And he never can forget the striking admonition, that through all life, it will be his duty to relieve the distresses of those he meets with in destitution and misery, so far as he is able. On advancing to the second degree, more light is shed into the dark cavities and recesses of his understanding. All the beauties, the grandeur and sublimity of the terrestrial and celestial worlds, are opened to his admiring mind, with all the moral and divine lessons which are from thence to be drawn. He is taught to admire and to adore the power and majesty of that being who spake, and the earth arose from chaos—who commanded, and the angry waters of the mighty deep retired within these bounds. Who unrolled the starry-decked, heaven, as a scroll, and appointed to the stars their course. Who commissions the comet on its blazing journey through the boundless regions of illimitable space, and sends the forked lightnings to rend the air. Who shakes the earth, with his thunders, rends the sturdy forest with his whirlwind, and rides dreadful upon the storm. Who rules and governs the whole system of universal nature by his will, and directs the destiny of man.—By these sublime contemplations, his mind is taught to look up through nature to nature's God, to fear, to reverence, and adore him, for his awful judgments, his manifold blessings, and his infinite wisdom and power.

On being raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, he feels that in life, he often wanders in devious and untrodden paths. That enemies lie in wait—that he is beset with sore trials and temptations while sojourning through this vale of tears. Yet he is taught, that though enemies assail, though temptations allure, and though death should stare him in the face, it is his duty to maintain his integrity, to discharge his trust and manfully to withstand every trial and temptation that may cross his path. He is also reminded of the certainty and of the solemnity of death; that it is appointed unto man once to die. How solemn the reflection. And, must we all die. Must the aged with their wisdom lie down in the bed of death. Must the mighty and the strong lie down relaxed, cold and inanimate in the yawning tomb. Must the blooming cheek of youth turn pale, his buoyant hopes, be cut down as a tender flower, and his throbbing heart sleep unconscious beneath its kindred clay. Must the tender forms and winning beauty of our daughters and sisters lie cold and inanimate in the embraces of the grim monster of terror. Must the infant bud be blasted and waste its fragrance beneath the silent clod of the valley; yes we must all die. Go to the silent grave-yard and there you will find the narrow dwelling, the long resting place of aged sires, and the tender infant, the youth cut down in his bloom and the man shorn of his strength, and after death what then? What of that far off realm—that undiscovered country from whence no traveller returns. Brethren, in view of this solemn subject, let me once admonish you of the high and important duties, which you are called upon to perform: can you forget your promises of compliance and resolutions formed of a faithful discharge of those duties? Do not the admonitory symbols meet your eyes on every side to keep you in lively remembrance? Look around on this interesting array. Are not here our mothers, and our daughters, our wives and our sisters? do they not admonish you, by that purity which is attendant upon virtue, to pursue such a course of life as will raise our order from its degradation and establish it in all its pristine purity? Does not the prattling, smiling infant, that climbs on your knee to caress, drive conviction to your heart, will not the awful thought of death arouse you? or will you be won by the blessings and happiness that await the faithful beyond the scenes of time and sense? For, brethren, the doctrines of our order do not leave us in the embraces of the tomb forever. For we are inspired with hope in the degree of which we have been speaking to believe, that though our bodies may die, and min-

gle with the dust, and that though the cypress may long flourish at our heads, and the green grass wave o'er our bed, yet that the spirit shall return to that God who gave it, that while in view of our mortality we might almost feel that an Angel's arm could not snatch us from the grave; yet the doctrine of eternal life, which is so lively represented by the evergreen, bids us say with triumph, legions of angels can't confine us there. But when the last sands in time's hour-glass are waning—when nature shall give premonitory signs of approaching dissolution when the fig-tree shall cast her untimely leaves as if shaken with a mighty wind—when the stars of heaven shall fall from their places, and all nature be tumbling into ruin, we shall arise above the fiery void, the wreck of matter and crush of worlds, and if we have done our duty here, and obeyed the will and kept the commands of our great high-priest we shall be admitted into the celestial lodge above, where the grand architect of universal nature resides.

And I know that you will join with me in the fond aspiration that when at last that solemn hour shall come, that the Masonic edifice may be the last to be demolished by nature's final ruin, and all good Masons with the salt of the earth and the light of the world, the first to pass the gates of a blessed immortality.

Miscellany.

BUYING A RING—A SCENE.

Enter Ladies.

Lady.—I wish to see some of your most fashionable finger rings.

(The jeweller shows a number.)

Lady.—Are these the latest style? What is the price of this? (selecting one from the variety shown her.)

Jeweller.—Three dollars and a half.

Lady.—Three dollars and a half! what a price! I know I can buy them at other stores for two dollars. What do you ask for this plain gold one?

Jeweller.—I have always sold gold rings of that kind for one dollar and a quarter, but you may have it for fifty cents.

Lady.—Fifty cents for this plain ring! why, it is a monstrous price! I never heard of such a thing!

Jeweller.—I wish I could trade with you, Ma'am: you shall have it for thirty-seven and a half cents.

Lady.—No, sir, I cannot think of it; I want to buy a ring, but cannot afford to give such an exorbitant price.

Jeweller.—Say no more, ma'am—you shall have it for twenty-five.

Lady.—Oh, that's altogether too much; I know I can buy them cheaper elsewhere.

Jeweller.—I am desirous of securing your custom, Ma'am, and I will sell it for twelve and a half cents.

Lady.—Ah, you are getting a little more reasonable, but twelve and a half cents is too high.

Jeweller.—I am resolved to please you, Ma'am, and my lowest price is six and a quarter cents.

Lady.—(After examining it very closely.) Will you warrant it to be pure gold?

Jeweller.—Gold of an extra fineness. It suits your finger exactly, and you shall have the little box into the bargain.

Lady.—(Aside to her sister.) Oh, I almost wish we had brought some money with us. (Aloud.) Is that your lowest price, sir?

Jeweller.—That, Ma'am, is my lowest price.

Lady.—If that's the case, I'm afraid we shall not be able to trade; I know I can buy them for three cents at the other shops! good morning, sir.—(Exit ladies.)

Jeweller.—Good morning, ladies. Well, that beats all!—Three cents for a gold ring that cost me one dollar by the dozen! And this is what is called shopping.

The report that an old lady in her anxiety to hear a courting scene, run her head through the key hole, is now contradicted.

A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, "how should I know what he he said? I am not skilled in the dead languages."

HOW TO CURE A HUSBAND.

A woman, whom her husband used to frequently scold, went to a cunning man to enquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint; and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a vial with some colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor, and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, rejoiced at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her silence escaped the usual annoyance. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man, and anxiously begged another possessed of the same virtue. "Daughter," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life on it, he will not scold you."

APPALLING MURDER, AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AT LIVERPOOL.

One of the most appalling events we ever remember in the domestic circle, occurred on Tuesday morning at Portland-place, Roscommon-street, Everton. At six o'clock the neighborhood in which the tragical occurrence took place was thrown into dreadful excitement in consequence of a rumor that William Jenner, a cotton broker, had attempted to assassinate his wife and family by shooting at them with pistols loaded with bullets. The report was confirmed by one of the children escaping from the house, and giving the alarm to the policeman. It appears that the officers immediately proceeded to the house, and there saw the wretched father, whose reason appeared to have returned, and who immediately surrendered.

The statement given by one of his children proved, alas, to be too true; the mother was lying on the floor of the kitchen, apparently lifeless, with several wounds from the pistol bullets on her head. She was raised from the floor, and although life was not extinct, but little hope was and is still, entertained that she will survive. Another policeman proceeded up stairs, and there found one of the children lifeless upon the bedroom floor, and bathed in its own blood. The pistols had been but too unceremoniously discharged in the temple of the unfortunate child.

The boy who had escaped was requested by his father in an apparently very affectionate manner to 'come near to him and give him a kiss,' but the poor child horrified at the fate of his mother and brother, cried out "Oh! you are going to kill me," and fled from the house to give the alarm in the manner we have described. The prisoner assigned as a reason for the perpetration of the horrible deed, that he thought it better to see his wife and children dead, than to see them brought to poverty and distress. He has been a highly respectable merchant for many years at Charleston, New Orleans, and Liverpool, but some years ago he lost the whole, or nearly the whole, of his property in cotton speculations, and has since struggled hard against difficulties, which threatened distress and privation to his wife and children.

He was this afternoon brought before Mr. Rushton. He was attired in a morning gown, but as he covered his face with hand, and sat down, he was scarcely observed by the great number of persons who were present at the investigation. After a lengthened examination, the prisoner was fully committed to take his trial for wilful murder at the assizes.—*English Paper.*

FLATTERY IN RAGS.

We lately came across an anecdote in an English paper, which furnishes a fine lesson to the study of human nature. A miserable looking beggar in piteous accents implored the charity of a well-dressed lady who was passing by. But he was not graciously received. "I have no small change," said she, with a repulsive look. "Then, most charming madam," said the philosopher in rags, "allow me the privilege of kissing your beautiful lily-white hand!" "No, my friend," replied the fair one with a smile, "I will not do that, but there's half a crown for you!"

A learned divine named Brown says that tight lacing is a strong invention of the devil to supply hell with young women.

EDITORIAL HORRORS.

"What do you want Mr. Devil?"
 "Copy sir."
 "Copy."
 "Yes sir."
 "Why, how the duce is that? where is the last 'awful murder'?"
 "Up sir."
 "Where is the 'great robbery'?"
 "Up sir."
 "Where is the 'bank broke' and the 'abominable'?"
 "Up sir."
 "Where is the 'horrid suicide' and the 'wife whipped,' the 'steamboat blown up,' the 'child found,' the 'child killed,' the 'child burned,' the 'elopement,' the 'mysterious disappearance' the 'singular marriage,' the 'shocking depravity,' and the 'five children at a birth'?"
 "Up, sir."
 "All up?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "The duce you say—well, here, set this—"
 "Chickens will be very tender this year and run on two legs until their heads are chopped off, after which they will be delicious if carefully broiled."—*Richmond Star.*

PUTTING A MAN ASHORE.

The offender was a "young man with a very bad countenance," and had been on board only about one day, during which time he had managed to insult several of the passengers, and to violate, in several instances, the rules of the boat; and on being threatened several times by the captain that he would be put ashore, if he didn't conduct himself properly, he only behaved the worse.

It was on a cold stormy day, and on either shore of the "mad Missouri," a dense forest was all that met the eye.

"Man the yawl, mate; a man wishes to go ashore," said the captain.

"Aye aye, sir."
 In a few minutes the yawl was rowed alongside the fore-castle. The captain then, touching the unruly passenger, observed, "The boat is ready, sir; show the steward your baggage, if you have any."

"Stranger."—"You be d—d—I don't leave this boat alive, in this place. Do you—"

"Captain."—"Mate, call two men and wait upon this man ashore," said the captain, very coolly.

"Stranger," (drawing a large bowie knife).—"The first man that dares lay hand on me, receives this blade to the hilt," vociferated the stranger.

"Mate."—"Move yourself forward there, my old boy," collaring the infuriated man.

The stranger resisted with all his strength, but the mate and two jack tars were too much for him, and they very soon disarmed him, and placed him in the yawl and rowed for shore, where the valiant blackleg was safely landed, the boat's crew merely laughing at the fellow's daring threats.—*St. Louis Bul.*

LOVER'S LEAP.

BY PROXY.

In Merrick's History of Haverhill, the following story is given as a historical fact:—

"One Joseph Whitaker, who was quartered in the garrison of that town in its early settlement, had become smitten with the charms of one Mary W— residing there. Long he had wished to declare his passion to her, but he had not the courage. At length he nerved his shrinking courage, and with a palpitating heart, and in broken accents, made a declaration of his love and concluded the harangue by offering his heart and hand. Mary heard his story attentively, and then flatly refused to have any thing to do with him. What a hard hearted creature! Joseph somewhat staggered at so prompt a denial, but determined not to suffer her to escape so easily. He plead his cause most manfully, but all was in vain—she remained stubborn and hard hearted as at first. As a last resource he told her that if she did not accept his offer "he would go and jump into the well." This was truly a desperate resolution, but it had no effect on the cruel heart of the maiden—she still persisted in her refusal. Joseph then arose, probably from a kneeling

posture—and, casting a long and lingering look on the unfeeling girl, left the garrison. He went to the well, and looking into "the deep and dark abyss," anxiously weighed the matter before the final leap. It was a stern resolve—he thought of it earnestly—he wavered and at last determined not to throw away his life for such a hard hearted creature. While "casting himself about," to see how he could escape from this sad dilemma, and still preserve some appearance of having done the deed, a new idea happily flashed across his cranium. A large log was lying near, which he resolved should be the Joseph to jump into the well instead of himself. Soon as this commendable determination was formed, he seized the log, plunged it into the "watery deep," and immediately concealed himself behind the curb.

But where was Mary all this while? She had been listening attentively at the door, half sorry she had denied him so long and hardly believing he would commit so rash an act. But when she heard the heavy plunge of wooden Joseph, her heart completely relented, and oh! how fervently she then wished she had not refused his offer. She ran hastily to the well and bending over the earth with an agonizing heart—"Oh Joseph! Joseph! Joseph! If you are in the land of the living I will have you!" Joseph saw and heard the whole, and his heart leaped for joy at this intelligence, immediately leaving the place of his concealment, he rushed into her arms. "Oh Mary! Mary! I will take you at your word."

The long embrace—the mutual reconciliation—the many tears of joy—and long years of happiness that followed, we will not attempt to describe."

Extraordinary Scene.—G. E. A. Hamilton, who recently perpetrated a forgery, was sentenced on the 8th inst. in the criminal court of New Orleans, to four years' hard labor in the penitentiary. Previous to the sentence he addressed the court, and endeavored by a strong appeal to the feelings of the jury, to enlist its sympathies in his behalf. The address, however, was so contradictory, and so full of apparent falsehood, that it produced quite the contrary effect.

"Never, in my life," said Judge Canonge, in his charge, "have I witnessed so much duplicity, such a want of candor, and yet such an affectation of truth."

As soon as the sentence was passed (says the Picayune) the prisoner drew a penknife from his pocket, one of the blades of which he opened. Being seen, the cry was "hold him! catch him! But before any one laid hands on him, he entered the dock, and plunged the knife twice into his breast. The first stab was in the region of the pit of the stomach, the other was near the nipple of the left breast. The blood flowed from the wounds profusely, and the prisoner fainted away. He was removed to the jury room, and a doctor was immediately called, who dressed the wounds.

According to the Picayune, the prisoner is very young and has considerable talent and acquisitions.

Rather Foolish.—Running after a runaway wife, and when found, begging her return to the home which she has dishonored.

Rather Vain.—A snuff taking slovenly old bachelor imagining himself to be the cynosure of all female eyes.

Very Consistent.—A thorough democrat ashamed of poor relations.

Awful Kind.—A nice young man professing unbounded love for a simple young girl, in proof of which benevolent feeling, he insists that she shall ruin herself for his gratification.

April Showers.—A big, black rain, with occasional snow storms, from one end of the month to the other.—*Atlas.*

A CAREFUL SOLDIER.—A new recruit coming into action, followed the example of his comrades, and loaded his musket. Having done this, he placed the breech of his piece on the ground, and appeared to be anxiously endeavoring to draw his charge. One of his comrades observing him, sung out, "Jim, why don't you fire, and let 'em have it?" "Because," replied he, "I doesn't like to; I shall hurt somebody, for I've got a ball in my gun, and can't get it out!"

A drunken mother killed her infant child last Saturday night, in Philadelphia, by overlaying it.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Knickerbocker.

LEGEND

OF DON MUNIO SANCHE DE HINOJOSA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STANLEY BOYS.

In the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors; on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport.

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and armors, and Moslem helms, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in bounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth, without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier, was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game, and drive it toward his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came pranking over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this troop rode a youthful cavalier superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire: beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor wrung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight, who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, Don Munio said he, "I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. Is me you behold Abadil son of a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our person, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored."

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. "God forbid," said he, "that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals."

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. The took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth missives of every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days, the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all staunch and well-tried warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. "Alas, my lord!" exclaimed she, "how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when wilt thy thirst for glory be appeased."

"One battle more," replied Don Munio, "one battle more, for the honor of Castile, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit: still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders. Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. "Now is the time," cried he, "to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter."

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry, and smote his breast. "Who is me!" cried he; "I have slain my benefactor! The flower of knightly virtue! the most magnanimous of cavaliers!"

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, "What seest thou?"

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, he sounded his horn. "I see," cried he, "a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!" exclaimed the old senechal:

"my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!" Then the courts rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the draw-bridge was lowered, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose; he lay in his armor, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered, and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, besides his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription: *Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancti De Hinojosa.* Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salmanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marvelled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith, in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonso VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend, to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.

It is said that a man in New Orleans was so cross-eyed that in trying to get asleep he wrung his neck off.

"I say Mister, how came your eyes so all-~~and~~ crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "That came between two girls and trying to look love to both at a time."

A Fact.—"Miss Brown, I wish you'd sew up my trousers, so they won't keep coming down: the boys keep plaguing me."

"Why don't you get your mother to do it for you, Jemmy?" "O coz she can't; she's gone to the Sewing Circle."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ORIGIN OF INVENTION.

Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass, or some similar substance attracted bits of paper, &c. Galvanism again owes its origin to *Madam Galvani's* noticing the contraction of the muscle of a skinned frog, which was accidentally touched by a person at the moment of the professor's husband, taking an electric spark from the machine. He followed up the hint by experiments.—Pendulum clocks were invented by Galileo's observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro. The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle maker placing two or more pair of spectacles before each other, and looking through them at a distant object. The barometer originated in the circumstances of a pump which had been fixed higher than usual above the surface of a well, being found not to draw water. A sagacious observer hence deducted the pressure of atmosphere and tried quicksilver. The Argand lamp was invented by one of that name having remarked that a tube held by chance over a candle caused it to burn up with a bright flame—an effect before unattainable—though earnestly sought after. Without the Argand lamp, lighthouses, (to pass over minor objects) could not be made efficient and on the importance of these it is needless to dwell.—*Penny Mag.*

An experiment was recently made at New Orleans by an English gentleman, on the notes of one of the city banks in the presence of the officers and of sundry citizens, by which he demonstrated his ability to efface totally, and without leaving a solitary trace every ink mark existing on the face of the notes.—The impressions made by the ink were removed by the feather point of a quill imbued with some chemical preparation compounded by the gentleman in question. He thus established with perfect ease that certificates of deposit and other bank documents in writing can be altered for purposes of counterfeiting. After this experiment, he wrote a few lines on a piece of ordinary writing paper, and sent it to an experienced chemist, declaring that it was impossible to remove it. He has offered to sell his secret to the various banking institutions at a reasonable rate. The same gentleman has made known his discovery to the Bank of England.—*Clipper.*

The Bavarian government has just granted a patent for a new lithographic process, to which its inventor has given the name of *Lithosterotype*. This process consists in tracing the subject on the stone, with a new black or colored ink, and then laying on the spaces a combination of acids, which eats away the stone, so as to leave the lines of the ink tracing in relief greater than that of printing types. From the stone thus prepared any number of impressions, it is said, may be taken by the common press, much clearer than those which are obtained by the ordinary lithographic process.

THE GATHERER.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

The following affecting description is extracted from Bolwer's latest production, "Night and Morning."

In a miserable *grabal*, or garret, a mechanic, yet young and stricken by a lingering malady, contracted by the labor of his occupation, was slowly passing from that world which, for the mass of the inhabitants the curse of Cain is everlastingly at work. Now this man had married for love, and his wife had loved him; and it was the cares of that early marriage that had consumed him to the bone. But extreme want, if long continued, eats up love when it has nothing else to consume. And when people are very long dying, the people they fret and trouble begin to think of that too often hypocritical prettiness of phrase termed a "happy release." So the worn-out and half-famished wife did not care three straws for the dying husband, whom a year or two ago she has vowed to love and cherish in sickness and in health. But still she seemed to care, for she moaned, and pined, and wept as the man's breath grew fainter and fainter.

"Ah, Jean!" said she sobbing, "what will become

of me, a poor lone widow, with nobody to work for my bread?" And with that thought she took on worse than before.

"I am stifling," said the dying man, rolling round his ghastly eyes. "How hot it is! Open the window—I should like to see the light—daylight once again."

"*Mon Dieu!* what whims he has, poor man!"—muttered the woman without stirring.

The poor wretch put his skeleton hand out and clutched his wife's arm.

"I shan't trouble you long, Mairé! Air—air!"

"Jean, you will make yourself worse; besides, I shall catch my death of cold. I have scarce a rag on, but I will just open the door."

"Pardon me," groaned the sufferer; "leave me then."

Poor fellow! perhaps at that moment the thought of unkindness was sharper than the sharp cough which brought blood at every paroxysm. He did not like her so near him, but he did not blame her. Again I say, poor fellow!

The woman opened the door, and went to the other side of the room and sat down on an old box and began darning an old handkerchief. The silence was soon broken by the moans of the fast dying man, and again he muttered, as he tossed to and fro, with bated white lips—"Je m'étouffe!"—Air!

There was no resisting that prayer, it seemed so like the last. The wife laid down the needle, put the handkerchief round her throat, and opened the window.

"Do you feel easier now?"

"Bless you Marie!—yes, that's good—good—it puts me in mind of old days, that breath of air, before we came to Paris. I wish I could work for you now, Marie."

"Jean! my poor Jean!" said the woman; and the words and the voice took back her hardened heart to the fresh fields and tender thoughts of the past time. And she walked up to the bed, and he leaned his temples, damp with livid dew upon her breast.

"I have been a sad burden to you, Marie; we should not have married so soon, but I thought I was stronger. Don't cry—we have no little ones, thank God!—It will be much better for you when I am gone."—And so word after word gasped out; he stopped suddenly, and seemed to fall asleep.

The wife then attempted to lay him once more on his pillow—the head fell back heavily—the jaw had dropped—the teeth were set—the eyes were open and like stone—the truth broke on her! "Jean! Jean! My God he is dead! and I was unkind to him at the last!" With these words she fell upon the corpse, happily herself insensible.

"There's no such word as *fool*."—The Sun relates the following anecdote:—A friend in Water street, had an apprentice who, at the time of Victoria's Coronation, clandestinely left his employer, and slipped over to England, and was a spectator of that royal pageant. His curiosity was gratified in that particular only, and had become greatly excited in reference to the old world in general by the great little he had seen of it;—but he possessed no more means than were barely sufficient to pay a steerage passage both ways, and keep him sparingly during his sojourn in the great metropolis.

To overcome this difficulty he returned to New York but not to his former employer. He succeeded in obtaining possession of a rout for a morning penny paper, and another on an evening penny paper, served his customers promptly and diligently eighteen months laid up ten dollars a week on an average during that time, and a couple of weeks since sailed again for the eastern hemisphere, with money to maintain him a year, and carry him over the whole of Europe in an economical way. If he won't "make his way through the world," we don't know who will.

DRUNKEN VAGARIES.—Some old writer tells the story of a drunken crew of sailors, who, hearing the wind roar in the house in which they happened to be carousing, became so fully persuaded that they were on board a ship and in danger of shipwreck, that they threw all the furniture out of the windows, under the idea that they were lightening the ship. A drunken man has been known to whip a post, because it would

not get out of his way; and an old gentleman of eighty, when intoxicated, mistook a lamp-post for a lady, and addressed her in the impassioned language of love. We once heard of a very respectable gentleman, who occasionally got fuddled, who, in staggering along toward home in the night, was brought to a full stop by the shadow of a sign post, which he firmly believed it impossible for him to get over. The New Orleans *Picayune* mentions a case of equal extravagance. A chap the other night, who had caught the largest kind of a "turkey" while visiting the different bar-rooms, fancied himself one of Ericson's patent propellers, and went down and jumped into the Mississippi to ascertain how he would work.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The following is a good 'un in more ways than one:—

A gentleman at one of the hotels in Boston, who is remarkable for this failing, on retiring at night, instead of going to his own room, proceeded to the reading room, and snugly ensconcing himself in the ample folds of a "Boston Notion," which had been carelessly left open upon the table, sank to sleep. When awakened the next morning by *Boots*, and informed that he had "got himself into the papers," he rather dryly remarked that it was *news* to him.

THE RULING PASSION.

We have somewhere read of a hard case whom his friends had tried every way to break his confirmed habit of drinking. As a last experiment, they took him dead drunk, and placed him nicely in a coffin. In order to convince him still stronger that he was dead and gone, a friend consented to be disguised and to stow himself away in another coffin close by, in order to watch the effects and carry out according to circumstances the serious joke. Having got over his drunken nap, the hero of the story raised himself slowly in his coffin the next morning and looked around with no little wonder.

Seeing the other man in the same bad fix, he shook his muddy head and rubbed his eyes:

Hullo, stranger, can't you give me an item?

You? why, you're dead and buried.

You don't say so.

Yes but you are.

Well you're in the same bad snap, ain't you.

Yes I'm gone too.

Poor fellow! Well, I must have died very suddenly, any how, I was out on a reg'lar spree last night.

Oh no you are mistaken. You have been dead and buried three years.

The devil I have! Well it don't seem long to me.

How long have you been here? I'd like to know.

Five years.

Rive eh? Well as you have been here longer than I have, and know the place better, just tell me where I can get a good gin cocktail.—*N. O. Times*

Dr. Dyott after two years' hard labor in the Penitentiary at Philadelphia, has been pardoned by the Governor. By his sentence he had one year longer to remain.

We dislike to see little boys smoking cigars and chewing tobacco; it looks as though they were in a hurry to make fools of themselves.

A Western editor says that nothing is sweeter than the warm and ardent kiss of one we love, unless it is melasses!

An Unheard-of Stage Effect.—As one of the actors of the Arch Street Theatre Company was about leaving the stage on Saturday night, a person from the pit jumped on the stage and arrested him on execution for debt. The audience generally knew the officer by sight, and the singularity of the proceeding seemed to strike all dumb.

Did you ever know a housemaid who, on your discovering a fracture in a valuable China jar, did not tell you it was "done a long time ago;" or that it was "cracked before?"

"O the sweetness of life," as the loafer remarked, when he took lodgings in a sugar boghead.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1841.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We find ourselves unable to furnish any back numbers prior to No. 25.—the first six months, and we wish our Agents, on obtaining any new subscription to inform the subscriber of this fact. Any money sent to us, will be applied to this volume, and should there be any excess, it will be passed to the credit of the subscriptions of the next volume.

GRAND LODGE, OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The Annual Communication of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the ancient and honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, will commence on Wednesday, the second day of June, at 7 o'clock P. M., at the Grand Lodge room, Howard House, in the city of New York. Delegates from the country are requested to deposit their credentials with the Grand Secretary, at the G. L. room, immediately on their arrival in the city.

my27 JAMES HERRING, *Grand Secretary.*

AN EDITOR'S DIFFICULTIES.—It is a fact universally admitted and appreciated by the editorial fraternity of this country, that few, very few, of the readers of a newspaper, entertain any just conception of the almost innumerable trials and difficulties incidental to the publication thereof. Independent of the labor connected with the selection and proper arrangement of the materials of which a paper is composed, the great diversity of tastes which generally prevails among newspaper patrons, is likewise a source of constant annoyance to the Editor. He is often placed precisely in the position of one who, using his best endeavors to please all, is sure to offend every body. For instance—an individual enthusiastically attached to poetry complains of the lamentable deficiency in the poetical department; another insists upon the propriety of inserting a larger quantity of "horrid murders, dreadful accidents, and melancholy shipwrecks;" a third entertains a mortal aversion to tales of the imagination, and prefers subjects of a solemn and serious nature; while a fourth earnestly solicits the introduction of witty extracts and humorous anecdotes, *bon mots*, and *repartees*. The ladies manifest a decided preference for marriage notices, and useful receipts for cooking, *et cetera*; while some gentlemen are highly indignant at the exclusion of party politics, and sometimes resort to a practical mode of expressing their disapprobation, *i.e.*—"stop my paper!" And, if he attempts to comply with the requests of some, and accede to the wishes of others, thereby securing the approbation of a few he is sure to render himself liable to the censure of the others.

ALL this is sufficiently annoying, but it nevertheless might be endured, if unaccompanied by any other vexations. But, alas! we have not yet enumerated one-tenth part of the Editor's grievances. When subscriptions become due, how lamentably dilatory are many in paying for their paper; and this is an act of injustice which nothing can extenuate, and we cannot regard it as indicative of a very narrow, contracted disposition. Surely, such persons cannot be ignorant of the fact, that in thus neglecting to pay the amount of their subscriptions, they are withholding from the Editor the means indispensably requisite for the publication of his paper, without which (taken collectively) it is absolutely impossible for him to proceed. Indeed, this is the most serious difficulty with which the Editor is obliged to contend.

While commenting upon this subject, we cannot

help advert to a serious annoyance that exists in the persons of certain aspirants to literary celebrity, who, conceiving themselves poets, and writers of great power and eloquence, frequently send in their productions to the editors of various periodicals, and because those gentlemen believing that such effusions would not add to the reputation of their respective journals, decline inserting them—declare that they are utterly unworthy of support, and lament their inability to appreciate the excellence of their several productions.

These are a few of the difficulties and perplexities attendant upon the editorial supervision of a newspaper.

[From our New-York Correspondent.]

New-York, May 24th, 1841.

In accordance with your request that I would act as your correspondent, I cheerfully send the following summary of all the news of interest now stirring in New York.

The case of McLeod is now under discussion in the Supreme Court of this city. There is no little excitement prevailing here, as to the termination of the trial. The question in point seems to be, whether the prisoner shall be set free at once, (inasmuch as England has taken upon herself the responsibility of the act) or whether he shall be held amenable to the laws of the State of New York, for the gross and wanton violation of the law, in aiding and abetting the destruction of the *Caroline*. These are the two grand points at issue, and the public are eager as to the final result.

Strangers are flocking to the city, and every thing indicates a speedy revival of business, in this great metropolis. The rainy weather of late has tended greatly to keep back the country merchants from purchasing their Spring supply. But since the pleasant weather set in, the city has been thronged with strangers; the cartmen are hurrying through the street with their ponderous vehicles loaded with merchandise and there is every indication of an active Spring trade.

Theatres here are rather on the decline; so much so, that fears are entertained by the managers that the inevitable result will be the closing of their doors, should this stagnation continue. You are aware that the Bowery Theatre was recently closed, in obedience to a mandate from the court of Chancery, sued out, and issued, in behalf of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. The Bowery was one of the most respectable theatres in the city; it was there that the revival of the *legitimate drama* was first commenced, and it was tightly patronized by the most respectable and discerning portion of the New-York public. It has since been re-opened.

No news as yet of the steamer *President*! Every thing relating to this vessel remains enveloped in mystery.

The splendid ship of the line *North Carolina*, also the *Brandywine*, (which has just returned from the Mediterranean) are now lying side by side, opposite Castle Garden. They are a splendid sight, and thousands are attracted daily to the Battery to see them.

S. C. C.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—After a most protracted season of cold weather, rainy days and dark clouded skies, Spring has at length come in good earnest, arrayed in her most gorgeous apparel, and smiling in all her loveliness. Nothing can be more delightful, in this season of the year, than a stroll in the country to inhale the pure and healthful atmosphere, and contemplate the beauties of nature, as displayed in the variegated foliage of the trees, redolent with the songs of birds, and in the fragrant rose and budding blossom,

expanding to the warm and genial sun. While thus gazing upon the brilliant hues of the early spring flowers we are forcibly struck with the peculiar appropriateness of the words of the poet,—

—who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creations, charms like these?
Or can it paint there with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other as appears
In every bud that blows?"

A FINE SIGHT.—The *Quebec Gazette* of Wednesday says that at noon on Tuesday last one hundred ships under sail were entering that harbor from the several ports in England.

☞ The steamboat *Maryland* was burned on the 15th inst., at the mouth of the Licking River. It was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

TRIAL OF THE MURDERERS.—The trial of Madison the master spirit in the murder, burglary and arson of the 17th ult., was to commence on Monday the 24th: Mr. Primm for defendant.

James Seward, or Sewell's trial was to come on the next day, Tuesday the 25th, Mr. Gamble for defendant.

Alfred, or Alpheus Warrick's trial on Wednesday the 26th, Mr. Spaulding for defendant.

Charles Brown, on Thursday the 27th, Mr. Darby for defendant.

It is to be hoped that these villains will be brought to that punishment which they so richly deserve.

DEATH OF ASTEN THE CLOWN.—Mr. Charles L. Asten, of New York, lately attached to Mr. Nichols' Equestrian Company, died on Tuesday morning last, 25th ult., at the Republican Hotel in this city. The body was taken on the same evening to New York for interment. His death is universally regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, by whom he was much respected. He has left a wife and parents to mourn his loss. It must, however, be a consolation to know, that every exertion which medical skill could afford, with the kind attention of the family where he died, were exerted for his recovery and comfort.

ALBANY THEATRE.—That popular comedian, familiarly known as "Bill Gates," has been engaged at this establishment, and has drawn good houses. In addition to his professional abilities, Gates is a native Albanian, and thus lays a double claim to the support of the play-going public.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.—By the *Quebec Mercury*, we learn that an avalanche of rock fell from Cape Diamond at Quebec, upon the houses in Champlain street, and in the *Cul de Sac*, on Monday the 17th instant.—So far as yet ascertained, there were 26 persons killed, (the bodies of whom have been recovered,) and six not yet found. A funeral procession of 17 bodies proceeded from the Lower Town Church to the Roman Catholic Cathedral on the morning of the 19th inst., preceded by a numerous body of the clergy, and followed by a great concourse of the people. A solemn funeral service was performed for the lamented victims of the accident.

☞ The extra session of Congress commences on Monday next; the members are already hastening to the seat of government.

SENTENCE.—Ezra White, convicted of the murder of Fitzpatrick, has been sentenced by Judge Edwards to four years imprisonment at hard labor, in the prison at Sing Sing.

The Grand Lodge will hold their annual Meeting on Wednesday evening next, at the G. L. room in the city of New York. A large representation is expected from the interior of the State. From the Notices we have seen addressed to the officers of the Lodges, we are pleased to observe that every member is requested to appear in full costume of the order.

Intelligence.

Fire.—The Central Railroad House, and the house of Charles Bristol, at Detroit, were consumed on the 17th inst.

The steamer Caledonia brought about ten thousand letters. The postage on those for New York city amounted to upwards of \$1200.

Suicide.—Mr. Melancthon Woolsey Flinn, second mate of ship Cabinet of this port when on the passage from Liverpool to Havana, committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol on the 20th ult. in latitude 25 23. longitude, 48. He was 24 years old and has friends or relatives in New York city.—*Boston D. Adv.*

Conviction.—A man named Thomas Shuster was tried last week in Philadelphia, for killing his wife, and found guilty of "Murder in the First Degree."

Samuel Oaks, of Hamburg, near Buffalo, aged 73 years, one of the oldest inhabitants of that county, and a steady, substantial farmer, committed suicide a few days since by hanging himself.

An unknown girl, about eighteen years of age, was found burned to death in the woods in Cuyahoga co. Ohio, on the 30th ult. She had built a fire in the woods, from which it is probable her clothes caught.

Fire.—The residence of Mr. Wm. Nichols, of Cooperstown, Otsego county, was destroyed by fire on the 18th inst. His loss is said to be from 3 to \$5000. Most of the furniture was saved, but very much damaged.

Dr. Samuel S. Dickerson, one of the Lottery Commissioners was found dead near the Shot Tower, in Eutaw street; Baltimore—supposed from a fit.

Fatal Affray.—We learn from the Fall River Archetype that in a quarrel between two of the men employed in the American Print Works in that town, one of them named Braynon, was killed. The quarrel originated from a dispute that arose while playing cards.

An Aged Woman.—A Mrs. Stevenson died recently in Clearfield county, Pa., at the advanced age of 108 years. She left her third husband a widower—and her posterity extends down to the sixth generation.

Infanticide.—The Coroner of Boston on Thursday held an inquest on the body of a female child, found floating on the tide water above South Boston Bridge enclosed in an ink box. The appearance of the body left no doubt on his mind that the child had been barbarously murdered, by some person or persons unknown. There were two stabs in the throat, a large cut across the back, the right arm was severed from the body at the shoulder joint, and the intestines were drawn out.

A tremendous storm occurred at Natchez, Miss., on the 7th instant, which being the anniversary of the great tornado in that city, occasioned a great deal of consternation among the citizens.

Destructive Fire.—A serious fire occurred at Raleigh, N. C., on the 14th inst. It broke out in the stable of Messrs. Ellen & Bevers, and communicated to the extensive boarding house of the Misses Pulliam. Both were destroyed. Loss heavy.

Caution to Mothers.—A little girl, living at No. 20 Chambers street, was thrown into severe convulsions, produced by fright, on being shut up in a dark room, as punishment. We learn from Dr. C. A. Porter, the attending physician, that at one time he entertained doubts of the recovery of the child. The child is happily restored.—*Sun.*

EXPERIMENT.—Tie a piece of sewing silk to a large silver spoon, and suspend it from the ear. Then strike the spoon, and the reverberation will sound as grand and tremendous as that of the great bell of a cathedral.

"Say Pat—are the days any longer in Ireland than in this country?"

"Longer! Aye; you may well say it: and not only longer, but there are a great many more of them."

Married.

In this city on Wednesday evening, 19th inst., by the Rev. Ezra Hunton, Mr. David L. Steinburg, of Livingston, Schoharie co., to Miss Margaret Bowie, of this city.

In Detroit, by the Rev. Geo. Duffield, Lieut. Thomas L. Brent of the 4th regiment of U. S. Artillery, and Miss Jane Duncan, only daughter of the Hon. Ross Wilkins.

In New York, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, the Rev. Paul Eugene Stevenson, pastor of the presbyterian church in Stanton, Va., to Miss Cornelia Prime, youngest daughter of the Rev. N. S. Prime of Newburg.

In Buffalo, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. T. Hopkins, Alfred P. Stone, Esq., of Columbus, O., to Anna M., eldest daughter of the Hon. Charles Townsend of that city.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Dr. J. N. Wyckoff, Peter D. Roff, to Miss Larina Martin, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, Monday morning, Julia, infant daughter of S. T. and Eve Thorn.

In this city, on Friday afternoon, of consumption, Thomas Barrett Hewson, in the 37th year of his age.

In New York, on the 13th inst., Sarah, wife of Alanson Jermain, merchant of that city, formerly of Albany, aged 40 years.

At Auburn, on the 5th ult., after a long and distressing disease, Capt. Thomas Folger, aged 65.

In Marblington, on the 11th instant, of palsy, Wessel Brodhead, Esq., in the 74th year of his age. He formerly represented the county of Ulster in the State Legislature, and has been Judge of its Courts.

At Hartford, Conn. Lieut. Thomas C. Brownell, of the U. S. Army, son of the Bishop of Connecticut, aged 26 years.

At Clarksville Tenn., on the 13th inst. at the residence of her son, Mrs. Polly Weed, mother of the Editor of the Evening Journal, aged 70 years.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.



Hudson Lodge No. 7, Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.

S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.

L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.

Hudson, May 4, 5841.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE.—PASSAGE \$1.—The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captain on board or at the office on the dock. mr. 12

REMOVAL.—JOSEPH CHATTERSON, Draper and Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 113 Market-st. four doors south of the Eagle Tavern, where he intends to conduct the tailoring business in the latest and most approved fashions.

J. C. trusts his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and solicits a continuance of the favors of his present customers; he flatters himself by the long experience he has had in the above business to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

Just received a choice assortment of goods, suitable for the season. m. 31f.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN—REMOVAL.—The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the Travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand in door below on the same side of the street to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 169 Market-st. and for a number of years past, occupied by M. S. Crosby, as a boarding house. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his friends and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is 4 stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, adapted for families, men of business, &c. Persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by Rail Road, Steamboat or Stage, and find the New England well adapted to their accommodation, within five or ten minutes walk of the Railroad station, within five or seven rods of the Steamboat landings. Breakfast will be served every morning, during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, or those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York, so as to eat 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is attached to the house with every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their patronage at his new one. His old Customers and the travelling public generally, are respectfully invited to give him a call; and he pledges himself to exert every exertion shall be made to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His prices will be moderate so as to suit the times. 75 cts. per day, for Board and Lodging.

Albany, May 15th, 1841.

A. W. STARKS.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to be buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT: addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany."

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POETRY.

TO THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

Hail, beauteous Spring! in all thy splendor drest,
Once more we greet thee 'midst thy native bowers;
And blooming roses deck thy virgin breast—
Thy brow is crown'd with chaplets of fair flowers,
And sighing zephyrs woo thee as they pass,
And gently fan each blade of dewy grass.

How like unto sweet childhood's early dawn,
When joy and happiness the heart illumine—
When all is smiling as the rosy morn,
With naught to cloud the youthful brow with gloom.
But hope and happiness are on the wing,
And prove as transient as the short-lived Spring!

SUMMER.

Season of sunny skies and burning heat,
Whose sultry breath wafts o'er the arid plain,
How the soul panteth for some cool retreat,
How the ground thirsteth for refreshing rain!
The noon-day sun, in blaze of splendor bright,
With scorching rays, doth pain the aching sight!

Thus youth, with ardent and impetuous fire,
Doth scorn the precepts of maturer years,
And in the pursuit of each mad desire,
Spurs on to where proud Fame her summit rears—
With vigorous arm, ambition's heights doth climb,
In the full power of his manhood's prime.

AUTUMN.

The winds of Autumn, solemn, sad and drear,
Come murmuring through the wood with soothing sound,

The once green leaves are now decay'd and aere,
And by the winds lie scatter'd on the ground;
While silence steals o'er all, save where the breeze
Sighs through the branches of the leafless trees.

'Tis thus that age creeps on with stealthy pace;
Where'er we turn, our footsteps 'twill pursue,
Chasing the smiles from off the youthful face,
And robbing beauty of its roseate hue;
No more rejoicing in our youthful prime,
We bend beneath the weight of withering time!

WINTER.

How keenly blows the winter's piercing blast!
What desolation rests on all I view!
The snow-flakes, from the sky descending fast,
Soon clothe all nature in their spotless hue;
And o'er the surface of the ice-bound lake,
The sportive snow-wreath its swift course doth take.

So youth and beauty soon must take their flight;
Our voices lose their happy, cheerful tone,
And friends who once with smiles did greet our sight,
Have gone, and left us desolate and lone.
And to our journey's end we all draw nigh—
We bloom a season, and then fade and die!

T. G. C.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A ray of light—a sunbeam bright—
That glids the ocean foam—
Now seen in strife when storms are rife—
Now in its either home.

A flick'ring spark, that shines where dark
Oblivion's gloom does reign,
'Tis seen to dash—to flare—to flash,
And never is it seen again!

A vessel frail with crowded sail,
When storms her topmast lave,
She reels—she's toss'd—she swamps—she's lost;
She sinks to ocean's grave!

A dew drop shed on some rose-bud,
At gentle fall of even;
At morn to rise beyond the skies
To dwell for ever in heav'n.

THE WATCHER.

BY MRS. HALE.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
When a watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn is there;
And the look to Heaven she raiseth,
'Tis the agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They need not morn there;
Oh, young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay;
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
"There is light for us above!"

TO THE PUBLISHER.

Permit a laughter-loving girl,
To fill a corner in your paper—
You would, if you could see the curl
Of her dark hair, and wait so taper!

I have some half a dozen beaux,
Forever in my pathway sighing,
Each one looks like a faded rose—
Poor things! you'd think they all were dying.

But there is one, so full of mirth,
That all that I can do won't move him;
The happiest fellow on the earth—
He says we girls cannot but love him!

It vexes me to see him laugh,
I tell him that he has no feeling;
I've tried one season and a half
To bring him to my presence kneeling!

I know he loves me—so he swears—
But says he will not be down hearted—
I've tried my best with frowns and tears,
And once or twice have well nigh parted.

But all in vain—he will not kneel—
He will not sigh—I must surrender!
He tells me that he's made of steel,
But well I know his heart is tender.

Another thought just strikes me now—
(It shall take place by next October)
I'll marry him—I will, I vow!
And, tha., I guess will make him sober!

THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

BY W. G. BROWN.

Uncage that bird, and let it soar
To its cloud-home amid the sky;
Why should it heat its bosom more
Against the wiry cage, and die,
When God hath given it wings and air,
To waft the warbler every where!

Oh, late it soared with joyous wing
Up to the heavenly gates, and then
Catching the notes that angels sing,
Winged its swift flight to earth again,
And poured through greenwood, far and near,
Such strains as win th' enchanted ear.

Why did ye catch and cage that bird,
While sailing on its azure sea?
The winds, whose songs at eve are heard,
And the bright waters all are free,
To play and sparkle as they will
In mighty stream or murmuring rill.

Its mate, perchance, hath mourned it long
Upon their green and favorite tree,
And poured its loud unanswered song
Through leafy grove and flowery lea;
And pined to find no answer float
In echo to its wildest note.

I've wandered forth at dusky eve,
When every human sound was still,
And heard some little warbler grieve
With such a plaintive song and shrill,
That earthly wrongs were all forgot,
In pity for its hapless lot.

Uncage that bird! the Spring hath come,
And every wing is out at play
With gentle winds—the wild bee's hum
Is mingled with the matin lay
Of laughing voices, 'mid the flowers,
That deck the trolleed garden bowers.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d Monday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st & 3d Thursday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansburg	1st Wednesday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Co.	2nd Thursday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	1st Monday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19-	"	1st Saturday.
Wheeling Encampment,	"	2d Monday ev. 9 month.
Washington Council,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	"	2d Thursday.
Oswego Chapter, 67,	"	2d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st & 3d Monday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	4th Saturday.
Louisville Encampment	do	2d Monday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	4th Tuesday.
Tyrion Council	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Abrams Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st Saturday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	3d Monday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, T.	3d Tuesday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah	1st & 3d Thursday.
Solomon Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Ori-thorpe Lodge	do	1st Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky.	2d Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones at N. Y.	Isaac Cronin Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Connechie	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
Joel D. Smith Castleton	J H McMahon Memphis Tenn
James Deft Coeymans	James A Miller Mobile
Stephen T. Leggett Troy	G L Cope Jr Savannah
S. D. Smith Lansingburgh	A C Davis Portsmouth Ohio
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Samuel Graves Auburn	Lewis S Delaplain Wheeling Va
A P Photo Tuscaloosa Alabama	Rev Peyton F Smith, Monticello
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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 40

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON FREE-MASONRY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 409, NO. 32.

13. Although Freemasonry may be perverted and abused by designing men, this fact constitutes no valid objection to the order itself. Its principles offer to the consideration of its votaries a moral code in strict accordance with the code of ethics contained in the Bible. Its lectures and charges, whether oral or written contain rules of moral conduct perfectly in unison with the doctrines of Christianity, and their avowed object is to promote and extend the virtues of Brotherly Love, Charity, Temperance, and universal Benevolence. Being essentially a moral institution, and not religious, in the strict sense of the term, it prescribes no particular creed, but it is, at the same time, so closely connected with religion, that it forms as it were, a stepping stone to that sublime and beautiful system, of which the Savior of mankind afforded a bright and glorious example.

14. If the true principles of Freemasonry were cherished and practised by its members, how beautiful would the temple appear! The best desires of the human heart would be fulfilled: the cause of universal benevolence would be honored and promoted, and the true end and aim of the institution would be manifest to the world.

15. St. Paul, well knowing how important peace and harmony were to the integrity of the church, to its prosperity, and the extension of its doctrines, admonished his brethren to drive from the threshold every evil passion, every impure desire, that all things might give place to peace and good fellowship. How forcibly do such doctrines address themselves to masons? How perfectly applicable are they to masons of every degree and order? The Christian church was then in its infancy, struggling for ascendancy over the gods of paganism. It was necessary for their preservation that the Christians should be united; that they should practice the virtue of Brotherly Love, and that they should support and encourage each other in every good work. It is thus with Masons. By the practice of Brotherly Love, and its associate virtues, the character of the institution will be elevated, and its opponents will retire abashed from the conflict.

16. It has been remarked by a distinguished member of the fraternity that "it cannot be expected that in every society there will be a perfect accord, and congeniality of minds, of tastes, and of morals. Hence difference will sometimes arise." This is true. In the best regulated societies there will be occasional disturbances, but a proper exercise of Brotherly Love on the part of those who are not immediately interested, will in nine cases out of ten, prevent them from breaking out into violent convulsions. In the course of my masonic life, I have often seen violent quarrels reconciled by such interposition which, under other circumstances, would have ended in bloodshed. It is a beautiful feature in the masonic character, that it possesses such an influence over the passions of men.

17. Freemasonry is essentially a charitable institution. No institution more strongly enforces this virtue by its laws and its precepts. How strikingly this virtue is impressed upon the novice every mason well knows. In the language of one of our charges, "the mason's heart should be ever ready to commiserate distress; his hand ever open to relieve it; he should drop the cordial balm on the wounds affliction has made, and bind up the heart which sorrow has broken." No mason who is imbued with the true spirit of the order, will turn a deaf ear to the supplications of a worthy brother, or reject his application when in his power to afford relief. If there be one he is unworthy the badge he wears,

18. Charity may be contemplated in another aspect not less beautiful than that of affording pecuniary relief. On this point I shall use the language, "It does not require us to excuse the vices, or overlook the errors of a friend. One of the best proofs of charity towards a brother is that affectionate censorship which watches over his actions, marks his errors, and sedulously labors for their correction. It instructs us to bear with affectionate sympathy those eccentricities of character, those fluctuations of temper, and those little excesses either of gaiety or depression to which all are subject. We should advise a friend with caution, and reprove with meekness." When thus contemplated Charity is a high and noble virtue, and one not difficult to exercise. A mason who acts according to this principle in his intercourse with his brethren, will bring back to the fold many a wandering sheep, and reclaim many an erring brother.

19. The vice of intemperance is one which cannot be too carefully avoided, independently of being a direct breach of masonic duty. How often do we find a splendid genius prostrated, and a noble mind destroyed by the debasing effects of this worst of vices—the worst because it leads to so many others. God endowed man with reason and intelligence for higher, nobler purposes. He did not endow him with the highest powers of intellect to be destroyed by intemperance. He did not give him noble sentiments and generous feelings to be debased by this wretched vice. He created him in his own likeness, that, towering above all other created beings, he might assume the exalted station he was destined to fill. He gave him an immortal soul, that by properly cultivating his powers here he might be better fitted to enjoy immortality in the world to come.

20. Masons, like other citizens of this free government may differ on the great political questions which from time to time, agitate the community, but under all circumstances it is their duty to acknowledge the supremacy of the laws, and bow to their decisions. A mason is free in every sense of the word; he is a freeman as well as freemason, but he who rightly understands his masonic duties, and justly appreciates the privileges of his order, will ever feel the weight of his civil obligations. He who would enter into plots and conspiracies against his government, or obstruct the execution of its laws, is a traitor to his order.

Louisville, Ky., April 27, 1841.

T.

[The following from the pen of Giles F. Yates, Esq. of Schenectady, was published a number of years ago. It appears to have been chiefly designed for those Brethren of the "ineffable degrees," and we presume it will not only be acceptable to them, but to the Masonic reader generally.—Ed.]

MASONIC CHRONOLOGY.

It has been an immemorial custom among "blue" and "red," as well as "sublime freemasons," to date from the creation. The reason of this custom, is doubtless because the principles upon which their order is founded, can be traced from the beginning of time. With sublime freemasons, there is an additional reason. Certain circumstances detailed in some of their degrees, have an allusion to the time, when by the fiat of Jehovah, the chaotic materials of this earth were ranged in form and order, and gleams of light dispelled the darkness, that enveloped "the face of the deep." Every accomplished brother will here readily advert to our mottoes, "Lux ex tenebris," and "ordo ab chaos." And when it is considered, that the Jews were the original depositories of some of the sublime mysteries, it is not to be wondered at, that sublime freemasons should adopt, or retain, the Jewish mode of dating.

It has been a subject of much speculation, at what time before Christ to fix the epoch of the creation.—Several hundred calculations and opinions have been

given, making the extreme dates differ upwards of 3000 years." Since the most learned chronologers do not agree on this point, it is not strange surely, that freemasons should differ in their computations. Masons of the lower degrees, usually compute by the "vulgar year of our Lord," adding to it 4000 years; thus calling the present year 5820. But Dionysius Exiguus, who, A. D. 532, first taught Christians to date from the birth of Christ, commenced the Christian era four years too late. The true epoch of the creation, is B. C. 4004. This is the chronology established by these profound scholars, Usher, Prideaux, Calmet, and others, and is according to the Hebrew text. It has received the sanction of the greatest Protestant divines throughout the world, and is held in such high repute, that it is adopted in the authorised versions of the Holy Scriptures. Sublime freemasons use this chronology either alone, or in conjunction with the vulgar Jewish computation, which fixes the creation B. C. 3760.

In one of the sublime degrees, allusion is made to an ancient Syriac manuscript, discovered A. D. 1553, which represents the world as being many thousand years older than by the chronology of the Bible.—That freemasons should make pretensions to a discovery so much at variance with the commonly received opinion of men on this subject, might by some be deemed presumptuous. In answer, we will state simply one fact. Not many years ago, the learned Dr. Hales, in his "analysis of chronology," has established a new era, which makes the present year of the world 7231. He has, in the most able manner, controverted the system of Usher, and if not fully established his own system, has advanced such powerful arguments in support of it, as will stagger the most sceptical.

The "year of the restoration," which will be found in some masonic documents, cannot with propriety be used by masons below the 16th degree, and is seldom used by any except masons above that grade. It is calculated from the time Cyrus issued his decree for the restoration of the ancient Israelites. The Knights Templars have a date peculiar to themselves, which is computed from the time their order was established. According to these several computations, the date of this communication would be, the 19th day of the second month IYAR, Judæorum anno 5587, Anno Liberationes 2362, Anno Lucis 5831, Anno Ordinis (of the Templars) 709, which answers to the 16th day of May, Anno Domini 1897, and (it may not be impertinent to add) to the 10th day of the 11th Arabic month, called Dalhaadah [signifying month of repose] Hegira 1205.

The Rabbies maintain that the Almighty rested from the work of creation, on a day answering to the first day of their month Tisri, which corresponds with Sunday, October 23d. It is admitted that the Hebrews originally began the year with that month. But on their departure out of the land of Egypt and in commemoration thereof, they were divinely commanded to make their year commence at the beginning of the month in which that departure took place; to wit, the month Nisan, then called Abib. Josephus says, that "Moses appointed that Nisan should be the first month for their festivals, because he brought them out of Egypt in that month: so that this month began the year as to all solemnities they observed to the honor of God; although they observed the original order of the months, as to selling and buying and other ordinary concerns."† Josephus then being judge, the Hebrews had two ways of beginning their year. For all matters of a civil or secular nature, they made use of, what they now term their "political" or "civil year;" which commenced about the time of the autumnal equinox with the month Tisri. And in the calculations of their festivals and other ecclesiastical concerns, they used their "sacred," or "Ecclesiastical year;" which commenced about the time of the vernal equinox, with the month Nisan.

This notion of two sorts of years, is maintained by the Rabbies of the present day. That it should have been adopted by Pridéaux,† and other christian writers, may appear somewhat singular, when it is considered that no plausible passage from Holy writ can be adduced in support of it. It does not appear from any part of the old Testament that the ancient mode of beginning the year from the month Tisri, was used after the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt.—Wherever the months are named and numbered, no matter whether for civil or ecclesiastical purposes, they are numbered according to the ecclesiastical year. Examine among other passages, Exod. xiii. 4.—1. Kings vii. 1. viii. 2. Esther viii. 12—ii. 16—iii. 7—xiii. 9—Zech. i. 9—vii. 2.

But whether there was a single or doubtful commencement of the ancient Jewish year, it is not of any consequence to us, as sublime freemasons, to enquire into, since we have adopted the ecclesiastical year of the modern Jewish Calendar. The fasts and festivals of the Jewish church are connected with this subject, and might here claim our attention. But inasmuch as this essay is designed for freemasons, who as such have nothing to do with these observances, we shall waive any remarks respecting them, and proceed to a description of the Calendar now used by the Jews.

This Calendar was settled by Rabbi Hillel, cir. A. D. 358. He made the ancient Jewish Calendar which consisted altogether of lunar months, vie in astronomical accuracy with the Julian Calendar. This last, however, was in the sixteenth century surpassed by the Gregorian Calendar, which (as is well known) is the one now in use among Christians.

*See new edition of Dr. Cho's "A. J. in an Res. n." p. 37
†London edition 4 vols. quarto 1809.
‡Exodus xiii. 1, 2.
§Josephus' Antiquities, lib. l. ch. 2. cc. 3.
¶See Pridéaux' "Connections" par. 1st. preface.

Miscellaneous

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A YOUNG LADY IN DISGUISE.

On Wednesday evening last, as the turnkeys of the Westminster Bridewell, were searching the male prisoners, as usual, before locking up at night, it was remarked by one turnkey to another that one of the prisoners had a very white neck. This observation led to a somewhat closer examination, the result of which was, that a suspicion was awakened in their minds that the sex of the prisoner was not what had been represented. Mr. Tracey, the governor, was instantly informed of the circumstance, who ordered the party to be conveyed to a separate cell, and went himself, accompanied by the chief, to question the prisoner.—The governor asked the prisoner's name. The reply was 'George White,' the name under which prisoner had been committed and had been known while in the jail. The governor intimated his suspicions that such was not to the case, when finding that detection was inevitable, the prisoner began to cry, and to acknowledge being a female. Her attire at the time of discovery was the dress usually worn by the male convicts in the prison; and which she had worn ever since her admission to the jail on the 7th inst., seven days previously, during which she had been alternately at wheel labor and picking oakum, being treated in all respects as a male prisoner.

The following morning the governor again paid her a visit, with a view to ascertain, if possible, the cause which led to her assumption of male attire. It was with difficulty that he could elicit replies to his questions. Her conduct was characterised by a propriety of behavior evidently above her apparent station, and she declined at first to answer any queries, but by dint of persuasion and kindness the governor elicited a variety of facts, of which the following may be depended upon as correct:—She admitted that her name of "White" was assumed, and said she was an orphan, and had always lived with her uncle and aunt in Sussex, who are a highly respectable family in that country, but she resolutely declined to mention their names or their residence. They were on terms of intimacy with a family at some distance off, and her uncle's footman was in the habit of conveying her occasionally thither and back, unaccompanied by any of the members of the family. This led to an intimacy between them, which was the cause of her ruin. A short time

after the servant suddenly disappeared, and she dread- ing detection and exposure, formed a resolution to quit her home, in doing which she put on a suit of clothes belonging to her brother, who is at Cambridge studying for the Church, and with a sum of about £11 she secretly quitted her uncle's residence and went to Chichester, about six months since. She remained at a lodging-house some time, and on finding her little stock of money expended, parted with her clothes by the advice of the lodging-house-keeper, and buying a smock-frock, the dress of a common farm laborer in Sussex, she paid the lodging-house-keeper, and leaving Chichester begged her way to London. Her adventures in the metropolis were most extraordinary. Amongst other places she had been employed in the workrooms of the Mendicity Society, and from the 7th to the 15th of March in the workhouse of the Kensington union, where she was eighteen days under medical treatment, all the time being supposed to be a man. She had at times endured the greatest privations, and was ultimately committed from Marlboro'-street police court as a rogue and vagabond, under a sentence of six weeks' confinement and hard labor in the Westminster Bridewell.

Inquiry was made by Mr. Tracey at the work-house of the Kensington union yesterday, and that part of her story is found to be correct. She has been cross-examined repeatedly, but her statement continues to be the same.

On her admission to the Bridewell she passed under the surgeon's inspection, and he actually examined her arms very minutely, suspecting that she had a cutaneous eruption. She is about eighteen years of age, with extremely delicate features, a small hand, and small feet. The turnkeys mentioned the difficulty they had in finding a pair of shoes to fit her, and other minute circumstances, which led them to feel surprised at their own stupidity in not making the discovery sooner. She has been, also, in the large baths at the ordinary times of bathing of the male prisoners, and yet none of them had the least suspicion of her sex.

It has been the general subject of conversation amongst the magistrates during the day, and every means has been adopted which is most likely lead to a discovery of her relations in Sussex. Mr. Tracey has written to several gentlemen in that county, and expects further information every hour.

PISTOL SHOOTING EXTRA.

No little noise and alarm was created in one of our principal hotels early yesterday morning by the loud report of a pistol in one of the passage ways of the third story. Some thought that a suicide had been committed, while others did not know what to think of an occurrence so unusual; but their doubts were soon removed as we shall show.

It seems that one of the Irish waiters attached to the hotel had taken a gentleman's overcoat from his room in order to brush it. Finding a pistol in one of the pockets, he drew it forth to examine it. At this juncture a darkey came into the room, when the Irishman, having no idea that the pistol was loaded, took sight at the sable fellow and exclaimed—

"I say, my rowl of blacking, jist straighten yourself like a man—stand still and I'll plug ye as aisy as I'd kiss me hand."

"Wy, wy, look heah, master, said the darkey, rolling his eyes, and turning pale blue from fright—look heah, master, don't you do dat—don't aim dat pistol dis way. Wha-wha-what for you shoot me?"

"Jist for a bit of divarshun, that's all. Be aisy, I say, and I'll let a streak of daylight through that dark body of yours."

No sooner said than done. Pat took a deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, and off went the pistol with a tremendous report. The ball—for it had a blue pill, in of a large size,—just grazed the darkey's side and went smack through the door, but fortunately it did not happen to come in contact with any "sure enough" flesh and blood. It is needless to say that the Irishman was more frightened than any man in the party, and has since declared that he "will not touch one of the desatful things again."—N. O. Picayune.

A Yankee in Connecticut has succeeded in making mirrors so perfect, that the image in the glass will an-

swer any question which the looker-in sees proper to ask.

PUNS AND JOKES.

Why is a man with wooden legs like one who has made an even bargain? Because he has nothing to boot.

When people assemble, why must they do wrong. Because they *must err* (muster.)

What word contains all the vowels, and in their proper order? Ans. Facetiously and also abstermi-ously.

What court is a belfry? Ans. Court of appeal, (a peal.)

Why is idleness like the letter C? Ans. It is the beginning of Crime.

Why are the galleries and corridors of a prison like music for the violincello? Because they are *passages for the base*.

Why are Protestants like fleas? Because they are *in-sects*.

What is that which every one knows? The way in which a newspaper ought to be conducted.

IMPRESSIVE TRUTH.—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the Christian religion.—Quincy.

Editors looking up.—The New York Atlas mentions the case of a couple of editors in that city, looking up, but it was only to see who threw a basin of dirty water upon their heads from a third story window.

A NOVELTY.—To see two women pass each other in the street, without each turning round to see what the other had on.

CHALLENGE.—Calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction—by shooting you through the body.

The Sunday Mercury says there is something touching—deeply touching and thrilling—and we might even say disagreeable, in the question—"Will you pay this bill, sir?"

Politeness on all occasions.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar, when the officiating priest put to the lady the home question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please, sir."

A Professional Touch.—A worthy carpenter the other day, in giving evidence in a case of fraud, said that he *plane-ly* saw the defendant's object was to *chisel* the plaintiff out of his property, &c., and for his part he liked 'fair play and no gouging.'

An Apology.—A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, run his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body."—Atlas.

Good Sentiments.—Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism and virtue.

Agriculture, aided by science, will make a nation a great one.

Science must combine with practice to make a good farmer.

All the énérgy of the hero, and all the science of the philosopher, may find scope in the cultivation of one farm.

When you indulge in hard thoughts, or harsh expressions against your neighbor, think of your own failings and be moderate.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man: one is, because we don't know him—the other because we do.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE BLACK BARON.

In a certain province of Germany, north of the Mayn, there formerly dwelt a son of the house of Osnabruck, known by his serfs and vassals at the Black Baron; a name probably derived from the dark character of their feudal lord, and certainly one which had more meaning than his true title, Baron Von Gliffen.

Some of the old traditions concerning the pedigree of the Baron are still extant; and though all of them concur in making him the offspring of the most beautiful woman conceivable, few seemed inclined to allow him a father. Such miraculous occurrences as spontaneous production were too common in those times to excite particular attention: tradition is fraught with instances of the kind; and all will admit, from the following account of his life and character, that Baron Von Gliffen was as substantial flesh and blood as if he had a dozen fathers.

Throughout Germany there was neither lord nor plebeian could cope with the Baron in drinking hock or Heidenmaur, and long eating, or any thing requiring extraordinary alimentary powers. Among the most distinguished of his table-chronies, were Baron Schwartenberg, a miracle at despatching roast beef and tossing hock; Herr Von Twitter, a prodigy; Corporal Thwack, a sort of hyeda; Hymn Der Vheiber, a bottomless pit; Snyder Hans-Globbin, an elastic rum pipe; Herr Cartouchea, a mammoth sponge; but it was sagely hinted that Baron Von Gliffen was someway akin to the Great Receptacle, or Ditch of Mundus, into which the Romans used to throw a little of every thing, not forgetting the necessities of life.

In his less serious occupations, the Baron was equally famous. None could hunt with greater success; none could bring to battle a nobler array of followers; and none needed partisans more than the Black Baron for his feuds were universal; his person the terror of the weak, and the scorn of the strong; nor was it in those times so considered disgraceful to make a predation on neighboring barons, to kill their cattle, maltreat their vassals, and occasionally carry off their daughters and take them to wife, in default of a suitable ransom.

In a predatory excursion of this kind, Baron Von Gliffen vanquished the forces of one Weldimar, a nobleman of high degree; and with his followers, entered the castle of the conquered, to take possession of the booty. Whether Weldimar had hidden abroad something concerning a certain jewel belonging to the Baron Weldimar, or whether led by instinct, it matters little; but while his followers were ransacking every other valuable about the castle, Baron Von Gliffen had found his way to the chamber in which the treasure was concealed, and was paying his devoirs to Cristella, the jewel itself, the diamond of beauty. Cristella refused to fly; the Baron persisted, prayer threatened—carried her off! As a matter of courtesy, he demanded an immense ransom for her release. Weldimar was unable to pay; the Baron protested he would not bate a jot; Weldimar swore his whole estates, cattle and all, would not make up the amount; and Cristella became the wife of Baron Von Gliffen.

By this union there sprang an heir to the Osnabruck barony, whom they christened Von Redder, a name contracted from Red-Heir; the most prominent peculiarity about the child. This flaming omen presented fine work for the astrologers, necromancers, and others versed in occult sciences. Herr Twaddle, the greatest metaphysician and most famous necromancer in Germany, being present at the birth of Von Redder, took the child in his arms, described divers hieroglyphics in the air, muttered incantation to the dark spirits, and pronounced with becoming gravity the doom of his subject. "Much good was skillfully mixed with the evil; but on the whole the young prodigy was certainly born for deeds of blood, as was evident from the sanguinary color of his hair. Der Fuddle, another sage in necromancy, was called upon to predict the fortunes and misfortunes of the heir. This miracle of profundity began exactly opposite to his compeer. He took the child by the heels, and swore, from the lines on the soles of the feet, that nothing more cer-

tain than eternal happiness to the successor of Baron Von Gliffen; a prediction ill-naturedly accounted for by Herr Twaddle, whose prognostications of evil were scantily paid for, and abundantly doubted. A host of others, deeply skilled in these matters, predicted divers destinies, according to the quality of gold upon which their efforts were based; those who obtained nothing, of course read ominous things in the stars; and those who received kicks and cuffs, produced incontestible evidence that the heir was designed for eternal perdition.

Dark and incontinent as was the character of Baron Von Gliffen, his own bade fair, from the cradle upward, to excel him in blackness of heart, thirst for distinction in crime, and in all the wild and reckless exploits of a monster in the age of barbarism; so that when Von Redder had attained his twentieth year, he was as finished a vagabond as his father could wish. Highway depredations were his favorite amusements; feuds and bloodshed his delight; heresy, rape, and schism, things to boast of, and laugh at; midnight carousals his gentler occupations; and open depravity his characteristic trait. This prodigal course of life caused repeated demands on the purse of the old Baron, whose own extravagance had nearly drained it. The hopeful son would take no refusal. The Baron stormed, the heir repeated his demands. Baron Von Gliffen sternly refused to support his extravagance; and for several years this sort of wrangling and contention between them was the topic of the country. Cristella, under the brutal treatment of Von Gliffen, and the unnatural and depraved conduct of her son, pined away, till death released her from their influence. Indifferent as the Baron was, during her life, he deeply felt this stroke; and to drown remorse, doubled his depredations, and hunted more than ever. The chase, to be sure, was merely a softened name for predatory excursions and highway robberies; but where custom and the laws of the land countenanced the term, it mattered little about the meaning.

In one of these peregrinations, Baron Von Gliffen, accompanied by his band of stout henchmen, made a descent upon the Castle of Stockenberg, then the strong hold of a nobleman renowned for his wealth and prowess. The defender of gold made a gallant resistance: the Baron, at the head of a chosen corps, rushed onward; a terrible battle ensued: fortune seemed to declare at one moment in favor of the besieged, at another of the besiegers; when at length the Baron was driven back, and the lord of Stockenberg shouted victory. While this cry still rang in the air, a gigantic follower of the Baron, named Melifleur, made a sudden and desperate rally; one and all the besiegers rushed to battle; and overpowered by skill and force, the noble foe yielded to the conquerors, whose armor, shattered in strife, dripped with the blood of the slain. This victory was gained by the ferocious valor of Melifleur, who, less blood-thirsty than avaricious, claimed the greater part of the booty. Enraged at his insolence, the Baron struck him in the face: Melifleur, writhing with pain and rage, swore he would have a sure and terrible revenge.

Two months passed away, and Baron Von Gliffen suddenly disappeared. As it was doubted by none that he had been murdered, or slain in single combat by the giant henchman, the strictest search was made for his body, but without success. No clue could be discovered to its mysterious disappearance. None was more active in the search, and no one more grievously shocked at the death of the Baron, than Von Redder, to whom the estates and title of the deceased passed without a murmur. Melifleur underwent a rigorous examination. His threats in the presence of the Baron's henchmen, his confusion and perturbation at the charge, and the evidence of certain witnesses adduced by the young Baron, convicted him to the satisfaction of all; and without farther ceremony, he was swung up on one of the castle turrets, where his bones bleached and rattled for many a day, as a warning to the evil minded in the service of the living Baron.

Twenty years had been measured from the lawless and criminal career of the heir of Osnabruck, and the death of the Black Baron ceased to be thought of, and even remembered, by many who had acted conspicuous parts in the search and trial. Preparations for an evening of joy and festivity going on in the castle, evinced that the occasion was one of unusual im-

portance, since the gloomy Von Redder seldom indulged in any thing so congenial to the taste of his dependents. In fact, the Baron had wooed and won the most beautiful heiress in the province, and this festival was in honor of his marriage. However limited was the number of his sincere friends, he had many who were no wise backward in proffering their company and services on occasions of this sort; and the castle was soon crowned with noble rakes, prodigal sons, ruined barons, ladies of high fame, though not inaccessible virtue, and dependants of every description, from self-styled relatives to henchmen and vassals. In due time the guests were ushered into the largest hall in the castle in which a banquet table extended from end to end. At the head presided Baron Von Redder, beside the most exquisite bride imaginable, and ranged in due order, according to their various rank and degree, sat the merry company.

Immense dishes of lamb, beef, fatted sheep, and other savory solids, the appetites of those who did such wonderful execution. At length came the wine to the great satisfaction of others inclined to prowess in toasting. The rejoicings were great; the noise and revelry loud. Even the gloomy Von Redder became facetious; he laughed for effect, and uttered some execrable jokes, which of course received universal applause. The fair bride was pensive and happy; for she knew little of the character of her lord, and that little was of his better traits. He was now in the prime of life: his person, though somewhat ruffianly, was fine and commanding; his eye was keen for conquest; his smile affable; his countenance manly; his bravery undoubted; and such qualifications were sufficient, in the days of chivalry and romance, to make up for many deficiencies in the moral department. In the fullness of his heart, the Baron pledged his bride, responded to the toast with admirable grace. The conversation then turned on the excellence of the wine.

"To me," said the Baron, "it has a peculiar richness in the flavor: how dost thou like it, fair Ismena?"

"O, 'tis admirable!—so sparkling and purgent!"

"No doubt, my lady, it has many virtues," chimed in the old seneschal; "for, according to the best of my recollection, it is this night twenty years old."

"How!—whence came it?" demanded Von Gliffen.

"From the Black Hogshead," replied the seneschal; "Damnation!" cried the Baron, starting from his seat.

"Yes my lord; but you turn pale—you tremble—you are ill!"

"Merciful God! what have I done! Nay I meant nothing. . . . I had a slight pain. . . . It is all over."

The guests turned pale, and stared. The bride sickened at the thoughts that whirled through her brain; all became convinced that there was a mystery in the words of the Baron. His brow grew dark as the storm-cloud; his lips quivered; his cheeks blanched to an ashy hue; and he darted a suspicious eye on the guests. In a loud and angry voice he demanded, "What means this confusion! None dared to answer; the haughty Von Redder sat down, and mysterious whispers, and shakes of the head, were all they thought proper to display. Annoyed and alarmed at the general commotion, the Baron darted a scowl at the seneschal, and left the room. The ancient retainer quickly acquired the use of his tongue, and entranced the company, in spite of the silent threat of the Baron, with an ominous account of the dark and bloody end of Baron Von Gliffen.

"Twenty years ago," continued the venerable seneschal, "a henchman of the Black Baron was hanged for this mysterious murder. I had my own suspicions concerning the matter; but as they were without any certain foundation, I kept them to myself. Immediately after the disappearance of the unfortunate man, the heir, our present Baron, brought me to the wine-vault, where snugly stored was a stock of wine, in which Bacchus himself might rejoice, for you must know the deceased baron was a reputed toper; and assuming a countenance so dark and lowering that I shall never forget it, he pointed to a black hogshead, in a remote corner of the vault, and said: 'As you value your life, never draw from that hogshead!' This caution had great impression on my mind, but I knew too well the determined character of the Baron, to incur a penalty by my curiosity; and I never

touch the forbidden wine until this day. I found myself growing old; I knew my thread of life would soon be severed; and this, together with the harassing thought that I was accessory to some mysterious crime induced me to try an experiment, which would either be my ruin or my salvation. I drew the wine, and managed to place it before the Baron, my master.—The effect you have all seen. I solemnly believe there is a double-dark deed in the affair; and as men and Christians, I beseech you to follow me!"

Many of the guests shrank back at the proposal; but others, more courageous, followed the seneschal, who led the way through passages and dark chambers, to a flight of stairs, leading to the wine-vault. Having procured a torch, they descended the dim and gloomy recess. The wall was black, and covered with slime and moss; the air dank and chilly; and the hollow sounds of the vaults caused the stoutest hearts to quail. Passing on through several subterranean chambers, the seneschal led the way to a capacious cell, stored to the ceiling with casks and tuns of wine. In the gloomiest corner stood a black hog's head, exactly as he had described. Beside it lay an axe, with which after infinite labor, the hog's head was broken open.

A cry of horror burst from the group. In the bloody wine lay the remains of the Black Baron! His skull was shattered, his limbs frightfully mutilated, his body striped and gashed in several places, and the whole bearing evidence of a horrible death. A groan was heard among the by-standers: it was the voice of Baron Von Redder, the bridegroom and the partridge.

"Monster!" cried the guests, "you have foully wronged the henchman! You are the murderer.—You have shed, you have drunk your father's blood!" The man of guilt staggered back, stupefied with horror.

"Seize him!" shouted the seneschal; "seize him!" Baron Von Redder was secured. The avengers bore him to the top of the castle, where still swung the mouldering skeleton of the henchman. In the summary manner of the time, he was bound to the skeleton, and cast over the turret; and to and fro swung the dying and the dead. The wind whistled mournfully against the chains; the clouds seemed to gather at the moment; and ere the executioner had left the walls, a raven was tearing the flesh from the dead Baron of Osnabruck.

Many a dark legend is still extant, relative to the fate of the bride. The favorite one is to this effect: when the Baron retired from the banquet, she also left the room, and sought the solitude of her chamber. Night closed in. Weeping and sad, she flung herself on a couch, where sleep soon relieved her of her terrors. At midnight a rustling noise and a clanking of chains awoke her. With a cry of horror, she started from the couch. Before her stood the Baron, his face blanched and gory, his eyes sunk, his step uneven, and his person was wasted to a shadow. In a voice too sepulchral and unearthly for life, he demanded a fulfilment of the marriage rites. The bride, horror-stricken, endeavored to elude his clammy grasp: a curse and a shriek rang throughout the castle; and when morning dawned, the retainers beheld, still swinging by the skeleton henchman, the corpse of the Baron; and repairing to the bridal chamber, a sight equally horrible met their eyes. On the floor lay the widowed bride, weltering in blood; full soon to be a thing

Where could Oh! woe, until the ruin laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the vengeful dead!

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.—A young girl, a German, lately died at Baltimore under circumstances deeply affecting. She was engaged to be married to a young man of Philadelphia, who for reasons best known to himself, communicated to her some time since his intention of abandoning her. On receiving this information, she became the child of sorrow and despair for ten days, when reason left its seat, and she became an awful maniac, unceasingly calling on her lover to "come to her." On the evening of her death she ordered her "wedding garment to be prepared," saying that she "wished to be dressed in white," and that she "was to be married at ten o'clock," the precise time of her departure to a world of spirits!

THE GATHERER.

TYPE STICKERS.

We casually mentioned a day or two ago, that the newly elected mayor of Baltimore was a short time since a journeyman printer. The instances are not rare in which those bred to the profession of printing, have become distinguished and honored.

To say nothing of Franklin, the beacon light of the craft, we have in our day more than one instance of this honorable distinction. Isaac Hill, the governor of New Hampshire, was a journeyman printer; Samuel T. Armstrong, late mayor of this city, was once a journeyman printer; Mr. Knapp, the Secretary of the State of Vermont, was a printer. And what is of more consequence in the editorial profession, some of the most distinguished were regularly bred to the craft.—Our neighbor Green, the popular editor of the Morning Post, was once a ragged little roller boy. Mr. Homer, of the Gazette, was brought up on Pica and Brevier. We recollect many years since of seeing a little tow-headed overgrown boy, in an obscure printing office in Vermont. That boy is now Mr. Greeley the talented editor of the New Yorker. Of equally obscure origin was the editor of the New York Spirit of the Times, Mr. Wm. T. Porter.

The first we ever saw of Deacon Weld, the editor of the N. Y. Sun, and a clever writer for various magazines, &c., was in a printing office in Lowell, when he was no higher in grade than a "printer's devil." The truth is, if a man has genius, the art of printing will draw it out and set it to work. Printers, with the same amount of natural talent, always make the most popular editors, because they imbibe the tact of the profession. Schooled among "types and shadows," they have every opportunity of studying public taste, and of diverting their minds so as to meet the various readers. The discipline of their minds may not be so severe and rigid as that required for eminence in the legal profession; but this is a peculiarity which the great mass of the people care nothing about, and it is unfavorable to the free interchange of mind with mind. Fact, give us editorial tact. In our profession it is every thing.—*Boston Post.*

WOMAN.—Perhaps one of the most indispensable and endearing qualifications of the feminine character, is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her lips may not be sculptured in the line of perfect beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendor, but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome, and the glance fraught with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above gold or rubies. A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unhappiness, but the keen retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a cold and frigid duty.

A BUSY FELLOW.—The editor of the Yazoo City Whig says that one week he had to attend to divers and sundry matters, to wit:

Attending to the practical business of the office and editorial department—furnishing divers persons with exchange newspapers—nursing wife and family, owing to sickness—carrying mortar to the mason building our cistern—working in the garden—going after cow and calf—chopping and hauling fire-wood—feeding horses and hogs—hunting hen's eggs—sweeping out the church—endeavoring to collect any pay debts, &c. &c.; in fact, being editor, proprietor, housekeeper and devil.

WHAT NEXT?—A man in Pittsfield, Mass. advertises "a slate pencil lost." Another one for "fifteen girls with active jaws to chew rags at the paper mill." We know a girl in this city who would make an excellent hand at chewing rags; she is *all jaw*.

INDUSTRY.—The time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practice it; but they have changed—fashion rules the world, and labor has nearly gone out of fashion with those who can live without it; and until a reform is had, we may bid farewell to many a comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

A CONVENIENT MEMORY.

A popular jockey was called on one morning by a negro man, who was mounted on a fine looking horse, and with whom a conversation something like the following ensued.

"Good morning, Massa Sharp: My massa sent me to sell dis horse, cause he so bad massa don't want to keep him."

"What are the faults of the horse?"

"O he got good many very bad faults;—dre'ful bad faults."

"What is one of them; the principle one?"

"Well then, Massa Sharp, you see dis horse all ober white; and when massa ride him, the white hairs all stick to massa's new black coat, spoils massa's new coat!"

"Well, that is rather a bad fault to be sure; but has the horse no other faults?"

"O yes massa; horse three very bad faults two others besides dat one."

"What is another of the faults you speak of?"

"Why den massa I'll tell you all about it. When I rides dis horse to water, he souse he nose down in de water, and wet massa's new bridle."

"Well what else?"

"Toder fault massa, dat toder one fault—ah,—me can't tink on em; very bad fault but,—me can't tink on em."

"And what price do you ask for the horse?"

"O not much; he so very bad,—only ask one hundred dollars; and massa say, if can't get dat,—may take seventy-five."

"I'll give you sixty dollars for him."

"O no; couldn't take less den seventy-five dollars, and don't mean to take dat."

With that the fellow turned his horse as if to ride off, but the jockey called out to him "here, stop; stop!" take him at seventy-five?"

"Well hand out de money quick den, cause mus be off."

Seventy-five dollars in new bank notes, were soon tendered, and which the negro with much apparent reluctance received, before he would give up his seat on the horse. The bridle was changed, and the jockey much elated, mounted his new acquisition to ride into the stable door; but before he had fairly considered the propriety of fetching up by means of the reins, the horse struck his head with some violence against the stable walls. The jockey, looking over his shoulder, and seeing Sambo industriously walking away, he called out. "Here you black son of a possum! this horse is stark blind!"

"O law, massa," drawled Sambo, "dat er toder one fault me couldn't tink of?"—*N. Y. Mechanic.*

Various are the anecdotes on record of the humor of Irish post boys, but we question if any of them are more characteristic than the following incident.—While in Ireland last summer, two gentlemen hired a car from Belfast to go by the hill road. A little after they had reached the rising ground, and while absorbed in admiration of the extensive and picturesque scenery, they scarcely perceived that the driver had pulled up the horse, till he came round and opened the car-door, and immediately shut it with a loud bang. On being asked, in rather a surly tone, the meaning of his conduct, he held up his hands as if to command silence, and repeating in a half whisper, "Hold your tongues, yer honors; I'm making Paddy believe you're out; a walking up the hill, for the devil a foot he'd go farther this blessed day, did he know that yer honors were sitting at yer aise, an' himself pullin' the legs off of him up this tarnation hill."

Dropping.—A gentleman having been hanged, a stranger asked his wife of what distemper her poor husband died. "He took a *drop* too much," said she.

"Too Slow."—A worthy mid'died, leaving a rich and beautiful widow; the clergyman of the parish, a widower, accompanied her home from the grave and spoke in condoling tones of the loss she was bewailing. The clergyman being a kind and tender-hearted man, told her, by way of consolation, that her loss was not irreparable, and intimated to her, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he should be happy at a proper time to marry her. To which the widow replied, "Oh, my dear sir, you are too late; the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

SISTER NANCE AND THE AGER.—We were travelling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house near the road-side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

Well, my boy how long have you lived here?
 I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born.
 Have you any brothers or sisters?
 Yes, a few.
 How many?
 Ten or 'leven, I reckon.
 Pretty healthy here, isn't it?
 Yes, but sometimes we have a little ager.
 Any of you got it now?
 Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon.
 How many?
 Why, all on us, exce, t sister Nance; and she's sich a darnation cross critter, the ager won't take on her; and if it did, she is so cussed contrary she won't shake, no how you can fix her!

Premature Interment.—A lamentable instance of premature interment is mentioned by the Agram Gazette. Several years ago an inhabitant of Beregh, in Croatia, died, as was believed, and 24 hours afterwards deposited in the family tomb. Lately his brother departed this life, and his body was taken to the same receptacle. On re-opening the vault, the coffin of the prior was found empty, and the remains it ought to have contained were lying near its mouth in a position which left no doubt that life had returned after the unhappy man had used powerful, but vain exertions to effect his emancipation.

An Irishman's Plea.—"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said the clerk of the arraigns to a prisoner.—"Aa' sore now," said Pat, "what are you put there but to find that out!"

LADIES TOO MUCH FOR LAWYERS.—An intelligent female witness having been much perplexed by a barrister in a long cross-examination, happened in replying to use the term *humbug*. "Madam," said the man of law, "you must not talk unintelligibly; what is the court and jury to understand by the word *humbug*?" The lady hesitated. "I must insist madam," said the barrister anticipating victory, that you proceed no further until you state plainly and openly, what you mean by a *humbug*." "Why then, sir," returned the lady, "I don't know how better to explain any meaning than by saying, if I met a company of persons who were strangers to you, and should tell them that when they saw you they might prepare to meet a remarkably handsome, genteel, agreeable looking man—that would be a *humbug*."

DYING RICH.

The following lines from the United States Gazette, have the eloquence of truth to recommend them:
 "An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in gratifying exercise the talents which God has given him, which, of itself, is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hands of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational end of active business pursuits and wealthy-getting—the gratification of the active powers and the promotion of industry. But their desire of growing rich, is one of the most foolish intentions which ever entered the heart of foolish man. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson that much wealth left to heirs, is eight times out of ten, not a blessing but a curse. Its expectation beguiles and spoils all the manly powers—its possession leads his mis-judgment, excess, and finally, exhaustion and ruin. The time will yet come, when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will despise the foolish aspiration of dying rich, with the certain reflection that their heirs, sooner or later, will die rich."

PRETTY GOOD.

Last night when the congregation of one of the churches were leaving the house of worship it commenced raining. A lady said to the gentleman who accompanied her and her sister, "Why, it rains—send and get an umbrella." "Why, my dear," said the gentleman, "you are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not hurt you." "No," said the lady, "but we are *lasses*."

On Monday morning, a bill was posted on a shop door of Duke street, Lincoln's Inn-fields with the following written thereon: "We have shut up the shop. We have all gone to take a holiday. Go thou and do likewise."

An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer; "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay," rejoined the banker; I shall be glad if he keeps his feet."

HEROISM.—The following trait of heroism in a Greek female is from the pen of a correspondent in the Levant:—"A young woman of Missolonghi and her brother quitted that place, and, fighting their way through the ranks of the Turks succeeded in reaching the mountains. Upon arriving there, the young man, overwhelmed by the effort and the weight of his arms, sunk down, and could go no further. At that moment a Turkish horseman came up, with his sabre in his hand. The young woman seized her brother's pistol, shot the Turk, took his horse, and, after assisting her brother to mount it, convey him to Solona. From thence she went to Napoli Romania to sell the horse, in order to buy food and medicine for her brother."

SOMETHING ORIGINAL.

Campbell, the poet, lately received a request from a young lady to write something "original" in her album—he answered as follows:

An original something, dear friend, you would win me
 To write, but how shall I begin?
 For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
 Excepting Original Sin.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, June 6, 1841.

The Hon. BATES COOKE, ex-Comptroller of the State, died at his residence in Lewiston, on Sunday the 30th ult. The Buffalo Daily Journal says:—"Mr. Cooke had suffered from ill health for many months; and last winter in consequence of continued indisposition, which rendered relaxation from his arduous duties absolutely necessary, he resigned the office of Comptroller of the State. It was too late.—The hopes and expectations of his friends, who trusted that a return to his home and the absence of official cares would restore him to health and usefulness, have been painfully disappointed. He literally fell a martyr in the service of the State. Mr. Cooke was a good upright man in all the relations of life, whether public or private, and his death will be sincerely lamented throughout the State."

ABOLITIONISM.—The "abolition excitement" which has for several years prevailed throughout our country, and more particularly in the non slaveholding states, seems to have considerably abated; and those who were formerly so zealous in the advocacy of the principles of unconditional and immediate emancipation, seem in some measure to have relaxed their efforts and withdrawn their arguments as if they were becoming convinced of the impracticability of the scheme of "immediate abolition." However this may be, we opine that the sudden liberation of the negroes

from bondage, in their present extremely illiterate and degraded condition, and their immediate elevation to the unrestricted enjoyment of the privileges and immunities exercised by the white population (without and preliminary measures being taken to prepare them for the sudden change)—would be productive of any thing but beneficial results, either to the whites or the blacks. The conduct of the negroes recently emancipated in the British W. Indies, furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of this assertion.

It is singular and unaccountable, that those very "philanthropic" individuals who profess so great a friendship for "Africa's sable sons," and so great a desire for their improvement and elevation, should be so strenuous in their opposition to the colonization of the already free blacks, in Liberia—a place provided for their reception on the coast of Africa. Those few who have already emigrated, have returned most satisfactory accounts of their improvement, and the local advantages of the place; and this is a conclusive demonstration of the practicability of the *general emigration* of the free black population to that colony, where, if they in reality possess the qualifications necessary for their advancement, they may enjoy the full benefits to be derived therefrom, without being impeded in their progress by that *prejudice*, which (as their friends, the abolitionists, have alleged) is all that now prevents their rising, in morals and intellect, to an equality with the whites.

BURNING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—This splendid edifice was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last, the 30th ult. Previous to the breaking out of the fire, a person employed in the establishment, in the capacity of lamp-lighter, made some expressions and remarks, which afterwards tended to fix suspicion upon him, of being the incendiary; and he is now in custody, undergoing an examination. Should he be pronounced guilty, his punishment will undoubtedly be heavy, as, by the conflagration, the life of a female residing in an adjoining tenement was lost, by the falling in of the roof.

Good.—We recommend the following to the attention of our readers:—Non-conductors of newspapers, who talk so wisely about the manner in which they ought to be conducted, might possibly find it to their advantage to treasure up in their memory the words following:—"No one understands how a newspaper should be conducted so well as some modest individuals who never managed a paper in all their lives.—They understand all about it."

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—This important document arrived in this city on Wednesday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, and was soon issued in extra sheets by the respective daily papers. We have given it but a hasty perusal, and our time will not at present admit of a more extended notice of the views entertained, or the subjects embraced.

THEATRE.—We perceive that RICE, the popular and inimitable delineator of Ethiopian character, has been engaged here during the past week. Other eminent performers are shortly to appear, among whom is the great national tragedian, EDWIN FOREST.

Mr. Rice takes a benefit this (Saturday) evening.

From Fayal advices have been received to the 17th April—up to which time nothing had been heard there of the President.

The Halifax Gazette states that Sir John and Lady Harvey, with their suites, have taken passage in the Britannia.

THE WRONG MAN.—The man arrested at St. Louis, charged with the recent forgeries in New York, and other cities, has obtained a hearing and after examination set at liberty—there being no satisfactory evidence against him. It is believed he is not the man.

The jury in the Elridge case are still out. They stand eight for acquittal, and four for conviction.

The Caledonia left Boston, on Tuesday at 2 o'clock P. M. with 101 passengers, 18 of whom will stop at Halifax. She carries out 10,200 letters, and five bags full of newspapers.

THE PRESIDENT STEAMSHIP.—The news by the brig Harbinger which arrived at Boston, on Saturday morning last, from Fayal, brings no tidings of this ill-fated vessel from that place, up to the time she sailed, which was on the 11th of May.

☞ The beautiful poetical selection of T. T. shall appear in our next.

Intelligence:

Death by Lightning.—Mrs. Polly Chapin, wife of Mr. Zebulon Chapin, of Simsbury (Ct.) was instantly killed by lightning on Tuesday last. She was alone in the house at the time. Her age was about thirty-seven.

During the same storm a tree was struck in the yard of Deacon William Mather, and his fence broken down.

Providential Escape.—During the thunder shower on Saturday evening last, the house of Mr. Jacob Morey, in Upper Mt. Bet el, Pa. was struck by lightning. There were five children in at the time, who prostrated by the stroke but did not receive any serious injury, having all recovered from the shock and are as well as usual. One of them has some slight marks remaining on one arm.—*Balt. American.*

Driver killed.—Edward Crane, a driver for the Albany and Buffalo Towing company, was killed at Palmyra, on the 21st inst. by the horses running away, while towing the boat George A. Avery, and throwing him against the bank of the canal, with such violence as to fracture his skull.

A dreadful Suicide.—A man committed suicide at the Alms House, in Roxbury, on Monday last, by running a broom stick down his throat ten inches, and died shortly afterwards from its effects. He was a foreigner, and partially deranged.

The Death of a Judge.—The New Orleans papers announce the death on the 19th inst. of the Hon. Philip K. Lawrence, Judge of the U. S. District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

According to the late census there is but one person in the State of Mass. who is a native, who cannot read and write.

Young Semmes, charged with the murder of Prof. Davis, it is said, is sinking into a consumption, and doubts are entertained whether he will ever be brought to trial. His trial was postponed a few days owing to his indisposition.

Fatal Accident.—On Thursday last, Mr. John B. Landis, son of Christian Landis, (distiller) of Derry, Pa. was killed in an awful and sudden manner. Riding along in company with a friend, they were in-

duced to try the relative speed of their horses, when the stirrup strap of Mr. Landis gave way, and he was precipitated to the earth, striking his head against a tree with such force as to crush his skull.

Robbery.—A lady of wealth, who has apartments at Jones Hotel, in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was robbed on Thursday afternoon of jewelry and *bijouerie*, amounting to upwards of \$3000. Two of the servants employed in the hotel, were arrested on suspicion, and underwent an examination by the Recorder. They were, however, discharged for want of evidence.

Accident.—On Saturday last, a young man by the name of Lindsey, belonging in Chester while riding with two others on the rail road, in one of the small cars propelled by hand, suddenly lost his balance, and falling over the front side of the car across the track, the wheels passed directly across his breast, inflicting an injury on which he has since died.—*Springfield Gazette.*

Escape and Re-capture of Murdock.—Bartley M. Murdock, whose arrest we mentioned some weeks since, escaped from Talbotton Jail, on Wednesday 12th, about one hour before day. He was confined in the lower story, in company with a negro, and both escaped. Dogs were put on their track, and the negro was soon recaptured. They then commenced a search for Murdock, and found him about 9 o'clock, in a swamp near the court house. He was carried to Harris co. jail, where he was strictly guarded. It is now ascertained that it was Mr. Thurnod of this place who was murdered, and clearly evident Murdock killed him.—*Athens, (Geo.) Whig.*

On Thursday last, 13th inst., Mr. Thomas Livingston, (a partner or clerk of Mr. Newsome of Jeff. co., as appeared from papers found near his body,) was murdered about two miles and a half east of the Ocilla ferry, on the St. Augustine road, at or near the river Styx. His body was discovered by Maj. Wilson, 3d Infantry, who was returning with an escort from Fort Gamble to Fort Pleasant. He appeared to have been shot through the left breast. His body was lying in the road—his clothing had been taken off, and his eyes plucked out. His horse was found a few hundred yards off, lying dead. Maj. Wilson immediately despatched a party to enter the body, and others from Forts Pleasant and Gamble, in pursuit of the Indians, who in all human probability, have committed this act.—*Tallahassee Sem.*

Miniature Carriage for the Princess Royal.—A most elegant little carriage is now building and nearly completed, for the use of the Princess, to enable the Princess to take occasional airings with her Majesty through the walks in the gardens of Buckingham Palace and Wind or Castle. It is a most tasteful little affair, the body resting within a few inches of the ground, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it will be required. A pair of beautiful Shetland ponies, in perfect keeping as to size with the carriage, have been presented to her Queen, and the whole "turn out" will be attractive novelty. The ponies are so exceedingly tractable and docile, that it may be said even a child might drive them. It is expected that this Lilliputian affair will be used for the first time upon the arrival of the Court at Windsor, at Easter.—*London paper.*

Married.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. John P. Long, of Bethlehem, to Miss Eve Keelen, of New-Scotland.

On the 9th April, by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. John A. Sickle, to Miss Deborah A. Salvadge, all of this city.

In New York, 29th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Alex. H. Stevens, M. D. to Phoebe Coles, daughter of John Nelson Lloyd, of Lloyd's Neck, Long Island.

In New York, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Wm. H. Neilson, to Caroline Kane, daughter of P. L. Mills.

DIED.

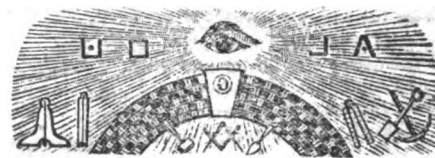
In this city, on the 1st inst., Richard Rosecrans, son of Abraham Rosecrans, in the 50th year of his age.

In New Scotland, on the 17th ult. Mrs. Rachel Van Heusen, relict of the late Rev. Harmanus Van Heusen, in the 82d year of her age.

At Utica, on the 22d ult. Hon. James Dean, aged 52 years.

In Rome, on the 6th ult., Cornelia Ann, wife of M. Farmer, editor of the Onondaga Standard, and daughter of Charles and Ann Mosely.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.



Hudson Lodge No. 7, Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.

S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.

L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.

Hudson, May 4, 1841.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS**, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the same subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than **TEN PAGES** of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful, and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the **FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT**; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN—REMOVAL.—The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the Travelling Club generally, that he has removed from his old stand, in the corner of the middle of the street to the large and commodious new place here before known as the National Hotel, No. 169 Market street, and for a number of years past, occupied by M. A. Grishy, as a Boarding house. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his friends and more of them, with an additional expense on their part. The house is 4000 ft. high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of comfortable and elegant families, men of business, &c. Persons desiring for pleasure, travellers by Rail Road, Steamboat or Stage, will find the New England, well adapted to their accommodation, being within five or ten minutes walk of the Rail Road, and within six or seven miles of the Steamboat landings. Breakfast will be prepared every morning during the season of Navigation, and for those wishing to and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning Boat for New York—leave at 7 o'clock. An excellent table, attached to the house with every convenience for those travelling with their families, &c. The subscriber embosoms the privilege of returning his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests continuing patronage generally, are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself, at every exertion shall be made to make their stay while at his House both pleasant and agreeable. His prices will be a guide to no one to suit the times. 75 cts per day, for Board and Lodging. Albany, May 15th, 1841. A. W. STARKES.

REMOVAL.—JOSEPH CHATTURSON, Draper and Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 113 Market street, four doors south of the Eagle Tavern, where he intends to continue the tailoring business in the latest and most approved fashions. J. C. trusts his long and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and solicits a continuation of the favors of his present customers, and solicits himself, by the long experience he has had in the above business, to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. Just received a choice assortment of goods, suitable for the season. May 3d.

POETRY.

THE SONG TO THE BROOK.

BY ABRAHAM MESSLER.

Bright daughter of the mountain shade,
Light bounding o'er the rocklet's shade,
As onward to the bright green glade
Thou wanderest on thy murmuring way—
Blithely chanting for the earth,
Through all thy winding way along.
Say, what prompts thy ceaseless mirth,
And wakes thy glad and joyous song?

Sweet streamlet of the flow'ry vale,
Lingering round each little hill,
The breath of flowrets to inhale,
And wandering at thy own sweet will;
I hear thee singing all the while,
In murmurs gentle, soft and mild,
Thy lingering moments to beguile,
Like Nature's feeling wayward child.

When Spring with blossoms scent the earth,
Thy song is rapid, loud and wild;
And mingling with the warbler's mirth,
Hath oft the heart of care beguiled.
But Summer's fainting heat subdues
That merry song to murmurs soft,
Till some fresh shower thy mirth renews,
To pour its melody aloft.

In Autumn's sere and fading time,
When flowers are gone and birds have fled,
I hear its melancholy chime,
A requiem o'er the beauteous dead;
But when the loud harsh Winter roars,
And storms are thundering o'er the earth,
Thy voice of madness shouts and soars
In deep and wide-responding mirth.

Or else in icy fetters bound,
Like some dull captive in his cell,
Where midnight reigns, and no sweet sound
Is heard to break thy gloomy spell—
Silent and sad thy voice is mute,
While creeping slowly on thy way,
As if in agony acute,
Thou waitest for the summer's day.

Sing on, bright streamlet, in thy joy—
A thousand voices glad as thine
The hand of Time will soon destroy,
As hearts are rent and souls repine!
But 'mid the dirge of death and woe,
The merry song will ne'er decline,
Our hearts may all their joys forego,
While joy and gladness still are thine!

FAREWELL TO MY NATIVE VALE.

Farewell, ye dear vale, and ye woodlands adieu,
Farewell to the joys I've relinquished with you;
No longer I hail those enchantments ye shed,
Your pleasures and pastimes no longer I wed.

Farewell too, ye friends, ye friends ever true,
No longer I sit in sweet converse with you;
Your precepts and counsel no longer I hail,
That oft I hear in my own native vale.

The rays of affection and shades of delight
That banish dull care, and bespangle with light,
That visit the mountain and light on the dale—
These pleasures are felt in my own native vale.

When Spring opens her bosom and puts forth her bloom
And Summer succeeds with a richer perfume,
When Sol mounts on high, and doth odors inhale—
These pleasures are felt in my own native vale.

When earth was enwrapped in her mantle of white,
And the green turf of Summer is hid from the sight,
Round the fire-side with joy how oft did I hail
The friends of my youth in my dear native vale.

When life shall be o'er, and its lamp cease to burn,
When back to the dust my frail body shall turn,
When the last trump shall sound, with joy may I hail
The friends of my youth, of my own native vale.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It is a gentle flowery spot,
Beside a rich one's crumbling mound,
Where my poor mother's form is laid—
Where from earth's ills a rest she's found.

Earth's children fair are often seen
Attracted to that sacred spot,
By the gray marble mass near by,
Which hides a base and wealthy sot.

When some, perchance, have cast their eyes
Upon my mother's lowly bed,
I've heard them whisper as they pass'd,
"There lies the meek and humble dead."

Here high and low, here rich and poor,
Together mingle dust with dust,
While o'er the one the lilies weep,
The other boasts a marble bust.

At night I seek my mother's grave,
When sleep benumbs the world's cold scorn.
And then I utter forth the prayer
Which she taught me in childhood's morn.

Though 'bove her aged and hallow'd head,
No slab is rear'd her name to tell,
Her memory dear, and virtues bright
Within my heart will ever dwell.

But ere I quit life's rugged path,
I have one boon of some to crave—
That when I'm gone, they'll lay my bones
Beside her green and simple grave.

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

At every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death!
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the common wealth of earth;
Moment by moment, years are past,
And one, ere long, will be our last.

'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

This is that moment—who shall tell
Whether it leads to Heaven or Hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
The immortal soul we have to lose.

Time past, the time to come, are not—
Time present is our only lot:
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine!

WHAT WERE HER EYES LIKE?

BY JAMES BURTON.

What were her eyes like? Poet, say!
They seem'd, through their silken lashes,
Like the blue of a bright Italian day,
Or a star that through darkness flashes.

What were her lips like? Poet, say!
Like beautiful buds a growing
On one fair stem in the month of May,
But far more perfume throwing.

What were her teeth like? Poet, say!
They seem'd, with lips asunder,
Small caverns of pearl that hidden lay,
Or just shown to excite our wonder.

What were her cheeks like? Poet, say!
Like the bloom the peach receiveth,
Which the amorous sun, on a summer's day,
Doth kiss till a blush it leaveth.

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Master and Royal Arch, splendidly engraved on satin, can be obtained on application to this office. Likewise, handsomely engraved Diplomas of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Evening Star Lodge,	Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	West Troy	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2d Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st & 3d Monday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	4th Saturday.
Louisville Encampment	do	2d Monday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	4th Tuesday.
Tyrus Council	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Abrams Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st Saturday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	3d Monday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	2d Tuesday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	1st & 3d Thursday.
Solomon Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	1st & 3d Monday.
Ogthorpe Lodge	do	1st Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter	Shelbyville Ky	2d Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.



FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1—The pub-

lic are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptability to business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captain on board or at the office on the dock.

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 41]

MASONIC.

EXTRACTS FROM A MASONIC SERMON.

Text.—"I light was ag in t lht, in the ranks."

Our first and most excellent Grand Master, Solomon, king of Israel, strengthened by the strength of Hiram, king of Tyre, who strengthened him in his glorious undertaking, had now completed that mighty fabric on the summit of mount Moriah which has immortalized his name; and being called thereby from the labor of seven revolving years to the refreshment of a moment's rest, his active and intelligent mind employed that moment to draw the outlines of a spacious and magnificent edifice, sacred to the genius of the mystic order, and devoted to the regular assemblings of the faithful and the true; the worthy and the good.

The foundation and the cape stone of this elegant monument of fraternal affection and royal munificence, king Solomon gave in charge to the widow's son, by whose cunning contrivance and curious workmanship, the pillars and their chapters were beautified and adorned with lily work, net work and pomegranates, inlaid in the seven times refined silver of Parvaim, combined with perfections of Gold from Ophir and Uphaz; united to the mild radiance of the oriental pearl, and gemmed by ten thousand stars, composed of sparkling diamonds, set in polished rubies.

Obedient to the mandate of his illustrious companion and brother, Hiram el Abif selected a deep vale in the forest of Lebanon, where the voice of the lion had never been heard, nor the volume of the serpent pressed the flowery turf, and projecting an oblong square, due east and west, of one hundred and fifty feet in length; and seventy-five in breadth, between north and south; the lower court, middle chamber, and third story rose from the earth to the heavens, forty-five feet in height; and the whole building was supported on its base, in the centre, and at the capital, by thrice fifteen cedar columns of the ancient and original orders, emblematic of the illustrious elect, elected of three times five; and alluding to those ineffable mysteries which can only be learned in the audience chamber of the grand, most potent and sublime.

Forbidden to rend the purple veil which hides the ever burning lamp; nor permitted to explain the secret engraving in crimson capitals; we therefore shall confine our present researches to that *light against light in three ranks*, whereby this magnificent dome was perpetually illumined, as with the noontide splendors of the glory and beauty of the day; and this *light against light in three ranks* it will be our happiness to exhibit, as the three greater lights in the golden candlesticks of the temple, comprehending the first great light of the Holy Bible, the second great light of the perfect square, and the third great light of the extended compasses; and may each one of these grand, sublime, masonic solar orbs commingle social rays, in harmonies of moral and of heavenly light; and so enlighten the worshipful master, wardens and brethren of this right worshipful lodge, that having faith in God hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind, they may realise the pleasing satisfaction which results from a life well spent, die at last in peace with God and man, and wake to raptures of ecstatic bliss in yon bright world of everlasting day, which neither needs the sun the moon, nor morning star, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof, and the Lamb in the midst of the rainbow diademed throne, its cloudless and eternal light.

Masonry, my brethren, my friends, is moral and spiritual science, progressing from faint degrees of natural light, to brighter and more perfect degrees of intellectual day; and while her sons profess to revere that older scripture, penned on vast creation's wide expanded scroll, they are taught to acknowledge still superior obligations, to a far superior light than nature

or than reason can presume to boast. For although it be a serious and solemn truth, as the apostle Paul hath justly observed, that the eternal power and deity of the Supreme Architect of the universe may be clearly inferred and positively proved, from the visibles of creative wisdom, strength and beauty, as impressed on the heavens above, and engraven on the earth beneath; yet, incredible, as it may appear; astonishing, as indeed it is; and humiliating, as it must be, to philosophic pride, the inhabitants of the world, from the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same, stand solemnly charged at the dread tribunal of the high and the lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, with having changed the glory of the incorruptible Jehovah, into an image made like to corruptible man, and the bird of the air, the beast of the earth, and meaner reptiles of the dust, have received that worship, homage, and fear, from rational, intelligent, and immortal beings, which ought forever to ascend, as a morning oblation, a noontide offering, or an evening sacrifice, to the only blessed Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who is clothed upon with light, as with a garment; who is decked with honor and majesty, for a covering; who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh abroad upon the wings of the wind; in whose presence, angel and archangel, veil the radiant face, while cherubim and seraphim continually cry, Holy, holy, thrice holy, is the Lord, the Lord of hosts; and to whom, the first born sons of elder paradise, from golden harps, perpetually respond. 'The heavens are full of thy glory, thy goodness, O God! and let the earth be filled with thy praise, thou grand Master Builder of the mighty, the stupendous whole; Artificer supreme, of worlds on worlds, that roll and the vast expanse!'

Thus taught to know the weakness of imperfect man; and learned to feel the frailties of feeble dust, as men, as masons, we confess the necessity and need of a divine revelation, in which, the name, the nature, and perfections, of the great first cause; the sovereign cause of causes and effects, shall be engraven, as with the point of a diamond, on the rock of celestial truth; and by the clear shinings of whose unspotted light, the craft may be enabled to walk through the darkness of the valley, evermore offering the incense of piety, perfumed by odors of praise, to the munificent giver of every good and perfect gift, for the manifold blessings and comforts of life, profusely sprinkled in a vale of tears; and specially adoring the ineffable riches of that unspeakable grace, which hath set before the sons of amity and peace, a hope full of immortality, beyond the clouded canopy of time; where sorrow and sighing shall flee away; sickness and pain be known no more; and death himself give up the ether, resign the quiver and the bow, and yield his iron sceptre, to the Son of God.

But it is not, my brethren and my friends, the lighter shade of superstition, the deeper gloom of bigotry, nor yet, the more awful horrors of idolatry, which alone have impelled the fraternity of free and accepted masons, to rejoice with exceeding great joy, in that light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which the gospel of the blessed Redeemer, hath benignantly revealed, as the path of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto more perfect day; but they are also convinced from indubitable records, supported by historic fact, that Grecian philosophy and Roman ethics are but the darkness of the midnight hour, when compared with that purer light of the moral which glows on revelation's lucid page; and we feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, what Socrates and Plato confessed as truth, that weak, imperfect, and benighted man needs a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path, enkindled at the altar of the skies, and fed upon the oil of heavenly grace.

This pure and spotless light, a light above the brightness of the mid day sun, above the radiance of the queen of heaven, our ancient patrons found within the

compass of the book divine; and as whose birth we celebrate this day, and one, whose memory masons hold most dear, have added many a wheel of light, involving light, in triple rank, to revelation's glowing car; and here permit me to observe, that this great light of life; this greater light in death; not only reflects the light of heavenly truth, on the whole sphere of obligation, which is due to the Grand Architect of the heavens, the earth, and the sea; the Creator of all things above, below, beneath, around; but it also sweeps the compass of knowledge, circle within circle of moral duty, as duty respects the great brotherhood of the one family of man universal; and likewise it teaches that reverence, which we owe to ourselves, as bearing the image and superscriptions of the imperial Augustus of the worlds, on high; as deathless emanations from the brightness of the King eternal, immortal, invisible; who alone by his wisdom stretched forth the heavens; by his strength, based the corner stone of earth on the fiat of his word; and swept the royal arch of beauty round yon azure skies!

Persuaded as men, convinced as masons, and believing as christians, that no other light, except the sun of righteousness himself, can possibly equal this great light of present, and of future life; this light of God from heaven above, reflecting light on earth beneath, it is therefore established by a solemn masonic decree, immutable as the law of Media and Persia which changeth not, that the first great light of the Holy Bible shall forever adorn the altar and the column; perpetually shine within the temple and the veil, and evermore move onwards before the journeyings of the craft; as a pillar of fire, moving mid the wilderness of old; and beaming meridian splendors of light, on the deepest gloom of low twelve; while our ancient books of original constitutions, and primitive rolls of sacred charges, received from the Master in Israel on the top of Mount Horeb, and confirmed by himself, in the depths of the valley of Jehoshaphat, have unitedly ordained, that the faith and practice of masons must be conformed to the divine principles, and heavenly pattern of the supreme, sublime, Grand Master of the universe; from whose written word we are taught; and by whose whose exemplar we are taught, to walk as children of the light and of the day, having on the breastplate of faith; and being clothed with the ephod of love, unsullied by hypocrisy, and unstained by dissimulation; evermore loving God, who first loved us, with all the heart, and soul and mind, and might, and strength; which is far more acceptable than thousands of rams, ten thousands of rivers of oil, or the sweetest perfumes of Sabe's spicy groves; and loving our neighbors as ourselves; speaking truth and peace; showing mercy and compassion; executing judgment and justice; thinking no evil against a brother; and working no ill to an enemy; we thus fulfil the royal law of heaven, the law of liberty and love; for these are the two great commandments of the Mosaic and Christian economies united as one, in love to God, and love to man; and they contain within the golden points extended from the bosom of Moses, to the breast of Jesus, the sum of all the law at Sinai given; the substance of prophetic truth from Samuel, to the days of John; and comprehend the glorious gospel of the blessed God, reflecting of the mingled rays of legal and prophetic light; and which like charity, abides the greatest of the three, forever blessing and forever blest.

*St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist

A person bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of married and single states, exclaimed, 'What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor go down?' A wit in company, assuming the tone and manner of the complainant, exclaimed, 'a-las! a-las!'

Miscellany.

KEEPING A SECRET.

The following, from "Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman," lately published in Baltimore, is evidently the production of one who (we wish not to perpetrate a libel on the sex) has obviously been a close observer of the female character.

Some women appear to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they have uttered it. Let a woman of this description come in possession of a secret, affecting the peace of whole families, and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion, and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her accustomed avocations? Ah no, wet or dry, hot or cold, out she must go at the earliest hour that it is decent to visit. She calls on her most intimate friend, without, perhaps, any definite intention of unburdening her mind. But when she arrives she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started, but all immediately flag. A strange air of mystery and constraint comes over her, which brings the conversation entirely to a stand. "What is the matter? Has anything happened? Do tell me what has happened!" It is all over. Out it must come, if it costs her her life. But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. That promise of secrecy, however, means that she will tell it only to those of her immediate acquaintance whom she can trust—so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it. Thus it is in the power of two or three women, who are so disposed, to keep any community in a perpetual strife. I have myself known a whole town thrown into the most violent excitement, and a division created, which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broke up all social harmony for years, by one base insinuation of not more than ten words.

DRESS OF THE ICELANDERS.

The dress of the Icelandic peasant resembles that of a common sailor, being a short jacket of blue, gray or black home-made cloth, wide trousers of the same material, woollen stockings, and shoes or short boots of untanned leather, without heels, and laced in front. The higher classes are clothed as in other lands, and even the common people, when going on a long journey or to church, approach nearer the fashion. The raiment of the females is more peculiar, and highly ornamented, though almost all formed of the wadmal, or common cloth of the country. It consists of a red or a black bodice, with stripes of velvet covering the seams, and fastened in front with five or six silver clasps; round the neck is a ruff of velvet, adorned in a similar manner; above is the freva or jacket of black cloth, with silver buttons; and above all, is the hempa, a black cloak lined with velvet, and fastened with clasps. The stockings are dark blue or red, and the shoes somewhat similar to those of the men. The head dress is a fantastic turban of white linen stiffened with pins, and generally from fifteen to twenty inches high. It is round near the head, but soon becomes flat, and curves first backwards and then forwards. It is fastened by a black or colored handkerchief bound round it several times, and on bridal or other high occasions, it is also adorned with gold and silver. By the quantity of these precious metals on the dress, a judgment may be formed of the wealth and station of the proprietor, the silver on that of a lady of rank being frequently worth 400 dollars. But with all this external magnificence, linen is almost unknown, the under clothing of both sexes being chiefly flannel or wadmal, to which many of the diseases prevalent in the country are ascribed.—*Edinburgh Cab. library.*

A Roman, being about to repudiate his wife, amongst a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you five children?" In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and interrogating them in his turn, "Is not this shoe?" said he, "a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made?—How, then, is it that none of you can tell where it pinches?"

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Petrarch first beheld Laura as she was going to the church of the monastery of St. Claire. She was dressed in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders whiter than snow, and the ringlets were woven with the fingers of love. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her; but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue; for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop on the thorn. Such was the description given of this divine woman, by Petrarch, her enslaved lover.—*Zimmerman.*

A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.—The N. Y. Sun contains an extract of a letter from a family in Texas, which it publishes for the benefit of those who do not consider the United States either large or good enough for them. They write:—"If you come across any fools who have the Texas fever on them strong, just ask them what they want to lose! for if they have any thing to lose, Texas is just the place for them. All we carried to Texas, or made there, has been sacrificed to get away again. You know nothing of sickness at the North; here one day's fever will do more towards killing a man, than a month's sickness would with you."

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.

Politics and cupidity were not the only evil passions which sent their victims to the revolutionary scaffold. All the baser feelings of human nature furnished their contingent, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," jealousy, sensuality, and even the wounded pride of bad poets, and wretched actors. The following anecdote is related by Heron, private secretary of Fonquier Tiville, the public accuser. On the sixth or seventh Thermidor, (two or three days before the fall of Robespierre, one of Heron's friends called upon him at the bar of the tribunal, for Fonquier had scarcely any other domicile, taking his meals and his rest at the bar, so urgent was the work of destruction; and his secretary was compelled to show as much activity as himself. His college friend then came up to Heron, rubbing his hands and a chuckling smile upon his lips. "Bravo! citizen Heron!" said he, "bravo! the work goes bravely on; fifty four to day! Eh! Tell me, have you as many for to-morrow!" "Not quite," replied Heron, "but nearly." "Is your list complete? tell me, is it signed by citizen Fonquier?" "Not yet; but why do you ask? have you any aristocrat, federalist, fanatic, or any other to denounce?" "Unfortunately, no; but I have a small favor to ask of you my friend; for you are my friend, are you not? Oblige me by putting my wife's name on the list." "Your wife! ridiculous! you are joking!" "Upon my honor, I am in earnest; and I assure you, it will be doing me a signal service." "Impossible," rejoined Heron; "why it was but last Duodine dined together, and you then seemed delighted with the *citoyenne*?" "Never mind; my opinion of her is altered." "But she is an excellent *sansculotte*?" "Not at all," replied the husband, "She is an aristocrat, and I can prove it." "You are mad," said Heron; "she is a good wife, and you would quickly repent it." "Not at all; listen to me: once, twice, will you guillotine my wife for me?" "Certainly not," said Heron; "I'll have nothing to do with it." "Thus it is to place my reliance upon college friends," exclaimed the visitor as he withdrew, as angry with Heron as if the latter had refused to lend him an assignat for a hundred francs, or to sign a certificate of his civism. The cream of the story is, that they continued to live lovingly together for thirty years; and that the wife never entertained the slightest suspicion of her husband's summary attempt to get rid of her.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

A person of rather doubtful integrity was bragging to Foote, "that however other people might act, he had the satisfaction to feel that his heart always lay at his tongue's end." "I always thought so," said the other; "as I never knew it lie in the right place."

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

A young student, living in a humble apartment in the Quarter Latin, expecting his father to pay him a visit from the country, usually addressed the porter on his return from his lectures, "Well, is my father arrived?" The answer was till yesterday in the negative, when the reply was, "Yes, he arrived about an hour since, and requested to be shown to your room, saying he should lay down on on your bed and rest himself, as he was much fatigued from his journey. After remaining, however, about a quarter of an hour, he again went out, saying he had a little commission to execute in the neighborhood, and would attend to it immediately, that he might have the uninterrupted enjoyment of your company for the rest of the evening. He has not yet returned." He said he should call at the College de France, where he should perhaps meet you." The son immediately went up to his room, where, to his great consternation, he found that his trunks and drawers had been broken open, and every portable article of wearing apparel carried off, together with about three hundred francs in money. It is probable that he had been dodged by some one of the Parisian swell mob, who, by throwing himself into his company, had ascertained that he expected his father from the country, and had artfully laid his plans accordingly. No clue to the robbers has yet been obtained.—*Paris Paper.*

A GARDENER'S PRIVILEGES.

The question was once asked by a very beautiful woman,—"Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?" The reply given was as follows:—"Because no man has more business on Earth, and he always chooses good Grounds for what he does. He commands his Thyme; he is master of the Mint; and he fingers Pennyroyal. He raises his Celery every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a Plum. He meets with more Boughs than a minister of state; he makes more Beds than the King of France, and has in them more genuine Roses and Lilies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes Raking his business more than his diversion, but it is an advantage to his health and fortune which few others find it; his wife, moreover, has enough of Heart's ease, and never wishes for Weeds, Disorders, fatal to others never hurt him; he walks, and bustles and thrives most in a Consumption: he can boast of more Bleeding-hearts than you can, and has more Laurels than the Duke of Wellington. But his greatest envy of his companion is, that he has Yew when he pleases."—*Gardeners' Chron.*

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE.

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accident overturns an author's hopes. "A thing," said he, "once happened to me which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was little similar. Lear's abdication of the throne in favor of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a lesson fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honor to Solon or Lycurgus—finished his harangue by saying, 'and now I divide this crown between you'—Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick full in the face, cried out—'Ah, that's just half a crown a-piece.' Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to save your soul, another syllable could not be heard."

A SEA HORSE.

A captain of a West Indianman wished to purchase a horse: in consequence he applied to a well known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made the captain observed, "Well, now the horse is mine pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are." "What do you mean to do with him?" replied the other. "Why, to take him to sea," said the captain, "to the West Indies." "Then I will be candid," replied the dealer; "he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

These hot days are piping times for editors!

TO CUT GLASS WITH A PIECE OF IRON.—Draw with a pencil on paper, any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand, for the glass must not rest on any plane surface; then take a common spike or similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness, and apply it to the edge of the glass, draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the chink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch, in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divided very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be re-heated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to follow.

A Chinese widow, being found fanning the tomb of her husband was asked why she performed so singular an operation? She said, she had promised not to marry again while the tomb remained damp, and that as it dried very slowly, she saw no harm in assisting.

A CONVENIENT NAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. 'Jack,' (says one early in the morning) are you asleep? 'Why,' replied the other, 'Because, if you are not, I will borrow half a crown of you.' 'Is that all?—then I am!'

STATISTICS OF DUELLING UNDER GEORGE THE THIRD.—Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought, (in which three hundred and forty-four were concerned;) sixty-nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety-six were wounded, forty-eight of them desperately and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted; seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder, two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods. When the British army occupied the south of France, similar scenes were witnessed, but more especially at Bordeaux, where the French officers came over to the Garonne for the sole purpose of insulting and fighting the English, who were, in many instances, absurd enough to meet their wishes. It is, however, gratifying to state, that the fortune of arms generally in our favor, and in many instances, when our young officers had been so imprudent, as to accept a challenge with the sword, their superior bodily strength and utter ignorance of the polite rules of duelling, turned to their advantage; in several instances they rushed on their adversaries, broke through their guard, and cut them down. In vain the French expostulated against this breach of the *regles de l'eserime*, and called out "foul play;" our seconds usually carried pistols in their pockets, and threatened to shoot any who interfered; and the French at last were tired of the experiment. In one instance the French officers went to the little Theatre de la Giete, then on the Alleys Tournay, when a furious fray took place between them and several British officers; although the latter had no swords, the French drew theirs; but the British, breaking up chairs and tables, in a few minutes shivered their weapons, and knocked them down in every direction. It is somewhat strange, but I was, in a great measure, the means of terminating these differences. Coming out of the theatre, I was assailed by a group of French officers; I calmly replied, that if I had giving offence to any of them, I was ready to afford them any satisfaction; and dilated on the absurdity of making a national war the subject of personal hostility, while I enlarged on the friendly feeling that had prevailed between our armies during the peninsular war, and recalled to their recollection the many kind acts that we had shewn each other when prisoners and wounded. The officers not only listened to me with the greatest attention, but one of

them actually hugged me in his rude embrace, and I was obliged to accompany them to an hotel and sup with the party. The next morning there was not a French officer remaining in the town.—*Dr. Millingen's History of Duelling.*

A CRUEL FATHER.

The following atrocious narrative, is copied from the last Monroe (Onachita) Olive Branch. John Hays was brought before Judge Lamy on a charge of inhuman treatment of his own son Samuel Hays.

It appeared that the treatment of the father was of such a nature as to compel the boy to run away from home and upon the instigation of some person, he was induced to go to the Parish Judge. A subscription of twenty dollars was raised from the persons present in the office at the time, with which they purchased him clothes. Persons who were present when he first came in the office, state that they never saw a more deplorable sight in their lives. His back and arms were mangled in a shocking manner from severe scourging, and his feet and legs were very much swollen.

It appears that the father, together with his inhuman chastisement, forced him to work when he was not able to set down, on account of the manner in which his legs were swollen from being forced out in the cold wet cane and grass, and that he turned him out of doors at night, in his then debilitated condition.—One of the witnesses stated that he saw the father with a rope round the neck of his son, which was attached to the end of a pole, and that he would extend the pole and raise the boy to the end of his toes. This fatherly treatment was intended to intimidate the child for having run away.

Hays was committed to jail, where he will probably remain until November.

Super-superlative.—A wagoner, the other day, drove his team to the door of a warehouse in this village, and thus hailed the merchant: "Don't you want some fine kegs?" "No," answered the merchant. "But don't you want some first rate kegs?" "No." "They are confounded first rate." "Don't want any." "But they're darn'd eternal first rate." "I tell you I don't want any." "But mister, they're superlative first rate." "No." "Each keg is equal to a hoghead." "Don't want any." "Well, dang my buttons if I'd sell to such a scrimpion as you, any how."—*Wayne Standard.*

A KEEN REBUKE.

Two strangers recently visited Bunker Hill, and ascended to the top of the Monument. After they had asked a number of questions, which the superintendent answered very politely, he told them it was customary to pay a small sum for ascending the Monument. At this they were highly indignant, and said they thought it was a free country, and this place should be free to all—they would not be gulled out of their money by a Yankee! an Englishman ought to be allowed to go free to such public places, &c. The superintendent bowed very politely, and said, "I wish that you had mentioned that you were Englishmen before, for they are the only persons we admit free; we consider that they paid dear enough for ascending this hill on the 17th of June, 1766."

CONJUNCTIONS.—A conjunction means, literally, an union or meeting together. An ill-assorted marriage is a comical conjunction. But our conjunctions are used to connect words and sentences, and have nothing to do with the joining of hands. The Siamese twins formed a singular conjunction. A tin pot fastened to a dog's tail is a disagreeable conjunction to the animal. A happy pair may be regarded as an uncommon conjunction. Conjunctions connect similar moods and tenses of verbs, and cases of nouns and pronouns; as "a coat of arms suspended on a wall is like an executed traitor, it is *hanged drawn and quartered.*" "If you continue thus to *drink brandy and water, and to smoke cigars,* you will be like Boreas, the north wind, who *takes 'cold without'* wherever he goes, and always *'blows a cloud'* when it comes in his way. Do you think there is any thing between *him and her?*" "Yes; *he and she* are engaged ones."—*Comic English Grammar.*

THE STEAM SHIP PRESIDENT.—We copy the following from the New Bedford Mercury of yesterday morning:

A wine bottle which had drifted ashore on the Horse-Neck Beach, at the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, was picked up on Saturday last by Mr. John Devoll, of Westport, and was found to contain a slip torn from the side margin of a newspaper, upon which the following memorandum had been penciled:

"Steam ship President, sole survivor
the Steward—in a small boat.
Save me—20th May."

The fragment of paper upon which this is written is a strip about six inches long and one inch wide, and judging from the typography which is scantily indented upon both sides of one of the edges, as also from its corresponding texture, it appears to have been torn from the *Philadelphia Gazette and Commercial Intelligence*, although we cannot identify it in this respect with certainty. We state what has thus come to our knowledge, leaving it to others who are interested, to form their own conclusions. For ourselves we are strongly inclined to believe it to be an imposture; however difficult it must be to conceive of the motive which could thus induce any individual wantonly to trifle with the sympathies of hundreds who are anxiously interested in the fate of the unfortunate passengers and crew who were embarked in the President.—The President, it will be recollected, sailed from New York on the 12th of March.

AN INTERESTING ALLEGORY.

A vine was growing beneath a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. 'Oak,' said the ivy vine, 'bend your trunk so that you may support me.' 'My support,' replied the oak, 'is naturally yours, and you may rely upon my strength to bear you up; but you are too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb even as high as the clouds.—While I thus hold you up you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries; they will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We are made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong; and the stronger render aid to the weaker.

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine 'why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent on you?'—Nature, answered the Oak, did not so design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any great height alone; and if you try it, the wind and the rain, if not your own weight, will bring you soon to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among other trees; the trees will begin to say, 'It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone—I will not cherish thee.' By this time thou wilt be so entangled amongst the branches that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee or pity thee.' 'Ah, me,' said the vine, 'let me escape from such a destiny!'—and with this she twined herself round the oak, and they both grew and happily flourished together.

CURIOUS IDEA.—The opinion prevails to some extent that water runs faster in the night than it does in the day time. This is a new idea to us. N. P. Willis, in a little book which he has published—"the Tent Pitched"—says: "Talking with my neighbor the miller, about sawing lumber for a stable I am building I discovered incidentally, that the mill will do more work between sunset and dawn, than in the same number of hours by daylight. Without reasoning upon it, the miller knows practically that streams run faster at night." Dr. Webster, in his "History of Pestilential Disease," states that the same thing; that the wheel of a mill moves faster in the night than in the day time, with the same "head and fall." What is the experience of our friends the miller in this matter? They can judge pretty well, for there is scarcely one in the land who has not ran his mill day and night during the high water in the spring.—*Nashua Tel.*

Nell Thompson, an old man of 70, who was in jail at Batavia, Ohio, on a charge of arson, hung himself on the night of the 30th ult.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOMICIDE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF LAUNCELOT LINNER, CLERKE.

It was late in the afternoon of a genial spring day, that a noble looking Spanish cavalier was seen riding into a quiet little village, snugly nestled in a valley at the foot of the mountains that stretch along the western borders of the province of Valencia. The sun, which was just retiring behind the tops of the mountains, left the valley immediately at their base in a melancholy shadow; while he cast upon the vast plain beyond, a rich and vigorous glow, which showed that he was not yet setting, nor shorn of his splendor, amid the golden and rose-colored haze upon the horizon. The cavalier rode slowly on through the village casting a benignant smile upon the urchins, who, attracted by his splendid dress, ran along by his side to gaze upon him; and passing through the principal street, took a narrow road that wound up the side of the mountain, to an antiquated castle, which stood beetling upon an eminence, overlooking the vast plain, and the village sleeping below.

As he approached the castle, it was evident that at first he was regarded as a stranger; but no sooner had he doffed his Spanish hat and sweeping black feathers, displaying his high and expansive forehead, and his noble and benevolent features, than he was recognized by the old seneschal as his long-expected master.

'Ah, Seignior,' said the faithful old servant, 'long have my wearied eyes strained themselves down this winding road, looking for your return to this retreat of your ancestors, and right jealous have I been of the attractions of the lowland estates, that have kept you so many years from us. Your honored father never left the castle three months together.'

'True, good Gomez,' said the master, 'but he was of a moody temperament, and preferred these wild rocks and forests, to the sunny plains; but whether I prefer them or not, I must now perforce make the best of this rude retreat, for all the rest of my rich inheritance is gone from me; but I trust not without making many a heavy heart lighter, smoothing the rugged path of life to many a suffering pilgrim.'

The good old seneschal seemed hardly to comprehend his master's meaning, and a few words of explanation may be necessary for the reader.

Don Vincente de Raymar, at the early age of twenty years, came into the possession of one of the richest inheritances in all Spain. He was an only son; and his father, a morose, retiring, and penurious man, had lavished all the affections of a soured and disappointed heart upon this darling object, and had bestowed upon him all the advantages of a perfect education and princely accomplishments. Don Vincente after the death of his father, as if proud of exhibiting the most striking contrast of character, moved to the gayest circles of Madrid, and was the only most prodigal in his personal expenditure, but most beneficent in his largesses and charities. By degrees either through satiety or some other cause, he became less self-indulgent, but at the same time more and generous to others; till at last all Madrid was ringing with the praises of the young cavalier's self-denial, and still more wonderful munificence. His whole delight appeared to consist in giving, and his whole time was absorbed in seeking out objects of charity. Even the beautiful and accomplished Donna Xilia de Toranti, who at first had captivated his heart, now seemed to have lost her power over him; and numerous other lovely damsels, who could not fail to be struck with his fine person, and romantic generosity of character, tried all their arts of captivation in vain. In short, his generosity became a kind of monomania; and although at first indulged in some measure no doubt from love of admiration, is now assumed the character of a ruling passion. His fortune melted rapidly away before it, and in a very few years, while he was yet quite a young man, he found himself deprived of all his estates, except one on the mountains, and was brought to a stand by his ability to find a purchaser for that remote relic of his vast patrimony. The crisis, however, did not seem to cause him to reflect on his actual condition; but he at once resolved to retire to that estate, and find there a new field for his active

and extraordinary benevolence. As he had no longer the means of founding convents, and supplying the luxurious but necessitous extravagance of his peers, he thought he might discover in these remote regions and among these humble villages, a theatre for the exercise of his ruling passion, adapted to his altered circumstances.

No sooner, therefore, had he established himself in his new situation, than he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the condition and wants of all the good people of the village and neighboring hamlets. In such small communities, the minutest actions of each member are known and canvassed by all the rest and it required but a few acts of generosity on the part of so prominent a personage, to spread his notoriety and fame as extensively among these villagers and peasants, as the squandering of his immense estates had done at Madrid. Rumors of his boundless wealth were circulated abroad, and the people whose wonder was aroused, and whose imaginations became highly excited, began to fancy that they had but to wish for any blessing, and it would at once be supplied by the good Don Vincente.

Things were in this condition, and the whole country was resounding with the praises of the benevolent Don Vincente, when the public ear began to be occupied by other equally extraordinary circumstances. The passage across the mountains, near Don Vincente's castle, was a great thoroughfare, but led for several miles through gloomy forests, and wild, rocky and uninhabitable wastes. This region in former times, had been a famous resort of bands of robbers; but of late years, by the vigilance of the alcaides of the neighboring villages, and the aid of a small body of troops furnished by the government, had ceased to be infested by these outlaws, and was considered safe for travellers by day or by night. Within a short time, however, several remarkable robberies, and some murders, had been perpetrated in this rude and benighted region. The good Don Vincente appeared very much distressed at these extraordinary occurrences, and took an active part, such as became his benevolent character, in the efforts to discover the cause, and to put an end to the enormities. His high rank, and the exalted reputation which he enjoyed, gave him great influence; and the measures taken to attain these objects were entirely of his dictation. One day, while he was on a visit to the alcaide of the village, the worthy Pietro d'Almanzor, to consult upon some steps which he advised should be taken in reference to this subject, he fell into conversation with the magistrate's son, Ferdinando d'Almanzor, whom he had observed to be of a melancholy turn of mind, and whose interesting appearance altogether had attracted his regard, and excited his sympathies.

'I pray you, tell me, my young friend,' said the kind Don Vincente to the disconsolate youth, 'why it is that you always wear so sorrowful an aspect, and that you resist my solicitations to know the cause of your grief, so that I might perchance have it in my power to relieve it.'

'Alas, no, Seignior,' replied Ferdinando, 'bountiful as you are, you have not the ability to aid me, and I would not afflict your generous heart with a fruitless recital of the sources of my unhappiness.'

'Nay, but I insist,' said Don Vincente, 'that you tell me, for you can form but a very inadequate estimate of my means of assistance, or the fertility of my resources.'

'True, Seignior,' replied the youth, 'but it is not money that can help me, but power over the will of others; and I fear me, with all your kindness of heart, and powers of persuasion, you can do little for me.'

'Say not so, Ferdinando,' responded Don Vincente with a benignant smile; 'know you not that my influence through the whole country around is unbounded, and that I have already laid almost all the people under obligations to me?'

'Well, then,' exclaimed Ferdinando, with a sigh, 'I will tell you my story, though with little hope that you can in any way extricate me from my difficulty.'

'You know the excellent widow Isabella D'Estremar, and her daughter Julia, who reside in the little white cottage, embowered in the orange grove by the narrow path near the foot of the mountain, and not far from your castle. I have seen you there once or twice, and have often heard them both speak in the

most enthusiastic terms, not only of your general benevolence, but of your especial kindness to them in their humble though not entirely destitute condition. They were formerly in better, although not in affluent circumstances, during the life of the father and husband; and Julia had received the education and accomplishments appropriate to her sex and station. Soon after the retirement to the little cottage, I was pursuing my sports upon the mountains, when I came to a rivulet that ran brawling and sparkling down a wooded ravine, rejoicing in its own liquid music, and its covert of trees, like a wild bird warbling in its green protecting bower. I paused to enjoy the sweet sounds that seemed attuned to a harmony in my own bosom, amid the solemn stillness of the mountain height, rendered more impressive by the gentle shadow that brooded over its steep declivities, and the intense sunshine that slept upon the plain below.

'I loved such scenes with an absorbing but undefined passion, and my whole soul was gushing with sweet but inexplicable emotion. While under the magical influence, and just as I was penetrating the covert of trees to the rivulet, I beheld seated upon the opposite bank a beautiful maiden, with a book in one hand, which she was reading, and the other slightly raising her garments from the water, while she bathed her naked foot, of snowy whiteness and exquisite proportions, in the cool and gurgling stream. A sudden thrill penetrated my bosom, that made my heart beat audibly, and I stood for a few moments perfectly entranced. As soon as I could in the least command my overpowered senses and scattered reflections, I determined not to surprise her, or make her aware of my presence, until she should change her position. After waiting in perfect silence some minutes, persuading myself in the mean time, with much difficulty, that she could not hear the throbbing of my heart, she removed her foot, that seemed like white marble dropping crystals, from the sparkling water, and covering it, arose apparently to depart. Though determined not to let her retire without seeing me, when I made the attempt to discover myself I seemed rooted immovable to the spot, and could scarcely command strength enough to break a twig, whose rustling betrayed my approach to the startled damsel. The spell being now partly broken, my limbs recovered their functions, and I rushed towards her, reaching forth my arms, and imploring her not to be alarmed. As she turned her face toward me, hesitating whether to stop or to go on, the rich auburn hair fell over her glowing cheeks, and snowy shoulders, and from beneath their covert her dark flashing eyes poured their light with double fascination into my enraptured heart. You may say, perhaps, that it was this exquisite combination of sweet natural influences which I had been enjoying, that rendered my heart at that moment so susceptible to her charms; perhaps it was so; yet you need but to know Julia D'Estremar, for it was she whom I had thus met, to feel that she is in all respects worthy of the intense love which I suddenly conceived for her.

'I was not long in making known to her the emotions of my heart, nor in securing the entire affections of her own; and as my father had always been exceedingly indulgent to all my wishes, I saw no bar to my complete happiness. Judge of my surprise and grief, then, when I tell you, that when, with an exulting and confident heart, I went to that parent, hitherto so kind, to inform him of my bliss, and reveal to him my wishes, I received his severe reproaches and flat refusal! He ridiculed what he called my silly romantic adventure; said Julia was poor, and unfit to match with a young man of my pretensions; and finally concluded by saying, that I must instantly abandon all future intercourse with her, for he had provided a match for me in the daughter of an old friend of his, a rich merchant of Tarragona, on the other side of the mountains. Indeed, so determined and precipitate is my father in this business, that, although it is now but three days since the first was informed of my ill-fated passion, he has already despatched a messenger to Tarragona, to request Don Antonio Zamara, the rich merchant, to bring his daughter Inez to the church at Bexar, to be married to me to-morrow. In fact, Don Antonio is doubtless now on his way hither, with his daughter and her rich dowry, and will reach here across the mountains early in the morning. You see, then, good Seignior, that I have great cause for unhappiness, inasmuch as I have to choose instantly

between disobeying the kindest of parents, with the loss of my inheritance, and marrying one whom I cannot love, with the loss of one who is the idol of my heart.'

'Indeed, my good young friend,' said the sympathizing Don Vincente, 'you are in a strait, to be sure; but think you it is the poverty of Julia alone that prevents your marriage?'

'This at first was no doubt the only cause,' replied Ferdinando; 'but perhaps he has committed himself so far with Don Antonio, that he will not persist on that account.'

Well, Ferdinando,' said Don Vincente, 'perhaps, after all, Don Antonio may be detained, and not arrive to-morrow; and if so, I will contrive some way to break off this unlucky engagement. How large was the dowry that Don Antonio was to give with his daughter?'

'Ten thousand dollars,' replied Ferdinando.

'This is a large sum, in the present state of my finances said Don Vincente, musing; 'but take comfort, Ferdinando; if all the other difficulties, be mastered, I will raise the same sum for a dowry to your beloved Julia.'

'Noble benefactor!' exclaimed Ferdinando, 'I cannot accept so heavy an obligation from you, even to gain so rich a prize.'

'Nay, I shall not ask your leave,' said Don Vincente, smiling; 'it is Julia that is to accept the gift, not you.'

So saying, the good Don Vincente left the young lover, half hoping, half despairing, and made his way to the castle.

Night soon closed in, and heavy black clouds were drifting rapidly through the sky, at intervals covering and revealing the crescent moon, while the sultry wind howled around the battlements and towers of the castle, and the tops of the forest trees. It was a dismal night, and occasionally, as if by convulsive fits, the pattering rain, which fell in heavy drops pressed from the clouds like big tears from some suppressed agony, rustled mournfully among the forest leaves, or beat fitfully against the bald projecting rocks.

Don Antonio Zamara pressed his daughter closer to his bosom, and cast frequent glances back upon his servant, who rode close behind, well armed, as the howling of the wind seemed to increase, and they approached the more desolate and gloomy passes of the mountain.

'Keep a good look out, Pedro,' said Don Antonio to his servant, 'and be ready with your pistols at a moment's warning; for I hear there have been of late frequent attacks of robbers upon way-farers on these wild mountains, notwithstanding all the efforts of the worthy Alcaide d' Almanzor, and the good Don Vincente, to suppress them. Do not tremble so, Inez; I really do not suppose there is any danger, and no doubt the rumors are much exaggerated.'

Thus saying, Don Antonio and his little party descended a declivity in the rough road, into a kind of ravine, overhung on each side by large masses of rock, covered with a thick growth of dark evergreens, and presenting in every aspect a very forbidding appearance.

Don Antonio kept a sharp look-out, for he felt more apprehension than he was willing to acknowledge; and at a slight turn in the road, he thought he discovered some object moving among the clefts of the rocks above and just before him. He stopped suddenly, to assure himself of the fact, but all he could see was an indistinct, dark mass, which appeared immovable, and which he concluded must be the shadow of a rock, or tree, or cloud, to which the turn in the road, or the fitfulness of the moonlight, had given the appearance of motion. Thus assured, he proceeded a little farther still keeping his eye fixed on the suspicious-looking object, when suddenly he saw the gleam of the moonlight upon some weapon, and in an instant, the flash of a pistol threw a lurid glare through the ravine, and its sharp, spiteful sound reverberated among the hills. The warm blood gushed from the bosom of Don Antonio upon his daughter, who sat on the horse before him, and the animal was plunging with fright, when the dark figure jumped from the cliff into the road, seized the rein, and supporting the relaxing frame of the daughter, he gently laid them both upon the ground. All this was done with such rapidity, the astonished Pedro, who rode up behind, had a pistol at his breast

before he had time to discover what had happened.

'Peace, slave!' said the robber; 'I would not take human life unnecessarily; and I will spare yours, if you will promise me straightway to take this young damsel back to her home. All I wish is the money your master brought with him.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GATHERER.

From the Lafayette Chronicle.

BLACKBERRY PICKING.

LOVE AND HORNETS.

Mister Editor: Did you ever in the hull course o' your natural life go a blackberryin'? If you haint, golly grashus, why you don't know nothin' no more about rael labor-savin', presshut, galvanic-lectifyin' sport than the but eend o' nothin' arter it's been whittled. Lor, ha' massy upon offiss holders! why nothin' in all creation can come up to blackberryin' but gittin' dumped out'n a slay into a sno bank, and even that aint as good when it aint a moonshiny night.—Menny and menny is the time when a lot o' the Jordan Spankers—that's what our village boys was nicknamed—would raise a party o' gals, after the grain harvestin' was over, and afore the corn and taters was ripe, and start off early in the mornin', for Hop-Toad Hill, where the blackberries was enamoost as plentiful as musketurs in these diggings and sich all-fired prime times as we'd have was a caution to forriners.

Fust off when all hands got collected, and a lot o' suthin' to eat, pork an' beans, new cider, gooseberry pies, green corn, lasses gingerbread an' a smart sprinklin' o' other good things were pervided, we'd loker-mote; the gals all a walkin' by theirselves; the gals with their tongues a runnin' about scandle, new ribbons, kaliko gowns, an' sich consarns, jest as fast as a saw-mill in a freshet; and the fellows a gabbin' about horses, cattle, general musters, an' con shukins—a tellin' how 'twas all like Shaw's kerelessness that made his grain mouldy—that Jim Bingy was the orfullest liar that ever was, and that Hen Sprague told uncle Seth that Zebe Armstrong's wife had heerd how that Harrison Stebbins hadn't the funs to go on with his new frame house, and that a comin' so strait from one who'd orter know all about it, all hands sot it rite down for a fact, an' said that it served them jest rite—and then to think o' his havin' the sass to build a house without tellin' the hull village how menny roomsthere was to be on the fust floor, an' he a member o' the church tu—"it sarked him jest rite, by crackey!" So we'd keep a torkin' till we cum to the hill, then all hands div rite into the bushes and brambles, and sich a scramble and scratchin' for blackberries as there was, wasn't to be sneezed at.

It happened that on one o' these blackberryin frolics that a sarting long haired feller, with a leetle hunch rite over his mouth—lookin' at a distance jest as tho' he'd been among the pots an' kettles, and got a great gob of crock on his upper lip—was a visitin down our way, an' appeared to have taken an amazin fancy to Sally Ann, the Sally Ann that I'd ben payin 'tentions tu; kep a chattin to her the hull livelong time, and I snum if I could scarcely bleve my own nattered senses, when he begun tu pick berries an' put 'em intu her b sket, an' she not sayin a word agin it. Wal, I guess, as how I was a leetle riled tu see myself cut an set adrift in that fashion, an I had a gret mind tu go off an shine round some other gal, jest for spite, but somehow or nother I wanted to keep an eye on that dandy. So tu Sally says I, 'ther's a smart sprinklin ov berries over here—I guess a leetle more than grow around your way'. 'Oh, they're thick as puddin here!' says she, 'I calculate that you are pooty consumedly thick,' says I. 'You-aw remarks are demd supawfluous,' says the long-haired creetur. Suz alive! but want my dander up to hear myself call'd a demd supfluous—down I slat the basket and up sot all the berries—marches right up to him jest as brassy as a hull militia trainin, an says I, 'ony you call me a porpus or a superflus again, an see how I'll go to work an spile your hansom countenance for ye.' With that, Sally she bust out a crying, an I vow if I could help boo-hooing a leetle myself, I felt so confusticated.

'You-aw laborin' under an erraw,' says he, 'but awnaw demands an explawnation—awn demd.' 'Wal' says I, 'your langwidje wants explainin, that's a fact.' So he turned round to set down, hauled out his handkercher, an as I hope to be saved, went to dustin off the top of a hornet's nest, and afore one could say 'git out,' sot down on 'tu tu explain. Gorashus! didn't the hornets come at him for squashin their nest, an didn't he run and holler, an scoot through the briar brushes, an' tear his trowserloons—an the gals snickered out, an' the fellers haw-hawed till they was enamoost ded, tu see that dandy marvil down in the main road, without enny hat, his trowersers all split up, his hair a flyin in the wind like a hosses tail, an the hornets agoin it tu kill. Sally was shocking shamed of occin so, but we soon made up, and sitch prime sport as all hands had for the rest of the day wasn't to be beat. Long Locks mended up his trowserloons—they were the only ones he had—and sneaked out'n our village that day an' haint showed his nose there since—the poor creetur said he found no less than tew duzzen ded hornets in his boots arter he took 'em off! We come from blackberryin in pairs and not as we went—had a loud cargo o' berries, and I do not bleve that one on us 'll ever forgit the haw-hawin we had about the fellow who sot down on the hornet's nest.

Yours truly,

JEHOSHAPHAT JENKINS.

A NOBLE THIEF.

The following appeared in a native Bengalese paper:—"Latelly, in the district of Bankora, a thief had made an entrance into the house of a Bramin. While searching for booty, he heard voices, and was about to retreat, when he found the parties close to the spot where he had entered, consisting of the Bramin's wife and her gallant in conversation. The woman complained of the jealousy of her husband, and her lover recommended her to take advantage of his being asleep to murder him, giving her a weapon for the purpose. She objected, however, that if he should wake he might be too strong for her; and urged the gallant to undertake the deed himself, to which he consented: as he advanced to enter the house, the thief, although disposed to make free with the Bramin's property, tho't it incumbent on him to protect the Bramin's life, and as the intended murderer passed the spot where he was secreted, he thrust the instrument with which he had made his way through the wall into the man's belly and killed him; after which he made his escape. The woman seeing her gallant slain, made an outcry, which brought her husband and the neighbors to the spot, when she accused the former of having committed the murder. He was accordingly secured and tried, and as appearances were strong against him, sentenced to be hanged. From this fate he was again rescued by the heroism of the freebooter, who, on hearing the turn events had taken, gave himself up, and acknowledged his crime. It is not recorded, what decision was pronounced in the case."

OLD VIRGINIA—THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.

It would seem as if fate had determined that Virginia alone should give Presidents to the Union. With the exception of Gen. Jackson, no one who was not from that state has ever been elected for a second term, and very few even for the first. Washington was a Virginian, and served eight years. Adams was from Massachusetts, and served but four. He was succeeded by Jefferson, a Virginian, who served eight. Then came Madison, a Virginian, who also served eight, and then Monroe, a Virginian, who also served eight. Then the younger Adams was elected by Congress for four years. Then Gen. Jackson served eight, and Mr. Van Buren four years. Gen. Harrison, although from the state of Ohio, was a native of Virginia, and after serving thirty days was removed by death, to make room for Mr. Tyler, who is and always has been a Virginian. Therefore, when the latter shall have served out his term, it may be said that out of the fifty-six years that the Constitution has been in operation, Virginia has had the President for thirty-six years, and that only one man who was not a Virginian has ever been elected for a second term. Truly the "Old Dominion" may justly claim the proud distinction of being the "Mother of Presidents."—N. Y. Sun.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, June 12, 1841.

☞ We would again remind our Brethren abroad, that wherever the 24th is observed, we would feel obliged by receiving the proceedings for publication.

Masonic Notice.

The members of Temple Encampment, Temple Chapter, together with Mount Vernon, Temple, and Washington Lodges, are particularly requested to meet at Staawix Hall on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock, in order to make such arrangements as may be necessary to unite with their brethren in Hudson in suitably celebrating the coming 24th of June. The Brethren are requested to be punctual.

THE GRAND LODGE of the State of New York, held its annual session, on Wednesday the second of June, at the Howard House, New York, and continued its deliberations four days. The representation was unusually large, and the proceedings were of a highly interesting character. As soon as we receive the proceedings from the Grand Secretary, which will be at an early day, we shall spread them before our readers, in detail. During the session, several foreign representatives were received in form; clothed in elegant costume; and the ceremonies connected particularly with the reception of Br. Pirssons, as the representative of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, was not only imposing, but interesting. We shall in a future No. give the communication of the Grand Master of Georgia,—the Address of the Deputy Grand Master, of this State, together with the reply of the R. W. B. Pirssons, on the occasion, as well as the very fraternal and interesting letter from the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, to the Grand Lodge of this State.

The following are the Grand Officers elect, for the ensuing year.

M. W. Morgan Lewis, G. M.	
R. W. W. Willis, D. G. M.	
Joseph Guyler, G. S. W.	
John D. Willard, J. G. W.	
James Herring G. Sec'y.	
Richard Ellis, G. Treasurer.	
& Rev. Salem Town,	
Wm. S. Walker,	Grand Chaplains.
Evan M. Johnson,	
Coogland,	
W. Lewis De Forest,	Grand Stewards.
George Davis,	
John Waydell,	
William Boardman, G. Pursuivant.	
Rev. James Thorburn, G. Tyler.	

THE 24TH OF JUNE.—We understand, that Br. Joseph P. Pirssons, of New York, has accepted the invitation from the Brethren of Hudson, to deliver the Address at that place, on the 24th of June.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.—A great deal has been said and written, with much justice and propriety, against this species of entertainment. We readily admit, that there exist, in connection with some of the theatres throughout the Union, evils of a sufficient magnitude to condemn every variety of stage performance—evils productive of the most injurious effects to the community, and which should, therefore, be immediately obviated.

But, divested of every immoral feature, and restored to a condition of unpotted purity, we believe that the stage, instead of tending to the perversion and utter

prostration of every sentiment of virtue or morality, might be made the instrument of imparting much valuable instruction, combined with a harmless and amusing recreation. Historical events, correctly represented on the stage, are unquestionably calculated to leave a deep and lasting impression on the youthful mind, which time may never efface.

It is greatly to be lamented, that an institution susceptible of being elevated to such an eminent degree of refinement and usefulness, as the theatre, should be perverted and abused by the toleration of evils so obviously calculated to degrade it in the estimation of the respectable and discerning portion of the community. The most prominent of these evils are, the introduction of indecencies in language and costume upon the stage, and the admission of lewd and improper persons. These should be carefully excluded; and no pains should be spared on the part of the management to abolish every objectionable species of dramatic entertainment, so that, in time, the theatre may in reality become what it professes to be—the "school of morality."

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—With no small degree of pleasure, we perceive that preparations are making in various quarters, to celebrate, in an imposing manner, the 65th anniversary of American independence. The return of this great National Jubilee must ever be welcomed by the American with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and a soul inspired with a love of justice and freedom. We see no reason why we should restrain our emotions of joy, and set bounds to harmless pleasures, on a day whose history is lighted by so great a portion of our early glory; nor do we find reason to the hypothesis of those who would fain have us believe that public celebrations of this nature, operate with an evil tendency upon the minds of the rising generation. To celebrate the noble deeds of his ancestors should be the pride of every youth; and we are sure it would chill the blood of the few revolutionary heroes who are yet among us, to have the anniversary of the day on which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, to maintain the cause of liberty and equality, so soon looked upon by posterity with cold indifference, or passed idly off. All classes of men should be as one family on this great jubilee; the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, and men of every profession, should unite in joyous acclamation, and sing *Te Deum* to the spirit of '76.

☞ Operations have been commenced for lighting the city of Toronto with gas.

☞ The London papers say that POWER, who was lost in the President, had thirty thousand dollars with him. Power was unrivalled as an Irish comedian, and his loss is sincerely regretted, more especially by those who have witnessed his personations.

REFORMED DRUNKARDS.—On Tuesday evening, Messrs. Pollard and Wright, the "reformed drunkards" from Baltimore, lectured on the subject of temperance before the Hibernian Temperance Association, in this city.

KNICKERBOCKER FOR JUNE.—This excellent and popular periodical comes to us containing the usual variety of valuable and interesting matter. The Knickerbocker is decidedly one of the best monthlies of the day; and speaks well for the elevated character of American literature.

DUELLING.—This absurd practice originated in antiquity; in history we have records of the ancients who resorted to "single combat" for a settlement of their personal difficulties. It has since become a fashionable amusement, in which gentlemen are wont to indulge, when particularly desirous of attaining an enviable newspaper notoriety, and of establishing an honorable reputation.

Could not a safer and more satisfactory mode of vindicating an individual's character, be devised, than that of converting himself into a target for his opponent to shoot at?

This duelling is a dangerous business, and is getting to be "very prevalent in this community." Read the following:—

CHIVALRY!—HONOR!—GLORY!—On Monday last, a duel came off in the neighborhood of our city. A challenge was sent by a fire-eater to another citizen, which was received and accepted—the time for meeting, the ground, arms and distance agreed upon. The parties met, with their seconds and surgeons, armed with the implements of death. For some cause the challenger refused to fight, and the seconds took up the quarrel—received the deadly weapons—fired in proper time—the second of the challenged fell, the vital fluid appearing to ooze out of the forehead of the fallen? Dead! said the bye-standers. Fly! said the surviving second to his principal—'tis now 'neck or nothing.' They seized their horses, mounted them, and off they scampered as if mad! Before they were out of sight, the saddle girth of the principal's horse gave way; he implored his second to stop and assist him; that could not be—time was too precious—'dear life was at stake'—and away went the second, as if the sheriff and a whole posse were after him—until he was out of the sight of his principal, when he returned by a circuitous route to his friends on the field of death. The principal repaired his girth—again mounted—and the last heard from him, he was on his way to Beardstown, giving his horse as 'tis said, "three licks every jump."

We are told that the parties conducted with the utmost coolness, shaking hands most cordially before they fired, and that neither winked at the flash of the pistols.

N. B. It is now understood that the fatal wound was made with paint, and that, contrary to current reports, no steps have been taken to administer upon the estate of the supposed unlucky second—and that in fact, 'the man's alive, and alive like to be!'—*Springfield (Ill.) Journal*.

A DELICATE APPETITE.—The Lady Beatrix, says the legend, was a great gourmette in her way. She was, as people often profess themselves to be, "fond of children." She liked them newly born, and dressed simple—on the gridiron; and she had a cook whose broiled babies were chef d'ouvres of the then infant art of cookery. But new-born infants are, fortunately, not so plentiful as new laid eggs; and the Lady of Talmont's daily dinner acted as a strong 'check on population.' Upon one occasion when there was not a child to be had for love or money, it so happened that the cook's wife became the mother of a fine boy. It only wanted half an hour to dinner. His credit, his place, nay perhaps his character was at stake! And the struggle in his bosom, between the father and the cook was tremendous. He looked dangerously at the child, as eyeing its limbs professionally, he stood feeling the edge of his long knife with his thumb, and casting a side glance, from time to time, at the gridiron. But at length Nature triumphed over art, and the cook yielded to the father. Dashing his white cap from his brow, he rushed into the presence of his hungry mistress, and he spoke to her so eloquently of the impropriety of indulging, as she did, in the pleasures of the table, that she not only, with self-denial; renounced for the future the favorite luxury to which she was so partial, but determined to expiate her past dinners by walking bare-foot on thorns from Talmont to Fontenelle.

THE BOSTON STEAM SHIPS.—PRECAUTIONS FOR SAFETY.—It is not generally known, says the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, we believe, that the mail steamships be-

tween Liverpool are amply provided with extra floats and bolts for the paddles, extra parts of the engines. (all those parts most likely to give way,) and are otherwise provided against accidents to any part of the machinery. In addition to the above, they are also furnished with spars, sails rigging, &c., which may be needed in case of irreparable injury to the engines.—These are carried only by the winter months, from October to April, and with these the captains are able to rig their steamers into complete barques in the short space of six hours.

Rather Awkward.—This was the remark of the last captain but one of the President, when he found she had not arrived in England. This was long ago.—Alas! what can he think now? That unwieldy hulk is now plunging and weltering among the caverns of the deep, where sailor's bones lie whitening, and some restless sea-fan waves over them; and we cannot but deplore the "awkwardness" of such unwieldy marine structures—which absolutely "invite" destruction.—A friend of ours observed to us the other day, "Ah! but the President is so well made!" "So is the Atlantic," said we, and made to last; and in the mad play of one horrible midnight, she could survive half her navies.—*Phil. Gaz.*

POWER OF ELOCUTION.

Hosko read some passages in his Roman History to Onslow, (the speaker of the house of commons) who piqued himself upon his reading, and begged him to give his opinion of the work. The speaker answered, as if in a passion. "I cannot tell what to think of; it may be nonsense for any thing I know, since your manner of reading has bewitched me."

Intelligence.

Fire in Albany.—The first fire that has occurred in Albany, since last November, took place on Sunday, and consumed only an out building.

A Caution.—Two young roisterers have been fined one hundred dollars per head for breaking the street lamps in Philadelphia while on a spree.

Homicide in Arkansas.—In Benton, Saline co., on the 10th inst., Hardin D. Cross, who had been previously convicted of manslaughter for killing G. A. McDaniel, was shot by Wm. Calvert, with a shot gun, just as he stepped out of his grocery store.

Jacob Gall.—aged 24 years, a German, who came to Baltimore a few years since, was drowned at that city on Sunday morning while bathing.

Mary McCastline came to her death at Toronto a few days since, in consequence of taking a quantity of saltpetre, sold to her by mistake, for Epsom salts, by a grocer.

Execution.—At Wilmington, N. C. last week, a young man named Madison Johnson, was hung for the murder of Henry Beasley. When brought under the gallows, he addressed the people nearly an hour, in an unflinching and audible voice—warning them, and especially the young, against the evil practices of gambling, intemperance and night carousals, to which he attributed his ignominious, untimely death! He said he had been deaf to the good advice given him by his parents; and that the crime for which he was to pay the forfeit of his life was committed under the influence of liquor and passion; and added, that if he had never indulged in the practice of drinking, he should then be free!

Another Murder.—We learn that the body of Mr. Ellsley, who had been keeping a wood yard near the mouth of the Missouri river, was found partly buried in earth and brush, and bearing marks which leave no doubt that a murder has been committed upon him.

We are informed that his partner, a few days ago, called on Ellsley's mother, in Alton, giving her eight

dollars, told her that her son was going to New Orleans and would be absent some time. He has been arrested.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

Pirates.—It appears by the following, received at Lloyd's from Salonica dated April 22, that the pirates have reappeared in that quarter:

"Pirates are reported to have reappeared at the entrance of this gulf, but of their having attacked any vessels no intelligence has been received. The Greek gun-boats are cruising between the Island and the mouth of the gulf and Mount Athos, to the N. E."

Suicide.—We learn that Mr. Job Abbott, of Barnet, aged about 24, who has been subject to occasional fits of insanity for some years past, committed suicide on Saturday morning last, by cutting his throat with a razor. He locked himself in his room, and when found, his throat was cut from ear to ear, and all signs of life were extinct. We understand that it was the intention of his friends the very morning on which he committed the fatal act, to start with him for the Charleston Lunatic Asylum.—*Danville Vt. Star.*

All done for.—On the 26th ult., Chales Seward, alias Sewall, another of the negroes engaged in the late horrible tragedy of St. Louis, was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree; and on the following day, the fourth and last of the hellish crew, Warrick was tried and convicted. They will be executed in less than month—probably all together, on the same gallows. Four more terrible beings were probably never brought to justice at the same time.

Fatal Accident.—An accident fatal in its results—as we are informed by a letter from Marshfield—occurred in that town on the 2d inst., owing to the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a boy. The person killed was a widow woman, named Patience Linton, aged about 35 years. The boy, who it appears was rather careless with the gun, knowing it was loaded, was requested to put it up or go out of the house, and while in the act of leaving, and passing by Mrs. Linton, to reach the door, the gun went off, and she received the contents in her face, causing her death in five or six hours. She has left three little children and a large circle of relatives and friends.—*Danville (Vt.) North Star.*

Suicide.—The Kingston, U. C. Chronicle, states that Mr. Joseph Lee, a resident of Ernesttown, U. C., aged 71 years, committed suicide recently by hanging himself to a tree. He was afraid his family would starve.

A Silly Girl.—A girl named Elizabeth Scott, a domestic in a public house near Pottsville, last Thursday put an end to her life, by the use of arsenic, by reason of being deserted by her lover a stage driver, named Smith.

Accident at Hudson.—The freight cars of the railroad are said to have been precipitated into the river by some unskillfulness on the part of the man at the break. No lives were lost, and no one seriously injured, as we can learn, although the particulars of the accident have not transpired.

Married.

At Mount Hope, near this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Norman Sackrider, of Norfolk, St. Lawrence co., to Miss S. Pamela, daughter of Sartell Prince, Esq.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Hodge, Mr. J. L. Relay, to Miss Margaret Ann McDole, all of this city.

At Cohoes on the 6th inst. by the Rev. O. Emerson, Mr. Paul Weidemon, to Miss Julia Ann Benson. Also, by the same, at the same time and place, Mr. Wm. D. Truesdell, to Mary Jane Benson, all of the former place.

On 1st inst. by the Rev. Charles J. White, Lieut. Augustus B. Walbach, U. S. A. to Mary Louisa Lucas, eldest daughter of Fielding Lucas, jr., of Baltimore.

In Braghamton, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Bush, Platt S. Buel, merchant, to Monemia A. eldest daughter of Maj. Peter Mills, late of the U. S. Army.

In New York, on the 3d inst. by Albert Smedes, A. N. Bleecker, to Harriet Van Rensselaer, daughter of the late Joseph Blackwell.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, 28th April, the Grand Duke Alexander, to the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandronna.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Mary Ann Deyermant, aged 54.

On the 3d inst. of consumption, Bridget wife of John Gilgan.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Eunice Eliza Drullard, wife of Mr. Solomon Drullard, aged 30 years.

On the 7th inst. Elizabeth, wife of W. C. Locherty, aged 41 years.

On the 7th inst. of consumption, Wm. Brandon, aged 27 years.

On the 7th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Sarah Goodwin, aged 69 years.

On the 22d inst. Hezekiah Sharp, Esq. of the town of Guilderland, Albany co.

On the 31st inst. at Gaines, Orleans co. Mr. John J. Walbridge, aged 50 years.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to be buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.



Hudson Lodge No. 7, Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.
S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.
L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.
Hudson, May 4, 1841.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

Mr. Hoffman—The following effusion appears to me so beautiful, that I cannot avoid copying it, for your excellent paper, in which I have with great pleasure, found so many pieces worthy of circulation, thro' the Union.

T. T.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
It's glow by day—its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are THINE!"

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord are THINE!

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom—those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are THINE!

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, thy Glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are THINE!"

MOORE.

A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS.

BY MRS. AEDY.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope winged my fleeting hours;
I saw no shadow in her rays,
No serpent in her flowers;
I thought on days of present joy,
And years of future bliss,
Nor dreamed that sorrow could alloy
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove,
Soon from my fancy fled;
The friends who owned my tender love,
Were numbered with the dead;
Upon their pallid lips I pressed
Affection's parting kiss;
They left us for a world of rest,
A brighter world than this.

Nor did the spacious world supply
Those ties of opening life;
False was its mocking flattery,
Keen was its bitter strife!
And then I first began to look
For purer, truer bliss,
And love to trace in God's own book,
A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,
I found the good I sought,
And now, in trial and in grief,
I feel the soothing thought,
That though the worldling may despair,
When robbed of earthly bliss,
The Christian humbly hopes to share
A brighter world than this!

FRIENDSHIP.

When fortune smiles and life is fair,
Seek not the gem of Friendship there;
When true and false are mingling near,
They both may seem alike sincere;
But when the storms of sorrow lower,
The clouds that first o'ercast the sky,
Will bid the friends of fortune fly;
But one who truly loved before,
Will only change to love the more.

From the London Literary Gazette, for May.

SONG.

BY C. SWAIN.

Oh, sweet comes the grace of the young dewy morn-
ing,
As queen-like she steps from her cloud-pillar hall;
And lovely the rose-bud its wild home adorning,
But Love's modest bloom is the sweetest of all.

And sweet is the glimpse of the moon o'er the ocean,
Whose waves, like a blessing, upon our path fall;
But the light that awakens the heart's first emotion,
Oh, Love's stolen glance is the sweetest of all.

There's music in Nature like deeper revealings
Of memories passed which her voice would recall;
There are tones that like angels may visit our feelings,
But Love's whisper'd word is the sweetest of all.

HOME.

How many a fond affection lingers round
The fireside circle, which encloses all
Our dearest ones on earth—those whom we call
Our own, amid the busy worlds wide bound;
Those who were never cold nor faithless found;
Who in our hearts we know will never change;
But love us, think of us, where'er we range,
Whose voices have a dear familiar sound,
Whose very looks are home to us—Oh, there,
When the tired spirit from the vanities
Of life returns, to them it fondly flies.

MY MOTHER.

The tribute to a good mother, which follows, will serve to express the feelings of many who behold time's ravages upon their most dear and highly prized parent.

My mother! thou art growing old—
Thy locks, as white as snow,
Proclaim thy years are well nigh told—
And thy cheeks have lost their glow.

O must thou fade so soon away,
My best and only friend?
Thou who first taught my lips to pray,
My infant knees to bend?

Thou who forsook thy couch at night,
To watch around my bed,
And deemed it still a fond delight,
To kiss my feverish head?

Thy kindness in my tender youth,
I never can repay—
In sickness ever near to soothe,
And comfort every day.

My mother! I can never tell
Of all thy tenderness,
For thou hast loved—loved much too well,
And watch too oft my bliss.

When weary and my toil is o'er,
I'm sinking to my rest,
I seem to feel as years before,
When nestling at thy breast.

But as thy evening hours decline,
With all life's labor past,
No joys shall be so great as mine,
To cheer them while they last.

My Mother! every nerve shall strain,
To take away thy care—
Could'st thou but live thy years again,
I would thy trials share.

REMOVAL.—JOSEPH CHATTERSON, Draper and Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 113 Market-st. four doors south of the Eagle Tavern, where he intends to conduct the tailoring business in the latest and most approved fashions.
J. C. trusts by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and solicits a continuation of the favors of his present customers; he flatters himself by the long experience he has had in the above business to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.
Just received a choice assortment of goods, suitable for the season.
m j 311

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ga.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling " Va.	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Thursday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	2d Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	2d Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Thursday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	4th Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.



FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY
NIGHT LINE.—PASSAGE \$1.—The pub-

lic are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptiveness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock.
mr. 12

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 42

MASONIC.

AN ADDRESS,

Pronounced, before the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, in the year of Masonry, 5795.

RESPECTABLE BRETHREN—

You have so often received, from this chair, discourses illustrating the high antiquity and peculiar excellencies of freemasonry, that you cannot expect from me any thing on those topics, instructive or entertaining. Indeed, so little competent do I feel myself to the task of addressing you at all on this interesting occasion, that I should have requested to decline it altogether, had I not too much respected the custom which sanctions these addresses, a custom not only venerable in itself, but attended in its effects with essential advantages. By a periodical assembly of the brotherhood, by drawing our minds to an attentive view of the origin, duration and excellence of the order, and by impressing on them its great and noble objects, we are taught to reverence the former with unabating respect, and to pursue the latter with increasing

zeal. Freemasonry is an institution of very remote antiquity; it is the growth of every clime; it has flourished in all parts of the globe; it is understood in every language; indeed it may emphatically be called the language of human nature. While governments founded in fraud, deception or injustice, have been swept away by the revolutionary hand of time; while whole nations have either disappeared, or have so changed by great natural or political convulsions, as not now to be traced; Freemasonry, like a venerable fabric, founded on the strong and unshaken pillars of piety, charity, benevolence, has stood the test of time, and resisted the shock of ages. Such have been the benefits to mankind from this admirable institution, that while all others have in their turns experienced the wrath of arbitrary governments, freemasonry, upheld by conscious innocence and the universal reputation of its merit, has ever escaped the ruffian fangs of tyranny, and the lawless gripe of anarchy. When ruthless despots, aware that masonic principles opposed a barrier to their force ambition, and eager to establish their tyranny on the ruins of virtue and philanthropy, have attempted to abolish freemasonry within their dominions, they have soon found it so deep rooted in the affections of the people, as to be compelled to forego their detestable designs.

This preservation of our Order for so many ages, through so many dangers and revolutions, and in so great a portion of the world; while it must inspire us with the liveliest gratitude to the great Architect of the universe, cannot fail to warm our breasts with the purest sentiments of attachment to it, and to prompt us to the exercise of all those virtues which have constituted its basis and conduced to its permanency. Those virtues have been frequently the theme of similar discourses; but it is so interesting and so animating a theme, that fearful as I am of trespassing on your patience, and superfluous as the duty may appear after the able discourses you have heard, I shall slightly touch on some of them, trusting that you will receive with indulgence what I shall offer with deference.

Charity is the brightest jewel in the masonic temple: it is a virtue which more than any other, assimilates man to his beneficent Creator: it opens the heart to the divine effusions of unlimited sympathy and benevolence, and rubs off that rust which would gather round it and corrode every exquisite sensation. But it is a virtue of reflection as well as of feeling; in the due exercise of it, reason, no less than impulse, has its duty to perform: these should be properly tempered and balanced; for while, on the one hand, cold reason ought not at all times to benumb the generous emotions of an amiable impulse, so, on the other,

though not an ardent sensibility to stimulate to an improper lavishness of that which might be wanted for more fit occasions. Happy is it for us, my brethren, that the bountiful hand of nature has been so prodigal of its blessings to this country; that the calls on human commiseration are, perhaps, less frequent here than in any part of the world. In this young and flourishing nation, industry can scarcely fail to be rewarded with a decent competency; and idleness ought ever to meet a freemason's frowns. Still, even in this fruitful land, poverty and distress will sometimes await the aged and the infirm; there will also be some, who, in spite of the utmost exertions of a laudable industry, will be overtaken by unavoidable misfortune; these, with the unfortunate brethren, of other climes, who seek among us a shelter from transatlantic miseries, will claim and will always receive the benevolent aid of our society.

Before I quit this subject, I will mention one species of charity, which though not of the active but of the passive kind, though not a positive but a negative virtue, is, notwithstanding, attended with great social benefits: I mean that kind of charity, which restrains us from thinking too unfavorably of each other: the neglect of this virtue has often been the source of great disorders; mankind are but too prone to indulge an uncharitable disposition, to ascribe the worst views and motives to those who differ from them in the occurrences of life; this imputation of sinister designs produces an acrimonious state of society, and begets divisions, productive of social misery and public unhappiness. In the organization of the human mind, and in the structure of civil society, was it not intended that there should exist a variety of opinions? And when these neither disturb the public order nor endanger the public welfare, should not candor give credit to others for the same purity of views which we are conscious of possessing ourselves?

May I be permitted on this occasion to touch on another kind of inactive virtue, an inattention to which frequently leads to the prostration of all others: I mean sobriety. This virtue being as it were, the guardian of the others, a few observations on it may not be misplaced. An oriental apologue contains an excellent moral on this subject. A man was directed to choose which of these crimes he would commit—parricide, incest, or drunkenness; he recoiled with horror, and without hesitation chose the latter: but mark the sequel—when drunk he committed both parricide and incest. This vice, when it becomes a settled habit, is indeed attended with innumerable evils: it palsies all those fine qualities of the mind which elevate man to the similitude of the Supreme Being: it obliterates all those sublime virtues and excellencies which have distinguished man as the noblest work of God: it sinks him far below the inanimate brute; for the latter pursues the design of its creation, whereas man, by wantonly depriving himself of that reason wherewith he is endowed, entirely disappoints the views of his Creator. Can there be a more melancholy object than a human being in this degraded state, where a dark and gloomy veil is drawn over the obscured faculties of the mind; where the man, who a few hours ago, was admired for the brilliant display of his talents and genius, is now contemned for his folly and extravagancies; where he, who, but yesterday, was an object of envy or admiration, is, to-day, a subject of derision or compassion. Were we not too much familiarized with such scenes, should we not shudder at the sight of an enlightened being, suddenly reduced to the darkness of insanity, not by the inevitable act of providence, but by the wilful abuse of the comforts of life?

In making these serious reflections, far be it from my wish to check that convivial disposition, which gives a relish and a zest to social enjoyments. There are undoubtedly occasions when the honest heart will naturally expand, and the agreeable companion ought to relax from those severe restraints, which, if too rig-

idly observed, would deprive life of some of its essential pleasures, and rob society of many of her principal charms.

Industry and punctuality in the observance of engagements, are also important virtues. Man was not intended for an inactive life; but every one, according to the sphere in which he finds himself, is bound by the social tie, and by his duty to his Divine Parent, to contribute his mite to the public stock. By this general co-operation, and by the happy diversity of grades and professions, into which communities are distributed, nations prosper, while individuals promote their own and each other's welfare. Idleness is not only the bane of society, but it is its own curse; for while the industrious citizen provides for the comfortable support of his family, sees every thing thriving around him, inculcates by his meritorious example, industrious habits on his children, enjoys the fruits of his labor, and the respect of his countrymen, the idler, after wasting his time in chimerical speculations or specious projects, which he wanted activity to undertake, tired and ashamed of his existence, skulks into some obscure corner, forgotten, or only remembered to be despised.

Contentment, in whatever situation a man may be placed, is a blessing which belongs not to all; but it is one which all should strive to attain; how many have fallen victims to that restless disposition, which stimulated by mistaken and misapplied principles, has urged them to abandon a substance to grasp at a shadow? It is natural for a man to strive, by active industry and economy, to better his situation; but let him not repine at an apparent inferiority of condition, and at too slow a transition from obscurity to honor: let him not, to accelerate his progress, embrace means unworthy of a good citizen. In the natural progression of things, industry and frugality must exalt some to riches and honor, while idleness and profusion will sink others to dependence and obscurity. By this revolving course of events, the children of the industrious mechanics of the present generation will probably be hereafter independent gentlemen, while the children of the idle gentlemen of the present generation will be hereafter industrious mechanics.

A scrupulous adherence to our engagements is a high masonic virtue: a strict observance of good faith between man and man enlivens the toilsome path of business and makes our duties easy and pleasant; whereas captious and evasive practices add fresh burthens to our labors, and obstruct us with difficulties, far greater, than those naturally incident to the ordinary operations of trades and professions. As there is no being more despicable than a tricky character, one who is always on the watch to overreach his neighbor and take advantage of his credulity and indulgence, so is there none more respectable than an honest and industrious mechanic, who maintains and educates his family benefits mankind by his work and example, and honorably fulfils his engagements. Such a citizen is indeed far more respectable and infinitely more useful to society, than many of a different description, frequently and improperly called gentlemen.

Among the duties which we owe to society, is that of properly educating our children. In governments like ours, every one should know his rights, that he may learn to prize them. Ignorance is incompatible with free governments: it may be called the grave of liberty. Mankind has been ingeniously divided into three classes, the wise, the fools, and the knaves: in public contests, the knaves get possession of the fools, and are then frequently an overmatch for the wise. In the United States, which enjoy superior advantages over other nations in this respect, as in all others, education has been so much attended to, that ignorance bears a smaller proportion in the general scale than elsewhere. Still public happiness depends so much on the diffusion of knowledge, that education cannot be too leading an object of our regard. Let every one

therefore, whatever his situation in life, give the best education to his children, within his means, without however interfering too much with the profession or trade to which they may be destined. A proper education is by no means inconsistent with the practice of a mechanic art. Every citizen, in every station, ought to know enough to be able to judge for himself in all the great transactions of life, and to be proof against the practices of the ambitious and the designing. An ignorant man in the hands of a knave is like a mischievous weapon in the hands of a madman; but a well-informed citizen is not only the guardian of his own rights, but the safeguard of the honor and rights of his fellow citizens.

From the contemplation of these domestic and neighborly virtues, allow me to lead your minds to the sublime contemplation of a virtue which acts on a more enlarged theatre, and swells the bosom to a more comprehensive scope of reflection.

You will readily perceive that love of our country is the noble sentiment alluded to. A good freemason must be a good patriot; but patriotism, like many other virtues, has been so often prostituted, by the ridiculous mummeries and wicked artifices of impostors, that it is necessary to discriminate between genuine and spurious patriotism.

When I speak therefore of this virtue, I mean not that mock patriotism, which, in all ages, and in all free countries, has been seized on by the ambitious as a cloak to cover base and insidious designs; which, bedecked with the alluring garb of tinsel jargon, has been assumed to conceal the foulest purposes; which, under the mask of hypocrisy, and with the parade of pompous language, has ever been found subservient to the most despicable and selfish views; which, at one time, has been employed as a step ladder to power, and at another, as an engine of destruction to rival popular and obnoxious competitors; I mean not that mock patriotism, which has been the siren song of seduction of the knaves, to cajole and ensnare the fools; I mean not that satire or patriotism, which blazons its own merits in ranting declamation and frothy professions, which draws from time to time out of non-existence little ephemeral insects, which glitter for a moment in the glare of their own creation, and then dissolve into their original nonentity; I mean not that profanation of patriotism, which, while it utters from the lips the most precious and pious ejaculations for the public weal, impiously bears in the heart the most atrocious designs against public order, public tranquility, and national independence. But I mean that heaven-born patriotism, which announces itself in deeds of public utility; which delights in the maintenance of law, in the support of order, in respect for the magistracy, inforcing by precept and example, every moral and religious practice; which displays itself in habits of industry and frugality, in a virtuous education of one's family, and in the faithful performance of all the relative duties of a man and citizen.

Enlarging still further his views, every good freemason should embrace, in his system of philanthropy, the whole human race; universal benevolence should share in his breast a place with those social affections, which are of a more local complexion.

This expansive and magnanimous philanthropy will of course excite him, while he delights in his own domestic prospect to invoke the divine protection for those unhappy nations, which are now desolated by the scourge of war, and every public calamity; and to implore the Almighty Ruler of the universe to stay the avenging sword, and to restore peace, liberty and happiness, to so many millions of our miserable fellow creatures.

Finally, my brethren, let me exhort you to proper attention to your religious duties. Religion, were it not even inculcated by our divine Master, would recommend itself to all enlightened men and civilized societies by the purity of its precepts and the excellence of its practices. Religion, by softening the manners and subduing the unruly passion, unites mankind in the bond of brotherly love, and, like freemasonry, constitutes a most salutary and durable cement to society. Do we not learn from history, that in proportion as nations have receded from the principles and practices of religion, they have advanced to ferociousness or relapsed into barbarism? And in our own country, is it not undeniable that in proportion as religion sheds its benign influence over society, do justice, order, and public felicity prevail?

I have now rapidly passed over some of the most prominent features in this beautiful system of moral freemasonry. To have enumerated them all, or to have dwelt more minutely on those that have been selected, would have exhausted your patience. You will have observed, my brethren, that to accomplish the views of the Great Artificer of the world, and to be approved as true and perfect freemasons, you have many important duties to perform; you will likewise have observed, that beginning within the circle of the more domestic and social duties, your bosoms must dilate to the more enlarged circle of the public duties you owe to your country; and that, not confining your affection even there, the heart must afterwards expand to the spacious circle of human nature, and swell with emotions of universal love and benevolence. A due cultivation of these virtues will invigorate the cementing principle of brotherly love, which is the grand basis of freemasonry; for nothing is more true, than that the better men are, the more they love one another. The practice of these virtues, will also smooth away those asperities, which are found in the rugged vale of life, and make us glide more gently down it, to that future state of bliss, which a life so spent will insure us.

Thus having fulfilled the purposes of your creation, and done honor to the inestimable principles of this institution, you will, by approving yourselves good freemasons, at the same time approve yourselves good men, good citizens and good christians.

HISTORICAL.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

No hero makes so distinguished a figure in ancient history as Alexander the Great. His courage was undaunted, his ambition, boundless, his friendship ardent, his taste refined; and what is very extraordinary he appears to have conversed with the same fire and spirit with which he fought.

Philip, his father, knowing him to be very swift, wished him to run for the prize at the Olympic Games. "I would comply with your request," said Alexander, "if kings were to be my competitors."

When Alexander made a libation to the heroes who fought in the Trojan war, he placed a crown of gold upon the tomb of Achilles; saying, that Achilles was the most fortunate man in the world; for while he lived, Patroclus was his friend; and when dead, Homer perpetuated his memory.

Alexander went to Delphi to consult the oracle there, wishing to know to what success was likely to attend the projects of his vast ambition. The priestess pretended that it was not lawful for him to consult her at the time, and refused to enter the temple. Alexander, impatient and impatient, seized her by the arm; and as he led her in by force, she cried, "Ah, my son, no one can resist you." "I want no more," exclaimed Alexander. "This oracle is sufficient."

When he passed into Asia to attack Darius he made rich presents to his general officers, inasmuch that Parmenio asked him, "Sir what do you keep for yourself?" His reply was "hope."

After the battle of Issus the complete rout of the Persian army put Alexander in possession of the camp of Darius, in which his mother, wife and children. A rumor has been spread that Darius was slain, and this threw all the captive royal family into the deepest affliction. Alexander, anxious to inform them that this report was false, and wishing to give them comfort, paid them a visit. As he entered the tent of Darius, Hephæstion, his most intimate friend, who was very handsome, and rather taller than Alexander, was close by his side. As soon as they approached, the queen-mother, who had fallen prostrate, raised up her head, and addressed herself to Hephæstion, supposing him to be Alexander. The attendants telling her of her mistake, she was much embarrassed, and began to make apologies. Alexander allowed her not to proceed, but raised her up, and in the most gracious manner said, "It is of no importance, madam, for he too is Alexander."

Which of the two (says Valerius Maximus, from whose work this anecdote is taken) should we first congratulate; him who had the disposition to make such a speech, or him who had the felicity to bear it spoken of himself?

When he was dying, his attendants asked him where his treasures were deposited. His answer was, "In the hands of my friends."

THE GATHERER.

SENTENCE OF THE ST. LOUIS MURDERERS.

On the morning of the first, the four blacks convicted of the recent murder and arson in St. Louis, were brought into court to receive their sentence. They were all asked by the Judge if they had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon them. Madison answered, "I have nothing to say for myself." The others simply inclined their heads, but said nothing. The Judge then proceeded to read the sentence, condemning them to be hung on Friday the 9th day of July next.

Madison did not appear to be affected in the slightest degree. Brown betrayed considerable emotion. Warrick and Seward appeared as if they had made up their minds for the worst.

The St. Louis New Era says it is understood that Brown and Madison have been concerned in many robberies at that place within the past year—in those at Galena early this spring, and in numberless ones at New Orleans. Probably the whole West and South has suffered from their depredations. They have been engaged too, in a regular system of operations, by which the slaves of the South were assisted in making their escape to Canada. Brown says that it was on one of these occasions that he committed the only murder that can be charged against him except that of Weaver. He had under his charge a negro from one of the Southern States, who was fleeing to Canada. Some cause led him to be apprehensive of detection, and he determined to make way with slave. Accordingly, at night he decoyed him to the guard of the steamboat, tipped him over into the water, and that was the last he heard of him. Brown admits the justice of his sentence, and consoles himself with the idea, that his wife and child are in independent circumstances—the fruits of years of villany.

PUNCTUALITY.—His late Majesty, George the III. once ordered Mr. S. a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait upon him at Windsor Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning of the day appointed. Mr. S. was half an hour behind the time; and upon being announced, his majesty said,—"Desire him to come at eight o'clock the next day after the time, and received the same command. On the third morning he contrived to be punctual. Upon his entrance the king said, "Oh! the great Mr. S. What sleep do you take, Mr. S?" "Why, please your majesty, I am a man of regular habits; I usually take eight hours." "Eight hours" said the king, "that's too much—six hours' sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, Mr. S.—eight for a fool."

LAWS OF HONOR.—As much talk has been expended with regard to the right of the challenged party to choose his weapon, perhaps the following story may settle the question: Some years ago, an American captain was challenged by a French gentleman in Paris. The captain had been a whaler, and chose the harpoon for his weapon. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders—"Eh, diable, je ne scias pas, vat is de harpoon; I vill meet you, as in jantilhomme, with my small sword." But the old whaler was inexorable. The dispute was submitted to a court of honor, which decided that the Frenchman must fight with the harpoon, or apologize. He shrugged his shoulders a second time—"Begar, monseur captain, I beg pardon; I ave no skill in de harpoon; I am not on whale; I beg pardon, begar." Thus matters ended peaceably, and the harpoon of Nantucket whaler did not make a pincushion of the body of the Gaul.

SELF-DENIAL.—Youth are prone to be ill-natured and disobliging. It is hard for them to endure a little self-denial, or suffer inconvenience for the promotion not only of their own happiness, but the happiness of those who take an interest in their welfare. They do not look forward to see the beneficial results of certain courses, which are marked out by their friends, when deprived of present enjoyment, they deem it

justice and unkindness, and manifest their feelings by sour looks and stubbornness of behavior. They treat ill those to whom they are the most indebted, and to whom in after life they will look back as their best and kindest friends.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

A working man needs a working wife; but to the qualities of the mind, manners, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this. Giles says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense." Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers. "Because I am afraid she will be an overmatch for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home, are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to go out of his proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head, or in his wife's.

A proper self-respect would teach every noble-hearted American, of whatever class, that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the well-being and honor of the community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge and accomplishments are happily open to every class above the very lowest; and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age, when an ignorant American shall be as obsolete as a fossil fish.

Away with flouncing, girling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion-hunting wives! The woman of this stamp is a poor comforter, when the husband is sick—or bankrupt to her Adam:

For no good lover can be found
In woman's heart to study household good
And good advice in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye; gentle as the antelope; untiring as a bee; joyous as a linnet, neat, punctual, modest, and confiding. She is patient, but resolute; aiding in counsel; reviving in troubles; ever pointing out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrows.

BORROWING.

We have received a letter from a correspondent in which he speaks in strong terms of reprobation of borrowing in general, and paper borrowing in particular. He talks like a man who has suffered some. He says he lived at one time on the banks of the Mississippi, and gives the following as a specimen of the extent to which the practice is carried there:

"Will you lend me your axe? you won't want to use it, I reckon."

"Why yes, I'll let you take it, s'cein' you want it."

In about two months the owner *does* want to use his axe, and applies to the borrower of it, but *he* has not got it; "the last he seed on't, Mr. Fletcher had it to cut some roots with."

The poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher: "Stranger, have you seen my axe I lent Mr. Bent t'other day?"

"Why yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it; he said he wanted it to chop some firewood, so I lent it to him. You'd best ask him for it."

He goes, "Mornin', Mr. Bower—how's your wife?"

"Lively, I reckon—how's your'n?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had hold of my axe?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerful weak one—but you can mend it; and when you have done it, I'd like to borrow it again, cause I have a smart chance of wood to cut, and want to use it specially."

GREEN ERIN.

The Irishman who exploded the powder in his cap the other day was lectured upon the evils of intemperance by an acquaintance of his—and the injury he had received by the explosion, was pointed out as the effect of his having drank too much.

"Then you think it was bad luck that I tuck the liquor," responded Pat.

"Yes."

"Och, but your edication's been neglected young man. You're not scientific by no means. It was good luck for me that I tuk whiskey enough to make me limber in the knees, or the powder would have druv me fut in the ground."

THE BITER BIT.

It seems that a gentleman, who kept a boarding-house in this city, found one fine morning that one of his boarders had "sloped," without inquiring for his "little bñl," which on being sometime after presented to him he refused to pay, for the very best of reasons, viz: he had not the *wherewith*. The debtor and creditor met several times since on the very best of terms, and on the morning we allude to, they agreed to take a drink together, and accordingly repaired to a bar-room, when the creditor remarked that his ex-boarder was getting corpulent, which the other replied to by alluding jocosely to the very sleek appearance of his quondam friend and host of the boarding-house, who ended his observations by an offer to bet the liquor on their size. Things were at this crisis, when the debtor taking off his coat, (which by-the-by, happened to be a pretty good one) gaily observed to the other that by trying it on, the difference of rotundity could be perceived by the by-standers. *Done!* was the word, and our hero of the boarding-house, who luckily happened to be in his shirt sleeves at the time, was in a trice invested with the glossy broadcloth and settled the matter pro tem. by peremptorily claiming the coat in part payment of the boarding bill. Blows were prevented, and the boarder walked off minus his coat.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

FIRST NIGHT OF THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Many hours before the opening of the ticket office, I really believe that half the population of Paris was at the doors. Here was a triumph for Beaumarchais! If he sighed for popularity, he had gained it. Persons of the highest rank, even princes of the blood, besieged him with letters, imploring to be favored with the author's ticket. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Duchess de Bourbon sent her valet to the office to wait till the distribution of the tickets, which was to take place at four o'clock. At two o'clock the Duchess d'Osnon laid aside her accustomed dignity and haughtiness, and humbly solicited the crowd to allow her to pass; and Mme. de Talleyrand, doing a violence to her parsimonious disposition, paid triple price for a box. *Condons bleus* were seen elbowing their way through the crowd, jostled by Savoyards; the guards were dispersed, the doors forced open, the iron bar broken down, and an inconceivable scene of confusion and danger ensued. One half of the people had not been able to procure tickets, and threw their admission money to the door-keepers as they passed, or rather, as they were carried along. But whilst all this was happening outside, the disorder which prevented within the theatre was, if possible, still greater. No less than three hundred persons, who had procured tickets at an early period, dined in the boxes. Our theatre seemed transformed into a tavern, and nothing was heard but the clattering of plate and the drawing of corks. Then, when the audience was assembled, what a brilliant picture presented himself! The *élite* of the rank and talent of Paris was congregated there. What a radiant line of beauty was exhibited by the first tier of the boxes.—*Memoirs of M. Fleury.*

THICKER THAN THREE IN A BED.

The hotels at Washington on the 4th of March, were so crowded that the visitors were compelled to sleep upon chairs and tables, after the beds were all packed full. One of the accounts we have seen reminds us of an old Boston story which we heard in our younger days.

A Vermonter 'came down' during the winter with a couple of frozen hogs in his pung or lumber box, and drove up to a hotel at the North End. The house was as full as it could hold and the bar-keeper one of the driest wags that ever cracked a joke.

"Can I have my horses put up and get lodgin' for myself in this ere tavern?" said the Vermonter, kicking the snow from his shoes, and addressing the bar-keeper.

"You can have both, sir," rejoined the bar-keeper.

Well, I wish you'd flax round and git supper as fast as you can 'cause I'm al-fired hungry and tired tu.—I've driv all the way from Chemsford since dinner, and some saysaygas or something of that sort wouldnt go bad jest now," continued the Vermonter.

"I'll take your measure," said the bar-keeper reaching a piece of tape from a nail and stepping from behind the bar.

"Oh! get out," said the Vermonter. "You don't measure folks for a meal of vittles du you?"

"Always," retorted the roughish bar-keeper. "We always measure strangers, and more particularly than ever when they call for sausages. About four feet would do for you, I should think," drawing the tape around the waist of the astonished Green Mountain Boy.

The supper was soon smoking on the table, the Vermonter made a hearty meal, and shortly after came to the bar-keeper and said he was ready to go to bed.

"You have no objections to sleep more than one in a bed, have you," said the wag.

"Not the least airthly objection in the world," retorted the Vermonter.

"Well, there is no necessity for my showing the way up," continued the bar-keeper, taking his lodger to the foot of the stairs and handing him a candlestick. "You will go up four pair of stairs when you will come to a ladder. Go up that and you will see a rope hanging down through the scuttle. You will then have the kindness to put the candlestick between you teeth, spit on your hands and climb the rope hand over hand. There is one bed in the loft with only nine men and boys in it and plenty of room for one more by crowding in under the eaves. Sorry I can't do any better for you to night, but we're very full!"

It is needless to say that that bar-keeper was joking all the while and afterwards gave the Vermonter a comfortable 'bunk' on the floor, but not until he had frightened him badly at the idea of taking so long a journey at that time of night up stairs, ladders and ropes.—*N. O. Pic.*

CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

We find in Upham's "Outlines of Disordered Mental Action," a curious case of somnambulism, which was published in the newspapers at the time the case occurred. A farmer in one of the counties of Massachusetts had employed himself for some weeks in winter threshing his grain. One night, as he was about closing his labors, he ascended a ladder to the top of the great beams in the barn, where the rye he was threshing was deposited, to ascertain what number of bundles remained unthreshed, which he determined to finish the next day. The ensuing night, about 2 o'clock, he was heard by one of the family, to arise and go out. He repaired to his barn, being sound asleep, and unconscious of what he was doing, set upon his barn doors, ascended the great beams of the barn where his rye was deposited, threw down a flooring, and commenced threshing it.

When he had completed it, he raked off the straw, and shoved the rye to one side of the floor and again ascended the ladder with the straw, and deposited it on some rails that lay across the great beams. He then threw down another flooring of rye, which he threshed and finished as before.

Thus he continued his labors, until he had threshed five floorings; and on returning from throwing down the sixth and last, in passing over part of the hay mow, he fell off, where the hay had been cut down about six feet, on to the lower part of it, which awoke him. He at first imagined himself in his neighbor's barn; but after groping about in the dark a long time ascertained that he was in his own, and at length, found the ladder, on which he descended to the floor, closed his barn doors, which he found open, and returned to his house. On coming to the light, he found himself in such a profuse perspiration, that his clothes were literally wet through. The next morning, on going to his barn, he found he had threshed, during the night, five bushels of rye; had raked the straw off in good order, and deposited it on the great beams, &c.; carefully shoved the grain to one side of the floor, without the least consciousness of what he was doing, until he fell from the hay.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOMICIDE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF LAUNCELOT
LINMER CLERKE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 485.

Pedro was not a coward, but he had not self-possession to prepare himself for danger in time, and his life was at the mercy of another, before he could collect his scattered senses. Seeing his young mistress had fainted, and was lying on her father's bleeding bosom, with the struggling moonbeams rendering her pale face more palid and death-like, he promised every thing the robber required, gave up his weapons and betook himself to assisting his captor in restoring her consciousness. While they both were thus engaged, stooping over the fair unconscious being, the mask which the robber wore partly fell off from his face, and gave Pedro a glimpse of his features. He hastily restored it to its position, but a glance taken at such a moment could not fail to make a deep impression. The robber was most assiduous in his efforts for the restoration of the maiden, and finally succeeded he placed her back upon the saddle, and turning their horses' heads the way they came, he bade both mistress and servant God speed to Tarragona. Much did the daughter plead for her father's body, but the bandit said they should not encumber themselves with it that night; but if they would send for it the next day, they would find it near the spot, carefully protected against farther injury. After Pedro and his mistress were fairly out of sight, the robber proceeded to gather up his booty, and rapidly disappeared through a by-path across the mountain.

Early the next morning, the alcaide began to prepare for the arrival of his friend Don Antonio, and for the approaching nuptials of his son. The day wore away till past noon, but brought no tidings of his friend and the bride with her rich dowry, and the worthy magistrate began to feel somewhat nettled and impatient. The good Don Vincente had been some time in the village, and foreseeing what would be the feelings of the alcaide at this apparent slight and delay on the part of the rich merchant, thought it a good time to address him in behalf of Ferdinando and Julia. He had called at the widow's cottage on his way to the village in the morning, and bestowed upon the fair Julia the same dowry that Don Antonio had promised to give his daughter. The alcaide entertained the highest respect for Don Vincente; but when he saw him coming, he supposed that the benevolent cavalier was going to trouble him about the old business of the robbers, and had not felt in an humor for it just at this moment, when his mind was agitated by the non-appearance of Don Antonio. But Don Vincente knew very well what was passing in the mind of the worthy magistrate, and had sufficient sagacity to approach him with the most adroit and skillful address. He began by complimenting him upon the tact and judgment he had discovered in forming so advantageous an alliance for his son, and was indignant at the suspicion that had begun to be whispered about in the village, that the rich merchant was after all going to jilt them. He continued, by discussing various little points of etiquette and ceremony proper to be observed on such occasions, and occupied some time in general and desultory conversation; and finally, after the impatience of the magistrate began to assume the character of indignation, he ended by adroitly insinuating to his friend, who attentively listened, that there were other as good matches for his son as that with Don Antonio's daughter; and that for one, he should like to see the rich merchant most flattered by forming an other as good an alliance for the young and gallant Ferdinando.

The alcaide, whose ruling passion was pride, and whose wrath waxed fiercer and fiercer every moment, began to feel almost willing in his heart that his son should marry the poor widow's daughter, in order to avenge his old friend's neglect, and was of course very easily persuaded to consent to it, when he found that she had a dowry of ten thousand dollars. Don Vincente, finding his triumph complete, hastened to the young lovers, and communicated his success, while

the liveliest emotions of joy swelled his heart, and beamed in his open and benevolent countenance.—The twain were at once united in wedlock; and it was universally remarked, that it was difficult to determine who were the happiest, the kind Don Vincente, or the youthful lovers.

As soon as the murder and robbery of the rich merchant Don Antonio was bruited abroad Don Vincente hastened to the alcaide, manifesting the greatest consternation at the event, and the deepest interest in putting an effectual stop to all further outrages of the kind. He offered at once to arm his servants and retainers, and to post them himself every night, as a patrol, under his own particular supervision, at the most dangerous passes of the mountains. The worthy magistrate was overwhelmed at this act of patriotic generosity; and as the troops of the government were at a great distance, and much needed in other quarters, he thankfully accepted the proffered aid, and vested Don Vincente with full power to protect the whole mountain region. He entered at once upon the discharge of his new duties with great zeal. He posted a great number of his retainers, thoroughly armed, at such parts of the mountain passes as he thought most needed protection, with strict orders for none of the parties to leave their posts, under any circumstances, even though they heard firing in other directions, lest the discipline and order of his arrangements should be disturbed. Thus night after night did he establish the patrol on the mountains, and was observed himself to go from post to post, frequently depriving himself of sleep all night, in his zeal to render his plan of protection complete. But notwithstanding all these efforts and plans, the robberies and murders continued to increase in frequency and the whole matter seemed involved in the most impenetrable mystery. Although the posts were changed nearly every night, the perpetrators appeared to know, as if by intuition, the parts that were left unguarded. In one or two instances, the noise of the affray between the robbers and the travellers was heard by some of the patrolling parties; but it was beyond their beat, and the sounds might proceed from another patrol, their instructions from their master precluded their interference.

The mystery grew more extraordinary every day, and various conjectures were made as to the cause, by different persons, according to their fancy, their temperament, or their respective degrees of sagacity and information. Some of the more ignorant and superstitious began to surmise that some evil spirits, or perchance the Evil One himself, haunted the mountains; others, more enlightened, considered that they must be in human shape, as the tracks left behind exhibited no obliquity; some, who possessed the invention, supposed that they must have dens in caverns in the mountains, whose entrance was so concealed by rubbish, or other means, as to prevent the success of the search; while a few were bold enough to assert that the robbers must be some of their own fellow citizens, inasmuch as none others could anticipate so exactly all their movements; and as particularly, on one occasion, on the night of an extensive robbery, an individual in disguise was pursued as far as the castle and only escaped by dropping his mask, which he did in such a way as led his pursuer to suppose that he had jumped with it down a very steep precipice, while in fact he escaped under cover of the night, and the delusion of his stratagem, in a different direction.—The mystery was now assuming a very painful aspect. Neighbors began to suspect each other, especially where there were any family feuds; circumstances in the conduct of individuals began to be closely scrutinized, and strange inferences were drawn from actions before perfectly harmless; a great many were brought before the alcaide on suspicion; and though they were always discharged for want of proof, still the mere fact of being arraigned on such charges, created heart-burnings and enmities, that destroyed the peace of the hitherto quiet and happy village.

The benevolent Don Vincente did all he could to do to these natural outbursts of human passions, and was particularly industrious in trying to allay the universal suspicion that now began to get afloat, that the robbers were citizens in disguise. His largesses and benefactions were if any thing greater than ever, and there seemed no end to his vast resources for purposes of benevolence. But this created less wonder among the mass of people, as they were ignorant of the fact that he had squandered away his other estates,

and still supposed he received from them a large portion of the means he lavished upon others with such noble and extraordinary bounty.

In the meantime, the worthy Alcaide Pietro d'Almanzor sickened and died, and his son Ferdinando succeeded him in his magisterial office. Though young and inexperienced, Ferdinando prosecuted the investigation into the outrages upon the mountains with more energy and vigilance than his father. He caused several villagers, and even some retainers of Don Vincente, to be arrested and brought before him on the charge of being concerned in these during infractions of the public peace. Among the latter, was Don Vincente's porter, near whose lodge had been found a mask, dropped one night by the robber, in his hurry to escape pursuit. The interest created by these proceedings was intense throughout the whole surrounding country. The young alcaide held a court of investigation almost every day in the village; but although much testimony was taken, little light was thrown upon the mysterious affair. On one occasion, however, more than usual interest was manifested. It was rumored that Pedro, the servant, who was with Don Antonio at the time he was waylaid and murdered was to be examined, and the court-room was filled with anxious listeners. Among the rest was the alcaide's young and beautiful wife, who sat near her husband, and directly in front of the witness.—Pedro gave a circumstantial account of the attack upon his master on the mountains, as above detailed, and was proceeding to give a minute description of the person and appearance of the ruffian who perpetrated the horrid deed, when the court was interrupted for a moment by the entrance of Don Vincente. He pressed through the crowd, bowing and smiling kindly upon all, and receiving on all sides the strongest manifestations of favor, passed by near the witness, Pedro, and was proceeding to take his seat by the side of the alcaide, when a sudden exclamation of surprise and horror arrested the attention and thrilled the bosoms of all present. It proceeded from Pedro, who stood pale and trembling, with his eyes half starting from his head, but fixed upon the calm countenance of Don Vincente, half shrinking from the object, and returned quickly again to it, by some horrid fascination.

The agitation of the witness threw the whole court into confusion, and created the more astonishment and concern, that no one could discover any adequate cause for such extraordinary emotion. As soon as the alcaide had somewhat recovered from his surprise he demanded of Pedro the cause of his agitation; but it was some time before he could be made to comprehend that there was any one present except Don Vincente. As soon, however, as his eye wandered from the one object, and he saw other faces around him, he exclaimed, with great vehemence, and in a tone of deep horror, pointing to Don Vincente, 'There is the murderer of my master!'

The whole assembly rushed forward, as if with one accord, to seize the base traducer of so much virtue; and Pedro would have been torn to pieces on the spot had not Don Vincente himself interfered, and waving his hand to command silence, exclaimed slowly:

'My friends, peace! Heed not this poor man's delusion. He doubtless means well, but has been deceived. Let us proceed in the examination.'

'I will at once,' said the alcaide, 'if you desire it, send this base slanderer to a dungeon, instead of seeking any more information from one so little entitled to credit.'

'By no means,' replied Don Vincente: 'I insist that you proceed with the examination. It is possible that some fancied resemblance, which has led the witness to make this egregious mistake, may lead to the detection of the true offender.'

'Well, as you please,' said the alcaide.

'After you caught an accidental glimpse, as you say, of the ruffian's face, what happened next?' inquired Don Vincente.

Pedro began now to recover his self-possession, and to perceive that he had placed himself in a very unpleasant situation. He possessed natural shrewdness when not overcome by his excessive timidity; and reflecting that at least his person was protected from violence by his very position, he felt reassured, and answered Don Vincente's questions with so much firmness and precision, that the latter evidently appeared less inclined to go very minutely into particulars.—

Pedro's tongue, however, had now got fairly loose, and ran over the subject as briskly as his eye did over the person of Don Vincente. Suddenly his eye was arrested by the hilt of Don Vincente's sword; but going on with the testimony, he said:

"To go back a little with the story: when the robber first fired from the rock, and leaped down upon the path, as I told you, he hit against the rock, and struck something which glittered as it fell from his person, and which I picked up; and it fits here!"

So saying, and sudden as a flash of lightning, he seized Don Vincente's sword, placed a kind of gold button upon the hilt, and thrust it immediately before the face of the alcayde.

The boldness of the deed, the suddenness of the action, and the palpableness of the evidence, perfectly overwhelmed Don Vincente, and threw the alcayde and all the assembly into the utmost consternation and horror.

Donna Julia, dissolved in tears, rushed to her husband's feet, imploring mercy for their benefactor; and all present, on their knees, joined in the petition, for there was not one who had not experienced his kindness and generosity. Each one had some noble deed of the good Don Vincente to recount to the alcayde; some insisted that such a man could not have been guilty of murder; others thought if guilty, he should be pardoned for the good he had done; and all agreed that, whether guilty or innocent, the alcayde, of all men in the world, should be the last to feel any doubt how to act in such an emergency. Thus pressed on all sides, his wife weeping at his feet, and all his friends and neighbors joining in her entreaties, the poor alcayde was sadly perplexed what to do; although his conscience told him he should merge the friend in the judge, and forget his private obligations in his public duty. While thus wavering, and overwhelmed with perplexity and grief, he was relieved in some measure by Don Vincente himself, who, recovering from his confusion, and assuming his usual calm and placid manner, thus addressed the assembly:

"My friends!—for I have some title to call you such notwithstanding the confession I am about to make—I pray you listen calmly to what I have to say, and if you cannot pardon my acts, you can at least appreciate for you have felt, my motives. The impulse of benevolence was natural to my heart, and grew into a passion by indulgence. As long as my fortune lasted I indulged it without reserve; but the very cause that exhausted he one, added fuel to the other. I found myself almost penniless, but with habits of munificence which assumed the character of a morbid passion, without the means of gratification. Madrid, the scene of my triumphs and my enjoyments, became irksome to me; and thinking that perhaps the income of my estate here on the mountains might afford me the means of indulging my passions proportionate to the simple wants of the objects around me, I came here unconscious of the fatal violence of the flame that was consuming my bosom, and unsuspecting that the desire for doing good could become so uncontrollable as to lead directly to the perpetration of evil, and another every principle of conscientiousness in the feeling of benevolence. But such, unfortunately, is human nature; impulses are stronger than principles; and when the former have vanquished the latter, they fall into conflict with one another. It is not until the internal fires of the ear have burst the restraints that nature imposes, and rush forth through the superincumbent crust in volcanoes, that the ferocious conflict of the elements commences; until then, how harmless, and unconscious are we even of their existence, while above them, the calm sunshine sleeps upon green bank, quiet lake, and lovely flower! It was your hand," continued he, turning to the alcayde, "that helped to break through the restraining crust of my heart; not, as you supposed, to let forth sweet waters, but fatal fires to consume and destroy. Your sorrows excited my sympathies to such a pitch, that I could restrain them no longer; and impelled by an unconquerable desire to relieve them, at all hazards, I conceived the project of furnishing Donna Julia with the requisite dowry, and removing her rival at a single stroke. The idea being conceived bore down reflection; and indeed I had no time to reflect. Don Antonio was on his way to claim your hand for his daughter. Strange infatuation!—The thought of promoting your happiness so completely engrossed me, that I was totally insensible to

the misery I was inflicting on others, and the crime on which I was polluting myself. Carried away by this impetuous passion, it was I that murdered Don Antonio, and robbing him of his money, furnished Donna Julia next morning with her dowry. I see you all shrink from me with mingled incredulity, pity, and horror. I could expect but this, so soon as my conduct should be known. All I ask is, that in condemning me you impute my crimes to their true cause."

Don Vincente sunk back in his chair, covering his face with his hands, while his bosom heaved with contending emotions. He remained silent for some moments, while the bystanders gazed in each other's faces in silent amazement.

The alcayde broke the painful silence, by saying that his own feelings, if not the law, put this case beyond his jurisdiction; and Don Vincente, seeing how much he was affected and overcome by his grief, offered of his own accord to surrender himself up to the higher authorities of the kingdom.

The next day Don Vincente was sent with an escort on his way to Madrid, there to receive his trial; but he was not doomed to witness his own disgrace amid the scenes of his former glory; and even the last act of his life was destined to exhibit the ruling passion strong in death. On his way to the city, the horse of his guard became fractious, while passing down a narrow path on the side of a mountain, with a frightful precipice yawning below; and Don Vincente riding up to his assistance, was himself unfortunately plunged with his horse over the fearful chasm, and both were instantly dashed to pieces.

Miscellany.

THE STRATAGEM.

"I really don't know which I love best," said Jane Manvers to her friend Marian Westall, as she returned from a splendid party, where she was the "admirer of all admirers, William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich—both are filled with sentiment of honor, as fit as expressions and conduct go. Both love me. Neither have expressed it in strong terms, but either only wait for necessary encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question. To either my fortune would be an advantage. They may; it is an ungenerous thought, but I cannot entertain it; love my fortune not me. Marian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test."

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which has made a poor unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have full and positive proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my favorite lovers be acquainted with the fact. I therefore propose to state in the papers that my cousin is not dead as was supposed:—to give up for a time my splendid establishment and to retire in comparative poverty. It is said that kings and heiresses rarely hear truth from the flatterers by whom they are surrounded. This will at least test my friends: what think you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it, by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose. Frederick English visits in a short time became more like angels,—that is few and far between; while Wm. Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss Manvers, I have known you long. In the days of your prosperity; surrounded as you were by many lovers who were affluent, I did not dare to disclose to you a passion which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now that you are poor like myself, the difference that had else hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion, is removed. I am not affluent, but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you will accept for your husband one who loves you devotedly, I do not think you will ever

regret the hour that makes you mine. At least, I will try never to give you any cause."

"I believe you dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar, for I am little better—"

"Say not so dearest, I cannot listen to such wrong, even from your lips."

"Your fortunes will not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our marriage take place?"

"Next week if you will."

"At your lodgings here?"

"No at the house of a friend. Call for me, and then we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, accompanied by Frederick English. They were both surprised at the magnificence of Jane's attire; and thought it somewhat out of character with her circumstances, but how much more were they surprised when they stepped into a carriage with Jane and Eliza, they were driven to Jane's former residence, and found her still the mistress and heiress, and learned the plot by which she had tested her lovers.

Girls you who possess money, make it a point of finding out, before the irrevocable knot is tied, whether you are loved for yourself or your fortune.

A SKIM MILKED CHEESE, WITH A VENGEANCE.

The Boston Post says that up at the west end of that city, there is a good-natured, fun-making negro, named "Parsis," who hovers round the grocery stores in that neighborhood rather more than is desirable.—Like many other gentlemen of color, he prides himself upon the thickness of his skull, and he is always up for a bet upon his butting powers; and well he may be, for his head is hard enough for a battering ram. The other day he made a bet in a store that he could butt in the head of a flour barrel, and he succeeded. He then took up a bet to drive it through a very large cheese, which was to be covered with a crash cloth, to keep his wool clear of cheese crumbs. The cheese, thus enveloped, was placed in a proper position, and Parsis, starting off like a locomotive, buried his head up to his ears in the inviting target. Parsis now began to feel himself irresistible, and talked up "purty considerable." A plan, however, was soon contrived to take the conceit out of him. There being some grindstones in the store for sale, one of them was privately taken up, and wrapped up in the same manner as the cheese had been, and looked precisely as if it were a second cheese, and Parsis readily took another bet for ninepence, that he would butt his head thro' it as easy as he sent it through the first. The interest of the spectators in the operation became intense.—Everything was carefully adjusted, and upon the word being given, Parsis darted off like an arrow at the ambushed grindstone—he struck it fair in the centre, and the next instant lay sprawling in the middle of the floor, upon which he recoiled. For some minutes he laid speechless, and then he raised himself slowly upon his knees, and scratching his head, said, with a squirming face—"Dam hard cheese, dat, massa. Dey skim de milk too much alongedder before dey make him; dat's a fac."

AN ANIMAL MAGNETISER OUTWITTED.—The Libéral du Nord states that M. Laurent, a magnetiser, was discomfited at Lille a few weeks since, by the discovery of his system of collusion with the young woman whom he pretended to put to sleep, and who then played a game at cards with her eyes bandaged with a piece of silk. A medical man present proposed that, instead of having her eyes bandaged, he should be allowed to apply his thumbs to the interior corners of her closed eyelids. This M. Laurent would not consent to, and on the audience insisting upon it, he awoke his magnetised female, and deramped with her. The medical man then explained the trick; he desired any person to come forward, and have his eyelids well rubbed with oil; this was done to a young man, and he immediately played the game of cards as well as if nothing was over his eyes—the oil had made the silk transparent!

The valuation of real and personal property in the State of Massachusetts, is \$300,000,000. The valuation of Boston is \$109,000,000.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, June 19, 1841.



MASONIC CELEBRATION.

The Committee, in behalf of the several Masonic bodies of this city, have chartered the steamboat Mount Pleasant, Capt. Brainard, in reference to the proposed celebration on the 24th June, at the city of Hudson.

The boat will leave the dock foot of Lydius street on Thursday morning the 24th, at seven A. M. precisely, and it is particularly desirable that brethren with their ladies, should be on board at that hour.

The price of tickets for going and returning, will be \$1 to each brother, including one or more ladies.

Gentlemen not belonging to the fraternity, who may wish to participate in the excursion, can be supplied with tickets, on application to either of the Committee, at \$1, which will include a gentleman, and one lady.

Suitable refreshments will be provided, on board, excluding all intoxicating drinks. At 2 o'clock, after the public exercises, a collation will be served up on board, for those ladies who may desire it.

A Band of Music will be in attendance.

Those ladies, of the affinity of mother, wife, sister or daughter, to any of the brethren, are requested to provide themselves with a piece of blue ribbon, $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch in width, suitable to tie on the left arm.

Each Brother is particularly requested to procure for himself a suitable regalia. Previous to the landing of the Boat at Hudson, the several Lodges will clothe and arrange themselves in form, in order to be placed under the direction of the Marshal at Hudson.

L. G. HOFFMAN, of Mount Vernon, No. 3.
L. M. TRACY, of Temple, No. 14.
GEO. S. GIBBONS, of Washington, No. 85,

Committee of Arrangements.

ARRANGEMENTS AT HUDSON.

An Address will be delivered by W. Br. JOSEPH P. PIRSSON, of New York, G. S. of the G. Lodge and Representative of the Grand Lodge of the State of Georgia, to the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

The Masonic Brethren from New York will call at the Hudson House.

The Brethren from Albany, at Badgley's Mansion House.

The Brethren from Troy, and all those who may come in company with them down the river, at Hart's City Hotel.

The Brethren from Dutchess, Columbia and Rensselaer counties, also from Massachusetts and Connecticut, at Bartlett's National Hotel.

The Brethren from Green co. will meet at the Lodge Room.

Committees will be in attendance to receive the Brethren as they arrive.

A committee will also be in attendance to conduct visiting Ladies to the Church.

The procession will form at 10 o'clock, under the direction of Br. Col. CHARLES DARLING, as Chief Marshal. Assisted by Br. Wm. CALVIN DEWEY, and six Deputy Marshals.

Lodges, Chapters and Encampments, are requested to appear in their several appropriate bodies, as far as convenient, and will report on their arrival, in what capacity they appear, to the attending Marshal.

Dinner will be furnished for \$1. The Committee of Arrangements deem it inexpedient to furnish any stimulating beverage on the approaching Festival, and advise that no wines or intoxicating liquors be drunk at the public table on that occasion.

Further particulars of the order of procession, will be given on the bills of the 24th inst.

By order of the Committee,

<i>For the Lodge.</i>	<i>For the Chapter.</i>	<i>For the Encamp't.</i>
R. Carique,	S. A. Coffin,	L. U. Lawrence.
C. Darling,	J. S. Heermans,	Cyrus G. Bliss.
H. Miller,	Alex. Ross,	Wm. C. Folger.
E. B. Shaw,	Berk. Town,	Hiram Gage.
H. Calendar,	Joseph White,	S. Shattuck.

TEMPERANCE, vs. INTEMPERANCE.—It cannot but prove a source of much gratification to the friends of the temperance reformation throughout the world, to perceive the growing disposition manifested on the part of the people (and more particularly the working classes,) to discuss, fairly and impartially, the subject of *temperance*, vitally important as it is, and involving as it necessarily does, some of the most paramount interests of the community. This desirable consummation has not been effected by any sudden revolution in public sentiment, but is the result of a thorough investigation of the subject, which, when conducted by intelligent persons, devoid of prejudice, and desirous of arriving at the truth, is most generally, we may say invariably, productive of a firm conviction of the injurious effects of an indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, and the benefits obviously to be derived from an abstinence therefrom.

It is not our present design to deliver a temperance lecture, but simply, to make a few remarks relative to the subject, expressive of our gratification that the matter is at length beginning to receive some portion of that consideration on the part of the public, to which its obvious importance unquestionably entitles it. The whole country appears to have aroused to a consciousness of the melancholy effects of intemperance, and many who were formerly addicted to this debasing habit, have abandoned it entirely, and, by the accounts they have given of the subsequent improvement in their health and fortunes, have incited others to emulate their laudable example. Many, who have become entirely prostrated by a long indulgence in ardent spirits, are beginning to awaken to a sense of their degraded condition, and some have already reformed, and are worthy and respectable citizens. All this is indicative of the onward progress of the principles of temperance, which, when carried out to their fullest extent, are invariably productive of the happiest results.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

Business in New-York—Theatricals—The Weather—Courts—Battery, etc.

Dear Sir,—Since I last corresponded with you, business has been very brisk. Merchants generally have purchased their Spring supplies, and the constant arrival and departure of ships from foreign countries, are bringing in an abundance of commodities of various kinds, and speculation is on tip-toe, its votaries eagerly embracing every opportunity to purchase goods as soon as they are landed.

Nothing of much interest is now transpiring at the Supreme Court of this city, excepting the case of the "Maleck Adel," now undergoing investigation. The vessel is supposed to be a piratical one. Although everything as yet appears enveloped in mystery, from

the evidence adduced, concerning this suspicious vessel, still there is a determination on the part of the court to learn the facts of the case.

The Park Theatre was opened on Monday evening with Fanny Elssler. Long before the appointed hour for the door to open, hundreds were collected, eagerly seeking admittance. Fanny seemed to be quite an attraction, for the house was literally thronged; therefore I presume that the *Elssler mania* has not yet subsided, nor the silly admirers of the "divine danseuse" yet extinct.

The Bowery Theatre is doing a very respectable business. The legitimate drama continues triumphant, as the public are well assured that this is the only place in the city where it can be properly performed. On Tuesday evening, Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet was represented: Mr. Hamblin took the part of the 'philosophic prince,' and the house was crowded; the thunders of applause that greeted the performance as it proceeded, evinced on the part of the audience, a proper estimation of the distinguished abilities, of Mr. Hamblin, as a tragedian.

The 'Olympic,' under the management of that well known and popular Manager, Mitchell, has been closed for a brief season, to enable his efficient corps to take a short theatrical tour to Philadelphia, to fulfil an engagement at the Chestnut street Theatre—after which, he returns directly to New York, to resume operations again at his popular establishment.

The Battery is one of the most fashionable places in the city. Thousands nightly congregate here for the purpose of inhaling the balmy and nutritious breezes of the Hudson. Although, as yet, Castle Garden is not open for the season, still there is every reason to anticipate its opening some time ere the "dog days." Yours, &c., S. C. C.

Messrs. GALES & SEATON, have been elected Printers to the House of Representatives by a vote of 134 to 73—6 scattering.

A Baptist clergyman, by the name of Mr. Davis, is lecturing down-east, in favor of slavery.

HARD TO CATCH!

"Will you pay me my bill, sir?" said a tailor in Chartres street to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a feet.

"Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the wag.

"No sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait." And he walked off.

A day or two afterward the tailor called again.—

"Are you in debt to anybody?" asked the wag.

"Yes sir" replied the tailor.

"Well: why the devil don't you pay?"

"Because I cannot get the money."

"That's just my case, sir! I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition—give us your hand."

GOING THE ENTIRE.—A fellow was recently met in great haste going towards a pill manufactory in one of our northern cities.

"Hallo, Jim which way so fast?"

"The fact is, I have taken two boxes of fashionable pills, directions, boxes, and all, without doing me any good. I'm going to swallow the agent now, to see what effect he will have."

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions.

The old lady's Wheel.—"Ah! Jerry," said a good matron to her son, then an eminent Judge in a neighboring State, "ah, Jerry, you needn't despise the wheel, for I spun many a day to send you to college."

Intelligence.

Further Developments.—The negroes sentenced to be executed on the 9th of July, have made a number of disclosures which will appear in due time. Among the developments was a confession by Madison, of stealing a gentleman's trunk from the National Hotel last fall, containing \$300 in money. The trunk was found at Leath's house. Peter Charleville her husband, was arrested and fully examined, but dismissed for the want of testimony. Leath made tracks either from the consciousness of guilt or from fear of consequences. Ennis, the chief witness against the negroes in the transaction of the night of 17th has left the city. *St. Louis Republican.*

Suicide.—On Thursday evening, a young lady named Wray, in the Northern Liberties, in a fit of insanity, brought on by sickness inflicted upon her neck a wound with a knife, from the effects of which she soon died after.

Mr. Oakey, who recently killed Mr. S. Wright in a duel at New Orleans, is a native of Albany, and a son of Mr. Abraham Oakey, formerly deputy Treasurer of the State.

The Presbytery of Niagara, N. York, have passed a formal resolution, declaring that Byron's works and Bulwer's novels "are books of an infidel and licentious character."

A young Swiss named Burdel was drowned at Spring Garden, Baltimore, on Saturday evening.

Castor oil is manufactured in large quantities in Illinois, and as a material for light, is preferred to sperm oil. A thousand barrels are said to be made annually in Randolph county alone.

Mr. Jotham Webster, was killed at Prospect, Maine on the 9th, by falling from the top of the mast of a vessel.

Thomas Park, Esq. M. P. for the county of Middlesex, has received the appointment from the government, of Surveyor General of the Province of Canada.

The lady of Lieut. Maguire was very dangerously injured at Washington on Thursday evening last, by being kicked in the breast by an unruly horse which her husband was driving.

A Mexican named Hosea Merida, was recently shot in the back near Austin, Texas, and almost instantly killed. The motive of the crime is unknown.

John Shultz, aged 64 years, died at Philadelphia on Sunday, from the effects of falling into the hold of the ship Chester.

A free colored man, named John Beddow, threw himself into the Potomac on Wednesday, and was drowned.

Another wife Murdered.—A man named Hughes murdered his wife on board a canal boat in the little basin at Albany on Sunday morning. They were from Little Falls, and had not lived together for a year. She was a servant on board the boat. He shot her with a pistol through the face. He was secured, and is in Albany jail. He is said to have been incited to the act by jealousy.

In a Fix.—An ex-officer in Philadelphia, named Dugan, a few days since attempted to arrest a man without process, at a house in Tenth street; Mr. Dugan, upon entering a room, was himself locked in and detained prisoner for several hours; in the mean time the person whom he came to arrest, jumped over a fence and went off.

Steam-Boat Explosion.—The Steamer Duncan M' Rae, on her passage from Hamburg to Savannah, on the 8th inst. was blown up by the bursting of her boiler, scalding three men—two of them negroes, fatally—and the captain. She sank in about seven feet of water. The boat is an entire loss.

Fatal Occurrence.—Yesterday while a street sweeper named James Walsh was sweeping at the corner of Cortlandt st. and Broadway, a Cab driven by a man named James F. Johnson, drove against Walsh, knocked him down, and killed him on the spot. A Coroner's inquest was held on the body and a verdict found that "James Walsh came to his death by being run over by a Cab, driven by J. F. Johnson, through carelessness, he being at the time under the influence of liquor." Johnson has been committed to prison.—*Jour. of Com.*

Geo. Eggleston, an Englishman aged 24 years, was accidentally drowned in a mill pond, at Byron, Gen. county, a day or two since.

Steam on the Canal.—We should not be surprised to hear within a week or two that the enterprising Proprietors of the splendid Packets between this city and Buffalo, were propelling their boats from Lockport to the latter place by steam tow boat. There are no bounds to the go ahead facilities of the Yankees.—*Roch. Dem.*

ACQUITTAL.—The Fosters who wounded Harris, Editor of the Nashville Union, some months since have been tried and acquitted.

The body of David Holland, aged 25, a native of Burlington Vt., and late a hand on board the whaling ship Columbia, drifted ashore at Gardiner's Island near Albany, on Saturday. He had been missing about three weeks.

"Murder will out."—A man named Proctor, who committed a murder in Alabama, about ten years since has just been arrested in Missouri.

England has expended nearly \$8,000,000, in quelling insurrections in Canada, during the last three years. Better she gave it to the patriots at once.—*Picayune.*

Married.

At Providence, R. I. 10th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Samuel Foster, to Priscilla Smith both of that city.

At Philadelphia 8th inst., J. Reese Fry, esq., one of the editors of the National Gazette, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of James Nevins, esq.

At Fishkill, 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kipp, Charles W. Swift, of Poughkeepsie, to Catharine E. daughter of John C. Van Wyck, esq.

In Troy, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, Rev. Alfred Pinney, of Anburr, to Miss Olivia M. daughter of Dr. M. Brownell, of the former place.

In Johnsons, 14th inst., by the Rev. Hugh Mair, Samuel Wilkeson, jr. of Buffalo, to Catharine H. youngest daughter of Daniel Cady, of that place.

DIED.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 16th, after a long and lingering illness, AARON THORP, esq. formerly of the firm of Thorp & Sprague.

Of consumption, on the 16th inst. Amy Coggle, daughter of Benj. Coggle.

At Coeymans, 11th inst. David Van Aqwerp, aged 42 years.

In Utica, 3d inst. James C. Green, formerly of Albany, aged 52 years.

On the 20th May, Levi S. Chapman, late of Syracuse, son of Col. Levi Chapman, of this city.

At Clifton Park, May 22, Mrs. Margaret, consort of Mr. David Bame.

On the 20th of May, 1841, at Halifax, Yorkshire, England, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Wm. Cooke, of Cooke's Equestrian Corps, aged 11 years.

She met with a dreadful accident, on the 10th of March previous, in Liverpool; the horse she was riding

being stumbled and dashed her violently against the fence of the ring, fracturing her skull in three places, from the effects of which she lingered in great agony for ten weeks, when Death relieved her of her sufferings.

On the 30th ult. at his residence in the town of Livingston, Gen. SAMUEL TEN BROECK, in the 96th year of his age. He was one of the few surviving Patriots of the Revolution, who, having rendered his country much valuable service in her struggles against oppression from the commencement of that contest to its termination, lived many years afterwards to rejoice in her blessings, and by his counsels aid her legislative halls; and having, during a long life, completed his duties of philanthropy and benevolence, he now sleeps like the good man, admired when living, and in his departure, mourned by those who knew his distinguished virtues. The memory of this venerable citizen will linger long in the recollections of those who have been often entertained at his hospitable board, or relieved by his many untold charities.—*Hudson Gazette.*

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED.

THIS Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 159 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families. Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes' walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12 1/2 cents. *June 19—1y* A. W. STARKS.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

Hudson Lodge No. 7, Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.

S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.

L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.
Hudson, May 4, 1841.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to be buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegant engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen with pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James Street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

ON A GRAVE-YARD.

How oft, at eve, when all was still,
And balmy fragrance fill'd the air,
I've wandered o'er yon grassy hill,
To gaze on nature's landscape fair;
And as I walk'd with ling'ring feet,
O'er sadder scenes my fancy sped,
When I approach'd this last retreat,
Where rest the quiet, slumbering dead.

A holy stillness reigns around—
The breezes play with gentler breath—
With lighter footsteps o'er each mound
I tread—for 'tis th' abode of death!
And over all, in saddest gloom,
The emblematic cypress waves,
Both where doth stand the sculptur'd tomb,
And where are humbler, lowlier graves!

Beneath this slab, of purest white,
Lies one, whose fair and lovely form,
That once with beauty beam'd so bright,
Now feeds the foul and cankering worm;
In early youth's bright, laughing hour,
Remorseless death came quickly by—
So sinks the sweet and fragrant flower,
That blooms awhile to fade and die.

Alas! how sad to gaze on all
That once rejoiced in beauty's bloom,
When death throws o'er his sable pall,
And brings the darkness of the tomb!
How soon earth's glories pass away—
How brief our hours of pleasure seem;
How soon our brightest hopes decay,
And vanish, like some fleeting dream!

T. C. C.

For the American Masonic Register.

ADIEU TO THE NORTH.

Adieu to the scenes of my childhood!—Adieu,
Ye bright rippling waters and mountains of blue;
Yon dark waving woodland no more shall I see,
Where in boyhood I wandered so joyous and free.

Away in the land of the stranger I roam,
Afar from my kindred and once happy home;
Yet in fancy I'll visit my own native shore,
And sigh for the land I shall visit no more.

Though the vales of the South may be sunny and green,
And a pure azure sky deck the picturesque scene,
Yet warm from my bosom the sigh will break forth,
When I think of my own native hills of the North!

How often transported by fancy's bright wing,
I shall seem to recline by the cool crystal spring,
And watch its bright waters the white pebbles lave,
While o'er it the elm-branches gracefully wave!

But, when o'er the billows the sunbeams retire,
Proudly capping the surges with summits of fire,
I may roam like a wreck that the wave has cast forth,
Afar from my own native hills of the North!

Duanesburgh, April, 1841.

W. K. C.

SHE WAS NEVER HEARD OF MORE.

LINES ON THE LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the less'ning land;
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er—
But from the hour of parting pain,
That ship was never heard of more!

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair,
To her was wasted in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer.

And oh! the thousand hopes untold,
Of ardent youth, the vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more.

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the burning wrath
Of racking winds and rolling sea?
Or where the land but mocks the eye
When drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more.

The moon has three times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan,
'Midst skies of calm and clouds of storm,
Since from her port that ship has gone:
But Neptune keeps his secrets well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
How sank that wreck for evermore!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TO THY ANCESTRAL OAKS.

BY THOMAS H. LANE.

I love those noble oaks which proudly stand,
And with stern hardihood e'en time defy,
Their firm roots strengthened by th' Almighty's hand,
Their sinewy arms outstretch toward the sky,
Or with the whirlwinds dance in mockery.

There's grandeur in their dense and tow'ring forms,
And music, too, wild as from petrel throats,
When sweeps the north wind harbinging of storms—
But as the breeze of twilight gently floats,
It murmurs thro' their boughs, soft as Æolian notes.

They are the green earth's bulwarks, and do fling
Back to the sultry skies th' imperious rays,
That else would sear each young and fragile thing
That 'neath their shade in sweet luxuriance plays,
Unknowing of the heat that's in the day-god's gaze.

They seem the giant guardians of thy home,
Which once I sought as my young feelings' shrine,
Tho' now, alas, I may not hope to come
To mingle with thy breathings sighs of mine,
Or to my soul's wild beating press that heart of thine.

YOUTH AND SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Summer's full of golden things!
Youth it weareth angels' wings!
Youth and love go forth together,
In the green-leaved summer weather,
Filled with gladness!

Summer, rich in joy it is,
Like a poet's dream of bliss;
Like unto some heavenly clime,
For the earth in summer time
Doth not wear the shade of sadness!

Radiant youth, thou art ever new—
Thine's the light, the rose's hue;
Flowers' perfume, and winds that stir,
Like a stringed dulcimer,
All the forest!

Joyous youth, thou art fresh and fair,
Wild as wildest bird of air;
Thou, amidst thy ringing laughter,
Look'st not forward, look'st not after,
Knowing well that joy is surest.

Brighter than the brightest flowers,
Dancing down the golden hours;
Thus it is in every land,
Youth and love go hand in hand,
Linked for ever!

Youth, thou never dost decay!
Summer, thou dost not grow gray!
We may sleep with death and time,
But sweet youth and summer's prime
From the green earth shall not sever!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesdays
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah, Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday..

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.



FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1.—The pub-

lic are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.
For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock.

mr. 12

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Dedicated to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 45]

MASONIC.

At a meeting of Temple Encampment held the 9th of April, 1841; the following Sir Knights were elected Officers for one year.

Sir G. B. Glendinning Grand Commander. J. McKown, G. J. M. Garfield, C. G. W. F. Walker, P. J. O. Cole, S. W. H. Arnold, J. W. Wm. Voorheas, Treas. J. J. Goeway, R. J. P. Mitchell, W. A. Wilson, W. B. R. Pan, S. B. A. Sickles, Sentinel.

For the American Masonic Register.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, JUNE 2D, A. L. 5841.

The Grand Annual Communication of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, of the State of New-York, was held at the Grand Lodge Room, in the city of New-York, on Wednesday Evening the 2d of June, A. L. 5841, and opened in due form, and with solemn prayer.

Present, the Grand Officers, Representatives of the Grand Lodges of Ireland, District of Columbia, and New-Jersey, and the Representatives and Past Masters of 40 Lodges.

The minutes of the Grand Lodge at the Quarterly meeting on the 3d of March, 5841, were read and approved.

The minutes of the Grand Stewards Lodge, held on the 26th of May, were read and confirmed.

The D. G. Master announced the recent decease of our worthy Brother H. H. Brown, one of the Grand Stewards of this Grand Lodge; whereupon it was

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to address a letter of condolence to the Widow, and that the Grand Lodge be put in mourning during the present session.

The Grand Secretary then read his Annual Report, which was accepted, and from which we extract;

That at the time of the last Annual Communication there were some debts standing against the G. Lodge, which originated at a period when the invested funds were unproductive, by the non-payment of Bank Dividends, and when the pressure on the Charity committee was unusually heavy. This debt on the first of June last, was estimated at about \$600, and would have been entirely extinguished in the course of the year, but for the failure of three dividends from the Greenwich Bank; notwithstanding which, the outstanding debt at the present time, is comparatively small, and will probably be met by the G. Treasurer in the course of the present quarter.

The receipts from all sources from the 27th of May, 1840, to the 26th of May, 1841, amounted to \$1839 77.

For Returns and Dues,	\$1132 15
" Dividends,	473 37
" Dispensations,	90 00
" Certificates,	80 00
" Warrant to Mixville Lodge,	32 00
" Dispensation to Wash'n Lodge, Alb.	32 00
" Constitutions,	25

Paid to the Right W. Grand Treasurer, \$1839 77

The warrants of the following Lodges have been revived since the last Annual Communication, and will require their proper numbers:

Western Light Lodge, in Broome Co.	June 1840.
Cameron "	Steuben " Aug. 1840.
Montgomery "	Saratoga " Oct. 1840.
Hamilton "	Mont. " Oct. 1840.
Alexandria "	Jefferson "

A Warrant was issued on the 5th of June last, for a Lodge at Mixville, in the county of Allegheny, by the

title of Mixville Lodge, of which Hiram Couch was appointed the first Master, Elijah Patridge S. W. and Philip Dill J. W. The Lodge was constituted with ten members, on the 7th of October.

On the 6th of February last, a Dispensation was issued for a lodge to be held at Albany, under the title of Washington Lodge, of which W. George S. Gibbons was appointed Master, John Owens S. W. and Thomas Stewart J. W. This lodge was organized with 15 members, on the 15th February. The Dispensation has been returned with their records and by-laws, and the brethren ask for a Warrant.

On the 2d of April, a Warrant was issued to Julius Edwards Loth, as Master, Augustus F. Boden S. W. Frederick Wallis J. W. and five other Master Masons to hold a Lodge in the city of New-York, under the title of Pythagoras Lodge. The business of this Lodge is to be conducted in the German Language, but a copy of the minutes is to be kept in the English also. This Lodge has not yet been constituted.

In meeting the Grand Lodge at this annual communication, with a report of an increased and increasing revenue, an increase of eight lodges in the course of the year, and but few delinquents, I trust that my brethren will rejoice with me in the signal triumph which our Institution has achieved over all its external foes. Local difficulties do indeed still embarrass and retard particular Lodges, but taken a broad view of the Order in this State, we have abundant cause to congratulate each other, and to thank God for our preservation, protection, and prosperity.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence appointed at the last annual communication, have prepared a full report on our relations with the various branches of the Fraternity in correspondence with us, but one subject I beg leave to lay before the G. Lodge as it did not come before that committee in the correspondence of the year.

On the 2d Tuesday, of September next, two very important Masonic bodies have appointed to meet in this city, they are the General Grand Encampment and the General Grand Chapter of the United States. These bodies meet triennially in the principal cities of the Union. It has been the custom of the Fraternity in other cities to entertain the distinguished Masons who compose those bodies, as guests; and in accordance with that custom which has always been attended with happy effects, it is the desire of a large portion of our brethren that the Grand Lodge should appoint a committee to unite with one already appointed by the Grand Chapter of this State, in giving a fraternal and hospitable reception to the Visiting Brethren on that occasion.

It was announced that the W. Joseph P. Pirsson, who had been appointed Representative of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, was waiting for reception, whereupon, the Grand Secretary introduced the W. Brother Pirsson, of the Grand Lodge of Georgia. His commission from the Grand Master of Georgia, was read. The Rt. W. William Willis, Deputy Grand Master, then received and welcomed the Representative of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, in the following address:

Worshipful Brother Pirsson,—

The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Georgia has ever been one of the firmest and most faithful friends of this Grand Lodge. In the government of the Craft within its jurisdiction, its course has been marked under various and sometimes trying circumstances, by firmness, prudence, wisdom and dignity, which has secured our respect and reverence. With this high regard for the Most Worshipful Body whose Representative you have been appointed, "near the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New-York," it affords me very great satisfaction to recognize you,

and to receive and welcome you in your official capacity. Your zeal for the Masonic Institution, and all your talent and industry will have a new, and wide, and an honorable field for their exercise. As a Mason you could enjoy but few higher honors than is conferred upon you by this commission, which constitutes you, "Representative of the interests, rights, and dignity of the Grand Lodge of Georgia," and by which you "are charged and required to hold official and social Masonic intercourse" with us, in relation to matters pertaining to the benefit of the Craft, and the extension and diffusion of the benign principles of our glorious order, and to report to the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Georgia." The alliance between these Independent Masonic Governments, is now strengthened, and it in a great measure rests with you so to carry out the design of your constituents, that the importance and utility of the Representative system may be made manifest beyond question. While therefore this Grand Lodge is exerting its energies for the diffusion of Light and Truth, for the maintenance of order, and the conservation of the ancient Landmarks, I trust that you, Worshipful Brother, will prove a faithful guardian of the rights and interests entrusted to your care.

Worshipful Brother, you will please communicate to the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Georgia, the assurances of our high respect and esteem, and please accept for yourself the congratulations, and best wishes of the Fraternity, for your future welfare and happiness.

To which the Representative of the Grand Lodge of Georgia replied as follows:

Right Worshipful Sir,—

The Grand Lodge of Georgia, impressed with a sense of the importance of a perfect concert of action among the whole Fraternity, have very readily adopted the Representative system which emanated from this body, and which if carried out, will afford to every Masonic community throughout the world, facilities of information which they have never heretofore possessed. The Grand Secretaries of the different bodies their official organs, could not possibly enter into a minute correspondence with so extended a Fraternity as ours, and hence beyond the ordinary business transactions, of each body, the Brethren have been totally ignorant of the local affairs of each other.

Every Government in Christendom has its Representative, who maintains its rights and dignity abroad. At the time of our recent troubles when a large body of masons rebelled, and brought upon themselves the ban of excommunication, had this system prevailed, it is not all likely that in a neighboring State, an individual Lodge would have had the hardihood to take part with those refractory brethren, and admit them into Masonic communion; neither would two Past Grand Masters of that State have enacted the farce of erecting a Grand Lodge out of such fallen spirits—Well meaning Brethren from utter ignorance of the true position of our local matters, are at this moment associating with expelled masons, who, under the mantle of a charter surreptitiously obtained, are received as good men and true, for want of a proper understanding of the case. The high minded and chivalric State, whose Grand Lodge I have the honor to represent, is keenly alive to the honor and dignity of the craft, and having the most perfect confidence in the integrity and honor of this Grand body, will never raise the question, "why such and such things have been done," or to assume the right to sit in judgment on its acts, but content itself with a knowledge of the fact that it is done, to concur in its justice.

It affords me great pleasure to be the chosen instrument of communication between the two Grand bodies, and I trust that I shall not be wanting in diligence and fidelity, whatever I may lack in talents, in the performance of the high and honorable functions assigned me, and as a member and officer also of this Grand body, my duties and responsibilities are so in-

terwoven as to insure, and I trust perpetuate the most friendly relations between the two governments.

As our Institution has no geographical limits, and knows neither sect, country or tongue, but embraces every creed and nation, and language; how beautifully would its sublime principles be carried out by a universal system of Representation, recognizing each Grand Body as a Masonic Government, (as it in reality is,) and each those Governments having an ambassador at the other. By this means a uniformity of work would be established, and the grand landmarks of our order would not be invaded as they too often are for the want of this Masonic intercourse, which embraces travelling Brethren, and sometimes bars the door of the Temple to their entrance. It would also be a certain shield against imposture, to which we are now perpetually exposed; for how many of the negligent and unfaithful of the Craft partake of our bounties and honors who would be noted and known, if the community they hailed from was represented in the ones whose hospitalities they sought.

This correspondence between the immediate Representative of the respective governments residents at each, would identify every refugee from the pale of Masonic justice, and hand him over to the jurisdiction he fled to, as an outlaw from our order.—The wandering mendicants who prey upon our vitals, shewing diplomas from the most respectable communities, and claiming passports to others, with alms to bear them from place to place, would be detected in their frauds, while the deserving would be more gratefully received and more usually benefited.

This system I understand has long prevailed in many of the Governments of Europe, and two of them have interchanged representatives with us; and I doubt not, that when the proceedings of this communication shall be transmitted to the others, they will do the same. With the banners of our respective governments floating over our heads when in grand convocation, and in full paraphernalia of our stations, an imposing spectacle will be exhibited, which will silently work its way to the heart, and banish that bickering and contentions spirit which is sometimes too freely indulged in, by those who allow the head to usurp the place of the heart. It will tell the Craft, that we are a body of men dispersed over the universe, whose bond of union is that mystic tie,

"Which none but craftsmen ever knew."

and that among Masons no contention or emulation should ever exist, but that noble contention and emulation of "who can best work, and best agree."

Being "charged and required to hold official intercourse with the worthy brethren of this Grand Lodge in relation to matters pertaining to the benefit of the Craft, and the extension and diffusion of the beaigen principles of our glorious Order, and to report thereon to the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Georgia," and "to represent the interests, rights, and dignity of said Grand Lodge of Georgia, near this Right W. Grand Lodge," and so to represent them "in the several communications of this Grand Lodge." I shall never absent myself from any of your communications, unless compelled to do so by sickness or some other unavoidable emergency, and while paying the homage due to your august body, shall claim the same for mine.

Bound as I am to respect the constitution and ordinances of this G. Lodge, and its officers supreme and subordinate, (among the latter of whom I myself rank,) I have an additional obligation imposed upon me, which points to duties of a delicate character, and requires the exercise of unceasing vigilance, self-scrutiny, and a courteous and bland demeanor. It adds to my weight of character, and calls on me so to conduct myself, that the honor, glory, and reputation of my constituents may remain unscathed in the person of their Representative, and the Craft at large convinced of the good effects of this system.

I shall not be slow in communicating to my government, "the assurances of high respect and esteem" you have expressed for it and also the courteous and dignified reception you have given to its Representative. Permit me Rt. Worshipful Sir, in the name of Georgia, to tender you the right hand of Fellowship, and to invoke for yourself individually, and for the august body of which you are the chief, the choicest gifts of Heaven, and a long career of prosperity and peace."

The committee on Foreign Correspondence, appointed at the last annual communication, made their Report, from which we extract.

They state, that from the extensive view which they have thus been enabled to take of the state of the Masonic Institution, in the past year, they may congratulate the Fraternity on its advancement in peace and prosperity. Although in some sections of the United States, there appears to be less zeal and activity than heretofore they have known to exist in the same quarters; yet there is a steady, firm and dignified maintenance of principles, discipline, and harmonious action every where apparent.

In the Western, and South Western States, and Texas, the order is rapidly increasing, and from the decision and energy of the Grand Lodges, and the vigilance and indefatigable attention and talent manifested by the Grand Officers in those sections of our continent, we have reason to believe the Order will not be permitted to lose character by the increase of numbers.

It will be remembered, that last year a proposition was received from the G. Lodge of Alabama, for the appointment of a delegate by this Grand Lodge, to attend a convention at Washington, in March next for the purpose of determining on a uniform mode of work throughout the U. States, and to make other lawful regulations, for the interest and security of the Craft.

We observe that some of the Grand Lodges have acted on the proposition, but that others have not done so.

The Grand Lodges of Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, have resolved to appoint Delegates. The Grand Lodge of Ohio, has laid the subject over till October; and the Grand Lodges of Kentucky and Tennessee have declined; the Grand Secretary of Alabama, in a letter of 24th of March last, writes, that he has no doubt a majority of the Grand Lodge will assent.

The Grand Lodge of Texas, has removed its seat from Houston to the city of Austin, and has fifteen Lodges within its jurisdiction.

In relation to the propriety of recognizing Masons initiated in Lodges practising the French and Scottish rites, a subject reported by a Committee of this Grand Lodge, in 1838; to be of the highest importance to the whole Masonic Fraternity, and which was submitted to the Grand Lodges of this Union, for their consideration, we regret to state that few of the G. Lodges have as yet informed of their views.

In addition to what has heretofore been reported, we find the following in a letter from the late D. G. M. of Massachusetts.

"With regard to the proposition made by you some time since, that relating to the fellowship with brethren of the Scottish rite, was acted upon by this Grand Lodge, and a copy of the report was, I think directed to be transmitted to the Grand Lodge of N. Y. Its tenor as far as I now recollect was this, 'that the G. Lodge of Massachusetts always recognized the authority of Foreign Grand Lodges in regular standing, and had made no distinction on account of any peculiarity in their rites.'"

The Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, writes, "There is hardly any difference between the York, Scotch and French rites in the three first Degrees, and this was one of the reasons for which the Scotch and French Lodges in New Orleans, put themselves under the jurisdiction of our Grand Lodge, who alone has the power of constituting Lodges of those rites in Louisiana."

The Grand Lodge of Kentucky expresses itself in favor of the communion.

A letter from the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, which we shall presently give at length, alludes to the same subject liberally. Thus it appears the question has presented itself simultaneously in both Hemispheres. The Committee cannot but indulge the hope that so important a question, will meet with the attention it deserves.

The G. Lodge of Missouri, expresses its decided disapprobation and censure of the "practice of performing any work whatever, (except what directly relates to the conferring the Degrees of Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft,) in any other than a Lodge of Master-Masons."

The Grand Lodge of Mississippi and Tennessee, coincide in that opinion. The practice thus complained of, has very recently been introduced in this State, but your Committee have long disapproved of it, and recommend its discontinuance.

Your Committee observe that it is a general rule in nearly all the Grand Lodges in correspondence with us, to examine the By-Laws of Lodges, and to approve the same before their adoption. This is a wholesome practice, and we recommend that measures be taken to collect copies of the by-laws of all the lodges in this State, for examination by a special committee, on or before the next annual communication, and that hereafter all new Lodges be required to submit their by-laws to the Grand Lodge for approval before they are made obligatory on their members.

We observed with great pleasure that many of the G. Lodges at their last annual meetings, were presented with reports from their Grand Masters, or G. Secretaries, showing the state of the Institution within the jurisdiction during the year. The G. Lodge of Ohio, has made this duty obligatory hereafter on their Grand Master; and the Grand Lodges of Indiana requested their Grand Master to address a circular letter to the subordinate Lodges, on the subject of Masonry in general, and urging on them, First, a more rigid scrutiny into the character of applicants for the privileges of Masonry; Second, a more strict conformity to the Constitution and by-laws of the G. Lodge and subordinate Lodges; Third, more particular and supervisory control over the moral character and conduct of their members; and the Grand Lodge of Mississippi appropriated one Thousand Dollars a year for a Grand Lecturer.

From the effects which are already apparent in those States where the Fraternity, and especially the Grand Officers are most alive in their duties, it is evident that there the Institution flourishes with most vigor and beauty. Your Committee adopt the following language from the report of a Committee of the G. Lodge of Mississippi, and hope it will be confirmed by this G. Lodge, viz.

"Your Committee further represent, that, as many of the subordinate Lodges are in the practice of initiating two or more candidates in the first degree of Masonry, at one and the same time, which in the opinion of your Committee, is contrary to all ancient usage, they therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge requires, and strictly enjoins upon the subordinate Lodges, within its jurisdiction, from and after the passage of this resolution, that they do not under any pretext whatever, be the emergency of the case ever so great, confer the First Degree on more than one candidate (in the working part,) at a time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

PRESERVING MEAT.

A French gentleman in Paris, who some time ago made known his discovery of a plan of preserving dead bodies from putrefaction by injecting chemical solutions into the veins, and thence through the whole mass, lately read a paper to the Academy of Sciences on preserving meat by similar processes. It is thus alluded to in the Literary Gazette of April 3:—"He remarked that, under the name of gelatine, three distinct substances were commonly confounded—geline, gelee (jelly), and gelatine properly so termed. The second of these substances was deduced from the first by means of water and heat; and the third, better known as glue, from the first by air and heat. He had found that the only two substances in animal bodies liable to putrefaction were the geline and the albumine; and it was to prevent the action of the putrefying process on these substances, that his experiments had been directed. The common method of salting meat was not only slow and expensive, but did not always effect its object, and much altered the nutritive powers of the meat. The method of preserving meat by exhausting the air from it, and keeping it in hermetically closed vessels, was good in theory, but by no means easy of practice. He had discovered that the injection of an aluminous solution caused the

preservation of the animal substance without altering its nutritive qualities. Neither the sulphate of aluminae nor the acetate admitted of ready application, independently of their communicating an unpleasant taste, and he had therefore adopted the chlorine of alumine in a very pure state, such as at 10 degrees of Baumé's areometer. With two pounds of this chemical salt, and six quarts of distilled water, a liquid fit for all purposes of this kind would be obtained, and it required only three pounds' weight of this liquid to inject a whole ox. The method was this: The carotid artery and jugular vein were opened simultaneously, so as to allow as much blood as possible to escape; a syphon was then introduced, downwards, into the carotid artery; the jugular vein was closed by a ligature, and the injection was made. When the animal was perceived to be sufficiently injected, the syphon was withdrawn, and the artery tied up; after twenty minutes the body might be skinned and cut up according to the usual methods, only the bones and the fat might be left along with the flesh, being equally preserved from decomposition by the injection. The only part of the animal spoiled by the injection was the lungs.—The flesh might then be hung up in the open air, if flies were carefully prevented from depositing their eggs in it, and the meat would keep in this way a long time perfectly fresh and good. If the meat were to be kept for a very long period, it would be necessary to wash it with a solution of chlorure of sodium at 10 degrees, and chlorure of alumine; and the meat should then be hung up in a current of hot air in a chimney-corner. When dried, the meat, thus prepared should be put in casks hermetically closed. Such meat, before being cooked, should be soaked in water for twenty-four hours. If, however, the meat was to be kept fresh (not dried,) it should be piled up in casks, and a saturated solution of chlorure of sodium, or of common salt, should be poured over it to prevent it from getting mouldy. All such meat should be boiled only half the time that newly killed meat required. He had fed some dogs for three months on meat so prepared, and had found it perfectly nutritious. Many improvements and modifications would he had no doubt, be introduced into his method when it came to be applied on a large scale, but he was sanguine as to its general results; and he produced specimens of meat preserved fresh in this manner for two or three years. A commission was named to report on this process."

Miscellany.

A PUBLISHER'S PRIZE.

In a late edition of Fielding's Novels, we find the following passage respecting the author's sale of Tom Jones to the original publisher:

"Fielding having finished the manuscript of Tom Jones, and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch, at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety both to know at how high a rate his labors were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends to whom he had shown his manuscript, that it should at least produce twice that sum. But alas! when the book seller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes, seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and distressing intimation.

"And will you give me no means of hopes?" said he in a tone of despair.

"Very faint ones, indeed sir," replied the bookseller; "for I have scarcely any that the book will move."

"Well, sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it; and, little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it."

"Well, sir," returned our bookseller, again shrug-

ging up his shoulders. "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it. The book will not move; it is not for the public; nor do I think that any inducement can make me offer you more than twenty five pounds for it."

"And that you will give for it?" said Fielding, quickly.

"Really, I must think again, and will endeavor to make up my mind by to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Fielding. "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the twenty-five pounds; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money, and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript."

"I will see what I can do," replied the bookseller.

Our author, returning homeward from this unpromising visit he met his friend Thomson, the poet, and told him how the negotiation for the manuscript he had formerly shown him stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his headstrong bargain, conjured him, if he could do it honorably, to cancel it, and promised him, in that event, to find him a purchaser whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment next morning, with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the manuscript very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went in company with him to Mr. Andrew Miller, a popular bookseller of that day. Mr. Miller was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him, and some days after, she, having perused it, bade him by no means let it slip through his fingers. Miller, accordingly, invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson at last suggested, "It would be as well if they proceed to business." Fielding still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Miller what he had concluded upon giving for his work. "I am a man," said Miller, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than two hundred pounds for it." "What!" exclaimed Fielding; "two hundred pounds!" "Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Miller; "indeed, I am sensible of your talent, but my mind is made up." "Two hundred pounds!" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment; "two hundred pounds, did you say?" "Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit, but my mind is made up, and I cannot give more." Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, "to ask you—whether—you—are—serious!" "Never more so," replied Miller, in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel." "Then my good sir," said Fielding recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of good fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Miller died he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by Tom Jones, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds; and he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

The publication of such a statement as this, admitting it to be true, which we greatly doubt, is in some measure calculated to raise an impression, that authors who sell manuscripts are an unfortunate and ill-used class of mortals, while the publishers are the only and real gainers. To obviate the chance of any such impression, it should be explained that this case of Tom Jones was a mere happy hit on the part of Mr. Miller; and for every such successful speculation, we will venture to say that he did not realize a penny.—

The business of publishing is exceedingly precarious, and few are lucky enough to make money by it. We could mention the names of dozens of works for which authors were paid, that proved a dead loss to those who speculated upon them. These are the blanks, however, of which nothing is heard; society only hears of the prizes.

THE CROPS.—The Baltimore American says that two gentlemen of long experience in grain growing, and who have just returned from making the tour of the western counties of Virginia, and of Frederick and Washington counties in Maryland, represent the present prospects for a full yield of wheat, as very cheering. The same paper also states that a much larger quantity of wheat was sown last fall than usual, the farmers having to a considerable extent substituted it for rye.

A Skaneateles paper says, "the weather is fine, and the crops full of promise."

The Portsmouth N. H. Gazette says the crops of corn, grain and grass, never looked better.

The Harrisburg Pa. Reporter says—the wheat and rye crops are comparatively light: hay, corn, oats and potatoes, promise an abundant yield.

The Buffalo and Rochester papers refer to copious showers in that section of the state, and express hopes of a tolerably plentiful harvest.—Argus

A splendid wedding "came off" at Montreal a few days since. The happy couple were a Mr. Desbarats and a Miss Selby. The ceremonies were conducted in the Roman Catholic form, and are said to have been witnessed by not less than five thousand persons.—The bride was attended by twelve *filles d'honneur*, and the bridesmaid by an equal number of *garçons d'honneur*. The beautiful and accomplished bride was attired in a magnificent dress of white flowered satin.—Her *filles d'honneur* were also dressed in white, with a wreath of a white roses around their heads, and ample lace veils reaching to their heels.

The Ghost at Lockport turns out to be the landlord of the Half-way House. The groans, instead of coming from the bed of the creek, came from the bottom of his lungs. The trick was played off by him upon the credulity of persons for his own benefit.

Death from Fright.—Mr. Immerdoffer the druggist in Race-st. cor. of Sterling Alley, Philadelphia, who, from fright, caused by the thunder storm on Tuesday afternoon, was seized with a fit of nervous apoplexy, died at 12 o'clock the same night. He was a kind, humane and charitable man, and was much respected by his friends and neighbors.

Danger of Deception.—Samuel McMillan, of Lancaster, Pa. a young man about fifteen years old, was drowned on the 21st ult., while bathing. It is said that he was in the habit of pretending to be on the point of drowning, while swimming, and afterwards laughing at those who came to his assistance. Several persons were on the bank, and witnessed his death struggles, but supposed they were feigned, and used no effort to rescue him. The wite saying that "a liar will not be believed though he speak the truth," seems to have been fully verified in this instance.

Who can beat this?—Mr. Charles Burchard, has a cow of the common breed which will average for weeks in succession, 64 pounds of milk per day, without extra feeding or any other advantages above a good pasture. She has produced 67 pounds a day.—Who can beat this? We pause for a reply.—*Hamilton Palladium*.

A meeting of members of the Church of England was held in London, on the 7th April, for the purpose of establishing and perpetuating a fund for the promotion of religion in the British Colonies when the subscriptions exceeded thirty thousand pounds sterling. Among the subscribers are the Queen Dowager £2000, the Archbishop of Canterbury £1000, Bishop of London £1000, Archbishop of Armagh £500, and many others ranging from the latter sum to £10. One mercantile house in Liverpool, Messrs. John Gladstone & Sons, subscribed £1000.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal

THE WARNING.

During the early part of summer, a mortal fever had been raging in the populous village of Overburn, from which the scene of our little story was not distant more than a mile. Of those who were attacked, some had recovered, but by far the greater part had died; and, as is common enough in all cases of the kind, a degree of alarm and consternation prevailed for several miles round. Among those in the town, as it was called, who had gone to their long homes—their last silent resting-place in the churchyard—many were connected one way or other in the country; and thus minute and detailed accounts of almost every death were circulated among the families of cottagers, farm-servants, and rural labourers, to a considerable distance. The fever, and those victims who day after day fell before it, formed the prevailing topics of conversation, till people had talked themselves into a degree of imaginary terror, and worked their minds into that state of excitement which made them willing to listen to the most incredible and marvellous accounts, while they were, at the same time, willing to trace to the most extraordinary origin the very simplest occurrences.

History as well as observation has established the fact, that there is in the mind of man, when left untutored, or even in a partially enlightened state, a strong predisposition to believe in supernatural agency; and, in the present instance, this principle soon began to manifest itself. The excited imaginations of the poor people whose relatives were bidding adieu to this world converted every noise which they heard—even a bat flapping its wing against the window, or the night wind sighing among the chimney-tops—into a warning of the solemn event about to take place, communicated by some invisible power. Their minds brooded over these mysterious indications of death, which in most instances were fatally verified. They became the subject of conversation in the sick-room, depressing the spirits of the patient, and thus hurrying him on to his doom, if they did not of themselves produce the very event of which they were believed to be only portents; they formed the theme of superstitious wonder and melancholy speculation among the friends of the deceased, after death had apparently sealed their truth; and from thence they travelled to their acquaintances in the country, with all their details exaggerated and exhibited through a magnifying and not unfrequently a false medium.

It was the very pride of the year, being the month of July, and hay-making had commenced. Scarce a breath of wind was felt—the sun shone with unclouded splendour—the blooming clover, from which the bee was busy extracting its “nectar store,” sent forth the richest perfume, and the calm and sultry air seemed alive with the song of birds and the ceaseless hum of insects. As already said, the hay-makers had gone forth to their task in the field—the men with off-repeated sweep of the keen-edged scythe to sever the crop from the ground, and a troop of sun-burnt girls, and other individuals of the softer sex, to tie it up in sheaves and prepare it for being carried to the farm.—Such a season and such a combination of the sexes, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and the severity of the labour which calls them abroad, has been characterised by mirth and rural enjoyment from time immemorial. Ancient poets have sung of hay-making; the benevolent heart still warms over their descriptions of rustic happiness during this joyous season; and, sooth to say, there is not wanting realities which will correspond to their glowing pictures. But, on the present occasion, there was an air of sadness mingled with the mirth of the hay-makers at Minnow-brigs: their laughter was more fitful and less loud than it used to be: the jests were of a subdued order; and altogether a feeling of apprehension—a something ominous—seemed to sit heavy on the hearts of both lad and lass, as often as silence gave them time for reflection. Instances of the fever having penetrated from the town into the country, had of late become more common; and John Jarvie and his wife, both of whom should have been among the band, now lay dangerously ill of that fearful disorder.

On the day in question, the mowers were reduced to two, the others having been called off to do something else about the farm; and these in returning from their breakfast, with the bottles of small beer, which were to serve for their forenoon's refreshment in their hands, called at the cottage to inquire for their sick fellow-labourers. Fortunately, upon this occasion the accounts were cheering. The medical attendant, who had just left the house, had pronounced the disease past its height, and said that he now confidently expected a favorable issue. As a confirmation of this opinion, at the time when the mowers called, both patients were enjoying a peaceful slumber, from which the doctor had forbidden them to be awakened. Gladdened by the happy change, the workmen took their way around by the end of the house to the field in which they were to be employed, and, after a short consultation, exactly opposite to a back window, they commenced the labors of the forenoon.

Towards eleven o'clock, both patients awoke, apparently much refreshed by the sleep which they had enjoyed, and, as it seemed in a fair way of recovery. But by this time a number of neighbors and gossips, from the surrounding cottages, had assembled in the house, some overjoyed at the prospect of their restoration to health, and others, strange as it may seem, secretly but not the less certainly discontented at the event not having answered exactly to their previous predictions—thus leaving room for cavillers to question the truth of their pretensions to a knowledge of futurity.

“I aye thought they might recover as lang as the warning wasna gien,” said Margaret Toshick, an old woman who belonged to the last-mentioned class of visitors; “and we have a great reason to be thankful for their betterness. But for a’ that, and though the doctor has said that they are sure to recover, folk should never be owre certain; for the doctor sees as short gait afore him as his neighbors, and the fever may soon relap, and the warning may be sent, and them that rejoice may soon have cause to mourn.”

While the last word was yet on her lips, a short, sharp sound was heard, which, to the terrified group, appeared to come from under the bed, and which, in their estimation, resembled the report of a pistol.—The loudest peal of thunder that ever was heard by mortal ears, would have failed to produce half the effect upon their imaginations which was produced by that momentary noise. All stood silent for a few seconds, while their trembling limbs, quivering lips, and suppressed breathing, gave unquestionable proof of that indescribable state of feeling for which *fear* is not a proper name—that mixture of awe, terror, and mystery, which does not find a ready utterance in words.

“What’s that?” at last whispered one of the company, in a voice so low, and so choked with apprehension, as to be scarcely audible.

“Ay, ye may well speer what’s that?” rejoined Margaret Toshick, who, notwithstanding the state of her own feelings, seemed to have been waiting for some such question. “That’s the warning,” she continued; “nae doubt about it ava noo! and either the aye or theither—John or Jennet—maun e’en awa’ to the lanesome kirkyard, as I said there was owre muckle reason to fear they would do when they took the disorder. The doctor may say what he likes about bein’ *colescent*, but, when it comes to as guid, we maun a’ say, ‘The Lord’s will be done; and what is foreordained to be, will be in spite o’ a’ his palavers, and his learned faces, and his drugs, and his doctory. Peggy there, puir thing, did a’ his newfangled ways, and keepit the doors and the windows open, as he bade her, though that was never wont to be done in my day, and the folk had just as muckle skill then as they ha’e yet. But mark the upshot. At the very time when he thinks he has gained a victory, and, may be, at the very minute when he is braggin’ of his performance to someither body, there’s Ane aboon—blest be his name—wha laughs at his vain glory, and sends the warning far anither world; and weel for them for whom it was sent, if they’re only prepared.”

In the state of feeling which then existed, Margaret’s reasoning was conclusive. No one attempted to answer her, and no one appeared to doubt the truth of what she had said. But though they had been determined to do both, time was not allowed; for she had

scarcely been silent two seconds, when they were again alarmed by a repetition of the self-same noise, or at least a noise like the first, that no one could distinguish between them; only to their terrified imaginations it seemed doubly loud. A short period of awe-struck silence followed, during which even Margaret appeared to have nothing to say.

The girl who acted as sick-nurse, and who had all along taken a deep interest in the fate of the patients, was the first to speak. “That crack came from the back window,” said she; “and I could wager somebody has flung a stone at it, or something else, to make the noise.” While she thus spoke, there was a degree of tremor in her voice, which showed that she scarcely believed what she herself had asserted. From her attention having been steadily devoted to the sufferers, she had seen, in their saddened looks and stifled moans, an evidence of the unfavorable effect which the former warning and the conversation which followed, had produced upon them; and, with more sense than the rest, she now wished to save them from an increase of those feelings of dismay which she saw they could not long endure. Her efforts, however, were rendered fruitless by the more orthodox Margaret Toshick, who had never before been put down upon any occasion of the kind.

“Na, na, Peggy, my woman,” said she; “there has been naething at the window but an unseen hand wi’ the warning o’ death! Howsomever, to satisfy you I shall gang and see.” She accordingly went round to the back of the house, and returned in little more than a minute, with, “It’s just as I said; nae one within cry, except the twa hay-cutters, and they’re baith owre the knowe, and out o’ sight. Fools may put the evil day afar aff; but death will come at the appointed time for a’ that; and it’s braw thing to be prepared for the coming of the great enemy.”

Notwithstanding the positive evidence which Margaret had brought to bear upon the subject, Peggy was not yet fully satisfied; and, at her suggestion, the house was searched to see if any thing could be found within its walls, which by any possibility, could have produced the noises in question. But nothing could be discovered which had the slightest chance of emitting even a minimum of sound; and at last the poor girl herself was forced to hang down her head in dismay, and acknowledge that there had been something beyond the ordinary laws of nature in what they had heard.

This state of affairs was the most favorable that could have been imagined for Margaret again to take up her testimony. “Ay, ay,” she resumed, “it’s just as I thought, after a’; the first warning for John, honest man—I aye said he was farrest gane—and the second for Jennet; and noo baith maun awa’ to their lang hames, for there’s nae *remission* o’ that sent nce. Howsomever, things are a mixed wi’ mercy and they’ve had a blessed time to prepare for death. But see, Peggy,” she added, once more addressing the young woman who acted as sick nurse, and, lowering her voice, which hitherto had been loud and sonorous, to a whisper, “look at John’s face; I’m far deceived if there’s no an alteration there. And, as I tell’d ye before, in spite o’ a’ the doctor’s palavers about *colescence*, I muckle doubt the last enemy has begun to deal wi’ him noo!”

For some time past the party had been too deeply engaged in thinking over the mysterious occurrences already noticed, and in listening to Margaret discussing the merits of the question at issue, to pay much attention to the sufferers. The last observation, however, had an instantaneous effect in altering the current of their thoughts; and, on turning once more to the sick-beds, the fixed and glazing eye of the poor man, the hands which tugged with feeble effort at the bedclothes, or tried to grasp imaginary objects in the air, and his thick and convulsed breathing, told, in a language not to be mistaken, that he was in the last agonies of nature. His strength had been completely exhausted before the fever abated; and though it had left him, in the estimation of his medical attendant, with a fair prospect of recovery, when the appalling sound fell upon his ear, together with the ominous observations afterwards made upon it—thus fixing, as it were, the certainty of his fate—the deadly impression had sunk so heavily upon his heart, that worn-out nature could no longer sustain the weight.

and the feeble spark of life was on the verge of being extinguished.

In a few minutes more, he died; and his wife, unconscious of what had happened, appeared to be fast following him to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." But almost at the same moment, one of the mowers, who had no means of knowing how matters stood within, called at the door to ask for "a drink of water" for himself and his fellow-laborer. He said farther, "that they had deposited two bottles of beer, which were intended for their forenoon's refreshment, behind the house, thinking that they would be out of the sun; but from the extraordinary heat of the day, as he supposed, both had thrown the corks, and both were almost empty, so that they had nothing left wherewith to quench their thirst save water."

As fortune would have it, these words were addressed to the very individual who had formerly been so anxious to discover a natural cause for the ominous sounds. With the word *bottle*, an idea had dawned upon her mind that this circumstance might perhaps lead to a solution of the mysterious question, more in accordance with her own opinions than any thing she had heard from Margaret Toshick; and she was careful to suppress, as far as possible, her own agitation, and at the same time, not to interrupt the man till he had reached the end of his story. Having made herself fully acquainted with the particulars of the case, and supplied him with a quantity of water, the whole of which was the work of little more than a minute, she hastened back to the chamber of death, where she found the poor woman, who was still ignorant of her husband's decease, just beginning to recover from a state of temporary insensibility; and, though the lifeless remains of a fellow creature lay untouched upon the other bed, there was a something of triumph in her air as she addressed the dame who hitherto had been the principal speaker.

"Margaret," said she, "your warnings, after a' have been nothing mair than two bottles of ale casting the corks at the window!"

The sound of her voice, as she uttered these words, seemed to give an immediate relief to the remaining sufferer, who once more opened her eyes and looked around the bed, while she also began to breathe more freely. Margaret, however, was mustering breath for a defence, and, to the heart of the sick woman, there can be little doubt that she would have renewed all the terror of the warnings; but, fortunately, before she could speak, the doctor entered. Having overheard Peggy's last words, and guessing to a certain extent what had happened, he immediately ordered the whole party, except the nurse, to quit the sick-room. As he concluded, Margaret, ever willing to show the superiority of her understanding, raised her hand, and pointing to the bed on which lay the body of the deceased, she was beginning to remonstrate upon the folly of giving such orders at such a time. Had she been allowed to proceed, it was evident that she intended to say something about the necessity of having "the corpse dressed;" but before she could finish the second word of her harangue, he checked her by raising his hand to her face, and addressing her in a stern whisper.

"Recollect," said he, "the *two pounds* which you owe me ever since I cured your husband of a dangerous illness. You must either pay the sum immediately, or do as I bid you, and so escape incarceration for debt." Margaret knew not what *incarceration* meant; she had never heard the word before, but she felt that it must be something terrible. She was not at the time able to pay the money, and she had, moreover, no intention of ever doing so, unless forced to it; and thus she was the very first to leave the apartment, and in a few minutes after she left the house, in which she considered, she had been grossly insulted.

The doctor's next business was to draw Peggy aside and to learn from her, as minutely as time would permit, the import of what had passed since his last visit. A few words sufficed to make him understand the whole affair; and he saw at once, that, to give the poor woman the slightest chance of recovery, her mind must be kept perfectly tranquil. A short slumber into which, from the exhaustion occasioned by previous excitement, she almost immediately fell, favored his benevolent purpose; and, while it lasted, he

promptly arranged measures for having the corpse quietly removed to the other end of the house. By a humane deception, the death of the husband was concealed from the wife for nearly a week; she was even led to believe that he had only been removed to another apartment for freer air, and that there was still a chance of his recovery; and it was not till she was considered able to bear the shock, that she was gradually made acquainted with her widowed condition. With the advantages of quiet, kind, and careful treatment, she ultimately recovered; and though she felt deeply the effect of the warning in the death of her husband, she was forced to acknowledge, that there was mercy in the dispensation which spared her to watch over and in some measure provide for, the wants of a young family.

There was something so ludicrous in the idea of the springing of a bottle of small beer being mistaken for a warning of death, that when the story got into circulation, people could scarcely refrain from laughing at it; and they did laugh outright at the lugubrious observations of Margaret Toshick. The medical men of the district, too, who had all along labored to discountenance a belief in supernatural warnings, laid hold of the opportunity thus afforded for bringing the whole into ridicule. They narrated the circumstances to the friends of their patients, and to the patients themselves, assuring them, that if the whole of those warnings, which had produced so much terror and alarm, had been rightly investigated, it would have been found that they proceeded from causes in themselves as little terrible as "a bottle of ale casting the cork!" And whether it were the natural consequence of the new state of feeling thus produced, or that the disease had already exhausted its virulence, we know not, but the fever almost immediately became less mortal in the populous village of Overburn, and soon after, it entirely disappeared.

From the foregoing little story, the evil effects of some particular kinds of superstition must be evident to the reader; and yet it would appear that superstition in some shape or other is almost inseparable from humanity in certain stages of society. Among an ignorant or only half-enlightened people, things must be accounted for, as well as among philosophers; and as they have not those powers of investigation which would enable them to arrive at truth, they immediately fall back upon supernatural agency. Superstitions no doubt have been, and always will be, modified by the peculiar temperament of the people among whom they exist, by their civil institutions, and their notions of the Deity. The manner in which their worship is conducted, too—whether in a joyous, solemn, austere, or gloomy style—must have a considerable influence in moulding the creations of fancy; but till something like rational knowledge begins to prevail, and till effects have been traced to their causes, and the connexion between them established upon incontrovertible evidence, the great mass of mankind will always account for much which might be easily accounted for upon other principles, by attributing it to supernatural agency. Even at the present day, those who are not minutely acquainted with the humbler ranks of society, would scarcely believe to what an extent superstitious notions prevail among them. In some parts of the country, and by some individuals in all parts of it, every trifling dream is still noticed; and, however incongruous or absurd may have been the scenes which it represented, some terrible or at least some important events is expected to follow. It were endless to attempt even an enumeration of the different modes of interpreting these illusions of the night. With the exception of those sybils who pretend to have studied the art, every one adopts an interpretation of his own; these interpretations are always influenced by circumstances, and by the whims and caprices of the individual; but one result uniformly follows. If within a month, or, if the dream has been a *remarkable one*, within a year from the time at which it occurred, any thing should happen into the most distant resemblance of which it can by any possibility be tortured, then it is remembered and set down as another incontestible evidence that "dreams are not sent for nought." But if nothing at all extraordinary occurs within a limited time, then the dream, and all the terror and alarm which it occasioned, are forgotten; and thus evidence is constantly accumulated on the one side, while on the other no care is taken to preserve a single circum-

stance which might tend to invalidate it. By these means, a belief in dreams, spells, omens, and warnings, has been long kept alive embittering, with unnecessary apprehensions and idle fears, any little happiness which mortals may enjoy. We may hope, however, that the time is not now very far distant when knowledge will chase these remaining phantoms of the darker ages from our moral hemisphere, and warnings, and other imaginary causes of terror, cease to be among the evils with which humanity has to contend.

THE TRAVELLER.

[Extracted and Condensed for the American Masonic Register, from Robert's Embassy to the Eastern Courts.]

CHINESE HORROR OF THE WORD "DEATH."—The Chinese having a great horror of the word "Death," they substitute in its place various paraphrases, such as "absent," "rambling among the genii," "he being sick, occasioned a vacancy," i. e. dead. The Empress having died during the month of June, 1833, an Imperial Mandate was published, stating that her "departure" took place at four o'clock on the sixteenth of the month. His majesty says he was married to Tung-hea twenty-six years previously; that she was the *principal person in the middle harem*; that she was ever full of tenderness, filial piety, and was most obedient—but being attacked by an inveterate dysentery, she had taken the "long departure;" and that it caused him much pain at the loss of his "domestic helper"—his "interior assistant." His majesty set forth her great virtues ever since she had been consort to heaven (i. e. the Emperor,) during the thirteen years she had held the relative situation of earth to imperial heaven. An edict was published at her death, ordering that no officer should have his head shaved during one hundred days; nor have any marriage in his family during twenty-seven days; nor play on any musical instrument during one year; and that the soldiers and people should not shave their heads for one month; nor engage in marriage during seven days; nor play on any musical instrument during one hundred days.

CANTON.

The name of Canton on Chinese maps, is written *Kwang-tung-sang-ching* that is, the capital of the province of *Kwan-tung*; but when speaking of the city, the natives call it *San-ching*, the "provincial city," or the "capital of the province." It is built on the north bank of *Choo-keang* or Pearl river, stands inland, and is in a direct line, about sixty miles from "the great sea." The scenery around the city, in the adjacent country, is rich and diversified, but deficient in boldness or grandeur.

On the north and northeast of the city, the country is hilly and mountainous. In every other direction a wide prospect opens to the view of the beholder. The rivers and canals, which are very numerous abound with fish, and are covered with a great variety of boats which are continually passing to and from the neighboring towns and villages. Southward from the city, as far as the eye can see, the waters cover a considerable portion, perhaps a third of the whole surface. Rice-fields and gardens occupy the lowlands, which are diversified with a few hills, rising here and there, to relieve the otherwise unbroken aspect.—The extent of the city, including all within and without the walls, is not very great; thought very populous; it derives its chief importance from its extensive domestic and foreign trade. Canton is one of the oldest cities in this part of the Empire; since the foundations were first laid, it has undergone numerous changes.

It is not easy, perhaps impossible, to determine its original site and name, or to ascertain the time in which it was first built. Although either of the questions is unimportant to the reader, a brief account of what the Chinese themselves narrate, respecting one of their largest and most populous cities may interest him. Their classics speak of Canton being in existence four thousand years since; that it was then called *Nankeon*, and *Ming-too*, the splendor of capital. It first began to pay tribute to the Emperor of China in the year B. C. 1123. The historians of the Empire are only able to trace the origin of Canton to the last Em-

perors of the Chow dynasty, two thousand years since; it was then surrounded by a stockade composed of bamboo and mud. We find it was but little visited by foreign vessels till the year one thousand B. C., when they held intercourse with eight "barbarous" nations from *Teeu-Chuh*, (India.)

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, July, 10, 1841.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, or rather the fifth was duly honored in this city. The boys clothed in their holiday attire, with their squibs and rockets and "double-headers," were as happy and as merry, as we children of a larger growth were before them. So may it ever be with them, and their children, to the end of time.

The military and civic societies, made a fine display, although owing to peculiar causes, not so numerous as in former years. Gen. Dix delivered the Oration, and by those who heard it, it is said to be worthy of his high reputation.

In the afternoon, the Young Mens' Association, turned out in their strength, and after marching thro' the principal streets, proceeded to the Second Presbyterian Church, where the exercises of the day were to be concluded. The Declaration of Independence, was read by Mr. E. N. Horsford, then a national Hymn written for the occasion. The Annual Poem was written and recited by Mr. Frederic W. Cole. The various papers speak of the poem as highly patriotic and poetical, and of a high order of merit. The Oration was pronounced by Arthur C. Southwick, Esq. and is spoken of in the highest terms of admiration. Several original Odes from the pens of young ladies of this city, were sung, all of them excellent, and appropriate. We copy a beautiful one in our paper of today.

In the celebration of this year, there was a novel and distinctive feature given to the day, entirely different from that of former years. For some time past the cause of temperance, has been the all-engrossing subject, among a large portion of our fellow-citizens; and efforts were made on this day, for its friends to unite in one body, and as a band of totalabstainers, exhibit to the public view, the reformed moderate drinker, the tippler, and the drunkard. These three classes comprised the procession; and werejoice to say, its influence has been most happy and salutary—it has awakened public attention, and within our personal knowledge, we know of more than twenty instances, where the intoxicating draught will be thrown aside, and the efforts and example of its former votaries, be now added to the good cause.

According to previous arrangement the several Temperance Societies assembled in the Capitol park, at 9 o'clock, and from thence proceeded through our principal streets to the Middle Dutch Church. Our limits will not permit us to enter into detail, but we cannot forbear to notice the Address of Mr. Nott, delivered on that occasion. We have seldom listened to one with more interest—for it was just such a one as was suited to the subject—plain, practical, clear, cogent, convincing, common sense, as well as highly patriotic. The performance by the Choir was highly creditable, and the volunteer Address of the Rev. E. N. Kirk, was fraught with patriotic sentiment and sound views in relation to the proper mode of celebrating this memorable day. The procession was by far the largest of the day—and would doubtless have been

much larger were it not for the shower that fell about the time for assembling. We trust our cold-water friends will not suffer the favorable impression made by it, to pass by without an effort to follow up the advantage they have gained over the tyrant alcohol.—

"The light of the 19th century admits of no neutrality; total abstinence from all that can intoxicate," should be our motto, and, our course like the Eagle's "be onward—still on!"

The day passed off with more than usual eclat, and we have not heard of a single accident to mar the harmony of the occasion, owing no doubt in a great measure to the limited use of intoxicating drinks.

THE GRAND LODGE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM.

We cannot too strongly call the attention of our brethren, here and abroad, to the Address of W. Br. Pirsons, the Representative from Georgia, to be found among the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of this State. Its beneficial, and in fact, positively necessary existence, cannot but be apparent, with but half an eye to the subject. Let this system be thoroughly adopted, and the various outlets to imposition, will be effectually closed, not only to the countenance innocently given to bad masons, but as effecting a salutary check, to the "travelling mendicants" alluded to.—Experience has convinced us, that full half, if not more, of the applications for masonic charity, in *sojourners*, is a misapplication of the bounty, legitimately contemplated by the rules of the Order. It is the *unfortunate* and *worthy* brother, whom we are to succour and befriend, not the *idle*, the *vicious*, or *profligate* whose masonry goes no farther than the fact of his being able to make himself known. A well digested system of representation cannot fail of correcting many evils, under which as a fraternity, we now labor, and we do most sincerely hope, for our mutual protection, that this course will be carried out in its fullest extent.

TEXAS.—Those of our readers who may desire the services of a competent Agent to transact any business in this country, we would invite their attention to the card of Mr. Geo. Fisher of Houston, in another column. From the various high and important trusts which have been committed to the charge of Mr. F. in this Republic, and from our own knowledge of his character and attainments, we cheerfully commend him to the favorable consideration of those who may desire his services.

A LITTLE BEHIND THE AGE.—The Presbytery of Niagara, have passed a formal resolution, declaring that Byron's works and Bulwer's novels, are books of an infidel and licentious character. To make the anathema complete, Willy Shakespeare should be included.

"THE DIVINE FANNY," has closed her engagement at the Park. "The Sun" says that this "goddess of dances and dunces, has ample occasion for perfect satisfaction with the result of her engagement." An effort was made for her benefit, to enact the New Orleans foolery of letting seats at auction to the highest bidder. It was however, a failure, and poor Fanny was only able to realise from 1500 hundred or \$2000 for her performance.

The notes of the U. S. Bank, of Pennsylvania, are selling at a discount of 22 per cent, for specie in Philadelphia.

[We accidentally omitted reading the proof of the following, which is printed under its proper head. As published, it contains errors which are now corrected.]

At a meeting of Temple Encampment held the 9th of April, 1841, in this city, the following Sir Knights were elected Officers for one year.

Sir G. B. Glendenning Grand Commander. J. McKown, G. J. M. Garfield, C. G. W. F. Walker, P. J. O. Cole. S. W. H. Arnold, J. W. Wm. Voorhees, Treas. J. I. Goewey, R. J. P. Mitchell, W. A. Wilder, S. B. R. Par, S. B. A. Sickles, Sentinel.

The remains of Gen. Harrison on the 2d reached Pittsburg, where they were received with becoming honors by the people and the military, and immediately placed on board a steamboat for North Bend.

A SPECK.—Within the last few weeks, ten additional regiments have arrived at Quebec. Victoria, is determined to be ready, if we are not.

THE CROPS.—The Hudson Gazette, says, that "the fine rains and warm weather since the 24th ult., has changed the face of nature and the face of our Farmers. Despondency has yielded to cheerful smiles and nature, refreshed and invigorated, promises an abundant harvest.

"COFFEE," &c.—The Editor of the Southern Universalist, says in his paper, of a Mr. Hope,—"we pronounce him a *theological coward*!" Mr. Hope is bound to call the editor out; but nothing but the *theological* pistol must be used.

Mrs. Hughes, who was so barbarously shot, a few weeks since, by her husband, on board of one of our Canal Boats, is, we understand, in a fair way of recovery.

An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman, the next is man, then *Berkshire Pigs*.

Major Gen. Scott, has been appointed commander in chief of the army, in place of Gen. Macomb, lately deceased. The appointment is a good one, and will be received with favor by the people of the U. S.

Martin Harris, the lieutenant of Joe Smith, the Mormonite is hot "shot through the head," as was reported. He is "all alive,"—hates his captain Joe, but does not eschew Mormonism. N. B. Newspapers do not *always* tell the truth.

Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

Fifteen days later from Europe.—The steamship Britannia, Capt. R. B. Cleland, arrived at Boston at half past 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, in 13½ days from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 19th ult.

Nothing farther had been heard from the President, and the last hope of her safety is now abandoned. It appears that the vessel seen near the Azores by the Portuguese ship Conde del Palma was the French steamer Tonnere, on her return from Rio and Brazil. There is nothing new from China. Heavy reinforcements are going out to the British army in India.

France.—Marshal Soult recently resigned on account of the defeat of an obnoxious bill for remitting the army, but was induced to reconsider his decision.

The French have experienced additional checks in Algiers and Abdel Kader is in great force there. The abandonment of that country is again talked of.

Spain.—Affairs seem to be getting worse in Spain. The Treasury is empty, and the Ministry can find nobody to lend them. The young Queen's health is critical. There has been a serious riot or commotion at Barcelona.

Portugal is almost in commotion. The Ministry have been outvoted and resigned, but hold on until others are found to take their places.

Turkey.—The Plague rages throughout Syria. The French have 98 ships of war carrying 2804 guns in the Mediterranean.

It is stated in a letter from Carlarhue, that the small town of Parsberg has been entirely burnt down; 224 houses were consumed.

The Precursor of Antwerp says, on the authority of letters from Holland, that a marriage between the Prince de Joinville and the Princess Sophia, daughter of the King of Holland, may be considered as agreed upon.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.—Lord John Russell, is soon to marry Lady Fanny Elliott, daughter of the Earl of Minto. His age 48, her's 25.

The eldest daughter of Sir Robert Peel is to marry Viscount Vilhers, son of the earl of Jersey.

Lord Ebrington's marriage with Lady Somerville is deferred by the death of his father.

By a recent accident on the West Feliciana Railroad, the cars will be prevented from running for several months. The engineer, Mr. Hanman, has been crippled for life by the overturning of the locomotive.—N. O. Pic.

Appointments.—We learn that Professor Ingraham has received and accepted the appointment of Secretary of the Legation to Spain. The Professor speaks the Spanish language as well as the English.

Penitentiary Rogues Caught.—We learn from the St. Charles Free Press that all the prisoners who murdered the keeper of the penitentiary at Jefferson City, some time since, and made their escape, have been taken and again committed to prison.

The Sea Serpent has returned to his old haunt off Nahant, and was seen on the 2nd inst., by "a cloud of witnesses."

Distressing.—George Collins, a young man 19 or 20 years of age, was on Thursday last struck with lightning in a field near Lancaster, Pa., and expired in an hour afterwards.

A Good Example.—It is said that a Miss Charlotte Mitchell, of Georgia, appeared on her wedding day dressed entirely in silk of her own manufacture—cap, gloves, stockings and dress—equal to the best pongee. Girls, do you hear that? Such a girl would be worth more to a young man just starting in the world, than a thousand dollar farm, and a dozen pinanos to boot, says a thoughtful contemporary.—Urban Citizen.

Horrid Death.—A person named Grinnell, employed as a deck hand on a lake boat, met his death a few days since by the falling of one of the canal bridges, a few miles west of Utica. It appears that the boat, being under full headway, the capstan caught against the bridge, tore it from the supporting piers, and the whole mass fell upon the unfortunate man, who was on the deck of the boat. For several hours he was in this dreadful situation, the whole weight of the bridge being upon him; and all attempts to pry it up being of no avail, so long as the boat kept afloat. When the bridge was removed his body presented a horribly mangled appearance, and life was totally extinct. His body was brought to this city on Thursday evening, and delivered over to his friends.—Daily Adv.

Justice slow but sure.—Morton, the murderer of Layman James, in Jackson co. Alabama some twelve years ago was arrested last month in Missouri, through the vigilance and impetuosity of Mr. McRenolds and is now in custody.

Married.

At Middleville, Mr. Daniel Holt, Printer, of Wisconsin, to Miss Euphrasia S. Parkhurst.

At Frankfort, the Rev. John V. Ambler, pastor of the Baptist Church at Lanesboro, Mass., to Abigail Thomas.

On Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. Potter, Mr. Joseph Davis to Miss Jane McClintock, all of this city.

Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hodge, Mr. Thomas S. Goodwin, to Miss Martha C. Noble, all of this city.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. John Spoor, John Olmsted, to Delila Tallman, adopted daughter of Silas Utter.

On the 1st inst. at Buffalo, by the Rev. Mr. Hawks, Ezra L. Sherman, of Chicago, to Harriet Frances, daughter of the late David M. Day.

On the 6th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Edward Moore, of Green co. to Miss Louisa, daughter of Benj. Fassett, of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Kelly, Mr. John Toppen to Miss Bridget McEneely.

In this city, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. W. Griffin Mr. Jacob Stilla, to Miss Charlotte Gatens.

At Greenbush, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. J. G. Cordell, Wm. A. McCulloch, to Caroline M. daughter of the late Wm. Akin.

At Schodack Landing, Rens.-co. by the Rev. John Gray, Richard H. Peck, merchant, to Mary, daughter of the Hon. Jacob A. Ten Eyck.

In Marion, Twigg's co. Geo., on the 21st inst., Mr. Jesse Pitts, to Miss Sarah James.

In Columbus Geo. on the 17th inst., Mr. Benj. F. Malone, to Miss Susan Ann Burch.

On Tuesday evening the 6th instant, by the Rev. Marcelus James Ellis Esq. of New York, to Mrs. Margaret Martin, co. Down Ireland.

DIED.

On the 2d inst. at Bern, Albany co., Augusta, daughter of George and Lydia Gallup, aged 22.

In Hudson on the 1st inst., Cornelius Yates, aged 30.

In West Troy, Lydia, wife of Gurdon Grant, esq., aged 45.

On the 30th ult., in Schodack, Cornelia Sehermerhorn, aged 77.

In Troy, on the 1st inst., Thomas A. Larned, of the firm of Lorned & Corning, aged 31 years.

At Sandlake on the 4th inst. Miss Helen M. Gregory, daughter of the late Daniel M. Gregory.

At New York, R. I. on the 30th ult. Dr. Joel Norton, aged 54, of Petersburg, Madison co. N. Y.

At Seward, Schoharie co. on the 3d inst. Ann Eliza Stall, wife of Henry A. Stall.

In New York, on 2d inst. Isaac H. Sniffen, aged 38. On the 2d inst. Charles Allen, aged 21.

In Fairfield, Miss Persis, daughter of Stephen Ayres, Esq. an amiable young lady of about 22.

At Herkimer, Mrs. Sarah Prentiss, formerly widow of Dr. Andrew Ferril, aged 61.

In Sallisbury, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Henry Carlisle, aged 28.

In Watertown, (killed by being thrown from a horse in contact with a frightened team,) Dr. Amasa Trowbridge, Jr., a young practitioner of high repute aged 27.

At Mattituck, Mrs. Sarah Horton, 70; at Riverhead Mr. Mathias Corwin, 68; at Jordan, Mrs. Christiana Fryer, late from this city, aged 73.

In S. Kingston, R. I., the Rev. Henry Clark Hubbard, of the Baptist Church for nearly 40 years, aged 73. He had entered the pulpit as usual, and repeated a text from Math. v. 5, when he fell down in a fit, and very soon expired.

Near Strasburg, Pa. on the 17th ult., after a lingering illness, Mr. Nicholas Black, in the 51 year of his age.

On the 2d inst. at Staten Island, Mr. Matthew Smith, of the firm of R. Hoe & Co. aged 32.

At Newark, N. J. on the 15th ult., Mrs. Leah Lockwood, aged 46.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 23 Jones st N. Y.
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Joel D. Smith Castleton
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GENERAL AGENCY, for Foreign and Domestic Law, collecting and transacting business. Office Main street, opposite the "TELEGRAPH" office, Houston, Repub. of Texas.

The undersigned has made arrangements in the United States, England, France, Germany, and Mexico, for attending to claims of every kind, and to the settlement of the estates of deceased settlers and others.

All kinds of documents, public or private, made out in original, in the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Italian languages, or translated from either of them into any one required.

Old settlers will find the services of the undersigned useful in completing their land titles, in cases where any of the formalities of the Mexican laws are wanting; or the execution thereof by the authorities omitted, by procuring authentic copies of the same, from the Mexican records to complete the chain of titles.

New settlers and land speculators can avail themselves of his services, by having examined, the Spanish titles to Texas lands, and consulting him in relation to the genuineness and validity of the same, previous to entering into final contract.

Conveyancing of every description executed.
jy10 GEORGE FISHER.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 159 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families. Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12 1/2 cents.
jyl9-ly A. W. STARKS

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE \$1—The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptability to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.
For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock.

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM GRIGG, M. D.

It was a morn in summer. Nature smiled
 'Neath the rich mantle of the glorious sun,
 Who, like a god, majestically rose
 From his bright chamber of eternity.
 And o'er the earth his golden vapor poured,
 And waters spread their crystal face, a wide,
 Unbroken mirror of the ambient sky,
 While on their polished surface lightly played
 The dazzling sunbeams of that quiet morn.
 The sporting zephyr, with the pensive leaves
 In gentle dalliance, newer beauty gave,
 As they were wakened from their holy rest,
 And joyed, yet trembled, in the liquid light
 Which bathed them in its flood. Day's balmy breath,
 Rich with the morning tribute of the flowers,
 Floated along to pour its hallowed sweets
 Among the dwellings of the busy world.

I stood within a churchyard. Art had there
 Mingled its column with the moss-grown stone
 That marked the spot where humble beings lay.
 The urn-crowned monument, that proudly stood
 Upon the ashes of the highborn dead,
 In golden blazonry described the chain
 Of proud, ennobled ancestry that claimed
 The buried praised one as its brightest link.
 With careless eye I scanned the epitaphs
 That stained the marble's purity with words—
 The vainest mockery of the silent dead!
 What work of art can speak the thrilling tones,
 The voiceless utterance of the silent grave?
 The measured movement of the plumed hearse,
 The marble pile, the gilded epitaph,
 Speak not the language of the broken heart.

There was a simple stone whereon was writ
 "A Mother's Grave." How eloquent the words!
 They waited me far back to other times,
 When in the days of artless infancy
 The silent stone hath told my mother's name.
 That tale seemed told again. Though youth was past
 And the cold calmness of maturer years
 Had lulled the pangs my early boyhood knew,
 Yet in that tongueless marble lurked a spell,
 That wove around me memory's deathless joys.

'Twas evening when I sought that spot again.
 Beside the grave three little children stood.
 The oldest was a boy, who scarce could claim
 Eight summers' sports his own—the next, a girl,
 Whose tender spring had known but six returns—
 And then, a lovely cherub, like the bud
 Whose annual visit she four times had welcomed.
 Each infant's hand was in the other's clasped—
 A living crescent, at their mother's grave—
 And fondly gazing on that sacred spot
 They read the withering words which said their friend,
 Their dearest, truest friend, slept the deep sleep
 Which wakens only in eternity.

Oh! is there in the waste of human things
 A stream so pure and clear as that which swells
 From the deep fountain of a mother's heart?
 No! no! by the stern laws of nature, no!
 In infancy's soft hour the bud is bathed
 In the warm fondness of maternal love,
 And nourished to expand in the full bloom
 Of unpolled youth—and even when
 It ripens into fruit of age, the same
 Nutritious fount supplies its manly strength,
 And knows no hindrance to its pleasant course,
 Down to the barriers of the eternal grave.

A mother's love! the strongest, truest type
 Of the pure love the Saviour bears mankind!
 Brightest in darkest hours! most seen when clouds
 Of ignominy rest upon her boy!
 And, like the diamond, showing best its power
 When other gems are lost in shades of night,
 Her love shines out and yields its secret rays,
 When trouble lowers the blackest o'er her child.

I since have visited that holy tomb.

A pensive willow bending o'er it,
 And a small basket filled with fresh plucked flowers
 Standing beside the stone, assured my heart
 That grave was not forgotten.

What rich joy
 Those duteous children feel, whose bosoms echo
 To the soft strains fond memory loves to waken
 O'er some green spot on time's receding shore,
 Brightly illumined by a mother's smile!
 But how much holier theirs, who, looking back
 Along the course their devious footsteps knew,
 Perceive no stain upon the hallowed snow
 Of childhood's grateful duty!

BEWARE THE BOWL!

BY A. B. STREET, ESQ.

*Sung before the Temperance Societies of the city
 of Albany, on the celebration of the 65th Anniversary of
 American Independence.*

Beware the bowl! though rich and bright,
 Its rubies flash upon the sight,
 An adder coils its depths beneath,
 Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death.

Beware the bowl! though round it twine
 The wreaths from Pleasure's rosiest shrine,
 The thorn is lurking mid the bloom
 That strews the entrance to the tomb.

Beware the bowl! though wit may gleam,
 And song sound loudly o'er its stream;
 That gleam will change to lightning-glare,
 That song will cease in mute despair.

Beware the bowl! by all the woe
 That lies within its poison'd flow—
 By all the hopes that cheer the soul,
 Through life, in death, beware the bowl.

The following beautiful Ode, from the pen of one of
 our young ladies, was sung during the exercises of
 the Fourth, at the 2nd Presbyterian Church, before
 the Young Men's Association.

"THE SPARTAN MOTHER FOR THE FIELD."

The Spartan mother, for the field,
 In armor clad her willing son;
 Bade him return upon his shield,
 Or else to tell of conquest won!
 And so Columbia's Daughters gave
 Their sires and sons to battle toil—
 Bade them repel Oppression's wave,
 Or dye with blood their native soil.

But History's page has told it well—
 How strong men struggled in their might.
 How true they fought—how fast they fell,
 In that fierce war, of wrong with right.
 Not unavenged, those Heroes bled.
 The Tyrant's power was crushed to earth.
 But while a Nation mourned their dead,
 They hail'd with joy fair Freedom's birth!

The God of Battles gave us Peace,
 The tide of War was roll'd away;
 He bade the work of carnage cease,
 And smiled on Freedom's natal day.
 And now, behold our banner wave,
 To every breeze, on every sea—
 Blest Signal to the struggling slave,
 Beloved, and honored, by the free!

And still our loved and happy land,
 The favored Canaan of the West—
 Upon thy breast the weary sleep,
 The wanderer finds a welcome rest.
 Columbia's soil is Freedom's own,
 The dear-bought home of Liberty;
 And still a voice from years long flown,
 Resounds—be glorious, great and Free!

From Graham's Magazine.

I. I. N. E. S.

Why do we live? Is it to fade
 From glory to the tomb,
 Wrapt up in its melancholy shade.

Inheritors of gloom!
 Struck like the stars from Heaven we die;
 Quench'd is the spirit's light;
 Youth's cheer and Hope's sweet melody
 Are hush'd in sorrow's night.

Why are we here? but to depart?
 'Tis anguish thus to fade.
 Shall grief oppress a single heart
 When we are lowly laid?
 Thank God! th' immortal soul no blight
 Of earth can e'er decay;
 On high, to realms of endless light
 It flashes far away.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	21 & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bedford, N. Y.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport, N. Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No. 101,	Wheeling, " Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	" "	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	" "	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	" "	2d Monday ev. 2nd Monday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica, "	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	" "	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	" "	1st & 3d Monday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	4th Saturday.
Louisville Encampment	do	3d Monday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	4th Saturday.
Tyrian Council	do	3d Monday.
Abrams Lodge	do	4th Tuesday.
Clark Lodge	do	21 & 4th Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn.	1st Saturday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Monday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah, Geo.	2d Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Oylthorpe Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky.	1st and 3d Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	1st Monday.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We
 are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of
 our brethren, which at present appears to be buried among the
 rubbish; and to this end, we will pay **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS**
 for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the sec-
 ond best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons—
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 of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical
 shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will
 be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each
 MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writ-
 ter, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and
 no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such
 manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be
 free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such
 of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the
 name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the
 contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiv-
 ing such Essays will be until the **FOURTH OF AUGUST**
NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany."
 Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if
 they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 47]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register

ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Masonic Bodies assembled at the city of Hudson, June 24th, 1851.

BY JOSEPH P. FIRSSONS.

MY BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,

We are assembled to commemorate the birth-day of one of our patron saints. The Heavenly messenger *John the Baptist!* whose raiment was camels' hair and whose food, locust and wild honey! The forerunner of our Blessed Savior! He whose voice cried in the wilderness, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make his path straight!*"

With such a patron,—under such auspices,—and on such an occasion, can any heart fail to throb with sensations of devout emotion and gratitude to the giver of all good, for being permitted thus to assemble, and to claim for our order, the benefit of a name so sacred; and which is so intimately connected with that of the great founder of our religion; who is the sole and only channel from this vale of tears, to the realms of everlasting bliss!

May his blessing rest on us, on this interesting occasion, and when we shall retire from this sacred edifice, may our festivities be of such a character that at the recollection of them hereafter, we may never have cause to blush!

Masons are called upon in a peculiar manner to walk uprightly in their several stations before God and man; to square their actions by the *Square of Virtue*; and to recollect, that they are "travelling upon the level of time, to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns!" These are the great ruling principles of masons throughout the world; and belong to the Pagan, the Mahomedan, the Jew, and the Christian, indiscriminately. But the Christian mason is taught to make the Bible the rule and guide of his faith—comprehending all the sacred scriptures. The Jew is governed by that part of the same standard which comprises the old Testament only; and therefore we of this communion of masons, whether Christian or Jew; having a faith well founded, should walk and live by that faith. But in how especial a manner, is that mason called upon to live a life of piety, who has had the *Christian mark* indelibly conferred on him, and who has symbolically visited the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord. How solemn are his responsibilities! How beatific his character, when he lives up to those responsibilities! That All-seeing Eye, whose presence the mason of every grade and nation professes to acknowledge, is not closed to these awful responsibilities; and can we doubt that those who make them with unhallowed lips, and thus enter the veil of the second temple, have a dread account to give at the bar of an offended Deity.

We are assembled here as a body of Freemasons from the Entered Apprentice to the Knight Templar, with all the appendant orders. We have invited our friends to be with us. We declare to them that we are an order of men combined for beneficent purposes, whose origin the prying eye of the historian and antiquary has searched in vain to trace, but which it is well known is coeval with science, and that through all the mutations of time, and of States and Empires, it has survived.

"Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones!
And tottering empires rush by their own weight."

But masonry still flourishes, and will continue to flourish.

Uahurt, amidst the war of elements;
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

Of the origin of freemasonry, we have no certain

records, but there are proofs deduced from the writings of the ancients, to establish its existence at a very early period.

A little over a century ago, many valuable documents relating to the Order, were destroyed by some scrupulous brethren, to prevent an improper use being made of them.

The most universally received opinion is, that the first society of freemasons was established during the reign of Canute.

But it is said, that William the Conqueror, was the first great patron of freemasonry in England. When he went over from Normandy in 1066, his liberal policy threw out tempting offers to many of the first artisans of France to emigrate to his newly acquired kingdom, where he found the people in a state little better than that of barbarism. "With regard to the manners of the Anglo-Saxons," says Guthrie, "we can say little, but that they were in general, a rude, uncultivated people, ignorant of letters, and unskilled in the *mechanical arts*, untamed to submission under law and government; addicted to intemperance, riot, and disorder. Even so late as the time of Canute, they sold their children and kindred into foreign parts. Their best quality was their military courage, which yet was not supported by discipline or conduct. Even the Norman historians notwithstanding the low state of the arts, in their own country, speak of them as barbarians, when they mention the invasion of the Duke of Normandy. Conquest placed the people in a situation to receive slowly from abroad the *rudiments* of science and cultivation, and to correct their rough and licentious manners; these emigrants were initiated into the Order of freemasons, and greatly contributed to raise its fame as an operative masonic institution. It is also stated, that many of the artisans were expert masons at the time of their emigration." This Historian also remarks, that William introduced the Norman laws and language. He built the stone square tower at London, bridled the country with forts, and disarmed the old inhabitants. In short, he attempted every measure possible to obliterate every trace of the Anglo-Saxon constitution; though at his coronation, he took the same oath, that had been taken by the ancient Saxon kings.

"Architecture in all its branches," says Dr. Henry, "received as great improvements in this period as agriculture. The truth is, that the twelfth century may very properly be called the age of architecture, in which the rage for building was more violent than at any other time."

The great and general improvements that were made in the fabric of houses and churches in the first years of this century, are thus described by a cotemporary writer. "The new Cathedrals and innumerable churches that were built in all parts, together with the many magnificent cloisters and monasteries, and other apartments of monks that were then erected, afford a sufficient proof of the great felicity of England in the reign of Henry the First."

The extensive works in Architecture which were commenced by the Conqueror, were not completed until the reign of his third son Henry I., who not only went on with those stupendous works, but increased the number beyond any of a previous or succeeding reign. He found his subjects in a very different situation to what they were on the arrival of his father.—They had been instructed in Architecture in the reigns of the two Williams, who are said to have been great promoters and patrons of the craft; and it is stated in history, that architecture was improved to a greater extent in England at this time, than it would have been but for this adventitious circumstance;—alluding to the patronage and encouragement given to freemasonry.

The operative mason, (although a member of the fraternity at the time,) was not acquainted with the sublime principles of the Order; and it is a serious fact,

that even in this enlightened day, there are vast numbers of the fraternity, who know as little of them, as those operatives did in the dark age of which I am speaking. To the mere craftsman, the masonic symbols were perfectly unintelligible; but he was awed by the grandeur of the show which it made, and he was never allowed to progress in the art, until he had gained sufficient intelligence to be raised to the *Royal Arch*, when he was complimented with the title of Companion, and placed on an equality with those who had heretofore been his superiors. But he was only thus honored, by attaining a knowledge of the symbols and ceremonies, which would lead him to a discovery of the hidden scheme upon which freemasonry was founded.

Laurie, a very sensible writer in his statistical account of Scotland, observes: "The principles of the Order were even imported into Scotland, where they continued for many ages in their primitive simplicity, long after they had been extinguished in the continental kingdoms. What those causes were, which continued the societies of freemasonry longer in Britain than in other countries, may not perhaps be easy to determine, but as the fact itself is unquestionably true, it must have arisen either from favorable circumstances in the political state of Britain, which did not exist in the other governments of Europe, or from the *superior policy* by which the British masons eluded the suspicions of their enemies, and the superior prudence with which they maintained the primitive simplicity and respectability of the Order.

In this manner did freemasonry flourish in Britain, when it was completely abolished in every part of the world.

That freemasonry was introduced into Scotland, by those architects who built the Abbey of Kilwinning, is manifest not only from those authentic documents by which the existence of Kilwinning Lodge has been traced back as far as the end of the fifteenth century, but by other collateral arguments which amount almost to a demonstration.

In every country where the temporal and spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope was acknowledged, there was a continual demand, particularly during the twelfth century for religious structures, and consequently for operative masons proportional to the piety of the inhabitants, and the opulence of the ecclesiastical establishments; and there was no kingdom of Europe, where the zeal of the inhabitants for popery was more ardent—where the kings and nobles were more liberal to the clergy, and where of consequence, the church was more richly endowed, than in Scotland. The demand therefore for elegant cathedrals and ingenious artists must have been proportionably greater than in other countries, and that demand could have been supplied only from the trading associations on the continent. We are authorised therefore to conclude, that those numerous and elegant ruins which still adorn the villages of Scotland, were erected by foreign masons, who introduced into that island the customs of their order.

It is a curious fact, that in one of these towns there is an elegant Abbey, which was built in the 12th century, the author of the history referred to, remarks, "he has often heard, that it was erected by a company of industrious men, who spoke in a foreign language, and lived separately from the town people; and stories are still told about their petty quarrels with the inhabitants."

It was probably about this time, that freemasonry was introduced into England; but whether the English received it from the Scotch masons at Kilwinning, or from other brethren who had arrived from the continent, there is no method of determining.—The fraternity in England however, maintain, that St. Alban was the first that brought Masonry to Britain, about the end of the third century; that the brethren received a charter from King Athelstane, and that his brother summoned all the lodges to meet at York,

which formed the first Grand Lodge of England, in the year 926. This account, however, Mr. Laurie considers to be mere assertions, not only incapable of proof from authentic history, but inconsistent also with several historical events which rest upon indubitable evidence. In support of these opinions indeed, it is alleged, that no other lodge has laid claim to greater antiquity than that of York, and that its jurisdiction over other lodges of England, has been universally acknowledged by the whole fraternity. But this argument only proves that York was the birthplace of freemasonry in England; it brings no additional evidence in support of the improbable stories about St. Alban, Athelstane and Edwin.

A great deal of speculation has been indulged in as to the origin of freemasonry, but it still remains in obscurity. This obscurity is a sure test of its antiquity. Its origin was undoubtedly in the East, and it was brought to the West by the Phenicians, who being merchants came from the East to extend their commerce. Its first general extension is attributed to the Grecian philosopher Pythagoras, who hearing of the fame of the Phenicians travelled into Egypt and Syria, and through every country where Masonry had been propagated by them. Among them, he learned the art, being admitted into all the lodges, and then settled himself at Grecia Magna, where he formed a great Lodge at Crotona, and made numerous masons, "many of whom travelled into France, and there made many more, from whence in process of time it passed into England."

In relation to the secrets of freemasonry, a great deal has been said. In a community like ours, having no sectional limits, and avoiding all distinctions of rank and condition, there must necessarily be a great many ignorant people; and it is to this class of the fraternity that we are indebted for most of the obloquy that has been cast on us in relation to our secrets, which have been tortured into unlawful combinations for dark purposes, and inimical to the best interests of mankind. But we have no secrets, unless it is the secret of doing good. Our Order is a science of high and ennobling character, and is no more a secret than any other science that a person is unacquainted with; and many who have taken its degrees, are ignorant of its abstract principles, because it is intermixed with a great deal of the lore of the ancients; and it is prefigured by signs, symbols, and allegories all tending to one point—the inculcation of virtue—but which the superficial observer only contemplates a something wonderful, without being able to explain or comprehend their meaning; and thus it is, that indiscreet and uninformed brethren have made a parade and a boast of their fellowship with us, which to the initiated has tended to cast the odium on us complained of; the same as a canting hypocrite, brings a scandal on the sacred character of religion.

The secrets of freemasonry, are the secrets of every art and science: for masonry embraces these. What is there, in the *silent tongue*, the *listening ear*, and the *faithful and obedient heart*, that is not enjoined by every precept of morality and religion. In the ancient records, it is stated, that "masons have always from time time communicated to mankind such of their secrets, (*mysteries*) as might be generally useful,—they have kept back such only as would not be beneficial without the necessary teaching joined thereto in the Lodge." The same record in speaking of the arts which masonry has taught mankind, enumerates the following, Agriculture, Astronomy, Arithmetic, Music, Poetry, Chemistry, Government and Religion. To which may be added, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric and Architecture.

Masonry is the perfection of order, and in addition to the inculcation of the liberal arts and sciences, there are three great duties which it particularly teaches: *To God! Our neighbor! and Ourselves.* To God in never mentioning his name but with that reverential awe, which is due from a creature to his creator. To implore his aid in all our laudable undertakings, and to esteem him as our chief good. To our neighbor, in doing unto him, as we wish he should do unto us; and to ourselves, in avoiding all irregularity and intemperance, which may impair our faculties, or debase the dignity of our profession. It teaches us, to be quiet and peaceable citizens, true to our government and just to our country. Not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal

authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which we live; and in our outward demeanor to be particularly careful to avoid censure or reproach.

Another charge, has been brought against us, which the institution of freemasonry is entirely opposed to; and although there are individual cases in which in times past it has prevailed to some extent, I believe it is now pretty generally abolished. I allude to the custom of giving masonic entertainments.

A French writer, Mons. Laurens in alluding to this custom in the French lodges, uses the following language, "What is the origin of that wearisome quantity of healths, with which the masonic entertainments were formerly burthened which have been the occasion of so much sarcasm against freemasonry, and which a good taste has now wisely reformed. Is not this immoderate use of a custom innocent in itself, an usage of the too often repeated toast which so much distinguishes English clubs. The love of good cheer,—the profusion—the lengthening out of the feast—the imtemperate drinking—which are contrary to French sobriety, and which reason and decency have long since banished to the taverns of London, to which they legitimately belong Can these have any relation to the object of masonic fellowship, of which they are at best only a despicable parody! The grossness of these practices introduced into France, is too nearly allied to the taste of the English nation, not to be attributed to their invention."

From the above extract, it is pleasing to remark, that the custom complained of, is abolished in England and France; and the tone of society in relation to temperance, has brought it into pretty general disuse in this country. A custom for which we as well as France are indebted to our English brethren, and who were the first to establish it.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE TRAVELLER.

OPIUM-SMOKING.

Lord Jocelyn, late military secretary to the China mission, in a small work just issued from the press, "Six months with the Chinese Expedition," makes the following observations on opium-smoking, which prevails not only in China, but in the adjacent islands of India:—

One of the objects at this place [Singapore] that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and death-like stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being abandoned to the power of the drug; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication. [What beast?—we do not know any animal but man who indulges in intoxicating liquors.]

One of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly devoted to the shops for the sale of this poison; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labors of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting of the pipe, there is generally a

person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain extent under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evenings in all the different stages:—some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building—a species of dead house—where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying."

Lord Jocelyn contends that the stoppage of the opium trade from India would prove most disastrous to British interests in that great empire. The rajahs and petty princes are the chief growers of the poppy, and it is important to conciliate their favor. The best opium is produced in Malwa, a district of India.—From that quarter it pays at Bombay a duty of 125 rupees (L. 12. 30s.) per chest, fetching in that market from 400 to 500 rupees (L. 40 to L. 50). This quantity sells on the Chinese coast for 700 dollars (L. 151 5s. 4d.) and perhaps much more. The temptation to get so large a profit sets all plans for stopping the traffic at defiance. "The opium-trade (his lordships observe,) however hateful it may appear in the eyes of many, is, it must be recollected, a source of great benefit to the Indian government, returning I have heard, a revenue of upwards of two millions and a half yearly. It therefore becomes those who are so eager for its suppression to point out some method of making up the serious defalcation of revenue that must necessarily accrue, to the Indian government, whose expenses already outrun its present income." The question, which is surrounded with a thousand difficulties, ought to be treated calmly, and on large and enlightened views.

Miscellany.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE CONTRAST.

Do you see that proud, overbearing man, riding in his gilded carriage? Look! he stops before a magnificent mansion, and liveried lacquies, obedient to his nod, assist him to descend.

Do you see that poor, miserable boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely shield him from the inclemency of the weather? Mark! with a beseeching look he solicits the rich man to purchase a pencil or a card of pens; and behold, how contemptuously he is spurned!

Twenty-five years ago that pompous man was as poor, as friendless, and as wretched as the urchin he despises.

—
Twenty-five years have passed since that day. The same parties meet: lo! the contrast.

The once poor boy stands in the pride of manhood, active, intelligent, rich. A lovely woman, his wife, leans upon his arm, and three blooming girls are by his side. Grace in every action, benevolence in every expression, and affluence smiles in his unostentatious adornments.

An old man approaches. The tottering step, the thread-bare garments, and the painful expression that frets in every feature, too plainly denote a man of want and woe. Better to be dead, than thus to drag on a miserable existence!

This may at the first blush appear to some an improbable romance. It is a truth.

In a country like ours, there is no man, however

poor, if aided by industry, economy, and virtue, but may rise from the lowest ranks of society to the highest. The knowledge of this fact is a blessed incitement to the young, and cheers them on to struggle nobly in the paths which lead to honor and independence, despite the thousand obstacles that oppose their course.

There is no man, however affluent, but by extravagance, and morals lax, may fall from his high estate, and close his days in woe.

Let none despise the poor because of their poverty; let none flatter the rich because of their wealth. We may conquer poverty; wealth may subdue us. All men of equal virtue are equals. If one man possess more intelligence than his fellows, though that of itself may not elevate him in the ranks of the good, yet it brings him added respect, and wins a willing admiration from all men:

"The good alone are great."

A ROVING YANKEE.

Mr. Stephens, in his incidents of Travel in Central America, describes as follows a native of New York, whom he found in his travels in Guatemala:

"Approaching the town, I remembered that Mr. Handy, who had travelled from the United States through Texas and Mexico with a caravan of wild animals, had told me of an American in his employ, who had left him at this place, to take charge of a cochineal plantation, and I was curious to see how he looked and flourished in such employment. I had forgotten his name but, inquiring on the road for an American del Norte, was directed to the nopal of which he had charge. It was one of the largest in the place, and contained four thousand plants. I rode up to a small building in the middle of the plantation, which looked like a summer-house, and was surrounded by workmen, one of whom announced me as a "Spaniard," as the Indians generally call foreigners. Dismounting and giving my mule to an Indian, I entered and found Don Henriques sitting at a table with an account-book before him, settling accounts with the workmen. He was dressed in the cotton jacket of the country, and had a very long beard; but I should have recognized him anywhere as an American. I addressed him in English and he stared at me, as if startled by a familiar sound, and answered in Spanish. By degrees he comprehended the matter. He was under 30, from Rhinebeck Landing on the Hudson river, where his father keeps a store, and his name was Henry Pawling—had been a clerk in New York and then in Mexico. Induced by a large offer and a strong disposition to ramble and see the country, he accepted a proposal from Mr. Handy. His business was to go on before the caravan, hire a place, give notice, and make preparations for the animals. In this capacity he had travelled all over Mexico, and from thence to Guatemala. It was seven years since he left home and since parting with Mr. Handy he had not spoken a word of his own language: and as he spoke it now it was more than half Spanish. I need not say he was glad to see me.

ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.

"I have come to ask a favor of you," said an old friend one day to the cautious Mr. —: "I am a little put about for money just now, and I would take it kind if you would let me have your bill for a hundred pounds, for a short time." "I have no doubt of your taking it kind," returned the cool sarcastic man of business; "but I have made up my mind never to give my bill except for value received." "Indeed!" said the indignant applicant; "you seem to have forgot, sir, that when you were in distress, I gave you my bill for a similar sum, and though you have now got rich, you should not forget old friends." "I remember the circumstance you allude to, but really, my dear sir, if you thought me in distress, your doing the needful was no great proof of your wisdom; however, as I paid the bill, you had reason to be thankful that you were no sufferer, by doing what you now wish me to consider an obligation. In the mean time, in return for your favor," continued the good man, "I will give you a word of advice—read the fable of the Fox and the Crane; be thankful for your escape, and never again attempt to relieve a friend in distress with your bill."

A TRUE SKETCH.

A short winter day was just drawing to a close as a young and poorly clad girl reached the door of a splendid mansion in Bleeker street. The servant ushered her into a large and elegant apartment, where sat Mrs. M., the mistress of so much wealth and grandeur, in conversation with a friend. The young girl stood a moment and then courtesied, and presented to Mrs. M. a small bundle, saying, "I hope the work suits you, ma'am."

"The work is well enough," said Mrs. M., examining it carefully, but why did you not bring it before? It is at least a week past the time it was promised.—Unless you are more punctual, and keep your word better, I cannot let you have any more work."

It was growing dark, and the room was not yet lighted, so that the tears that gathered in the girl's eyes could not be seen, but her voice was very tremulous as she answered.

"I did not mean to break my word, ma'am; but my mother has been much worse, and my little brother in chopping wood cut his foot; so I have had"—here her voice became inarticulate, and she hastened out of the room.

"That is always the way with these people" said Mrs. M. "a sick mother, or a cut foot, any thing for an excuse."

Meantime Mary reached the little dwelling she called home. Whether her feelings were laboring under the wound so thoughtlessly inflicted on her mother's illness distressed her, or her heart sickened at the thought of helpless poverty, or it might have been the contrast between the room she had left and the one she had just entered, which forced itself upon her; whatever was the cause, contrary to her usual serenity and care to appear as cheerful as possible before her mother, she covered her face with her hands, and leaning upon the rude table before her, burst into a passion of tears. It was but for a moment, for a faint voice from the bed called; "Mary." She started from her posture of grief, and went to her mother's bed side.—"Mary, dear, wipe your eyes, and sit down by me here, and read the thirty-fourth Psalm; it will do us both good." Mary reached from the shelf the well worn Bible, and seated at the foot of her mother's bed, in a subdued voice read aloud. She had just finished reading the verse, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all," when a gentle tap was heard at the door. A little girl some years younger than Mary, opened it and a lady entered.

"Is this where Mary Morris lives?"

Mary started from the bed, "That is my name ma'am."

"Ah yes, you are the one I just saw at Mrs. M.'s. I inquired you out, and have come to see if I can be of any service to you; how is your mother?"

The last tallow candle was dimly burning beside the bed where Mary had been reading. The lady went towards it, and took the hand of the emaciated sufferer.

"Have you any physician?"

"No ma'am. My poor husband's sickness cost me so much, that I have nothing left to pay one. I hope I shall get better in a few days, and then all will go on well; but now it is very hard for poor Mary."

"But you have a high fever, and should be attended to: my husband is a physician, he will call and prescribe for you, and here are some provisions for the children, and Mary just open the door, my servant has brought you a wheel-barrow load of wood ready split; give all your attention to your mother, and you shall be well provided for."

Their hearts were too full for expression of thanks but the lady needed them not to convince her, that there was no luxury like that of doing good. There were tears shed in that humble room that night, not of bitterness, and there were thanksgivings that would put to shame the feeble gratitude of thousands that are increased with good and have need of nothing."

N. B. Mrs. M. went that night to witness the performance of a popular tragedy, and was so overcome by the distresses of the hero and heroine, as to be unable to attend to anything else for several days.

It is said that a printing press has been discovered in China that has been buried over 1000 years. So there is nothing new under the sun.

SHAKERISM.

Mr. Carter, a renouncing shaker, visited this place a few weeks since, and gave two or three lectures on shakerism, and sung some twenty songs, danced, exposed Millers's theory, and did several other things for the amusement of his audience.

The Shakers' creed is a very curious one. They believe in one God, and two persons in the Godhead—male and female, or father and mother—called Power and Wisdom.

They believe that Adam was the Father of the Old Creation, and Eve was the Mother—both being created after the image of God; and that Christ is the Father of the new creation, and Ann Lee the Mother—and that the Millennium commenced with the appearance of Ann Lee on earth.

They believe in the immortality of animals, as well of men. They say that John saw horses in the world of spirits as recorded in Revelations. They believe that all the ugly and venomous animals on earth are symbolical of the evil spirits that inhabit the lower regions of the invisible world, and that all the beautiful creatures, such as birds with gorgeous plumage, are symbolical of the good spirits in the mansions of bliss.

They believe that the souls of shakers, in their trances and visions, really visit the heavenly world. The lancet has been applied to them and their flesh has been sacrificed, while in this state, without producing a particle of blood. One person who visited the land of spirits in a trance, saw all the patriarchs and kings of olden time; saw King David travelling, and Solomon on a snow-white horse; saw Christ and all the Apostles.—*Newburyport Watchtower.*

A MAN RUINED BY SUDDEN WEALTH.—The *Baltimore Sun* gives an account of a young man named Benson Starks, from Athens, Ga., who had been remarkably industrious and had acquired a respectable property, but whose intellect was completely disordered by his suddenly coming in possession of \$7,000.—Having collected his funds, he took the stage for Baltimore, through which he passed on to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and ultimately returned to Baltimore having spent nearly all he had. A young gentleman from Virginia came on to induce him, if possible, to return home, but failing in this, requested the police at Baltimore to take him into custody. He had, when taken, two pistols valued at \$75, forty-seven pieces of gold coin, amounting to about \$235; \$91 in paper, and \$1 in silver, making in all \$402. Five fine gold watches were found upon his person—the chains running around his neck and body. Three valuable breast-pins of the largest size glittered in his bosom.

Cleaning Bottles.—A correspondent is of opinion that a great deal of sickness is produced by the practise of cleansing bottles with shot—the shot containing arsenic. He proposes to avoid this evil by the substitute of paper for shot: as thus—half fill the bottle with spring water, and for shot use waste paper torn into small pieces; shake the bottle well till the water froths, and the bottle will be cleansed in half the time and much better than if shot is used; and, in addition, all danger will be avoided.—*Sun.*

Dr. Johnson and Miller.—When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Miller the bookseller, exceedingly, the latter sent the following card to the Doctor: "Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."—The Doctor sent the following brief reply: "Mr. Samuel Johnson sends his compliments to Andrew Miller; he has received his note, and is happy to find that Andrew Miller has the grace to thank God for any thing."

Strange.—A man died on one of the flat boats on the Levee at New Orleans on the 8th, of a disease which baffled his physician. A post mortem examination took place, and upon examining his brain, it was discovered that an insect of about an inch long, known by the name of a centipede or thousand legs, had crawled into his ear, causing thereby an excruciating death.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

FRANK HEPBURN, A TALE OF TALE-
BEARING.

All mankind have agreed that the badge of the informer is infamy; and when a child goes to school, one of the first things he is made to understand by his companions, is that "to tell tales" is to the last degree dishonorable, and that, see what he may that is wrong or contrary, to the laws established, he must keep his knowledge to himself.

That there are many benefits derivable from this arrangement, is not to be denied, but the practice has also its disadvantages, and, carried to its utmost limits, in youth as well as in matured age, is productive of serious harm to society. In the humbler departments of domestic life, the practice of concealing what it is of importance should be made explicitly known, is in a great degree demoralising, and also injurious to the interests of over-confiding employers. An honest girl goes into a situation where she soon discovers that the butler is making too free with his master's cellar, or the lady's maid with her mistress's wardrobe; that the cook is making dishonest perquisites in the kitchen, or the groom in the stables; but she allows the mischief to go on—perhaps hints it to a few of her acquaintances, expresses her disapprobation, wishes master and mistress knew it, but "one don't like to speak—it gets one such an ill name." By and by, the delinquents are discovered; the innocent are confounded with the guilty; they are presumed to have countenanced and approved what they have only acquiesced in for want of courage to interfere; the whole establishment is condemned—they are a bad set, and must take a general clasp. The honest girl loses her place with the rest; and when she seeks another service, she finds the lady "can't take her, because she was one of the gang that were all turned off from Mrs So and So's." The girl loses caste, sinks into a lower grade of service and worse company, and probably ends by committing the very crimes which she at first disapproved of, but had not courage to expose. We have known more than one instance of this in our lives but the worst case that have come under our observation, and those where silence has been both most mischievous and most criminal, has been where the health and safety of young children were concerned—infants too young to make known their own griefs, or to comprehend their amount. There are nurses who drink and neglect their charge; there are others who have violent tempers, and beat and ill-treat them; and there are some, alas! so depraved or so ignorant, that that in order to obtain leisure or liberty, or to avoid being disturbed in the night, they will not scruple to administer alcohol or narcotics, most pernicious draughts to infant lips. More than one little life we have known sacrificed within the last two years by this wickedness, and in each case the crime was not only unpartaken but highly condemned by the under-nurses, who, nevertheless, witnessed the commission of the enormity in silence; and when at length the sufferings of the little victims led to a discovery, had nothing to say but "we didn't like to speak!" One might almost be tempted to ask what human tongues were given for, if not to be used on such an occasion.

When Frank Hepburn was about thirteen, he was apprenticed to Mr. Drummond, a fashionable silk-merchant, residing in Pall Mall; and as he had been respectably educated, brought a good character from school, and was the only son of a widowed mother, whose affection he returned with filial piety, he entered life with as fair prospect of doing well as most lads in the like sphere. Frank's business by day was, at first, chiefly confined to handing things about from counter to counter, and waiting on the shopmen; but at night he was often engaged assisting the shop porters till ten or eleven o'clock in carrying home goods to the different purchasers in various parts of the town. One evening, Frank, after a fatiguing peregrination, which had extended from St. Paul's the east to Hyde Park corner in the west, was overtaken on his way to Montague Square by a sudden thunder storm. The rain poured down in torrents, and as the parcel he was conveying consisted of a delicate satin, whose only defence from the weather was paper wrapper, he thought

it advisable to seek shelter for a few minutes till the violence of the shower abated. It was past ten o'clock and although many shops were still open, the doors were universally shut; so Frank turned into the first public-house he saw, by accident he overheard snatches of a conversation in an adjoining room. He thought he knew one of the voices; and when the door was opened by the waiter in answer to the bell, he described one of Mr. Drummond's shopmen, whose name was Lines, sitting by a table, on which were the remains of a supper, in company with another man. Not from any desire to conceal himself, or to listen to the conversation, but simply because the situation of Lines being much superior to his own, he did not feel himself entitled to intrude on the party, Frank took no steps towards making known his proximity, but remained quietly where he was. In a few minutes, the thread of a previous discourse was resumed. "Altogether, then," he heard the stranger observe, "you must make a capital thing of it."

"Not so bad," answered Lines, "considering the salary is but eighty pounds a year; but the perquisites bring it up to about three hundred, and a fellow may contrive to rub upon that." "Rub on!—I fancy so," said the other. "But tell me, Ned, how do you manage it?"

"Easy enough, in such a concern as ours," answered Lines, "where every body's in a bustle, and there's a constant succession of strangers."

"But what's the trick?" inquired Jack.

"Why," replied Lines, "on every article I sell, that is, when the purchasers are strangers, and I see they are going to lay down the money, I put on two pence or threepence a yard, according as I see who I've to deal with; sometimes on a shawl or a cloak, or goods that sort, I get as much as ten or twelve shillings. I have got as much as a pound at one slap. Every body is so busy, there's no time to be looking after each other; besides, I've only to say I made a mistake in the mark, and there's an end of it."

Here the conversation sunk to whispers; and, sufficiently shocked with what he had heard, Frank rushed from the house, and proceeded on his errand, his head full of Lines' disclosures. "What a rogue," thought he, "that fellow is!—and to think that I should have found him out by such a mere accident! But rouse-ry is always found out sooner or later. I wish master knew it—I think I ought to tell him. But I suppose if I do, I shall make the place too hot to hold me;—they'll all be against me, I'd bet any thing, and ask what business it was of mine—and, to be sure, it's no business of mine. Tell tales are certain to get the worst of it, so I suppose I'd better hold my tongue; he'll be sure to be found out before long, one way or other." And consoling himself with this persuasion, he returned home and went to bed; and although the next morning, when Mr. Drummond spoke kindly to him, and inquired when he had seen his mother, he felt strongly prompted to communicate what he had heard, yet the apprehension of the ruin he should bring on Lines, and the contempt and reprobation he might himself incur, deterred him, and kept him silent.

His curiosity being so far excited, however, he could not help, after this, watching Lines when he saw him serving the customers; contriving often to be standing near; or passing behind, at the moment the accounts were being settled. He observed that Lines always proceeded to the till immediately, and apparently deposited the amount; but by close observation he discovered that some minutes afterwards, when he was clearing away the goods he had been serving, he took an opportunity of conveying the surplus to his pocket.

It was impossible, however, for Frank to continue long this system of espionage without attracting the attention of Lines; and once or twice their eyes happened to meet at the very critical moment when the dishonest gains were finding their way into their destined receptacle. Lines, in short, saw that he was watched, feared that he was discovered, and, naturally set about to consider how he should elude the danger, and remove the boy from his path. In the mean time as a precautionary measure, he changed his tactics, rarely ventured to make a surcharge when Frank was in the shop; and when he did, instead of depositing his booty in his pocket, he watched his opportunity to conceal it, sometimes in one place sometimes in an-

other, till an opportunity offered for him to go out and take it with him. Thus, in the interim, if a suspicion had arisen, and he were searched no money would be found about him; and if by chance the hidden store, were discovered, it would not be easy to find on the owner.

As he feared Frank, and looked upon him as his enemy, he of course hated him too; and in the hope of finding some opportunity of throwing discredit on the boy's character, and thus diminish his power to harm himself, he watched as intensely as he was watched. But to no purpose. Frank was an honest steady lad, and did his duty; and the more Lines watched him, the less chance he saw of accomplishing his purpose. But here fortune came to his aid in a manner altogether unexpected.

One night, or rather morning, for it was towards two hours after midnight, Frank, who had a bed in a close entering from the shop, was awakened by a knocking at the door, and after listening a moment to make sure he was not deceived, the boy arose, and asked who was there.

"Open the door, for God's sake!" cried a hurried voice: don't you know the house is on fire?—the people will be burnt in their beds!"

Deprived of all presence of mind and power of reflection by this terrific announcement, Frank turned the key and withdrew the bolts at once; and the moment he had done so, a stout man and a lad rushing in, exclaimed, "Run for your life and wake some of the people while we try to save some of the property." And away flew Frank up the stairs, thundering at all the doors, and crying "Fire!" without ever stopping to ascertain where the fire was.

Roused from their heavy sleep, confused and scared, the inmates of the several rooms turned out—some with a counterpane, some with a blanket hastily drawn over their shoulders, some with nothing on but their night clothes, and some with trousers or petticoats in their hands, that for their lives they could not find the way into. "Where is the fire?" resounded on all sides, as they rushed down the stairs, preceded by Frank. "Where's the fire?" reiterated every body when they entered the shop, where all was still dark. Frank, who was foremost, ran into the street, and looked up for the flames he expected to see bursting through the windows. Not a gleam of light was to be seen. The boy stood confounded. "Where's the fire you young jackanapes?" cried Lines; "come this way sir. Where's the fire I say!"—and he grasped the boy by the arm.

"I don't know," said Frank; "the watchman knocked at the door and told me of it, and sent me up to wake you all."

"I!" exclaimed the watchman, who, drawn to the spot by the commotion, had just arrived in time to hear this explanation; "I told you of it! I did no such thing! I haven't been out of the street for the last half hour."

"I can't tell who it was, then," said poor Frank.—"I saw two persons, and I thought they were watchmen, I'm sure; and was so afraid that you'd all be burnt in your beds, as they said you would, that I never stooped to look at them, nor to see where the fire was either."

By this time, Mr. Drummond, who had been hitherto occupied in looking after his wife and children, approached the group; and some one having procured a light, the whole party returned into the shop, Lines keeping fast hold of Frank's arm, and dragging him along with him. It was perfectly clear that the alarm was a false one; and Mr. Drummond, having sent his family to bed again, began calmly to inquire of Frank the meaning of what had happened; but Frank could only repeat what he had said before. Strange as the story seemed, Mr. Drummond, having a good opinion of the boy, was disposed to believe him; but Lines shook his head significantly, and suggested that it would be as well to see if there were any thing missing out of the shop; for his part, he did not like the looks of the business at all.

Upon this hint, a survey being made, it was discovered, that from a small room at the extremity of the shop, where the books were kept, a drawer of the desk had been carried off, which contained cash to the amount of several pounds.

This cleared up the mystery as to the motive of the visitors; and, but for the malice of Lines, would have

to go on, established in Mr Drummond's mind the truth of Frank's story. But Lines took care not only to make a parade of suspicion himself, but contrived to put it into the heads of others to suspect too; till presently there arose a murmur amongst the bystanders, "that the boy's account of the affair certainly might be true but that it was very extraordinary, and ought to be looked into;" whilst the watchman, who had been huffed at Frank's insinuation that two intruders had been doing duty on his beat, thought proper to take the same view of the case, and strongly recommended that the youth should be conveyed straightway to the lock-up-house, and kept there till morning.

To these energetic proceedings, however, Mr Drummond, who was a temperate man, would not consent; but he did yield so far as to allow Frank to be locked up in a bed room up stairs, whilst another apprentice took his place in the shop for the rest of the night.

Thoroughly disturbed by all this commotion, indisposed to sleep by being turned out of his usual dormitory, and forseeing, besides, that Frank being in a sort of arrest, his usual duty of cleaning and setting the shop in order would fall to his lot, this young man arose with the dawn of light, and commenced his operations; and acting upon the well-established axiom that "new brooms sweep clean," he set about the business in a much more radical manner than Frank would have thought necessary—routing out every little hole and corner, waking the flies, disturbing the spiders, dusting and knocking about the things at an uncommon rate; and having in the full energy of these proceedings overturned a pile of empty card boxes, he discovered, stuffed in behind them, a little pile of loose cash, silver and pence, amounting to about five pounds.

The money had evidently been purposely concealed, and the lad, when he remitted it to Mr. Drummond, on that gentleman's appearance, suggested that it was most likely part of the sum abstracted from the cash drawer. "But that is improbable," objected Mr. Drummond; "why should they leave it there?" Frank, who had been released from his confinement by his master, and was standing beside him at the moment this observation was made, involuntarily looked toward Lines; their eyes met; Frank knew who had hidden the money, and Lines knew saw that he knew it.

The moment was critical; fear is cruel; and Lines was rendered desperate by the excess of his peril. "Perhaps," whispered he, just loud enough to be heard, "perhaps it is the youngster's share of the booty."

In an instant every eye was turned on Frank. "You know better," said he, bursting into tears; "you know very well who put it there."

"I!" exclaimed Lines with well-feigned astonishment; "how should I know any thing about it?"

"You know you put it there yourself," sobbed the boy. The testimony of an eyewitness, who had sworn that the money found was, as Lines had suggested, Frank's share of the booty, could not have told more decisively against the poor lad than did this apparently random accusation—flung out, as it appeared to the bystanders, against Lines, who so honestly had never been doubted, for no other reason in the world but that he had been the first to hit upon the true interpretation of the mystery. The boy was forthwith pronounced a shameless young vagabond; nobody, not even Mr. Drummond, would listen to a word he had to say in his own vindication; and whilst an officer was sent for to examine the premises, the reputed criminal was locked up in the room whence the cash had been abstracted.

When the constable arrived, and had been duly put in possession of the circumstances, and the suspicions attached to Frank, he was conducted into the place of the boy's confinement, that he might inspect the immediate locality of the robbery, and examine the supposed criminal, who, with head on the table, and his face buried in his pocket handkerchief, was shedding torrents of repentant tears for not having done his duty by exposing Lines in the first instance, when no ill motive could have been assigned for the accusation, and when Mr Drummond might have easily satisfied himself of its justice.

When the officer had spent a becoming time in examining the room, the door, and the desk, and proved to a certainty, what every body knew before, that the

drawer was gone and the cash with it, he desired Frank to hold up his head and give his account of the matter. When the boy had concluded his story—which, of course, was only a repetition of what he had said before—the officer, who had been looking attentively, asked him if he were sure he was not acquainted with the men he had let into the house, and whether he had not been in the habit of meeting them at "the Lock and Key" in the Edgeware road. Frank declared he had never been at "the Lock and Key" in his life, and that, as for the men, he had not only never seen them before, but that he should not know them if he saw them now, having been too frightened and hurried to think of looking at their faces. All he knew was, that one was a stout man, and the other a little one. "Ay, ay," replied the officer, "I know 'em well enough. But are you sure now you was never at 'the Lock and Key'?" Recollect yourself, I think I saw you there myself once."

"It's no use recollecting," answered. "I'm quite sure I never was there."

"It's a pity young gentlemen have such short memories," remarked the officer. "What! you wasn't there one wet Saturday night about three months ago, eh? Didn't I see you when you came out of the door?"

The recollection of the public house where he had taken shelter, and where he had first acquired the knowledge of the shopman's dishonest proceedings, now flashed upon the boy's mind; and as memory recurred to him, the innocent blood rushed into his cheeks.

"Ah, I think you remember it now!" said the official, chuckling at the boy's confusion, and the triumph of his own sagacity—"I thought I should bring it to recollection;" and then, taking Mr. Drummond aside, he proceeded to relate how, having an appointment, connected with his office, at "the Lock and Key," which was a well-known flash house, on the night in question, he had there seen Frank issue from the door in a more than usual hurry.

Mr. Drummond was thunderstruck by this confirmation of Frank's guilt, and shocked at the extreme perversion which such habits argued, contrasted with his external prudent bearing and almost demure demeanor. Fortunately however, for the boy, Mr. Drummond was both a sensible and a merciful man, and shrunk from condemning the culprit to the hopeless destruction both of morals and of character that would be the consequence of a committal to jail. He therefore obstinately declined the constable's proposal of taking him to Marlborough-street at once; and dismissing that indignant official with a promise of sending for him when he was wanted, he locked the door of Frank's prison, and dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Hepburn, requesting her immediate presence.

The poor lad, choked with tears, and hopeless of being believed, had made no attempt to account for his visit to "the Lock and Key" before Mr. Drummond and the officer; but when his mother arrived, he started to his feet, and throwing his arms around her neck, he eagerly poured out the whole history to one whom he knew would faith in his narration. And the mother did put faith in it, and she told his master that she would answer with her life for her Frank's honesty and truth.

Mr. Drummond had a high opinion of the widow, and did not think himself justified in slighting her testimony. He told her, therefore, that she must take her son away with her till he could make up his mind further on the subject, enjoining on her, in the mean time, absolute silence with respect to the story Frank had told in his own justification. He then privately employed a person he could rely on to watch Lines, both in the shop and when he went out of an evening.

His enemy being removed, Lines thought himself safe; and it was not long before, by the pursuit of his criminal gains, he had betrayed his own guilt, and vindicated the truth of his accuser. He was dismissed with ignominy and loss of character, whilst Frank was honorably reinstated in his situation and in his master's favor.

But had Frank been a motherless boy, or Mr. Drummond a hasty and inconsiderate man, the chances are many that the lad would have been irretrievably ruined, because he had not the courage to expose guilt, in which he not only did not participate but which he utterly abhorred.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

DRINKING FROM SKULLS.

It does not appear from the writings of the Classics that the Romans were addicted to intemperance.—Their general convivial beverage was water mixed with wine. It has often, therefore, been asked "whence did the Anglo-Saxons, take their custom of immoderate drinking?" Probably all the northern nations, "the swarm of Barbarians which desolated the Roman Empire, were more or less prone to Intemperance.—Among the Scandinavian tribes, it was deemed the highest point of felicity, that they should in a future state, be seated in the hall of Odin, and there get intoxicated by swallowing strong drinks from the *Skulls* of those over whom they triumphed in battle.

"Bibemus cerevisiam.
Ex concavis craniorum crateribus."
"from hollow Skulls we'll drink our ale."

The Latin is a translation from one of the old Runic Songs. Consequently we observe that it was not from the refined and literary ancient Romans, but from the violent, bloodthirsty and ruthless *semi-savage* that drunkenness may date its origin, so far at least, as relates to the various nations subjugated to the Roman power.

The Italian Poet Marino, to whom, it is said, Milton owes not a few of the splendid Images in *Paradise Lost*, makes the corclave of the damned in Pandemonium, "quaff wine from the pericranium of Minerva." Mandeville relates that the old Guebres exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving only their Skulls, of which he says, "the son maketh a cuppe and therefrom drinketh with great devotion."

In the early English dramatists, mention is not unfrequently made of converting skulls into drinking cups. In Middleton's "Witch," when the Duke takes a bowl, and is told it is a skull, he replies,

"Call it a soldier's cup;
Our Duchess, I know, will pledge us, 'ho! the cup
Were once her Father's head, which as a trophy,
We'll keep till death."

Massinger has frequent allusions to this custom; and in "Dekker's wonder of a Kingdom," Torrenti says,

"W.uld I had ten thousand soldiers' heads,
Their skulls set all in silver to drink healths
To his confusion who first invented war."

But as Sir Thomas Browne observes, "to be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes to delight and sport our enemies are tragical abominations"—yet it has been often related, that of this tragical abomination a British nobleman and Poet has been guilty.—It is reported that Lord Byron when a youth ransacked the cemetery of his ancestors at Newstead Abbey, for a Skull,—sufficiently capacious and sound, to convert into a carousing bowl. That he had it mounted with silver, and wrote an inscription to be put on it.

Enough has been said to convince the reader that the crime of drunkenness was more prevalent among the savage and barbarous nations; that the *summum bonum* of their rewards hereafter, was a *hope* of being in a beastly state of intoxication, mixing with it the disgusting pleasure of drinking out of Skulls!! It is not to be wondered at, that so long as the most refined pleasures of a whole nation should consist of such degrading traits of human nature, no higher degree of intellect should exist in nations so greatly demoralized; consequently we find scarcely a dawn of Science, through a *long course of ages*—all was dark, horrible, fearful, gloomy, and hopeless, in the benighted souls of such a race.

MOLLY PITCHER.

We recorded, says an exchange paper, the death of Lynn, of Mrs. Rebecca Short, aged 76, daughter of the celebrated "Moll Pitcher." A correspondent makes the inquiry "who was the celebrated Moll Pitcher?" A scrap from the history of American revolution will give a full answer.

In the beginning of the renowned battle of Monmouth, Molly Pitcher was occupied in carrying wa-

ter from a spring to a battery, where her husband was employed in loading and firing a cannon. He was shot dead at last, and she saw him fall. An officer rode up and ordered off the cannon. 'It can be of no use now' said he. But Molly stepped up, offered her services, and took her husband's place, to the astonishment of the army. She fought well, and half pay for life was given her by congress. She wore an epaulette, and was ever after called captain Molly.

John Randolph's Grave.—A gentleman on a visit to the residence of the late John Randolph, writes to the National Intelligencer, as follows: "The body of this extraordinary man reposes beneath the tall branches of a veteran pine, about forty paces from his summer dwelling. No marble marks the place of his repose. He was buried, according to his own request, with his head to the east, and his feet to the west, with a white unpolished stone at his head, and a black one at his feet. He sleeps where he lived in the peaceful bosom of his native forest."

At a camp meeting held in Connecticut, a preacher delivered himself of the following.

"I would that the gospel were a wedge and I a beetle, I would whack it into every sinner's heart among you."

Story Telling.—It is a curious circumstance, that blockheads are generally far better story tellers than clever men. This is indeed so often true, that when I hear of a person's being great, I am apt to place him in the catalogue of asses.—*Macnish*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, July, 24, 1841.

THE PRIZE ADDRESS.—We would remind those whom it may concern, that we shall expect, all such Addresses to come to us free from cost. There is a package now lying in the post office, from Holly-Springs, (Miss.) on which is taxed some \$2 postage. Any package out of the State, sent to New-York, by private hand, and dropped in the box at that Post office, directed to the care of James Herring, Esq. Grand Secretary will safely reach us. As this facility, may induce efforts from those who would be unwilling to pay the postage on their Articles, we have thought it expedient to extend the time from the fourth of August, to the first of September next.

A BANKRUPT LAW.—A large and respectable meeting of citizens, was held at the Capitol on Tuesday evening last, in relation to the passage of a general Bankrupt law. The Mayor, presided, and suitable resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting were passed. There appears throughout the country, a general disposition for the passage of such a law, which no doubt in the main, would be attended with beneficial results. If a man honestly fails to meet his engagements, and surrenders up all his possessions, both the laws of justice and humanity seem to require that the "pound of flesh" should not be exacted. Society, as well as the wants of a family require the bone and sinews of almost every man; and we believe this is all which the contemplated law is expected to give him. Many a sterling merchant—many an ingenious mechanic has been lost to community—whose early prospects had been clouded by misfortune, who being unable to raise themselves under the pressure of their responsibilities, have sunk under the weight of them; and reckless of character or health, plunged in dissipation, until death has finally balanced the ledger, between them and their creditors. There is no doubt but rogues will take advantage of such a law; and their

case can only be reached by severe enactments. All good laws are subject to this objection; but because evils will arise, we see no reason why the unfortunate should be made to suffer.

A CAUTION TO BOYS.—A lad, 12 or 13 years, son of Mr. John Connery, of this city, in attempting to get on one of the rail-road cars, as it was entering the city, fell on the track, and before the train could be stopped, several of them passed over his leg and arm, mangled them in a shocking manner. After lingering for several hours in the utmost distress, he expired. We have often observed, with extreme terror, the daring temerity of boys in climbing on the cars, while under full speed; and it is only a matter of surprise to us, that no more accidents occur. Those having charge of the cars, should strictly prohibit boys from coming near them. It was probably owing to a mistaken act of kindness, on the part of the driver, that this little fellow lost his life.

LITERARY.—The Argus of Tuesday last, contains two rare specimens of splendid literary effort on the part of two young ladies, at the recent examination at the Albany Female Academy. We observe but one defect in these "compositions" to mar their otherwise singular and unspeakable beauties—which is to be found in the three introductory lines being in the English language. Had this not been the case, ninety-hundredths of the readers of the Argus would have arose from the perusal of the "compositions," equally delighted and edified.

The rogues are making improvements in their line of business. Several robberies have lately been committed, when for a certain percentage, the money is promised to be returned, provided no questions are asked. Several official gentlemen have been negotiators, in this kind of business, who are no doubt as honest—as circumstances will admit.

THE OLD ALBANY ARTILLERY, second to no company in the state, are to have an excursion to Catskill, on Monday next, on board of the Steam Boat Illinois, chartered for the occasion, with her barges. It is to be a temperance affair throughout. A cotillion band will be in attendance, and we feel assured that the party will enjoy all they anticipate, from this rational and healthy mode of passing away a prospectively hot day. Tickets \$1, designed for a gentleman and two ladies.

The American Magazine and Repository of Useful Literature, is the title of a new monthly just published in this city, by Mr. B. Wood. It is neatly printed, and its matter is chiefly original. It is afforded at \$1 50 per annum.

The Senate of the U. S. by a vote of 23 to 20, have passed the Loan Bill, and it now only awaits the signature of the President, to become a law. This bill authorises a loan of 12,000,000 of dollars, at an interest of six per cent, reimbursable in not less than three nor more than eight years.

MADAME RESTELL, has been found guilty in her late trial for producing the death of Mrs. Purdy.—Madame Restell was a celebrated female physician in New York, who lent her aid to attain the most disgraceful results. She will now soon receive her reward.

Troy has raised two thousand dollars for the sufferers at the late fire at Waterford. Should not Albany do something?

POVERTY.—In France out of a population of thirty-two millions, twenty-two millions have but six cents a day to defray all expenses—food, lodging, raiment, and education. England and Ireland are in no better condition.

The U. S. ship Ohio, a 74, com. Hull, from the Mediterranean, arrived at Boston on Saturday morning last.

It is now understood, that the council for McLeod, will not appeal his case to the Court of Errors. McLeod, is now anxious to go before a jury. He is sanguine of an acquittal. His trial will take place in Utica, in September next.

Sir Robert Peel, in his speech to the Electors of Tamworth, states that the number of slaves annually brought from the coast of Africa to Cuba, is at least 50,000.

A clerk in the employ of Marie & Decoppet, 59 Wall-street, N. York, absconded on Saturday with \$9000 of his employers funds—\$500 is offered for his detection.

Mr. Fredericks, the tragedian, and Charlotte Cushman, well known on the Albany boards, have united their destinies, "for better for worse." If Fredericks don't make an affectionate husband, Charlotte will whip into it. She is amply able.

An attempt was made a few days since, by a colored girl, living with Dr. Cooke of Williamsburg, to poison his whole family, by mixing arsenic with the tea water. The girl, it appears entertained a hatred to some of the ladies, and took this means to be revenged.

MISSION TO CHINA.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express says that it is not improbable that a special mission will soon be created to China, to represent and protect American interests in that important quarter of the world.

The celebrated Abernethy, on being asked, what was good for the gout, replied, live on sixpence a day, and earn it.

Intelligence.

An American Bishop in Prison.—The following is handed to us for publication, as a copy of a letter communicated to the Secretary of State. We have no knowledge of the character of the author of the letter, but are informed by him that he had seen the Bishop of Detroit in Rome, and vouched for the truth and soberness of his address to the Government. We are not fully aware of the extent of the power of the Pope over those who acknowledge their allegiance to him, but we had supposed that his supremacy was only spiritual, and did not profess to extend to temporal matters, or to the lives and liberties of American citizens. We know not to what conditions Bishop Rese may have subscribed as the price of his liberty, but as an American citizen, claiming the protection of his Government, he is entitled to it, unless he has been guilty of some crime against the laws where he is imprisoned. The arrest and imprisonment of McLeod, under more justifiable circumstances for aught that we see, set England in a blaze. What will Americans say and do if it shall appear that one of their citizens has been arrested and incarcerated by a foreign power, without any violation of civil or criminal law?—*Madisonian of Sat.*

To the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State.

Sir:—I hasten to make known to the Government

of the United States of America, a fact of a serious character, and highly interesting to the national dignity of the country.

The Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, Mr. Reese, an American citizen, is confined in a dungeon of Rome without communication with any living person, and consequently without the knowledge of the American Minister resident there—a target for the blackest calumnies, and a victim of the most atrocious persecutions from his colleagues here in religious matters. He was summoned to Rome towards the end of 1838, if I am not mistaken; and in 1839, when I made his acquaintance, he was confined in a Convent under an ecclesiastical prosecution. On the process being completed, he was ordered to resign. This he refused to do; and then he was thrown in a dungeon, perhaps of the Inquisition, where three other Bishops are lying. There he is overwhelmed with sufferings, and tortured to oblige him to resign, and all possible measures were taken to prevent him from invoking the protection of the diplomatic agents of his own country. A similar case had happened to the Bishop of Philadelphia, Mr. Cornwell. But this prelate, whilst in the same position of Mr. Reese, was fortunate enough to make his escape from Rome; and arrested in Paris, under Charles the Xth, by order of the Pope, was set at liberty through the intervention of the American Minister.

Thinking that the Government of the United States are to look upon their citizens under no religious aspect, but merely as free citizens of this Union, I could scarcely believe but that, in consequence of this disclosure, ready and efficacious steps will be taken to cause the Papal Government to be called to account for such scandalous abuse of its spiritual power.

I have the honor to be

Your most obedient servant,

BERNARDIUS CASTELLI.

Washington, D. C. July 13th. 1841.

PIRACY.—Levin Lawson, captain of the schooner Sylph, of Indian Key Florida, was yesterday arrested on the complaint of Mrs. Elizabeth Housman, owner of the said vessel, which was licensed for the purpose of wrecking on the coast of Florida, and on the 18th of June last, Lawson decamped with vessel and cargo without her knowledge or consent, and as she believed, with a felonious intention.—*Express.*

Awful Effects of Intemperance.—A most horrible accident occurred last week in the Co. of Two Mountains, Lower Canada; a man, while in a state of intoxication, having fallen into a kettle of boiling potash, was completely dissolved. Search was made for his body, but not the least particle of it could be found.

THE MARKET, JULY 20.—Flour stands just as for several days past. Sales Genesee \$5 50; Ohio \$5 37; Georgetown dull at \$5 50. The first sample of new wheat appeared this morning from North Carolina; it looks well, but was not sold. Rye is in demand at 62¢; no sales of Corn. 500 bbls. Whole Oil sold at 30 cents. Pot Ashes have risen to \$5 50 sales, and holders ask \$5 75. Pearls remain at \$5 25.—*Jour. Com.*

NOT BAD.—A Rhode Island member of Congress wrote home to his wife that he had been appointed one of the "Committee on Claims" (claims.)

Married.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. J. Kelly, Patrick Sloan, to Ann Corbit.

And by the same, Patrick Carroll, to Bridget A. Kemp, all of this city.

At Schenectady, by the Rev. Dr. Nott, on the 11th inst., Mr. Paul Haverley, of Knox, Albany co., to Miss Maria Mann, of Schoharie.

On the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. John Houghtaling to Miss Sarah Ann Long, both of New Scotland.

DIED.

On the 10th inst., Dorland, infant son of Dr. L. M. Tracy, of this city.

In Troy, on the 19th inst. after a long but patient illness, Wm. George, aged 60 years.

In Hudson, on the 17th inst. the Hon. Ezekiel Gilbert aged 86.

In New York, on the 19th inst., Mrs. Maria Varick, widow of Richard Varick, esq. aged 78.

At Nashville, Tenn., on the 3d inst., W. H. Hunt, late proprietor of the Nashville Banner.

At Stonington, Conn., on the 13th inst. Capt. Ebenezer Cobb, brother of Sanford Cobb, of this city.

In Johnstown, Fulton co., on the 5th inst. Mrs. Clarissa Hill, daughter of Elias Prindle, aged 31.

In Fishkill, Dutchess co., on the 15th inst. Gilbert Hunter, aged 69.

In Lima, Livingston co., on the 9th inst., very suddenly, of apoplexy, Hon. Matthew Warner, formerly for many years, one of the Judges of Ontario and Livingston counties.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday every month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3,	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tryon Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Ogithorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville Ky	1st Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones st N. Y.
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Lewis S. Deleplain Wheeling Va
Rev Peyton P. Smith, Monticello
H. B. Smith, Steubenville, Ohio
Joseph Cable, Carrollton Ohio.
E. B. Shaw, Hudson.

Peoples' Line Steamboats.



The boats of the Peoples' Line being now all in complete order, will continue to run between Albany and New-York, until further notice as follows:

THE ROCHESTER, Capt. St. John, and SOUTH AMERICA, Capt. Brainard, will form a daily Night Line, one of them leaving the foot of Hamilton street every evening (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock, through without landing.

HALF DAILY NIGHT LINE, at 5 o'clock.

THE NORTH AMERICA, Capt. Truesdell, will run a Half Daily Night Line, leaving the foot of State street, every other evening at 5 o'clock, making the regular landings.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the Pier, foot of Hamilton street. jyl7.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 159 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families. Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12 1-2 cents per day—jyl9—ly

A. W. STARKS

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to: "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

GENERAL AGENCY, for Foreign and Domestic Law, collecting and transacting business. Office Main street, opposite the "TELEGRAPH" office, Houston, Republic of Texas.

The undersigned has made arrangements in the United States, England, France, Germany, and Mexico, for attending to claims of every kind, and to the settlement of the estates of deceased soldiers and others.

All kinds of documents, public or private, made cut in original, in the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Italian languages, or translated from either of them into any one required.

Old settlers will find the services of the undersigned useful in completing their land titles, in cases where any of the formalities of the Mexican laws are wanting; or the execution thereof by the authorities omitted, by procuring authentic copies of the same, from the Mexican records to complete the chain of titles.

New settlers and land speculators can avail themselves of his services, by having examined the Spanish titles to Texas lands, and consulting him in relation to the genuineness and validity of the same, previous to entering into final contract.

Commanding of every description executed. jyl10

GEORGE FISHER.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLACK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times Albany, 1840.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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Corner of Market and Division sts. Albany.

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by him self."

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.
POEM,

Pronounced before the Young Men's Association, July 5th, at
the 2nd Presbyterian Church.

BY FREDERIC W. COLE.

A filial care was that which sought
The martyrs' grave in Scotia's land,
And back from cold oblivion brought
The men'ry of that hunted band
Whose Bethel spots were fields and caves
Which Persecution's murderous hand
Has marked and hallowed with their graves:
A pious hand that yearly came
To deepen on the mossy stone
The ever-venerated name
Of each good Cameronian
Who Church and Court corrupt withstood
And conscience kept at cost of blood.
We love the man* who thus could keep
The spots where Covenanters sleep,
For they were privileged to be
The Pioneers of Liberty.
We love his work: We meet to-day
Our father's monuments to view,
To sweep the cumbering dust away
And touch each epitaph anew.
We need not seek them on the height
To which Aurora's car of light
First ushers the exulting day
Fresh born from Massachusetts Bay;
Nor do we see them over those
Who met our infant country's foes,
Where boasting Britain howed again,
On Saratoga's sandy plain.
We need not on their ashes rear
Like serfs of old, a senseless stone,
For monuments to them are here—
Yes here! nor are they here alone:
Their names and deeds with graphic art
Are traced upon the Nation's heart.
Not wrought upon a summers' day
For Time's gray wing to brush away,
No—he may toil with restless care
This spirit sculpture to decay,
But millions yet to come shall swear
Each year to grave it deeper there!
The men who Freedom's battle fought,
And with their blood for us have bought,
The right of liberty and life
From manly sires their spirit caught,
Who won the priceless right of thought,
Amid the Reformations strife.
That blood which the invader's steel
Draw forth, the Patriot pledge to seal,
And which our Fathers freely gave,
Through centuries, from sire to son
Knew not the pulses of a slave,
But coursed through Freeman's veins alone.
Who were those Freeman? Men who fled
A church and state Procrustean bed.
The Brownist, by the Mayflower borne;
The Huguenot, from Gallia torn;
The follower of fearless Fox;
The non-conforming son of Knox;
The Catholic; all sought the west,
By Persecution's hellish ire,
By pillory and rack and fire—
Weaned from their mother country's breast.
The church that needs the civil arm
As her support and shield from harm,
Might well in such bold spirits see
A source of trouble and alarm:
The light of truth had made them free.
From those—like a Mellenial morn
Our Nation springs, Minerva born.
What though the Pilgrims in their turn
Inflicted torture they had known,
And what they taught, refused to learn;
The truth they planted had not grown.
Penn, Williams, Calvert nursed the shoot,
The Revolution was its fruit.
Behold it now! The noble tree

Of our religious liberty.
Its branches are our bulwarks made,
The christian graces love its shade,
And near its root where they have grown
Our civil rights its shelter own,
While Europe hears, beyond the seas,
When it is swept by Freedom's breeze,
Its boughs a triumph song rehearse
O'er Priestcraft's conscience binding curse.
Who whispers that this tree will fall
Or trembling says it must decay?
His coward heart is fit for thrall,
He has no part with us to-day.
Who, in this exiled stranger's land,
As in derision of our hope
With bigot heart and faithless hand
Points a suspicion at the Pope?
For shame! Forgetting Maryland,*
He loads with his oppression hate
The memory of Baltimore;
And in the act we celebrate
O'erlooks the part that Carroll bore.
Our hearts, these high and holy themes
Warm with a constant genial glow,
But Luxury's delusive dreams
May weave a web of future woe.
Soon, where our banner courts the wind,
A hundred stars shall greet the eye,
A hundred states our Union bind,
And, Eden like, its centre lie
Where mixing with Missouri's tide
The Mississippi's waters boil,
And with majestic swiftness glide
To glut the hungry sea with soil.
Then we may need for Freedom's sake
The echos of this day to wake—
This band that holds the sacred past
In union close, and firm and fast
To all that faith the most sublime
Can hope for man in coming time—
Who, if we break this precious chain
Will weld its magic links again?
No! Freeman still this feast shall keep,
And guard in love from year to year
The places where our heroes sleep
Not with the mourners sigh and tear
But with a high and honest pride
In holding that for which they died.
Not darkly will they view the past
As if to find perfection there
But holding all its lessons fast
Improve the good with grateful care,
And errors mark with honest pen
Of every age.—Aye, even this!
They'll grant to no frail, erring men
A fulsome apotheosis;
Nor yet ungrateful will they prove
To those who benefit the state,
For they shall learn from us to love
The nobly good, and truly great:
Then badges, shame such idle fears;
And we, alas! have seen of late
The witness of the Nation's tears
That none of all her good and brave
Shall sink unhonored to the grave.
No beaten path Columbia treads
Of Europe's time-worn precedent,
Her feet are now above the heads
Of those to whom old sages bent;
And still she rises, still her track
Is upward, like her eagle's flight,
Nor shall she turn in weakness back
Till, from that undiscovered height
Where man is man, and all his wrongs
From fellow man are turned to right,
She sheds on earth's unnumbered throngs
Her dew of love and beam of light.
No conquest marks this brilliant way—
Our Eagle is no bird of prey;
He screams to wake no slavish fears
Nor wets his crest with woman's tears;
His high ambition is to bring
Balm for the Nations on his wing.
And he is strong! Ah yes, to drag
The serpent from his mountain crag!

(*) Geo. Calvert, (Lord Baltimore) founder of the Colony of Maryland, first gave the world an example of Religious toleration. He was a Roman Catholic.

Shall he not guard his nest as well
As when first breaking from his shell?
He loves the Olive's gracious bough,
And fondly clasps it even now,
But let no naughty foe forget
He firmly holds his arrows yet.
The grandest glory of the past
Is but a beam of promise, cast
Like Iris on the cloud, to show
How bright the future day shall glow,
Let not our eyes, bedim'd with night,
Shut out the flood of coming light,
But with a glad and grateful gaze
Hail each precursor of its blaze;
And dare to hope that social grief
May here receive its full relief.
Here shall the reeking brow of toil
Preside upon its own domain,
Which now too long has been the spoil
Of idle pomp and greedy gain.
Here labor shall be seen to be
Too big with blessings to be sold,
And sloth be stamped with infamy
Though glittering in ancestral gold.
And here Religion, modest maid,
Now sickly from her recent thrall,
In panoply of truth arrayed
Shall sway the willing hearts of all.
Unhappy maid, of heavenly birth!
How sad her history on earth.
With flowing robe, with trumpet voice
And men to make the heart rejoice,
Her only trust Messiah's name
Forth from the wilderness she came.
But Prince and Priest must needs engage
To dress her for a courtly cage—
She spurned their care, and wild with fright
West, o'er the waters took her flight
To bring her precious boon to us.
Thus Daphne fled from Delius;
And as the god, when he had found
His love transformed to laurel, bound
The smooth and ever verdant bough
As Glory's guerdon to his brow,
So did Columbia in youth
Win the rich crown of Christian truth.
Nor shall it ever cease to shed
Its sacred halo round her head.

MASONIC ODE,

BY THOMAS POWER, OF BOSTON.

Blest ART of ancient fame!
Let echo's voice proclaim
The welcome word:
May this divine decree—
Man's dearest bond shall be
Indulgent CHARITY—
Still sound abroad.

When chaos fled from earth,
Then ORDER first had birth
In forms of LIGHT:
'Twas Wisdom's own behest
That STRENGTH should ever rest
Where BEAUTY stood confess'd
In radiance bright.

Then God's most perfect plan,
In love to feeble man,
Was kindly given:
With LEVEL, PLUMB and SQUARE,
Form rose from rudeness there,
Proportions just and fair:
The boon of Heaven.

Should sorrow seek relief,
Then be another's grief
In kindness there:
A tear for human woe,
Soft pity's warmest glow,
Let each true brother know
Our constant care.

Come join a brother's joy;
In sweetest notes employ
This festal day:
Let each fraternal tie
Its purest FAITH imply,
Our HOME still fixed on high,
In cloudless ray.

*Robert Paterson alias Old Motalky.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

• ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 48]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register

ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Masonic Bodies assembled at the city of Hudson, June 24th, 1841.

BY JOSEPH P. PIRSSONS, ESQ.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 370.

I do not admit however that the custom of masonic entertainments was ever by any means universal in this Country. It was always discountenanced by discreet brethren as a direct violation of our principles; and where it was practised, it arose from social and generous impulses.

It cannot be denied, that the custom is a baneful one, and I rejoice that it is fast falling into decay.—We cannot my brethren, be too cautious in our carriage and behavior; for recollect, that we are bound "to support the dignity of our character on every occasion, by steadily persevering in the practise of every commendable virtue." Nevertheless there are peculiar seasons of festivity set apart in the masonic calendar; (like the present,) when it is perfectly right and proper that we should relax into innocent hilarity, having first, with all due reverence by appropriate ceremonies, paid homage to the day.

It is within the plan of this day's celebration to partake of an entertainment before we disperse to our respective homes, in accordance with the usage of the craft from time immemorial; and also to bring brethren living far apart together, and of giving them an opportunity of becoming personally known to each other. And it was very grateful to my feelings to read in the programme of ceremonies published in a newspaper of this city, and which was transmitted to me by a most estimable brother, companion and fellow pilgrim, "that the committee of arrangements deem it inexpedient to furnish any stimulating beverage."

Why should intoxicating liquors be introduced at all at our feasts? Does conviviality necessarily spring from inebriation? Is there no fellowship at the festive board without the stimulating glass? Is there no elevation of soul, no mental light to inspire the high wrought toast or sentiment? Will not the bounties of nature that are spread luxuriously before us, dictate the outpourings of grateful hearts?

This is refreshment in its proper sense! It invigorates the body,—keeps the mind clear and unruffled; and is indeed

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

The ancient masons, dedicated their Lodges to King Solomon, who is said to have been the first Most Excellent Grand Master. But masons professing Christianity, dedicate their Lodges to St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, the two great christian patrons of our Order. Let it not be supposed that a mason of the Christian faith, has no religious obligations to fulfil: for although masonry in the abstract "does not interfere with a man's religious or political principles, be they what they may;" it does not set him adrift on the ocean of life, without the christian chart, to mark his bearings and soundings! What is meant by this religious latitude is simply that a christian mason is perfectly at liberty to belong to any sect or denomination of christians he thinks proper; and that masonry does not compel him to profess any particular creed, or to worship according to any prescribed mode; leaving these particulars to the guidance of his own conscience. But the very expression in the masonic charge above quoted, implies the possession of religious principles. Every candidate who is presented at the altar of masonry to be initiated into its mysteries, is supposed to be a religious man, and no enquiry is made into his particular profession of faith; but, he is told that there is nothing in mason-

ry, that will interfere with those religious principles. That is to say:—Be he Episcopalian! Baptist! Methodist! Presbyterian! Roman Catholic! or Quaker! or of any other christian denomination, the christian mason is satisfied, for we are not sectarians. If we of the christian faith, are not bound by christian obligations as masons, then what a mockery is the celebration of this day! What a deception is this in the face of a christian community, and in God's Holy Temple! Would it be proper to celebrate heathen rites here?—or those of the mosque? Are we not assembled as christians? And have we not a set form of worship? A Liturgy! breathing strains of exalted piety, and of a tone and character, which will not suffer by a comparison with that of the church; to which indeed, it bears a very strong resemblance.

In this Liturgy, we have a standard of religious worship, in which our Savior is acknowledged as the direct medium of communication with the Deity, and by and through whom alone, we can obtain remission of our sins!

Christian masons, among their numerous symbols and allegories, have one which is particularly beautiful, as going to shew beyond dispute, the real ground of our faith. It is this: "There is supposed to be a certain point within a circle, embordered by two perpendicular parallel lines representing St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist; upon the top of which rests the Holy Scriptures; and while a mason keeps himself circumscribed within their precepts, it is impossible he should materially err."

There are numerous other allegories equally striking, with maxims and sentiments which illustrate every situation and circumstance in life, whose moral when well explained and duly appreciated, captivates the heart, and leads it irresistibly to the adoration of the great omnipotent Architect of the Universe, whose glory is the end and aim of every degree of our sublime order from the Entered Apprentice to the most ineffable degrees of the christian orders.

Faith, Hope and Charity, Relief, Truth and Brotherly Love, Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, are our prominent characteristics! We are taught to have Faith, which is a belief of the revealed truths of religion; Hope, which is an expectation of some good,—an expectation indulged with pleasure; and Charity, which is tenderness, kindness, good will, benevolence and liberality to the poor; and which is defined by Hooker to be, the theologic virtue of universal love. And these three combined, admonish us to have faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind. But the greatest of these is Charity! For Faith may be lost in sight, and Hope end in fruition; while Charity extends beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of eternity!

That divine attribute Truth, "which is the foundation of every virtue;" Temperance, "which is that due restraint upon our affections and passions, which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice;" Fortitude, which is "that noble and steady purpose of the mind, whereby we are enabled to undergo any pain, peril or danger;" Prudence, "which teaches to regulate our lives and actions, agreeably to the dictates of reason; and is that habit, by which we wisely judge, and prudentially determine on all things relative to our present, as well as to our future happiness; and Justice, "which is that standard or boundary of right which enables us to render to every man his just due without distinction." These are the leading tenets of masonry, and the further we advance in the order, the nearer do we come to the standard of perfection, if that advancement is worthily acquired.

Those who mark well their course, as weary pilgrims travelling through time to eternity, are the most estimable of mortals, and the higher they advance in the order, the more meek and lowly they become.

In discussing the subject of masonry, we are unavoidably led into theological matters; or rather into

comparisons of character of the professor of religion, and the mason; for the institution of freemasonry being a religious order, no man should become a mason who is not a religious man. That there are apostates, and bad men, and infidels and hypocrites, in both the human and divine institution, is a melancholy fact, too notorious to admit of a moment's dispute. But if we take the broad ground of the Jews, and the primitive christian masons; ours is not a mere human institution, but an order of divine origin, said to have been received directly from God by Moses, who communicated it to Aaron, and his sons Eleazar and Ithamar, and the several Elders of Israel.

Be this as it may, where there is no religion, there is no freemasonry! There are professors in both, who are not possessors! How many men are there, who from habit go to church, and how many more are there who do so merely for the sake of example, as they freely admit? Those less candid however, without possessing a single spark of religion, flatter themselves, that they really are good christians, and endeavor to beguile the world into the same belief. They observe all the externals—join in the prayers—and listen attentively to the sermon. If the minister is eloquent and popular, he (instead of their maker,) is the object of their worship; and instead of leaving the house of God with subdued feelings, and pious meditations, they hurry forth in ecstasies at the honied words of the preacher, and all their praise and glory is of him!

And it is even so in the masonic communion. Vast numbers of our order, are guilty of this man worship, to those who hold prominent stations among us. It is not what the order teaches, that they enquire into, but what these men, say and do. Its sublime principles are lost sight of, in the tinsel and shew which surrounds it. Its high sounding terms and titles, captivate the fancy, while the eternal truths that it teaches fail to reach the heart.

Can we wonder then, that if the sacred ordinances of religion are thus lightly passed over, there are so many among us, who are unprofitable and unfaithful! Reflect on this dear Brethren, and let the world see, that in becoming masons, we are set apart from the world, as burning and shining lights on the ineffable mountain of Truth, where our sublime edifice displays its glory.

I do not wish in the foregoing remarks, to be understood as confining the institution of freemasonry to Christianity, for were it so, it could not prevail throughout the universe as it does. But, I repeat, that it is a religious order and that it partakes of the religion of the country in which it flourishes. The very foundation of it, is the belief in a Supreme Being; and there is no nation civilized or savage, (that I know of,) but what has this belief, unless it be the Epicureans. Piety and virtue, have ever delighted in the existence of a Supreme Being. The world has never produced more refined moralists, than those of pagan Greece and Rome. Their maxims and sentiments may be studied with advantage by the most fastidious moralist.—How sublime are the teachings of morality of those master spirits of the heathen world, Cicero, Plato, Socrates, and Seneca. But these heathens believed in an overruling Providence, and in the existence of a Supreme Being. How incomparably superior were they, to the Voltaire's, the Bolingbroke's, the Chesterfield's, the Volney's, the Paine's and the host of infidels of modern times, who living under the light of the gospel, not only deny the Saviour, who bought them with his own precious blood, but impiously attribute all the wondrous works of the Great Creator to chance, and say, that matter and motion, are the cause and effect of every thing! Yes! Masonry is a religious order, and no man that does not revere religion, is a fit subject for it; and it is to be feared my brethren, that many of us, now present, do not live up to the standard of our profession. Is there any such present, let him resolve, while in the more immediate

presence of the *Majesty on high*, in this his holy temple (with his divine grace and favor,) to live up to that standard for the future. Then will he go forth, unspotted before the world, a free and truly accepted mason.

I have dwelt so long on this point, for the purpose of impressing my hearers, both in and out of the order, with a just estimate of the noble institution, of which I appear before them as the humble advocate; and to admonish the brethren to walk worthy of their high vocation. None but good men are genuine masons! The profligate and licentious, the infidel and the inebriate, are no masons! How numerous are the cases which daily occur within our own observation of apostates from the religion of which they were once the pride and ornament. Men fallen from grace by the allurements of the world and become abandoned characters. Yet no honest man ever attempts to revile religion on that account. These unhappy men are no longer religious characters, although they have once been received into the bosom of the church.

Away then, with the ungenerous and bigoted slurs against masons, because vile characters have insidiously crept in among them, and others who were once estimable, have since become depraved. And with regard to these latter, it is the duty of every mason, as well as every christian to adhere to the injunction given by St. Paul, in the 3d chap. of his 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, which is as follows:

"Now we command you brethren, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which ye received from us. For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us; for we behaved ourselves not disorderly among you, neither did we eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labor and travel, day and night, that we might not be chargeable to any of you. Not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an example unto you, to follow us. For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any man would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some, who walk among you, disorderly, working not at all, but are busy bodies. Now them that are such, command and exhort, that with quietness they work and eat their own bread. But ye brethren, be not weary in well doing. And if any man obey not our word, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet, count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother."

Here we have a rule of conduct laid down in the scriptures, and in so simple and familiar a style, that the meanest capacity can understand it. While its tone is the most meek and gentle, there is a glow of eloquence about it, which is truly sublime. It should be attentively studied by every mason, and engraven on his heart. Thus would his own character be established, and his line of conduct to others, distinctly marked out.

Let also those ancient people of God who are still looking for the Messiah to come, be wary among those of their own dispersed nation, how they give cause of offence, and thereby scandalize the order, which no class of men among us profess more to revere than they do. Let those who emphatically style masonry a *holy mystery*, and style it as being handed down by God himself to Moses, and pray, "not to be numbered amongst those who know not the statutes of the Lord, nor the divine mysteries of his secret *cabala*," be particularly cautious how they walk before their brethren.

I speak it to the shame of these people, as well as of many of the christian portion of the order, that there is too much carelessness in the admission of members:—and this is the grand secret of all our troubles. Are not some of the Lodges flooded with candidates at every meeting; among whom it is known that there are exceptionable characters.

And then the finger of scorn is pointed at the order. because it is said, "Look at such a man. Does he not belong to your fraternity? Of what materials are you made, when such a fellow as that is one of your chosen associates and companions?"

It is no excuse to fall back upon religion, and speak of the boasted revivals of certain sects, and of the multitude who flock into their portals, and profess miraculous conversions at those periods of excitement—from which they speedily slide back into all their former evil courses:—and because they say to all class-

es, come in and join us, we should do the same. Let it be remembered, that there are fanatics in religion—many zealots, who from good motives perhaps, do incalculable mischief, and actually scandalize and profane its sacred character. In this case the homely adage may well be applied, "that two wrongs do not make a right."

The evil of this course, is greater in our communion, than it is in the religious world. For religion of course will right itself, as piety is its own expositor! But the expelled mason cannot be distinguished by the world from the one in full communion and good standing; and hence the care that should be taken to receive none into the order, who have even the suspicion of a taint on their character.

These remarks apply with more force to the large metropolis from whence I hail, than they do to smaller communities,—and I would beg particularly to be understood as making no allusion whatever, to those whose lot is cast in this ancient city. From the high reputation they maintain among their brethren, at large, and the space they fill in society here, I would turn to them as proud exemplars of the masonic character; and what greater proof need a spectator require of the estimation in which the Hudson brethren are held, than the one which is now presented in the brilliant array of female loveliness with which we are honored on this occasion! Oh, go with us, ye fair! Esouse our cause, and vindicate our rights! So shall ye find us not ungrateful; but that all your blandishments are well bestowed, and every endearment fully reciprocated in the faithful, fervent breast, of the true and genuine mason.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

HIGHLAND TRADITIONS.

In the number of the Statistical Account of Scotland noticed by us a short time ago under the head Kildonian, Sutherlandshire, the author offers some traditional anecdotes of the clan Gun, a name apparently identical with that of Gwynne among the Welsh. These traditions are curious, and give a vivid idea of the unruly manners of a past age.

"Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the chief of the clan Gun was George Gun, who lived in feudal dignity in his then impregnable castle of Halbury; but he was better known as the *Crowner Gun*, or as he was called by the Highlanders, "*Nm Brais-tach-more*," from a great brooch which he wore as the badge or cognizance of his office of crowner. He had a deadly feud with the chief of the Keiths; and having met in St. Syre's chapel for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation, but without success, they there solemnly agreed to decide their quarrel, if they could not do so amicably on a future day, by equal combat between twelve sons or relatives of each chieftain. This compact was concluded by mutual vows accompanied with religious rites within the chapel, that the meeting would take place in a solitary part of the country, where no interruption could occur, and the escort of each leader was fixed at twelve armed horsemen. The crowner had been twice married, and had a numerous family of sons; but some of them resided in Sutherland, and it was also agreed that he should form his party there, and proceed into Caithness with them by the Strathmore rout, while the Keiths would move, on the appointed day, towards the confines of Sutherland, and in the same direction, so that the two parties would meet in a retired district, remote from any chance of being disturbed. The chiefs, each followed by twelve horses and their riders came within sight of each other on the appointed route, and soon thereafter met at a burn called *Alt-na gawn*, below the glut of Strathmore. The crowner and the leader of the Keiths approached each other in full armor; but it was soon discovered by the Guns that there were two riders on every horse in the party of the Keiths, and consequently the latter party had twenty-four men opposed to the twelve followers of the crowner. This vile stratagem instantly revealed to the Guns that their destruction, by unfair means, was determined upon. They scorned, notwithstanding the great odds against them, to retreat before their enemies the Keiths; and both parties dismounting,

the huge double-handed sword, and other formidable weapons of the period used in close combat, were furiously and destructively wielded, amidst horrid imprecations, and remorseless vows of each clan's never-dying vengeance, which raised to madness the rage of the combatants.

The Guns fought most desperately, but could not withstand the great odds that opposed them; and after a long-continued struggle, the survivors on both sides were so much exhausted, that the combat was mutually dropped—the Keiths being so far the victors as to leave the field with their banner displayed, and to be able to carry with them their slain companions; while in the ranks of the Guns, the crowner and seven of his party were killed, and the remaining five were all severely wounded. The Keiths proceeded to Dilred Castle, in Strathmore, then occupied by Sutherland of Dilred, where they were hospitably entertained.—The five surviving Guns, who were all sons of the crowner, also retired, but tarried at another stream, since then called *Alt-Torquil*, after Torquil Gun, one of the survivors, who there dressed the wounds of his brothers. Towards evening, Henrybeg, the youngest of the surviving brothers of the Guns, proposed that they should follow the Keiths, and endeavor to obtain revenge, even by stratagem such as the Keiths had recourse to: but his brothers considered such a step as leading to their certain destruction. Henry, however, could not be restrained from his purpose, and swore that he would never rest until he should kill a Keith, and recover possession of his father's sword, helmet, shirt of mail, and brooch of office, which the Keiths had taken off the dead body of the crowner.—Two of the brothers were so severely wounded: that they could not move to any great distance, but the other two accompanied Henry, who arrived at Dilred Castle soon after night fall. On approaching the castle, its wooden windows or shutters were found open, and around a large fire in the lowest apartment the survivors of the Keiths were quaffing bumpers of ale; and Henry, who went close to one of the windows, heard them narrate, with boisterous delight, the losses sustained by the Guns. The chief of the Keiths, not apprehensive of any danger, accidentally approached the window where Henry stood, and the latter then bent his bow, and in another instant his arrow pierced the chieftain's heart; Henry at the same time boldly accompanying the deadly flight of his arrow with the exclamation (afterwards used in the North Highlands as a proverb) of "*The Gun's compliments to Keith*." The old chief dropped down dead; a panic seized the other Keiths; and the three Guns, having darted forward to the door of the castle, slew some of the first persons who ventured out by it; but finding that they could not retain their position long, Henry and his two brothers retired silently under cover of the darkness of the night, and hurried back to the assistance of the other brothers, who had been unable to accompany them."

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.—Nothing flourishes now a days like snake stories; they grow larger every day. We believe the following, from the *Mill's Point* (Ky.) Herald, is the greatest out:

A neighbor of ours, who is a farmer from this county, tells us, that a few nights ago he awoke and felt a cold and slimy body crawling over his hand; he jumped out of bed. The noise awoke his wife, who likewise left her couch. On making a light, they discovered an immense rattlesnake in bed, measuring after it was killed, six feet, and having seven rattles. The alarm and fright this unwelcome visitor occasioned, drove away all idea of sleep for the balance of the night. As soon as daylight dawned, the farmer opened the door and discovered another large snake lying on his door steps. He killed the same with the fire tongs. He then approached the stables to feed his horses; there he again saw another snake; he pursued and saw it enter a hole near an old stump. He immediately sent his son for some of his neighbors. On their arrival, they dug down near the stump and found a den of snakes all coiled up together—all of which they killed. On counting them, they found that they had destroyed forty-six rattlesnakes of all sizes, from eight inches to five feet long—which, with the two killed in the house, make the enormous number of forty-eight.

Miscellany.

THE PERSECUTED LEARNED.

Those who may have labored most zealously to instruct mankind, have been those who have suffered most from ignorance; and the discoverers of new arts and sciences have hardly ever lived to see them accepted by the world. With a noble perception of his own genius, Lord Bacon, in his prophetic will, thus expresses himself: 'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages.' Before the times of Galileo and Harvey, the world believed in the stagnation of the blood, and the diurnal immorality of the earth; and for denying these the one was persecuted and the other ridiculed.

The intelligence and the virtue of the Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecution, swallowed poison. Heraclitus, tormented by his countrymen, broke off all intercourse with men. The great geometers and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Pope Gerbert, as Bishop Otho gravely relates, obtained the pontificate by having given himself up entirely to the devil: others suspected him too of holding an intercourse with demons; but this was indeed a devilish age.

Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the archbishop of Mainz declared him a heretic, and consigned him in the flames: and the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of improving steganography, or the arts of secret writing, having published several curious works on this subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries; and Frederick II, Elector Palatine, ordered Trithemius's original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burnt.

Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow sentiments, the truth of which must have been abundantly manifest. 'Are these then my judges?' he exclaimed in retreating from the inquisitors, whose ignorance astonished him. He was imprisoned, and visited by Mikon, who tells us that he was then poor and old. The confessor of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, perused the mass of this great philosopher, and destroyed such as in his judgement were not fit to be known to the world!

Gabriel Naude, in his apology for those great men who have been accused of magic, has recorded a melancholy number of the most eminent scholars, who have found, that to have been successful in their studies was a success which harassed them with continued persecution, a prison, or a grave!

Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country, and the enjoyment of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which every school-boy can perform; but more particularly having attacked the then prevailing opinion, that St. Anne had three husbands, he was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not unfrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach. He died in an hospital.

In these times, it was a common opinion to suspect every great man of an intercourse with some familiar spirit. The favorite black dog of Agrippa was supposed to be a demon. When Urban Grandier, another victim to the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew, the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him. Mr. De Lange, a French minister, who employed many spies, was frequently accused of diabolical communication. Sixtus the Fifth, Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæsar Borgia, his son Alexander VI, and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant.

Cardan was believed to be a magician. The fact is, that he was for his time a very able naturalist; and he who happened to know something of the arcana of nature was immediately suspected of magic. Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant; for when Albert, usual-

ly called the Great, an epithet he owed to his name *De Groot*, constructed a curious piece of mechanism which sent forth a distant vocal sound. Thomas Aquinas was so much terrified at it, that he struck it with his staff, and to the mortification of Albert annihilated the curious labor of thirty years!

Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honor, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunder of the priest, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some demon. This was, as Abbe Reenel observes, having a most exalted idea of poetry, though a very bad one of poets. An antipoeitic Dominican was notorious for persecuting all verse makers the power of which he attributed to the effects of *heresy* and *magic*. The lights of philosophy have dispersed all these accusations of magic, and have shown a dreadful chain of perjuries and conspiracies.

Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland, when he first published his opinions. Voetius, a bigot of great influence at Utrecht, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burned at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled, on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. Mr. Hallam has observed, that 'the ordeal of fire was the great purifier of books and men.' This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century.

If the metaphysician stood a chance of being burned as a heretic, the natural philosopher was not in less jeopardy as a magician, is an observation of the same writer which sums up the whole.

PEERS.—A Peer, sitting in judgment, is not required to give his verdict upon oath, like a commoner, but upon his honor. What a stigma on the other class of the community? Just as if a Peer alone had honor, and all others were base perfidious slaves, from whom truth could only be extorted, when they had been forced into the presence of their Creator. A member of the lower house is the deputy or representative of others, and cannot delegate his powers; but a Peer represents only himself, and may vote by proxy on any question, even though he has never been present to discuss its merits. If a thief break into a church and steal the surplice or cushion, it is not like stealing a ledger or a cash-book from a shop or counting-house—it is sacrilege. If a man scandalize a Peer by speaking evil of him, it is not common scandal, it is *scandalum magnatum*, that is, great scandal, subjecting the offender to indefinite punishment. If a Peer jobs in the funds as many of them do; or if he gets up bubble companies, as some of them have done, to dupe credulous people; and if he involve himself in debt by these fraudulent practices, you cannot imprison him to enforce payment; neither can you make him a bankrupt and sequester his estates. The property of a Peer, like his person, has a dignity about it, and must not be violated.—*English paper*.

Crops, &c. in East Tennessee.—The following is an extract of a letter from a very extensive farmer in Green county, East Tennessee, to his friend in this city dated July 10, 1841:

"The crops of corn in our county are probably more promising for an abundant supply than they have been for years back. If the season should continue good for some three or four weeks longer, corn will be a cheap article on the 1st of December next. The wheat crop was also quite good; the best I ever raised except the year before last. Oats are plentiful, yet short to what they would have been had the month of June continued wet; but, as we had a dry June, the people were enabled to work their corn in fine style. Since that time we had just enough to suit the corn crop. The country is quite healthy, and when we look around us, seeing no sickness worth speaking of, an abundant crop of every thing just before us, the fruit trees loaded with fruit, as well as the forest trees with acorns, we ought to be thankful to an All-wise Creator."—*Nat. Int.*

AGED HEROES.—A writer in the Express states that there are but five officers of the regular Revolutionary Army in New York city, and adds the very remarkable circumstance that the ages of these advance ser-

tim from 85 to 89. Their names and ages as follows:—Lieut. Abraham Leggett, in his 85th; Major Leonard Bleeker, in his 86th; Major General Morgan Lewis, in his 87th. [Gen. Lewis, is the present Grand Master of the G. L. of this State;] Captain Theodosius Fowler, in his 88th; and Major William Popham, in his 89th. They are all in good health.

ASTONISHING SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—A young lady, while crossing a river in South Carolina, a short time since, on horseback, was by a blunder of the horse, accidentally thrown off into the stream. She was borne down some distance by the current. When the animal recovered its feet and found that its rider had been placed in so perilous a situation, it immediately went in pursuit, overtook the fair prize, caught her garments in his teeth and carried her triumphantly and safely to the shore, thus saving a life which otherwise, in all probability, would have been lost in a watery grave.

A CIRCUMSTANCE WORTH RECORDING.—Dr. John R. Watrous of Cochester, called at our office on Tuesday, and paid for the Connecticut Courant, to January 1, 1843. He remarked that he had taken the paper, with the exception of about six months, 47 years, and generally paid his subscription in advance. The Doctor was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution; although he is now in the 88th year of his age, he has the appearance of a person of 60, and bids fair to live many years. We have somewhere seen it stated, that those persons who take a newspaper and pay for it punctually generally live to a good old age. The originator of this saying, has in the above case a verification of his assertion.—*Hartford Courant*.

THE FORCE OF SYMPATHY.—The Sandy Hill Herald tells the following good anecdote:

"I'll tell you," says an ex-member of Congress, in Michigan, "how I secured my election in this district several years ago. When I was nominated, the party to which I belonged, was in the minority, and there was no hope of succeeding unless something more than ordinary was resorted to. After reflecting some time I came to the conclusion to steal a hog from one of my neighbors, which I did, and in the morning the neighbor traced me to my dwelling, and ascertained beyond a doubt that I was the thief, and published me as such; when I immediately appealed to the sympathies of the people, and asked them if they thought I would steal a hog? They swallowed the bait—said it was persecution on the part of the neighbor, who was politically opposed to me; and the consequence was, I was triumphantly elected. But the next time I was a candidate for the same office, a Yankee, from Vermont, was the opposing candidate, who having learned the secret, stole a sheep, and run me sky high."

COURTLY ADROITNESS.—The Duke of Grammont, was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day.—He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin, without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping close-legged against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation, was dangerous; a less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. The Duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence; and the Duke and Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and was six months afterwards Marshal of France.

DIARRHŒA.—People need not be long troubled with that disorder, so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the summer or bowel complaint, when the certain remedy therefore may be found on every man's dinner table, in the shape of salt and vinegar. Two tea spoonful of the former, dissolved in half a gill of the latter, and swallowed at a draught, in half a gill of the latter, and swallowed at a draught, will in most cases effect an instant cure. The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. This recipe should be published annually, every summer.—*Nantucket Eng.*

POPULAR TALES.

RICHARD WARBECK.

[Those of our readers who may have a penchant for the horrid, will find the following tale to contain that particular merit, to a very eminent degree. The story occupies more room, than we usually give to such matters; but we thought that it would be more acceptable in one paper, than to divide it. It is copied from a recent No. of Bentley.]

'Nay replied the Major,' 'we need not go so far back as the days of Dr. Faustus and Don Juan, for examples. There was a man in my native town, a schoolmaster of the name of Warbeck, who sold himself to the devil merely that he might have his revenge upon a fellow-townsmen, who had carried off his sweet-heart. My father was his doctor, and in the course of his attendance upon him, learned the full particulars which I have often heard him relate.'

'Let us hear them,' said Mr. Carliel.

The Major, who was never so happy as when he had an opportunity of telling all the marvellous stories he had collected, drank off his cup of coffee, and began.

'Richard Warbeck, when I knew him, was a tall, thin, pale-faced, hollow-eyed, and grey-headed old man, limping about upon crutches; but in his younger days he was accounted handsome, and a very devil among the women.'

'We may guess what sort of women,' remarked Miss Grooby, drawing herself up several inches.

The Major went on, 'Among these with whom he fell in love was one Grace Amos, a farmer's daughter, a beautiful creature, as I have heard. But I remember her too: Goody Amos she was then called, and she gained a scanty livelihood in summer, (in winter she used to go into the workhouse,) by gathering wild flowers, making them into nosegays, and selling them from door to door. Every body bought, of her, when Richard had his revenge; and no wonder, as you'll say when you hear what it was. I have told you she was one of his sweethearts, and they were to have been married; but before the day came, there came another lover in the way, a dashing recruiting sergeant, named Wilkinson; and Grace Amos became Mrs. Wilkinson instead of Mrs. Warbeck.'

When Richard heard that Sergeant Wilkinson was about to marry Grace, and when he had wrung from the poor girl herself a confession of the truth, he laid his hand upon her arm, and said, "If there is a God in heaven, or a Devil in hell, you shall rue this!" And with these words he left her.

'It appeared he had in his possession an old book upon necromancy, where he found instructions how, by hellish charms at potent spells, to raise the Evil One. Though he refused to tell my father all the means he employed—declaring, indeed, that he dare not—he related very exactly the horrible scene which followed.

'He was in his bed room towards midnight, it being the seventh night of his incantations, when, just as the church clock struck twelve, a rushing noise like a violent gust of wind, passed through the chamber, extinguishing the lights, and leaving him in total darkness. Nothing dismayed, he performed the remaining part of his fearful task, which was to open a vein in the left arm, and catch as much blood as would fill a wine-glass. This he was to fling, or rather sprinkle, towards the four corners of the room, saying, as he did so, "I call you east—I call you west—I call you north—I call you south—come and speak to me!"—He had no sooner uttered these words than he felt himself grasped round the waist as if a belt of hot iron encircled him, and a voice, that resembled the hissing of a serpent, whispered in his ear—

"I am come to thee,
Now come with me!"

'Richard lost his senses, and remembered nothing more till he found himself standing in the church porch, by the side of a little old man leaning on a crutch-stick. He was not more than four feet in height wore a sort of Spanish dress, with a black velvet mantle, and a hat of the same material, turned up in front, which disclosed a countenance remarkable for its intense malignity of expression, rather than for any thing

either hideous or diabolical. Richard, who was bewildered, forgot that the demon had no power to speak till spoken to; so there they stood for several minutes, he looking at the fiend he had evoked, trembling from head to foot, and the fiend glaring upon him with eyes that every moment grew more and more lustrous with rage, till at last they appeared like two globes on fire.

'The Lord protect me!' exclaimed Richard, at length, as he perceived the increasing fury of his companion.

'Then the demon said, "Thou fool! thou couldst have no power to summon me till thy soul had renounced heaven. I am thy lord now—thy lord and slave—thy lord to command, thy slave to obey thee. What wouldst thou have? Wealth? 'Tis thine!—The power to gratify every earth-born wish! Fifty years thou shalt revel in worldly bliss, in whatever region or clime thy fancy may desire; but at the end of that time, though thou wert at the farthest verge of earth, hither must thou return—to this spot—and at the same hour of night as now—where I too shall be to meet thee. Speak—what wouldst thou have?"

"Revenge!" replied Richard.

"Then thou shalt have it. Behold how."

He struck upon the church doors with his crutch stick: they flew open. Richard saw, as in a vision, Grace Amos kneeling at the altar with his rival, and receiving the nuptial benediction.

"There is to-morrow" said the fiend.

"There is hell!" exclaimed Richard.

"And here is heaven—thy heaven!" continued the fiend, pointing in the direction of the entrance to the church-yard, where Richard beheld a funeral train approaching, and Grace Amos in her bridal dress following a coffin. The next moment the whole vanished.

"Come this way said the demon. They walked into the middle of the church-yard. "Here," he continued, striking his crutch-stick into the ground, "is his grave! He will not lie in it, but he shall be ready for it by to-morrow night."

"In what manner?" asked Richard.

"In this manner. To-morrow he weds her who was thine. He is quarrelsome and choleric. As he leaves the church, with his bride upon his arm, do thou cross his path. Leave the rest to me."

"Will you be there?"

"Yes—but unseen of any, save thyself."

"How then?"

"Question me no farther—I must be gone. Is it a bargain? I tell you he shall wed but never bed your mistress. Is not that revenge enough?"

"Ay—glorious revenge!" said Richard, clenching his teeth.

"Well, then, is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"Richard stretched out his hand, which the demon seized.

"Wear that mark," he exclaimed, "till I claim it."

As he spoke, Richard felt the sinews of his right hand contract and knit together; at the same time he heard a chuckling laugh in the air. He looked up, but could see nothing. He turned towards the demon—he was gone!

'The next morning,' said the Major, 'Richard was awakened from a disturbed sleep by the merry chimes of the church bells. He arrived at the church just as the wedding party were leaving it. The bride trembled violently at the sight of him.

"Grace," said Richard, addressing her, taking no notice of Sergeant Wilkinson, "did I not declare you should rue this day, if there was a God in heaven or a Devil in hell?"

"Oh! Richard, Richard!" exclaimed the faithless girl, "I did not think to see you here. Why have you come?"

"To keep my word, Grace."

"Keep your distance," said the sergeant, thrusting him aside.

A blow followed, which Richard struck with his right hand. It seemed to fall upon his rival's breast like a blow from a sledge hammer, and he staggered beneath it. Richard when relating the circumstance to my father, declared that it appeared to himself as if he had struck with some heavy instrument instead of his hand. The sergeant drew his sword and was about

to rush upon his unarmed assailant. Grace hung upon his neck, and besought him not to move. His and her friends gathered round to prevent the effusion of blood. He flung his bride from him—he disengaged himself from the others—his eyes flashed fire—his pale lip quivered—he advanced towards Richard, who stood calm and unmoved; for now he saw the demon by his side, pointing with his crutch-stick in mockery and scorn at the uplifted sabre. He made a thrust at him—it was parried by the demon. Richard receded a few paces, followed by his infuriated antagonist, round whom his friends had again gathered, and to whom Grace again clung in an agony of terror, imploring him to be calm. She held him by one arm as he dragged her along, following Richard, who still retreated, and aiming furious blows at him, which were still turned aside by the demon. The screams and cries of the bridal party were terrific.

"Come on," said Richard tauntingly. "Why don't you strike home?"

At that moment the sergeant stumbled on the very spot where, the night before, the demon had struck his crutch stick into the ground, and said, "Here is his grave." He fell, dragging Grace with him; his sword slipped from his grasp, and Richard saw the demon turn its point so, that, as he fell it pierced his heart. Scarcely uttering a groan, he rolled upon his face, (Grace lying partly beneath him, drenched with his blood,) and expired. A loud laugh, which none but Richard heard, rang through the air. The demon was no longer to be seen.

Horror was upon every countenance save Richard's who surveyed the scene with a calm brow. Bitter upbraidings were heaped upon him by those who stood around.

"Why what have I done?" said he. "I came to tell that perfidious woman, (pointing to Grace, who was lying insensible in the arms of her bridesmaids,) of what she had done—withered a heart which was hers or nothing. I forewarned her I would do so; and if that choleric fool could have been content to let a wronged man complain, this had not happened. He fell by his own hand not mine."

"You struck him, villain!" exclaimed old Giles Amos, the father of Grace. "It was that blow that was the cause of all."

"He might have returned it," replied Richard, "and would have done so had he not been a coward, drawing his sword upon a defenceless man."

"God forgive you, Richard!" rejoined Giles. "You have had your revenge; and may God forgive you."

Laughter was heard, and a voice exclaimed,—"He has had his revenge, and bought with it God's curse!"

"Who is that?" cried several voices at once.

"Harken to thy doom, Richard," said Grace, starting wildly up. "Harken to thy doom! I heard it pronounced, and I shall see it fulfilled—there—there!" pointing to the sky. "Oh! Richard, Richard, you have indeed kept your word; but why were you not merciful? Have I deserved this at your hands?" she continued, bursting into tears as her eyes glanced upon the bleeding corpse of her husband. "Could you not have desisted, hated me, for my falsehood, but spared me this? Oh! my heart will surely break!"

She fell upon her knees by her husband's body, took his hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"When I loved you most," said Richard, gazing at her with a stern upturning eye. "I never looked upon you with half the pleasure I do now. I bore hell's torments for thee, thou false one!—and I could have continued to bear them, or anything, except seeing you another's. That maddened and—"

"What?" demanded Grace, springing to her feet, as if the thought had suddenly flashed across her mind of what Richard had done.

"And," he continued, smiling contemptuously, "I resolved to welcome the new-made bride at the earliest moment, even as she came from the altar. I have done so; and now I leave you with the husband of your choice!" So saying, he turned upon his heel, and quitted the churchyard.

"And what became of poor Grace?" inquired Mary.

"Ah!" said the Major, shaking his head, "there was a bad beginning, but a worse ending to my mind.—Who can explain a woman? Who can understand

the movements of that moral machinery which makes them such beautiful contradictions.'

'Beautiful fiddsticks!' exclaimed Miss Grooby, violently agitated. 'I have no patience, brother, to hear you talk such nonsense. The creature was nothing better than a vile harlot,—a lewd minx, who did not care what she did so as she got a husband; and rightly was she served when she married the vile wretch Richard Warbeck.'

'What!' said Mr. Carliel, 'did she afterwards marry Richard?'

'I can't deny it,' replied the Major, shaking his head again, as if he really felt for the honor of the sex; 'I can't deny it. She certainly did marry him; but I shall always think she was the victim of unholy practices. At first,' said the Major, 'she was like Calypso, inconsolable for the loss of her Ulysses,—but in time she took the Ephesian dame for her model. Seven years had elapsed, during which she never once laid aside her widow's weeds, and no one ever saw her smile. Many were the offers she had during this period, all of which she peremptorily and even sternly repulsed. What had become of Richard nobody knew; for immediately after the death of his rival he left the place without saying whither he was going; but it was generally thought he had gone to sea. At the expiration of seven years, however, he came back, and set up a school. His frame seemed shattered, and his deportment was that of a man ill at ease. If a stranger appeared in the town, he was the first to inquire whence he came, and whether any one knew his errand. Sometimes he would receive letters with a foreign post-mark, and these he examined intently, the seal, the folding, the writing, before he opened them. Then he always slept with two lighted candles in his room, and would never go to bed till midnight, and in summer time not until the day had dawned.—All these things were noted by his friends and acquaintance, the more charitably disposed of whom ascribed them to remorse for the fate of poor Wilkinson.

'When, or under these circumstances, he renewed his intimacy with Grace I never heard; but within three months after his return, to the utter amazement of all who heard it, the banns of marriage between them were published one Sunday morning. Her father, who was present, started up, and in a voice of fury forbade them; but when the poor old man went into the vestry after service was over to assign his reasons, he could give none that amounted to a valid prohibition: so the marriage took place.

'You will repent this,' said Giles to his daughter the evening before the wedding.

'I know it father,' replied Grace. 'I feel that I am about to do something terrible; but I have no power to resist. Richard has got hold of me. If he were to bid me hack my flesh off my bones, I should do it. He marries me, because it is his will. I do not marry him,—nor would I; but when he asked me if I would, I could as soon have trod the air as said anything but the one word he himself breathed into my ear,—yes.' And ever since I have moved in a sort of waking dream, God help me; for I know I am a doomed woman, though I cannot explain what it is that makes me think so.'

'Next morning they were married. Such a bride! and such a bridegroom! and such a marriage! Richard would not allow any one to accompany her, but insisted upon their meeting at the church door, where she found him waiting. He forbade her to lay aside her widow's weeds; and he was dressed in exactly the same clothes he wore when he went to meet her the morning she was married to Sergeant Wilkinson. Well, the knot was tied, and they were returning. Richard stopped at the spot where first her husband fell and died in that fatal scuffle. Looking sternly in her face, he said,

'Grief for the fool who lies buried there, not love for me, has kept you mine till now. There was a time when I would have married you—oh, how gladly!—for love; now I have married you for revenge. Go—your sight is hateful to me—worse: it calls up the past, and makes the horrible future stand before me. Go—treacherous devil! the wedded of two husbands, the wife of neither; and if I could bring down the curses on your head, it should be that your heart may wither as mine has, in hopeless love,—that with a hand you dare not give, you may be tormented with

longing desires to bestow it. Go—and quickly, or the thought of what your perfidy has driven me to will make me mad, and I shall be tempted to have thy blood upon my soul.'

'Grace, who had stood with her head bent, her hands clasped, and her limbs trembling, while these terrible words were addressed to her, now, without once raising her eyes to look at Richard, slowly withdrew, and returned home.

'She went to her bed, from which she never rose again for three months. A violent fever with delirium came on, and the things she raved about were dreadful to hear. In the end she recovered her health; but her reason was gone, and that she never recovered. It was a gentle and harmless insanity, which showed itself chiefly in attending every wedding that took place, and presenting the bride with a nosegay composed of wild flowers. This she never failed to do, till at last Grace Amos (for so the people continued to call her by her maiden name) was as regularly looked for in the churchyard—(the church itself, nothing could induce her to enter)—when there was a marriage, as the young couple who were going to be married.—Her poor father died soon afterwards, and the little property he left was applied to her maintenance by a friend of the family; but gradually it wasted away; and gradually too, charity, which at first supplied its place, wasted away, and grew cold and scant; and then poor Grace had no home but the workhouse.—But, as I have said, this was only during the winter months; for the moment there were flowers to be seen she would beg to be let out, and she supported herself during the spring, summer and autumn, by gathering and selling them.'

'And what became of the wretch who brought her to this condition?' inquired Mrs. Dagleish.

'At first,' said the Major, 'he tried to bear up against the general scorn and indignation which his treatment excited; but it would not do. He was shunned by every one; his school went to decay; and at the end of a few years he left the place.

'Grace Amos, who lived to be nearly seventy, had been dead about two years, when one winter's evening my father was called out to visit an old gentleman who was staying at the principal inn, where he arrived only the day before. He went, and was shown into a room lighted with six large wax candles. On a sofa near the fire was lying the person who had sent for him, wrapped up in a black velvet cloak trimmed with sable fur, and seemingly in the last stage of debility.—His hair was silver white, and hung loosely over his face and shoulders; a beard of the same colour descended to his breast. His face was wrinkled, his voice feeble, and everything about him denoted extreme age and decay except his large prominent black eyes, which were full of youthful fire, and glanced incessantly round the room with a restless expression, that led my father to conclude he had a case lunacy to deal with.

'When they were alone, the stranger inquired how long my father had lived in the town.

'Nearly twenty years,' said he.

'The stranger seemed to be considering for a moment how far that would carry him back.

'Forty years ago,' he continued, looking steadfastly at my father, 'there lived in this place two persons whom I knew well. They were before your time; but perhaps you may have heard something of them,—Richard Warbeck and Grace Amos?'

'I certainly heard of them both,' replied my father, astonished at this address, 'and one of them I knew, Grace Amos. The poor old creature died in the workhouse hard by, not more than two years since.'

'Dead!' murmured the old man to himself, as he lay with his eyes closed, 'dead! There is a comfort in that word which I can never know! Now she is mistress of my secret. Only two years,' he continued.

'Not more,' replied my father. 'But happy had it been for her, poor soul, had she died when that Richard Warbeck you spoke of betrayed her into a false marriage with himself. That was a foul business I have heard.'

'It was: but I was the fiend's—I was the fiend's, and had pawned my soul for revenge! Look here—(pointing to the knotted sinews of his right hand)—this is his mark. I pawned my soul, I say, for revenge,

and I must surrender myself to him, if you cannot find a way to save me.'

'I!' said my father, who supposed he was raving. 'What can I do?'

'Give me a strong poison—one that will lay me in the grave. But where can such a one be found? I have sought it through the world in vain.'

'Compose yourself,' said my father, who still believed it to be a case of mental delusion, 'and I shall be able to give you some relief from these sufferings.'

'Kill me, and you may,' said the old man, 'else not. It is death I want—death not life. I will give you wealth beyond your utmost need, if you can send me to my grave. One year, five months, eleven days, and six hours you have to do it in. What say you?—Are you so skilled in medicine, think you, that you can compound a poison potent enough to quench the spark of life that still flickers within? You know St. Nicholas churchyard?'

'Certainly,' said my father. 'I live in St. Nicholas' parish.'

'Well, then,' replied the old man, with a deep sigh, 'to sum up all in a few words, let there be (speedily, if possible, but at any rate before the expiration of one year, five months, eleven days, and six hours—I count the time by hours) a grave dug in St. Nicholas' churchyard. In that grave let me be laid, and for my epitaph nothing more than "RICHARD WARBECK," and I will make you master of all I have.'

'Richard Warbeck!' exclaimed my father.

'I am he! You think me mad. Hear how calmly I can talk. Mark how rationally I will discourse, and tell you of things,—some of which you know, others you may have heard,—that shall convince you I am the person I say.'

'The old man, after resting a few moments to recover from his agitation, proceeded to relate such matters connected with himself, his own early life, the former inhabitants of the town, Grace Amos, the death of Sergeant Wilkinson, and various other things, as satisfied my father that he was really and truly no other than Richard Warbeck.

'When Richard had finished, for Richard it was,' observed Major Grooby, 'and such I shall now call him,—he imposed one condition upon my father, and received from him the most solemn assurance that he would observe it, viz. to keep his secret.

'I would not,' said he, 'be known to the living generation. Let me therefore pass among ye, until I pass away, (and a shudder came over him as he spoke the words,) for Mr. Glencowe, the rich East India merchant, who has ruined his health in amassing riches abroad, and has come here by the advice of his physicians, to retrieve it.'

'It was under that name I knew him when a boy; a tall, thin, pale-faced, hollow-eyed, and grey-headed old man, limping about upon two crutches. My father attended him regularly, and was congratulated (not envied, of course,) by his professional brethren, upon having such a rich fellow for a patient: one, too, who seemed likely enough to last a reasonable time, provided he was physicked judiciously.

'In the course of his attendance, he learned from time to time most of the particulars I have related; but I do not think he ever gave up his opinion that everything Richard told him respecting his compact with the devil was the effect of insanity. He was forced however, to pretend otherwise; for I have heard him say it was dreadful to behold the wretched man's sufferings whenever he found him incredulous upon that point. He had no particular body ailment that required medicine, but drugs of a harmless kind were daily administered, which he greedily swallowed, believing they were slow poison, of certain efficacy, prepared by my father after much labour and research.

'The one year, five months, eleven days, and six hours, had dwindled down to the *eleven days only*, and Richard became an object ghastly and fearful to look upon. He had no suspicion of the deception my father was practicing; he only feared his efforts would be unavailing within the prescribed time. He would roll and writhe about till the preperation fell in large drops from his face, and scream at each contortion, as if every sinew were being wrenched from its place.—To allay these sufferings, my father once or twice ad-

ministered opium in very large quantities; but it did not seem to possess the slightest narcotic influence.—Richard, who knew what it was from the taste, used to complain bitterly of giving him "that baby drug," which, he said, he had swallowed again and again, in doses sufficient to kill a hundred men, with the same impunity that he would have drunk a glass of water.

"At length came the morning of the eleventh day, and my father visited him early, resolving not to quit him for a single moment till six hours after midnight, that he might observe every changing symptom of his malady, and be at hand to employ promptly such remedies as he might consider necessary. When he arrived, he found Richard in a deep sleep, breathing gently, and a faint color in his cheeks. The nurse said he had been in that state the whole night, almost without motion, and showing scarcely any other sign of life but that of a soft, quick respiration. My father felt his pulse. It beat firm and full under his finger.

"This is miraculous," said he—"it confounds me! Nature is working mysteriously, for some end which I cannot explain; let us watch patiently for the result."

"They did so. All that day till sunset Richard continued in the same death-like slumber; for, except that he breathed, and that his pulse beat, and his cheek retained its tinge of red, he might have passed for one who had already ceased to live.

"It was summer time. The sun had gone down.—The clock struck nine—ten—eleven. My father was still sitting by his side, holding his hand, with his finger upon his pulse, and laboring under the most exciting feelings, when suddenly Richard awoke, raised himself up, and looking upon vacancy, said in a low, firm voice, 'I know it—I must be there—I come.'"

"As he uttered these words, to the amazement of my father and the nurse, he stood upon his feet, without requiring any assistance, or the support of his crutches, a thing he had not been able to do before for several months.

"I have had revealed to me in sleep," he continued, "why this strength is given. It is, that I may go alone whither I must go before the clock strikes twelve. The hour I have been running from for so many years has come at last."

"No," said my father, "this is only the eleventh day that is drawing to a close. There will then be six hours."

"You are right," interrupted Richard. "Tarry here those six hours until my return."

"Where would you go?"—"To the porch of St. Nichols' church."

"What to do?"—"Keep my word."

"When was it given?"—"Fifty years ago—exactly fifty years ago."

"Must you be alone?"—"Yes."

"Say you will remain here another half hour, and I will not oppose your going."

"Will not?—you cannot. An angel could not pluck me from perdition now. This you will see.—You have already seen that you have no power over my life. I placed it in your hands; besought you to rid me of it; tempted you with wealth; entreated you with tears; implored you in agony; and all your efforts failed."

"Yes," said my father; "I do acknowledge that none of the means I tried succeeded; but I have not exhausted my art—I did not wish to do; I clung to the hope that it might not be necessary, and I reserved for the last moment—if the necessity could no longer be doubted—a portion of such deadly quality, that a single drop is sufficient to destroy life."

"Man!" exclaimed Richard, clutching my father fiercely by the arm, and looking at him with a countenance violently agitated, "do not trifle with me now! I am past that. If you speak truth, I'll kneel and worship you. If false, may that hell which is gaping for me be your portion also. Have you this portion about you?"

"I have."

"Give it me!—give it me, I say!" and he grasped my father's throat with both his hands. "Minutes are precious with me now."

"It requires a little preparation," said my father, vincing no alarm at Richard's violent manner.—

"Sit down. Compose yourself. I will get it ready." "In less than half a minute my father returned with a small phial in his hand, containing a transparent yellow fluid.

"I tremble to think what I am about," said he.—"Wait in this room until you hear St. Nicholas' clock strike twelve, and the evil spell that is upon you will be destroyed."

"Do you think I would not do so if I could?" he asked, in a tone of such utter misery and despair, that it went to my father's heart. "Have pity on me!" he continued, stretching out his hands for the phial, and bursting into tears.

"But twenty seconds more," said my father "and I will yield."

"As he uttered these words, with his eyes still upon the timepiece, he slowly drew the cork from the phial, which Richard, by a sudden spring, snatched from his hands, and draining its contents, broke out into a wild laugh, as he flung the empty bottle from him.

"Rash man!" exclaimed my father, "what is it you have done?"

"Traitor!" cried Richard, "what is it you have done? Betraye me to the fiend! There he stands! There! With that devilish mock upon his countenance which he wore fifty years ago, when he clasped my hand, and by this token made me his. There goes the hour, too! Hark! St. Nicholas strikes! How the deep booming of that bell crushes my brain! One! Two! Three! I am on fire! Four! Five! Six!—my sinews, arteries, veins, are all shrivelling up within me!—Seven! Eight! Nine! a sea of blood is heaving and swelling at my feet!—Ten! Eleven! TWELVE!—and now! now!—O God!—O God! my bones are being ground—ground—ground—ground to very dust!"

"He fell into strong convulsions, uttered one terrific shriek, and expired!"

"A most extraordinary story, certainly," said Mr. Carliel, and how to explain it I know not. I think you said," he continued, addressing the Major, "that the only knowledge your father possessed of Richard's supposed dealings with the Evil One he derived from himself?"

"Entirely," replied the Major.

"Ay," said Mr. Carliel, with a nod of self-satisfaction, "there's the key to the whole mystery. The poor man was crazed—that's clear; and your father formed a right judgement of the case from the first."

"Not quite so clear," answered the Major, "even to my father; for, though he would never confess in so many words that it was not a case of mental delusion, there were two or three circumstances which he was utterly unable to account for upon that hypothesis."

"What were they?" inquired Mr. Carliel.

"Why believing until the very last that Richard's mind was diseased, he thought if he could any way get him over his hour of imaginary danger, all might be well. So, what did he do? In the first place, the phial contained nothing but colored water; in the second, he spoke to the sexton, and had the bell of St. Nichols', which tolled the hour, muffled, so that it could not be heard even in the churchyard; and in the third, he put back the hand of the old timepiece a quarter of an hour. But what followed? Precisely at twelve o'clock, when the timepiece was pointing to a quarter to twelve, and when no human being could hear the church clock, he became violently agitated, began to count the hours, and raved—if raving it was—in the way you have heard. His whole frame was fearfully convulsed; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; his face grew livid; his writhings and contortions were those of a man suffering intense bodily pain; and when the last hour struck he fell back on the sofa so doubled up that it was impossible to straighten his limbs."

Daring Adventure.—Mr. James Smith, of Presque Isle, U. C., crossed Lake Ontario, from that place to Genesee River, a distance of seventy miles, in a small skiff, which he performed in 20 hours—rowing with oars the whole distance.—*Koch. Dem.*

Caution.—Matches wherein one party is all passion and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. The fire may possibly dissolve the ice, but will probably be extinguished in the attempt.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, July, 31, 1841.

BEAUTIES OF TAPPANISM.—The N. Y. Sun says, that a colored man of some notoriety, by the name of David Ruggles, brought an action of assault and battery, against the Agent of the New Bedford Rail Road, for ejecting him from a car in which there were three white ladies. Ruggles had bought a ticket, with a knowledge of the usages of the road, but persisted in his right of sitting where he chose, until force became necessary to remove him. The court decided very correctly, that no assault was committed not warranted by the circumstances. The blacks of this country, after all, are more to be pitied than blamed. The abolitionists and amalgamationists, are the men who should if possible, be held accountable for the mischiefs they are bringing on these people. By filling their heads with notions, which can never be realised in this land, they are making them insufferably insolent, and in many cases, exciting them to acts of personal violence. The papers are now teeming with an unprovoked outrage on the body of a Captain of one of our vessels at New Orleans by a black, and if we are to rely on the statements from the same source, a feeling against the blacks is being engendered in that city, which will be awful in its consequences, unless a better spirit soon prevails. The safety of the black is in the protection which the white man will give him, so long as he looks up to him for aid. When he is misled by his own ignorance, or the counsels of evil white men, to assume a station he will never be permitted to enjoy, he will array the better feeling of the whites against him, and provoke in the bosoms of thousands (always ready) a revenge which would trample down all law or reason. The abolitionists of our own State, have engendered a bad and bitter feeling. If in our own State, where we have no other interest than feeling, what must be the state of things in States where abolitionism is pestilence and death. The Abolitionists are morally and legally answerable for all the mischief now existing, and the Great Ruler of Events, alone knows when and where it is to end.

A FACT TO THINK ON.—The Pottsville Miners Journal, says that among the many conjectures indulged in, in the probable destruction of the Steamer President, fire by spontaneous combustion may have been the cause. That paper says that all the Atlantic steamers use bituminous coal, which is liable to become ignited by being collected in large masses, with the "fire damp" in it. The agents of the steam companies, it is said, have used every precaution to conceal this alarming fact from the public. Of course, what the Journal says, must be taken with some grains of allowance, because the paper is more or less under the influence of the Anthracite coal Company. But public attention should be turned to the subject. It appears to us, very reasonable, that bituminous coal may be as capable of producing spontaneous combustion, as many other articles, from which experience has given all a practical demonstration. If it is true, as is asserted, that the Agents of the steamers are acquainted with this danger, their mercenary conduct cannot be too severely condemned. It makes the blood curdle to think for a moment, that this may have been the fate of the President.

BANKRUPT LAW.—This bill has passed the U. S. Senate, by a vote of 26 to 23.

MECHANICS AND STATE PRISON LABOR.—The Mechanics of this city had a large meeting at the City Hall, a few evenings since, in reference to the present odious system of employing the convicts in our State Prisons. The meeting was a spirited one, and those present appeared determined to go to work and remedy the abuses which now exist. The following is among the resolutions passed on the occasion.

Resolved. That we have no cause to rely upon either the magnanimity or justice of mere politicians, as we have appealed to them at times and in numbers sufficient to test both their insincerity and indifference to all appeals but such as they could turn to party capital: And believing with poor Richard, that "God helps them that helps themselves," therefore it now becomes the mechanic to take such help as shall insure a redress of their most palpable wrongs: And also to give those politicians who give us a honeyed word only when their fears are excited or when it can do us no good; who keep only the word of promise to the ear, never to be fulfilled; that "fine words butter no parsnips," and we want no more of their insincerity; and that hereafter we intend to *help them* that help us.

The above resolution is full significant enough. It expresses views which we have before advocated. If the various Mechanics are only true to themselves; and will adopt some feasible concert of action for the approaching fall elections, a legislature will fill our hall; who will not turn a deaf ear to their just complaints. Support no man whose vote can have an influence on this question, who will not pledge himself to remedy the evil. If either political party find the mechanics to be *now* in earnest, the *right* man will be put in nomination by both. It is immaterial to the *pullers*, which *wire* they take hold of; so that no mechanic need be under apprehension of being compelled, to sacrifice personal political predilection, at the expense of the Great Mechanical Interest. If the mechanics intend to accomplish anything, *UNION* must be engraved on their breast-plates.

A BAD TEACHER.—For some days past the Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, of Rochester, has been the lion of the day—having been accused of the seduction of a young lady, under circumstances very aggravating. The fact is stoutly denied by the Rev. gentleman, as well as his friends in that quarter; and the crime laid to the door of a nephew, who it is alleged was sent home to New York, on its discovery. We were in hopes, for the cause of religion, that this would turn out to be the case; but the Evening Journal, of Thursday, says, that Mr. V. Z. with the assistance of a brother is endeavoring to evade the punishment of the outrage, by affixing it on his nephew, who has been spirited away to Europe for that purpose. If this be true, the Rev. gentleman deserves all the law can give him in this world and a large slice of what the devil has in store for him in the next. Van Zandt is said to be rich, middle aged, a popular preacher, with a lovely wife and several children. His victim is respectable, and under sixteen years. Verily, the world is sadly out of joint.

REMARKABLE DEATH.—Mr. S. R. Merrill, proprietor of the Mechanics' Hall, Troy, died very suddenly, on Sunday last. He was sitting in a chair, in a barber's shop, with his head thrown back on the cushion, apparently well, while the barber was making the usual preparation. On the barber's turning around, it was discovered that he was dead. Life had left him without a struggle or a groan. His disease was supposed to be an enlargement of the heart.

CITY AFFAIRS.—Police justice Kane was removed from office, on Monday evening last, by the Common Council, for granting some time ago, a warrant against Alderman Simpson on the oath of a notorious rioter, who alleged an assault, while Ald. Simpson was endeavoring to quell a riot. The decided stand which Alderman Simpson has taken since his election in dispersing the rowdies, and breaking up the disorderly houses in the lower part of the city is worthy of all commendation. His zeal and untiring perseverance in effecting these objects, is a subject of general remark and praise, among the inhabitants of the ward to which he belongs. There is evidently an improvement in the good order of the city, which is to be attributed to the exertions of all the members of the board. No act has done so much good, to the morals of the city, as the closing of the grog shops on Sunday.

ALMOST ANOTHER SCRAPE.—Capt. Drew, one of the villains who destroyed the Caroline, was passing on the St. Lawrence, a short time since, in a steam boat, when the captain of the boat, gave out his intention of stopping at Ogdensburgh, which was done, notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrance of Drew. Fortunately for the valorous Captain, and unfortunately for the halter of Justice, the *distingue's* arrival in our waters was not noised about, and he escaped.

A BASE INSINUATION.—A man in New Orleans, supposed to be insane, was narrowly watched during the forepart of the day; in the afternoon his lunacy was confirmed by the fact of his making application for a marriage license. So says the N. Y. Sun. The editor of the Sun must be a crusty old batchelor, to insinuate such a thing.

INTERCOURSE WITH TEXAS.—The post master at New Orleans in answer to several enquiries made, informs us, that all communications intended for any part of Texas, will go safely by adding, after the usual subscription, "to the care of William Bryan, Esq. P. O. Agent and Texian Consul, New Orleans." Letters must always have the postage paid, to New Orleans.

POLICE.—The way the Sand lake coal pedlers have been fined this week, we should suppose would forever be a caution to all *improvements* on the old-fashioned bushel.

The Boston Post says it is confidently reported that the keels of four or five government steamers will be laid immediately, viz.—two at Charlestown, one at New York, and one at Philadelphia.

Bennett, of the N. Y. Herald, has had three several bills of indictment found against him for libels.—He has been held to bail, in \$3000.

CANADA.—Col. Prince, the cold-blooded hero of Windsor, who is now a member of the provincial parliament, has given notice in that body, that he will move an address to the governor, for an amnesty to all political prisoners, even the New South Wales men, excepting only Drs. Roph and Duncombe, and Mr. Mackenzie.

The editor of the Columbia Spy, a downright clever fellow, says that last week, he has taken a partner in the firm, by the name of Miss HARRIET SCOTT.—We hope it will be a long time before a dissolution of the firm will take place.

The July No. of the Ladies Cabinet Magazine, is out, and a glance at its contents, strengthens our opinion of its high character. We take a very pretty piece of poetry, from one of its pages, by Mrs. E. H. W. Esling.

LIBERALITY.—Thos. W. Blachford, of Troy, has recently presented the Young Mens' Association of that city, with a large and valuable collection of minerals.

FATHER MATHEW IN ENGLAND.—This distinguished apostle of temperance has accepted an invitation to attend the opening of the Roman Catholic cathedral at Birmingham, England, the 23d inst., after which he will dine with a large party at the Town Hall in that borough.

DIED.

At the residence of his father, Augustus M. Priest, after a short but severe attack of inflammation of the bowels.

On Thursday, after a lingering illness, James Born, aged 28 years.

On the 24th inst., Harriet, daughter of John C. and Selinda Brown, aged 1 year.

On the 24th, Ann Elizabeth Christie, wife of Jas. Christie, aged 27 years.

On the 27th, George, infant son of A. E. Culver.

On the 25th, after a short illness, Mary Brady, aged 12 years.

On the 23d, George Gosman, son of Mrs. Margaret Dry, aged 19 years.

In Glen, Montgomery co., on the 22d, Christina Stanly, daughter of Jeremiah Smith of this city, aged 56 years.

In Hudson on the 18th inst. Miss Jane Lawrence Porter, daughter of Dr. Elijah Porter, of Waterford, and adopted daughter of L. U. Lawrence, aged 25 years.

At Tallahassee, on the 11th inst., the Rev. Philo Phelps, A. M., pastor of the Presbyterian church.

At Phelps, on the 17th inst. Hon. David McNeill, aged 54.

At Jersey City, N. J. on the 25th inst. Lucius F. Douglass.

In Bolton, Vt. on the 18th inst. Betsey Farnham, 28, in Troy, on the 24th inst. Harry Eddy, 29.

In Nassau, Lewis W. Larkin, 40. In Berlin, Mrs. Margaret Reeve, 66.

At Washington city, suddenly, John Martin Baker, esq. late Consul at Neuvas, island of Cuba.

At Torrington Conn., on the 8th, Wm. Battel, 68. At Lima, Livingston co., on the 9th, suddenly, Hon. Matthew Warner.

In Milford, June 30 Mrs Sally Town, 82. In Amherst, July 8, Wm. Towne, 78. Also, Mrs. Sarah Kendall, 83. In Raymond, Ohio, June 29th, John W. Raymond, 26. In Exeter, Mrs. Hannah Beckett, 69. In Concord, Mrs. Sarah French, 39. In Pembroke, July 5th, Moses Hazeltine, 63. In Dover, on the 5th, Mrs. Lydia R. Hale, 68. In Mechanic township, Holmes co. Ohio, Mr. John Fry, 83.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones st N. Y.	Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Coxsackie	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
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Sanders Shanks Shelbyville Ky	E B Shaw, Hudson
T F Shaffer Cumberland, Md	E C McCormick Greenup Co Ky.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE VACATION.

In gay delight
Sparkling and bright
The school-girls home are wending;
Giddy little throng,
They trip along
With mind and heart unbending.

Each sweet bright eye
For a month may pry
In the hearts that round are wooing;
Leaving a sting
That love must bring
Some conquer'd lover suing.

Then away they'll bound,
O'er plain and mound,
On the breeze with ringlets flying;
And hotly contend
To the race's end,
But they always reach it sighing.

With brow still clear
As now, no tear
To leave its mark undying,
May they as dear
Long hence appear
With truth and beauty vying
July, 16th.

"ONE GLASS MORE."

Stay, mortals, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal,
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel.
Disease and death forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry,
Oh! give me "one glass more!"

Go, view that prison's gloomy cells—
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze—gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask when they began:
Had these a tongue—Oh, man! thy cheek
Would burn with crimson o'er,
Had these a tongue they'd to thee speak,
Oh, take not "one glass more!"

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home:
Crushed in affliction's blighting storm,
And doom'd in want to roam:
Behold her? ask that prattler dear,
Why mother is so poor,
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas father's "one glass more!"

Stay, mortal stay! repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn—spurn it ere too late;
Oh fly the alehouse's horrid din,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou perchance should sip again,
The treacherous "one glass more!"

From the Lady's Cabinet Magazine.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

There is a beauty sweeter far
Than dwells in sparkling eyes,
Or blushes on the tinted cheek
That wears the rose's dyes.

To no bright jewel'd coronet,
Or touch of magic art
Owes it its birth—it springs undeck'd—
The Beauty of the Heart.

I've seen it in the starting tear,
When Mercy's founts o'erflow,
When Hope, with Heavenly Promise came,

To cheer another's woe.

No Eastern monarch ever set
So priceless, pure a gem
As that soft trembling, dewy tear,
Within his diadem.

And it hath whisper'd to my soul,
In some low, gentle voice,
Beside the sufferer's couch of pain,
Bidding his heart rejoice.

Some lone stricken one, who thought
Unmourn'd he would depart;
But Home and Friendship, smiled again
In Beauty of the Heart.

I hold it as the richer dower
Which our good God hath given,
It delegates to mortal hand,
The highest power of Heaven.

And the sweet soul that seeketh woe
To heal its venom'd smart,
Is mission'd from the Eternal Throne
With Beauty of the Heart.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BYE PAST TIMES.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen.
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster build its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall bye past times come back again?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, pass'd away
The long, long, summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal men; but when
Shall bye past times come back again?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
Too deeply felt enjoyed too oft;
When through the bloomy fields I roved
With her, the earliest, dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought a bright celestial ray
To present scenes denied; and when
Shall bye past times come back again?

Alas, the world at distance seen
Appeared all blissful and serene.
An Eden, form'd to tempt the foot
With chrysal streams and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall bye past times come back again?

W O M A N,

BY O. O. M'CLEAN.

The heart of woman, like the diamond, has
Light treasur'd in it. There a ray serene
Of Heaven's own sunshine evermore had been.
And tho' each star of hope and joy may pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
If man but rightly keep that heart, he'll find
Sweet gleams of consolation there enshrined,
That will again allume his spirit's eyes,
And thro' all time, and trial, and distress,
Beam on him with a constant blessedness.
Oh! did he always love her as he should,
She never would forget him, Did he strew
Nothing but thornless flowers or kindness through
His "household ways," her happy spirit would
Gather from them love's honey like a bee,
And hive it in the cells of memory,
In after years to be his manna food,
When worn and faint in sorrow's solitude.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday every month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter.	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay ~~twenty-five~~ **FIVE DOLLARS** for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the **FREE** subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than **TEN PAGES** of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the **FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT**; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 159 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families.—Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12 1-2 cents.
Jel9-ly A. W. STARKS

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG 7, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 49]

MASONIC.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

At the Annual Communication of the Grand Encampment of the State of New York, held in the city of New York, on the 4th of June 1841, and of our order 723 the following named Sir Knights were duly elected officers for the ensuing year.

Sir Richard Ellis, (N. Y.) Grand Master.
" Joel G. Candee, (Troy) D. G. Master.
" George B. Glendening (Troy) G. Gen'l.
" Robert R. Boyd, (N. Y.) G. Capt. Genl.
" Richard Carrique, (Hudson) G. Prelate.
" James Millar, (N. Y.) G. S. Warden.
" Joseph P. Pirsson, (N. Y.) G. S. Warden.
" Sylvester Spencer, (N. Y.) G. Recorder.
" Jonathan Dodge, (N. Y.) G. Treasurer.
" George L. Fletcher, (Brooklyn) G. Warder.
" Thomas Dugan, (N. Y.) G. Standard Bearer.
" Samuel Maverick, (N. Y.) G. Sword Bearer.
" William Boardman, (N. Y.) G. Sentinel.

For the American Masonic Register.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist the 24th June, at the city of Houston, Republic of Texas.

BY BR. JOHN E. REID.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

The ceremonies of this occasion are intended as a link in that extended chain of honor which binds to coming ages the memory of a Saint and Philosopher—a Christian and a Mason. The Festival of St. John the Baptist, illustrates the great effects which intellect, when under the control of legitimate moral principles, is capable of producing upon the condition of universal society. This eminent philanthropist, without scrip or staff, guided by the illumination of a divine intelligence and protected by the cabalism of an ancient mystery, fearlessly and with a moral energy which can never elicit too great admiration, invaded the fastnesses of superstition, and demolished the temples, which for centuries had been consecrated to the observances of an idolatrous ritual.

In the wilderness of Judea, he raised the altar whose fires, kindled from Heaven, have for eighteen centuries given beauty to death and a holy warmth to the coldness of the grave. Without lance or spear, shield or sword, wealth or worldly prerogative, he boldly planted his banner in the empire of his moral enemy, and as the holy winds of Palestine came over its ample folds, the Gentile with the fictions of his gorgeous mythology, the Jew with the Urin and Thumum of his Mosiac creed, the Infidel with the cabala of Eastern Philosophy, the Greek and Roman, with their Wisdom and Grandeur, all yielded to its triumphs. This champion of Masonic virtue and Masonic religion spoke and the great Pantheon fell. In examining the biography of St. John, we can scarcely determine which to admire the more, the constitutional fortitude of the Saint, or the illustration by his success of the vast importance of Masonic principles in furishing, even among the most savage and inhospitable, a passport to Truth. However novel the position may seem to the uninitiated, it is nevertheless a fact, supported by the testimony of an unbroken tradition, that in the apostolic ages, the doctrines of the cross were disseminated by the auxiliary influence of Freemasonry. The wise men of the East, as they followed the Star of Bethlehem until it stood over the manger of the holy child, worshipped the infant Saviour in the intelligence and universal charity of our craft; and as they laid at the feet of Israel's king, their jewels and precious stones and

incense from their native forests, the offering was devoutly consecrated as coming from the wisdom of an ancient mystery and a welcome to the new light from Heaven. The dispenser of universal charities, the handmaid of religion, the world for nearly six thousand years, has been the beneficiary of her kindness. Kings, Empires, Dynasties have sheltered under her wing; the exile and outcast, the famished and poverty-stricken, the persecuted of tyranny and the victim of misfortune have been fed and clothed from her bounty, and none have ever been disappointed who petitioned at the beautiful gates of her temple. On this the natal of one of our brightest lights, we improve an opportunity of placing before this audience a brief sketch of the history of our institution, embracing in the detail the character of Masonry and its legitimate tendencies.

The institution of Masonry can be traced to the building of the Temple by King Solomon. That wise and great monarch in conjunction with Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abiff, laid the foundation of that moral building whose structure, magnificent in design and universal in its influence, is not surpassed by that gorgeous pile of cedar and fir, of gold and silver, precious stones and choicest marble in which the God of Abraham was worshipped. Indeed, five thousand years have passed away since the wealth of the world was concentrated in the erection of that greatest and most magnificent of all holy temples, and on their surface, no track nor vestige of Jewish glory can be found. The mighty volcano burst from the Roman shores of Italy swept the fields of Palestine and in that burning flood sunk the fair city of Jerusalem, with her songs and dances, her joys of the timbrel and harp, her pleasant places and beautiful gates; the holy ark and her sacred altars; and the sayr and corinorant and bittern, now build their nests and rear their young amid the ruins where once a thousand trumpets and ten thousand minstrels mingled in the worship of Israel's God.

But the great moral temple which this master Mason reared, still exists, firmly built on the corner-stone of universal mind; not a marble shaken, nor pillar fractured, turret and tower proudly erect in the sunshine and clear sky of Heaven, unaffected by the storms of proscriptions, the tempests of war, the thunders of the vatican or the wild and vicious persecutions of the mighty—but ignorant. When an institution is built upon the principles of universal charity, the God of Heaven is its ally.

Such, my fellow citizens, is Masonry. Virtue is its utelar divinity; its foundation Benevolence and Charity; its pillars Wisdom, Strength and Beauty.

Although it is legitimate to suppose that the principles of our craft existed as coeval with order and proportion, yet as we have evidence sufficiently strong to illuminate the darkness which rests upon the world's history, behind the era of King Solomon, we esteem an investigation as useless, because unsatisfactory, and we call not on credulity to subscribe to any proposition unless fortified by the monument of unbroken testimony. As I have stated, the more immediate origin of our society is derived from King Solomon. He is our patronymic. At the building of his temple, his chief care was to form his workmen into regular lodges, thereby securing order and system, and by the institution of wholesome laws, and officers to enforce said laws, and superintend the great undertaking, he laid the foundation of that harmony, love and friendship, among the brotherhood whereby the grand design was pursued with unceasing industry, and the members at the same time, impressed with the value of secrecy, prudence, morality and good fellowship.

This being the practical origin of our order, we now regard ourselves as moral builders, subordinate to the great architect of the universe, and our symbol indicates, in theory at least, our devotion to the service of the true God. "As our society exists, it is a volun-

tary association on religious and charitable principles; and our rules, orders, emblems and symbolic representations enjoin us to live a life of the strictest morality and to be found always working in the duties of charity, good offices and brotherly love;" and my brethren know that the mystic representations and furniture of our lodges are intended to illustrate the mightiness and wisdom of God, the uncertain tenure of earthly things and the many vicissitudes to which life is exposed. The world had long suffered in the conflict of opposite creeds. Humanity had wept tears of blood over the scenes of carnage and discord, which so long stained the beautiful picture of God's creation and long had Philanthropy sighed for some common principle of union which all society could unite some common fireside, where shut out from the bufftings of sectarianism, brothers of the great family of man could meet in the warm embrace and common welcome of sincere hospitality.

Such is Masonry—disinterested friendship being a basis, so is unanimity and brotherly love the cement and glory of our profession.

Our system disclaims any interference with the Religious, Political or Domestic Economy of society.—We go into the world of human suffering, and when a brother is found, we administer to his wants, whether that brother be a disciple of the cross or crescent, whether he be serf of royalty, slave of despotism or the freeman of a written constitution; whether a thousand slaves bend the knee at his coming, and the commerce and luxury of all climates be subsidiary to his desire, or whether from the sweat of his brow, he obtain his daily sustenance—and when the orphan cries to God for bread, and the chill wind freezes the blood in his little veins; when death has hid in the grave the light and warmth of a father's love, then does the true Mason, as God's messenger, answer that orphan's prayer and kindle fresh affections in the heart of the afflicted child, and too, when the stay of woman's love and woman's hope is laid in dust, and the dark weed is placed on the brow, which but yesterday was all bright and sunny with the visions of happiness and gaiety of requited love—Masonry with its angel voice offers the consolations of the upper sanctuary and is the home and refuge of that heart, until its widowed affections return to their long-treasured resting place.

Friendship, Humanity, Pity, Charity and Benevolence, as uncircumscribed as the love of Heaven, are the elements of our society; Virtue its guiding principle, and God and Eternal Happiness its consummation.

Worshipful Grand Master, Wardens and Brothers:—It little behoves me, who but yesterday, became invested with the symbols of our Fraternity, to address those who have sustained the burden and heat of the day in the labors of the temple. But the words of truth are sacred, though they fall from the lips of a child. In the land of our fathers, the light of Masonry is high in its meridian. Founded upon the institutions of a Republican Government, its illuminations like fires upon a thousand hills, have radiated over every enterprise, and its genial influence has warmed into existence, the active charities of a great and christian people.

We are the representatives of the same people; their virtues and faults; their excellencies and infirmities are our inheritance. The sympathy which binds us together as distinct sovereignties, owes its existence no less to Masonic, than to moral and political similitude. It is our exalted destiny as a nation, with the gaze of the Monarchical and Republican world fixed upon us, to carry out in this land so lately redeemed from the captivity, of an ungenerous and treacherous foe, the great principles of political self-government, nobly commenced in our Father Land. As masons, we are specially invoked to assist in an undertaking so stupendous. This can only be accomplished, my brethren, by a rigorous individual censorship, and in

a country so fair as this, the reward is a full warrant for the task. It is an allegory of the Moors that the Deity dwelt in the Heavens which hung over the fair gardens of the Alhambra. It a profusion of all that can charm the eye and captivate the taste, a soil as rich as the gardens of the Euphrates, mountains filled with mineral treasures, rivers threading boundless prairies, all rejoicing and blossoming like the rose; a broad gulf bounding half of our territory and one upon whose waves may be seen the white wings of a thousand ships; a government where all are free, and the free happy in their virtuous independence—if all these constitute a paradise, then too, may, we believe with the Moor that the wing of Heaven is stretched far and wide over our adopted country. The heritage which we enjoy is coupled with the highest trusts—we are the watchmen on the walls of human liberty, and as the star of empire takes its westward way, the bright light of Masonry accompanies it, either to make tyranny odious, or liberty joyful. The professions which we make to the world, die not with us.

After we have ceased from our labors, whether the marble and epitaph mark our tombs, or the prairie flower grows over our unvisited graves, still the memory of our actions will live. Mind is immortal, and that immortality is impressed upon its results. How manifest then is our duty as Masons! By our conduct we have it in our power so to exalt the character of our country, that benighted man, as he sails on the ocean of political adventure in search of political happiness, will take his observations from the *SINGLE STAR*. By our conduct we can give direction to the moral tide of the universe. By our conduct we can make our Texas the great eleemosynary home of suffering humanity, its charities falling as the dew of Heaven, upon every heart, and its philanthropy the common property of mankind.

For what we can tell, the Society of Ancient York Masons, established in this New Republic, is the radiating point of political virtue or political vice, as the tide of emigration swells onward from the Gulf to the Pacific.

For what we can tell, the light caught from the altar of the Jewish temple and which we have this day kindled afresh, may guide thousands in the paths of justice and truth, and shining through the vast range of future ages, increase in brightness, until the world shall be one great brotherhood of charity, and vice be forever lost in the blaze of Universal Virtue.

The task is before us; the duty plain—we have every incentive; love of home, friends, country, the human family—while there is a want in the heart or a tear on the cheek, we cannot sleep. Go then brethren; let the example of the blessed St. John be continually before us! Fear not an enemy! Founded on the rock of Eternal Truth, our society can feel no attack. Its venerable head is unbent by age—Immortal youth is on its brow, and undying love gives energy to its heart.

Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Ages have passed over the dust of its founder, and its tall spires still rise up to Heaven, and ages will roll over the dust of its disciples, and the temple will be filled with worshippers. Then be it ours so to square our actions as to embrace them within the compass and rule of Truth.

"So build up the Being that we are—
That deeply drinking in the soul of things,
We shall be wise perforce.
Whate'er we see—whate'er we feel.
By agency direct or indirect,
Shall tend to feed and nurse our faculties
Shall fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength and raise to
Lossier heights of love divine,
Our intellectual soul."

BAR WIT.—"I'll handle your witness without gloves," said one lawyer to another.

"That you may do with safety, but it is more than I would venture to do with yours," was the reply.

Miscellany.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE MEANING OF LANGUAGE.

Among the impediments to knowledge youth incur while in many of our schools, there is, perhaps, none so much to be deplored as the neglect of teachers to make them fully acquainted with the meaning of every difficult word they meet with in their reading. Children are taught to read select pieces from the most classic English authors: pieces replete with information, and every public or private duty: but unless they know the meaning of the language, they make not the least attainment in virtue or science. I have many times, took up "the Speaker," and requested Boys and Girls to read a few paragraphs, to which they have always complied willingly—it is true, they read tolerably well, and used good accentuation, but the moment they came to a word seldom used in common parlance they were nine times out of ten ignorant of its meaning. Thus, Mr. Editor, you can observe, that as this unknown word is very commonly a verb, the very gist (if I may so express it) of the whole sentence is frequently lost and the child receives no greater addition to his stock of knowledge, than he would by reading many lines from a Latin author.

The teacher should never permit a child to pass a difficult word without being certain he understand its signification. This subject brings to my mind an anecdote of the learned Dr. Parr. A clergyman who frequently visited the Doctor requested he would permit him to preach a sermon to his parishioners: the Doctor assented upon condition that the sermon should not contain any word which was not easily understood by the peasantry. When the Sermon was over, the clergyman asked the Doctor if he had not fulfilled the condition. To which the Doctor replied in the negative, insisting that all his congregation did not understand the word "Felicity," which had been mentioned in the pulpit. The clergyman could scarcely believe this. To test the point the Doctor called in his manservant, and asked him if he understood the whole language of the sermon. The reply was in the affirmative. "Well," said the Doctor, "do you know what the word Felicity means?" "Oh yes" was the reply. "Well then," rejoined the Doctor, "give us the meaning of the word." Ah! there was the rub. The man hesitated, and after stammering a considerable time, said—he believed Felicity meant something in the inside of a Pig!!

HEREDITARY DESCENT OF MENTAL TALENT.

From a number of facts, a few of which we select for the purpose of illustration, it appears singularly striking that the inheritance of mental talent is more generally derived from the maternal than the paternal side. The examples we have chosen have been made with reference to the different varieties of mental superiority. Lord Bacon: his mother was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste. Hume, the historian, mentions his mother as a woman of "singular merit;" and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education. R. B. Sheridan: Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel, highly praised by Johnson. Schiller, the German poet: his mother was an amiable woman; she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favorite child. Goethe thus speaks of his parents:—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to inforce my doctrines on my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity." Thomson, the poet: his mother was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, with a warmth of imagination scarcely inferior to her son.—Boerhaave's mother acquired a knowledge of medicine not often met with in females. The mother of Lord Erskine was a woman of very superior talent and discernment. Sir Walter Scott's mother was a woman

of great accomplishments and virtue; she had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789. We might further mention the mothers of Napoleon, Marmonel, Sir William Jones, and a host of others. We will conclude our list with the words of Mrs. Jameson, who, in an admiral sketch of Mrs. Siddons (given to the second volume of her "Visits Sketches at Home and Abroad") says—"Mrs. Siddons, with all her graces of form and feature—her magnificence of deportment—her deep-toned, measured voice, and impressive enunciation—was in reality a softened reflection of her more stern, stately, majestic mother, whose genuine loftiness of spirit and of bearing—whose rare beauty and imperious despotism of character—have often been described to me as truly awful; even her children trembled in her presence."

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—A friend sojourning at Niagara Falls, gives the following account of the escape of a man from one of the small islands, just above the great falls. The story has been briefly told in the newspapers, accompanied with the suggestion that the man had purposely got upon the island. But our correspondent, as may be seen, details the circumstances shewing that there was no joke in the poor fellow's predicament.

"You will remember that two years since I gave you an account of a most heroic feat performed by Peter Robinson, by which he saved the life of an unfortunate man, who, falling into the rapids from the bridge, was luckily thrown on an island very near the cataract, and was rescued from his perilous situation by the efforts of this daring man. Peter has again given proof of his dauntless courage, and of his eminent humanity, as the annexed narrative will prove.

On Friday evening last, about 10 o'clock, a man crossing the river in a boat, from Chippewa, owing to darkness of the night got into the rapids before he was aware how far down the current had forced him. On perceiving his perilous situation, he immediately turned the head of his boat against the current, and in his violent exertions to reach Goat Island, was so unfortunate as to break one of his oars—you can imagine the horror of his situation, with but one oar to attempt to stem that mighty current, a contest soon found useless, for he was rapidly hurried towards the awful precipice. His efforts too, to run his boat on either of the small islands which lie between Goat Island and the Canady shore were without avail; and he, to use his own words, "said his prayers before going it." In passing the small island nearest the Fall, he, as a desperate resource, leaped from his boat, and was fortunate enough to secure a footing, and, with some difficulty, a safe landing on the shore. The boat found refuge at the bottom of the cataract.

On this Island his situation was scarcely more to be envied, for he found himself on a spot which had never before been trodden by mortal foot, surrounded by roaring waters, and within not many yards of the mighty falls. As soon as he was perceived, Robinson was, of course, called for, and readily responded; but his boat was dry and leaky, and had to be caulked and repaired. This was the work of time, and there the poor fellow remained all the next day, and the following night, entirely without sustenance.

On the succeeding day Robinson landed on an island near that on which the victim was—a most hazardous performance—and found that it would be impossible to attempt to save him by rowing a boat to him, without the almost certain prospect of destruction. He then thought of adopting other means, and returning to shore obtained rope and a piece of lead, with which he went back to his former position. By means of a cord attached to a lead, which he threw to the man, the latter was enabled to draw to the island a rope; this he firmly fixed to a tree; Robinson procured another rope, and fastening both to the boat, she was drawn to the sufferer, and then, with her overjoyed freight, was pulled by the hero to his island. Thus by the skill and courage of this man, access was had to an island which had hitherto been unapproachable, and a fellow-being was rescued from an awful death. The achievement was followed by the cheers of the spectators.

I have attempted to give you a slight description of this wonderful feat. It must necessarily be weak; words cannot describe the risks that were run, nor the skill with which they were surmounted."

SCOTCH DEGREES.

When the University of St. Andrews sold her honors—a proceeding which provoked Dr. Johnson to tell the heads of the college that they would get rich by degrees, and which has long since been abandoned—a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more accepted and more useful if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put £15 in his purse, and went to St. Andrews to purchase for himself a good degree. His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honor. On his return "the doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows: "Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor, and gin ony body spiers at aboot me, ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me doctor too." The reverend doctor stared. "Ay, it's that so," continued the other; "for when I find it out sae little, I ee'n got a diploma myself; sae ye'll just be good enough to say—doctor, put on some pills, or doctor, bring me some whiskey and hot water; and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll be aye sure to say, the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or, the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be."—*Church of Eng. Review.*

ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

Of Quin, the actor, the following anecdote lately appeared in Fraser's Magazine:—"Quin at this time, for convenience, having occasion to make frequent professional visits, particularly at an early hour, at Carlton House, retained two small ready-furnished apartments, on the second floor, at the house of a widow in Pall Mall, who lived with her two daughters; one of whom, being very beautiful and talented, attracted the notice of the player, who being most liberal, and a truly excellent-hearted man, he advised the mother to let her go upon the stage. The lady and her daughters were poor; but being most exemplary, they politely declined. Quin, nevertheless, urged the point; and observed, 'Though we players are by foolish constructions stigmatised as vagabonds by statute, I will give you ample references, where you and your friends may inquire into my character and reputation: and I offer you a week for further consideration.' The inquiries were made, proved all that the strictest rectitude could require, and the offer was most gratefully accepted. The benevolent actor delicately presented the mother with a purse containing fifty guineas, and said, finding the young lady intelligent and accomplished, 'You must allow me to be her preceptor, and as I am an honest man I will protect her. When she visits my apartments in King street, Covent Garden, do you, her mother or her sister, come with her, for I will never receive her alone. I will, God aiding, do my best for her, and put her in the way of fortune.' The experiment was made; her instructor was delighted; she appeared on the stage; and she promised to become a theatrical prodigy, when a young gentleman of rank, fortune, and honor being struck with her great beauty and modesty, inquired for the mother, and sought the daughter's fair hand. The mother, who possessed the fine sentiments of a gentlewoman, properly transferred the admirer to Mr Quin, who, she gratefully observed, 'had generously adopted her child.' Quin's feelings on this disclosure, as he afterwards declared, entirely unmanned him. 'Dear, virtuous family!' he exclaimed, and burst into tears. Quin gave away his lovely protegee at the altar, and lived to witness their connubial happiness, even until after they were surrounded by a numerous progeny, the daughters being all fair, and the sons all brave."

Incendiaries are again at work in Baltimore. On Friday night they made two attempts, and on Sunday morning one, to fire the city; but in each case their design was discovered in time to frustrate it.

The Logan Gazette says:—Col. Johnson offers the Wyandots an annuity of \$14,000, but the tribe demands \$20,000, and will not take less. This comes direct from one of the tribe.

READ A PAPER BEFORE YOU SIGN IT.—King James I, showed his aversion to business at a very early age; so much so, that he was in the habit of signing whatever papers were brought to him without reading or making himself acquainted with their contents. To correct this pernicious habit, his tutor, Buchanan, adopted the following scheme: One day, when the young king was preparing to set out on a hunting excursion, he placed before him a document containing a formal abdication of his kingdom. It was signed, as usual, without inquiring into its purport. On the return of James in the evening, Buchanan produced the paper and pointed out its contents. At the sight of what he had done, the king burst into tears. Buchanan comforted him by throwing the document into the fire; at the same time seizing the opportunity of enlarging on the injustice which he might be guilty of to others, as well as to himself, should he hereafter persist in so indolent and injurious a practice.

THE CROPS.

The papers from different parts of the State give a favorable account of the harvest. The Poughkeepsie Telegraph says that the yield in Dutchess county will be a good one. The Canandaigua Repository, that the surplus will be fair: not so much as to depress prices, nor so small as to command high ones. The New York Herald has the following, in reference to the price of flour, and the prospect of the harvest in the different grain growing States in the Union:

"Flour and grain continue very dull. No foreign demands exists, not any from the eastward although there are only twenty thousand barrels of flour in Boston. We have a small stock; but as there is so much in the interior, and as the crops promise so favorable, none are foolish enough to lay in a large stock."

We have received later intelligence of the crops.—More than half of them have been harvested, and whatever we now report can be relied upon as correct. We give below a table of the result in each State so far as known:

States.	Crops.
New York	About an average.
Ohio	More than an average.
Indiana	Do do do
Michigan	Do do do
New Jersey	About an average.
Virginia	Little short of an average.
Maryland	Fair average crop.
Pennsylvania	Little above an average.
Tennessee	Above an average.
New Hampshire	Fair average crop.
Maine	About an average.
Illinois	About an average.
Kentucky	Little short of an average.

From the returns and recent statistical statements it appears that in the growth of bread stuffs, the States rank as follows:

In wheat—1st, Ohio; 2d Pennsylvania; 3d, New York.

In Indian Corn—1st, Tennessee; 2d, Virginia; 3d, Ohio.

In Potatoes—1st, New York 2d, Maine; 3d, Pennsylvania."

"You've played the *duce* on my heart!" remarked a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist.

"Because you played the *knave*," replied the lady, smiling. That was diamond cut diamond.

A Steam Organ.—The Belgian papers announce the invention by M. Sax, of a steam organ—a monster instrument, with vibrating plates, (hugh steel bars, to which immense pressure alone can, communicate vibration)—capable of being heard over a whole province.

If married ladies would consult their husbands instead of their friends, on matters concerning both, there would be less harsh feeling and more comfort among the parties.

Afflicting Event.—Mary and Ellen, aged 16 and 24, daughters of Deacon John Scotten, of great bend, Susquehanah county, Pa., were drowned while bathing in the Susquehanah river a few days since.

THE GATHERER.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A TOAD.—The Journal de l'Aveyron relates that a woman aged about 60, while at work in the fields of Saint Come, had her foot seized by an enormous toad, which held so fast that it could not be forced to let go until it was pierced through by a man with a sharp pointed stick. Only a few drops of blood followed the bite, and the woman continued her work, but in a very short time her countenance became flushed, and she experienced a burning thirst, but went to bed without taking any remedies. In the morning she was found dead, and the autopsy of the body gave all the symptoms of death by poison of a venomous reptile, thus contradicting the opinion of naturalists that toads do not possess any venomous qualities.

Supposed Murder.—The body of the beautiful "Cigar Girl," so well known at Anderson's store, Broadway, whose name was Mary Ann Rogers, was found floating in the North River, near the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, on Thursday afternoon, and from the marks of violence upon it, it is supposed the unfortunate girl had been murdered. She boarded at Mrs. Ball's, in Nassau street, and left there early in the week. She had been in one or two equivocal situations. About a year since she was published as having fled with a young man, and a cry of abduction was raised. This was hushed, and a story was put forth that she had been to Brooklyn visiting some friends there. There is no doubt that she has been murdered.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Sorrowsful case of Drowning.—Mr. William Henry Pratt, a student in the Rensselaer Institute, was drowned at the foot of the dam on the Hudson River, in this city, at 8 o'clock P. M. on the 30th ult. He was bathing just at evening twilight with several other students; being at a distance from the other students with a young son of Proff. Eaton, the latter having slipped into a gorge containing a great depth of water and appeared to be drowning, he took hold of him to save him from sinking, and at the same instant sunk down into the same gully and was drowned. Young E. by violent struggles rose frequently to the surface and was saved by a Mr. Quinland who was near with a boat.

Thus by an attempt to save another, and a mistake as to the depth of water, an amiable youth in his eighteenth year was withdrawn from this theatre of good and evil.

Mr. Pratt was a native of Chatham, Columbia co., and a most studious, efficient and liberal-minded scholar.—*Troy Whig.*

Coiners Caught.—The police of New Orleans have arrested three German Jews, engaged in making counterfeit doubloons of German silver. The arrest was effected through the agency of a police officer named Weiss, also a German Jew, who pretended to join the confederacy, and so possessed himself of all the needed information.

An Unnatural Father.—A man named Nicholas Moyer, residing at Fredensburgh, Schuylkill county, Pa., has been committed to jail for killing his own child. Moyer is said to be a man of very intemperate habits, and not long since a child of his died in a very sudden manner, and it was thought was destroyed by the father.

Mr. Wm. Hoover, a respectable and industrious citizen of Williamsport, Md., was killed on Thursday last, by falling from a scaffold which broke down—a stone of three hundred weight fell upon him and crushed him.

Michigan City, July 21st.—Harvest.—The harvest is nearly over, and a kind Providence has blessed the tillers of the soil, with an abundant crop. We believe the wheat from Northern Indiana will excel any thing of the kind ever offered in the eastern market. Gentlemen wheat buyers, come on if you want the finest wheat ever produced, and you can have it.—*Gazette.*

Half a million dollars worth of steamboat stock is said to be lying up, and out of commission in the creek at Buffalo.

POPULAR TALES.

PEACE AND WAR.

A FRENCH STORY.

The enjoyment of travelling in a carriage, with all due deference to Dr. Samuel Johnson be it said; depends much upon the company in which one is placed at the time. So at least thought the lady whose history is destined to form the subject of consideration at present.

Madame de Sareuil had been married in very early youth, almost in the days of her girlhood; and the partner to whom her parents had united her, was a man well advanced in years. There existed little sympathy between the parties thus thrown together, either as regarded tastes or character, yet Madame de Sareuil conducted herself in such a manner as to defy the reproaches of the world, or of her own conscience—the more severe censor of the two. Her husband, fortunately, was a good-natured man, but he was an invalid, and this circumstance led to a constant trial of the lady's better qualities. She accompanied M. de Sareuil to the springs of the Baden, and watched over him with great attention. It was on their return from that place, while they were passing by easy stages to Paris, that Madame de Sareuil felt the want of good companionship to render her journey interesting. She did not complain of the peevishness of her husband, though he was often peevish; she merely felt a blank—a want of some one to talk with, and reciprocate the sentiments called up by the scenery through which her journey lay. She was within a few hours' travel of Paris, when she began to think her husband's lengthened silence somewhat odd. He had leaned heavily, too, upon her shoulder for some half hour or so. She tried to shift her position a little. In doing so, she took away the support upon which her husband rested and, to her horror, he fell instantly forward upon the front of the carriage. She screamed aloud, and the postilion stopped. On attempting to raise him, it was found that he was dead.

Madame de Sareuil was now a widow, and a rich one. It must be admitted that her sorrow, though of a decent amount of quality, was not inextinguishable. Her husband had never shown that inclination to please which might have compensated the want of congenial years and tastes on his part. Her year of mourning over, Madame de Sareuil certainly felt herself happier in her widowhood than she had ever done in her wedded state. The consciousness that such was the case, made her extremely chary of listening to proposals for her re-entrance into the married state. Such proposals poured in upon her in great abundance for she was beautiful, young, and rich. "They only lose their time," said the widow to her confidential law-agent, a person who enjoyed more of her friendship than she bestowed on any other acquaintance; "they but lose their time. Experience has taught me that greater happiness lies in the single than in the married life, and I will not be foolish enough to give up my liberty again." "But you judge hastily," said the notary; "your late husband was one unfitted to be your companion in life, from difference of years and habits. Another?" "No, no!" answered the lady. "no other, if you please. I am perfectly happy at present, and happy I will remain as long as I can."

But who can foresee what the future has in store? One morning, the same friend of Madame de Sareuil, her notary and agent, called upon her, and requested an interview. On being introduced to her presence, he found the lady somewhat more pensive than he had been accustomed to see her; and the tidings which he brought to her were not of a kind calculated to dissipate the unwonted weight upon her spirits. "I come to inform you, madame," said the notary, "that you are menaced with a process at law." "I menaced with a process!" cried the young widow; "and pray, upon what score?" "Your succession to your husband's property is to be contested," answered the notary. "Ridiculous!" said Madame de Sareuil; "have we not a will in my favor?" "You have," was the notary's reply, "but wills may be attacked." "Is that of M. de Sareuil not in regular form, then?" asked the lady. "The intention of the deceased might be good," answered the man of law, "but it is certainly imperfectly

expressed. Ah, if your husband had consulted me! Unfortunately, he chose to make a holograph deed, and I think it my duty to warn you that I am by no means assured of its stability." "If aware of this before, why did not you warn me earlier?" said the widow. "Because I was averse from giving you unnecessary disquiet, and did not imagine that your rights would ever be called in question." "Who is the party disposed to doubt them at present, then? I thought my late husband had no relatives excepting some very distant ones." "You are so far in error," answered the notary; "M. de Sareuil had a cousin—a first cousin—a young man now living." "Strange that he should never have mentioned this relative to me!" said the widow. After a few moments of thoughtfulness, she continued—"And this cousin absolutely wishes to dispute the succession with me? Positively he does, said the notary; "the affair is already in the hands of an advocate, and steps must be taken immediately for defending your rights."

Evil news spread quickly. Madame de Sareuil was young, and a woman; and it must be confessed that her pride was hurt by the immediate impression made on the circle of her admirers by the tidings of her doubtful position. She had imagined that the homage of those around her was only a matter of amusement to her, and she felt annoyed at her own weakness in allowing the coolness of her interested suitors to produce any effect upon her mind. "Ah, madam," said the notary to her, at one of their interviews for consultation, "I always advised you to marry while opportunity was in your power." "What, sir?" said the lady, with a degree of noble pride beaming from her eye; "do you imagine that I regret not forming a union with any of these men, who now show me so plainly what their true sentiments were? Or do you think I can have any feeling but one of rejoicing that no one has been deceived in me—that no one has been bound to me, while believing me rich, though really poor?" "But, madam," said the notary, "if you lose the process, you will not have a penny in the world." This was indeed a grievous reflection, let the widow strive to face it as she might. She had been trained to ease and affluence, and knew well that a change of life would be heavy for her to bear. "My handsome house," said she, "my equipage, my balls, my concerts—must I give them all up, and work for my bread with my hands? And my box at the opera?" "Ay," said the notary, casting a significant look at his client; "to give up the box at the opera—that will indeed be a trial!" Madame de Sareuil blushed as she answered, "What do you mean, sir?" "Oh! nothing—nothing!" said the notary. Whether he spoke the truth or not in saying this, did not appear at the moment. After a pause he continued—"But my dear madam, we must not give up all hope. To tell the candid truth, I fear that your cause, legally considered, is hopeless; but there is one chance of releasing you, in part, from this unfortunate position. It is possible that the other party may enter into a compromise. He may be doubtful of the issue as well as we are. With your permission, I will write to his agent, and propose such an arrangement. It is the only way to secure to you any part of that fortune, to which you certainly have a claim in equity, if not in law." The lady agreed to the proposal of her friendly counsellor.

On the ensuing morning, the notary again presented himself to his client, and produced the answer to his proposal sent on the part of the adverse claimant.—The widow, with natural impatience, desired the notary to read the letter. The following were its terms:—"I am certain," said the claimant, "of gaining this process. Of this no lawyer can have a doubt, on glancing at the will of my late cousin, M. de Sareuil. Nevertheless, it is my desire to act generously. I have never seen Madame de Sareuil, my cousin—if she will allow me to call her so—but I have heard of her beauty and merits, and have resolved upon offering my hand to her, with the re-possession of that fortune which the law might wrest from her. If my proposal is not agreed to, the consequence is clear. The process or marriage; peace or war; such is my ultimatum."

"Insolence!" cried the widow.

"I grant you," said the notary, "that the epistle is a little in the cavalier order; but you should remember that your cousin may be more pitted than blamed.

Doubtless he has had a provincial education, and requires polishing." "And you would have me marry this rude, unmannerly rustic!" exclaimed the widow. "Ah, if he had been such a person as one could love! Aimable, intelligent!"—"And handsome as the young gentleman whom you saw at the opera among some friends, and who appeared so much captivated by you!" The widow blushed deeply. "What!" said she, "you were at the opera, then? You saw him? But what could you notice there? Only a few words passed between us; I do not even know his name." "But he talked well?" said the notary inquiringly. "I will confess to a friend so old as you are," said the lady, still blushing, "that I never met a man so intelligent so every way pleasing, as that stranger at the opera." "Well, madame, but to our answer, said the notary, after a few moments of musing; "what shall the answer be to this epistle?" "I will take my chance," answered Madame de Sareuil, "and the law. Lose or win, I can never bend to such a proposition as is contained in that letter." "But the risk, madame," said the notary, "the danger—the certainty of poverty?" "It matters not," said the lady; "write my answer immediately." "It is unnecessary," replied the notary. "When that letter was left with me, the bearer arranged to call here for an answer; and, madam, who was the bearer, think you? No other than the gentleman whom you saw at the opera, and who proves to be the intimate friend of your cousin. It was I who asked him to call here, indeed. Pray, pardon the liberty."

Before Madame de Sareuil could answer, the servant opened the door, and announced the visitor. It was the young stranger. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, but after a respectful bow to the lady, he turned to the notary, and asked, "if he had communicated the proposal to the lady?" "I have," answered the notary; and war, not peace, is her choice." The young man appeared chagrined. But the words of the notary were confirmed by Madame de Sareuil.—"Yes, sir," said she, "such terms can be met by one reply—a refusal." "But, madam," cried the man, "concessions may be made; had I thought the terms so painful, I would not have proposed them." "Are you a minister plenipotentiary, then, in this affair?" said Madame de Sareuil. The young stranger looked confused. "Certainly," answered he; "it would be strange, indeed, if I were not." It was evident that some confusion, some misapprehension, existed among the parties, though the smiling eye of the notary seemed to indicate that he was not among those so situated. "If you have full powers from your principal," said Madame de Sareuil, half in jest and half in earnest, "sign this paper, which I shall fill up at leisure." The stranger hurriedly signed as directed. Madame de Sareuil glanced at the paper, and exclaimed, "What do I see?—*Leon de Sareuil*! Is that your name, sir? Are you?"—"Cousin to your late husband," said the young stranger. "And the letter which you wrote me?" said the lady. "I wrote no letter," answered the other; "to your agent I hinted at a mode of compromise which would make me the happiest man on earth; but I wrote no letter!" The notary now put in his word. "Pardon me, madam," said he, "for this little trick. I believed that, through accident, I had discovered your feelings towards this gentleman, your adversary at law; and I brought about this meeting in consequence."

All parties were silent for a moment. "And now, madam," said the notary at last, "is it to be peace or war?" Madame de Sareuil again blushed, as she answered, in a low tone, "Peace, peace. I accept the terms offered."

A happy marriage was the consequence.

Isaac Sharp Rawdon, is the name of a member of Congress, from the West, who wears a common iron skillet on his head. Having had a quarrel with his wife, before he left home, she seized a skillet by the handle and struck at him; the open part of the skillet received his head, and such was the force of the blow that, although a small fit, it was driven fairly on his head, where it remains like a cup with a long tail behind, every exertion to get it off having proved abortive. Mr. Rawdon came near putting out the eye of a member who sat behind him, by suddenly jerking his head back, the end of the skillet striking the honorable gentleman on the eye brow. Mr. Rawdon is known in Washington by the appellation of *Iron Head*.

BIOGRAPHY.

ELIZABETH.

This great queen, says Marville, passionately admired handsome persons, and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable and aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c., in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasure subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasion the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of the people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love*, in which its claims and its slavery are liked!

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces, was by an act of gallantry. Raleigh spoiled a new plush cloak, while the queen stepping cautiously on it, shot forth a smile, in which he read promotion. Captain Raleigh soon became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the passion which her courtiers feigned for her, and which with others I shall give, to form the opinion of Vignieu Marville, who did not know probably the reason why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed never went further than the highest than boisterous or extreme gallantry. Hume has preserved in his notes a letter written Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talents to exalt her charms, and his affection, he concludes by comparing her majesty, who was then sixty, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style. Even in her old age she affected a strange fondness for music and dancing, and a kind of childlike drollery, by which however her court seemed a court of love, and she the sovereign. A curious anecdote in a letter of the times has reached us. Secretary Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Burleigh, seems to have perfectly entered into her character. Lady Derby wore about her neck and in her bosom a portrait: the queen spying it, inquired about it, but her ladyship was anxious to conceal it. The queen insisted on having it, and discovering it to be the portrait of young Cecil, she snatched it away, and tying it upon her shoe, walked long with it; afterward she pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there. Secretary Cecil hearing of this composed some verses and got them set to music; this music the queen insisted on hearing. In his verses Cecil sung that he repined not, though her majesty was pleased to grace others; he contented himself with the favour she had given him, by wearing his portrait on her feet and her elbow! The writer of the letter adds, "All these things are very sweet." In this manner she contrived to lay the fastest hold on her able servants, and her servants on her.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the private anecdotes of those times, know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to most who were near her person. Dodd, in his Church History, says, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way.

She encouraged every person of eminence: she even went so far on the anniversary of her coronation as publicly to take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She also ranked among her suitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great.

She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language; and when Henry IV sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of

this great queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state.

'This queen,' writes Du Maurier, in the *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande*, 'who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white.'

Another anecdote, not less curious, relates to the affair of the duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth, and one more proof of her partiality for handsome men. The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the time, he notices.

'From the Duke of Anjou being desirous of marrying a crown, he d. caused portraits of marriage to be made to Elizabeth queen of England. Letters passed between them and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first see his person. If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young friends, (who were as little able of judging as himself,) paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The splendid lady contemplated his person: she found him ugly, disfigured by deep scars of the small pox, and that he had an ill-shaped nose, with swellings in the neck! All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces.'

Puttenham, in his very rare book of the 'Art of Poessie,' p. 243, notices the grace and majesty of Elizabeth's demeanour. 'Her stately manner of walk, with a certain grandeur rather than gravity, mingling with leisure, which our sovereign ladye and mistress is accustomed to do generally, unless it be when she walketh up and down for her pleasure, or to patch her beauty in the cold mornings.'

By the following extract from a letter from one of her gentlemen, we discover that her usual habits, though studious were not of the gentlest kind, and that the service she exacted from her attendants was not borne without concealed murmurs. 'The writer groans in secrecy to his friend, Sir John Stanhope writes to Sir Robert Cecil in 1594, 'I was all the afternoon with her majesty, at my books and then thinking to rest me, went in againe with your letter. She was pleased with the philosopher's stone, and hath been all this daye reasonably quyet. Mr. Grevell is absent, and I am tyed so as I cannot stirre, but shall be at the house for yt, these two dayes!'

Puttenham p. 249, has also recorded an honorable anecdote of Elizabeth, and characteristic of that high majesty which was in her thoughts, as well as in her actions. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, suspecting to be sent to the Tower; she replied mildly, 'Do you not know that we are descended of the lion, whose nature is not to harm or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?'

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated Roger Ascham. Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum. I have seen her first writing-book preserved at Oxford in the Bodleian Library; the gradual improvement of her majesty's hand-writing, is very honorable to her diligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward; a proof of the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable prince.

The education of Elizabeth had been severely classical; she thought, and she wrote in all the spirit of the great characters of antiquity; and her speeches and her letters are studded with apophegms, and a terseness of ideas and language, that give an exalted idea of her mind. In her evasive answers to the commons, in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word: 'Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an answer, answerless!'—*Curiosities of Literature*.

THE TRAVELLER.

[Extracted and Condensed for the American Masonic Register, from Robert's Embassy to the Eastern Courts.]

CHINESE RELIGION.

The ancient Chinese worshippers retained some knowledge of a Supreme Being, yet the worship they paid to the visible heavens, the earth, rivers, bulls, and above all to dragons and the gods of lambs, was open idolatry. Subsequently Confucius arose; he inculcated the necessity of reverencing those whom the ancients had worshipped. His wish was to promote the social happiness of his countrymen, independently of the influence which religion exerts over a nation; his great aim was the introduction of decorum and order into all the duties of life; and to the strict observance of external ceremonies, he reduced the whole of religion. His system being found very deficient, Tao-tze, the mystic philosopher, stepped forward to supply the wants of the multitude by his abstruse speculations. According to his system, all nature is filled with demons and genii, who constantly influence the fate of man. He increased the number of idol gods to an enormous amount, and attempted to define with scholastic precision, their nature and offices. His demonology wanted perspicuity and contained too many palpable absurdities to be generally received. Some of the emperors, though declaring themselves believers in Taoism, could never introduce a general acquiescence in doctrines which no one understood. China wanted a creed which every man might understand; and the Buddhists supplied the desideratum;—accommodating their doctrines to all existing superstitions, they opened the door to every description of convert, who might retain as many of his old prejudices as he chose; they were not rigorous in enforcing the obligations of morality; to expiate sins, offerings to the idols and priests were sufficient. A temple built to the honor of any idol richly endowed, would suffice to blot out every stain of guilt and serve as a portal to the blessed mansions of Budha. When death approached, they promised to each of their votaries, speedy promotion in the scale of metempsychosis, until he should be absorbed in Nirupan or Nirvanu—nonentity. With these prospects, the poor deluded victim, left the world. To facilitate his release from purgatory, the ghostly hypocrites said mass, and supplied the wants of the hungry departed spirit with rich offerings of food, of which the latter enjoyed only the odor, while the priests devoured the substance. As Confucius had raised the veneration for ancestors into idolatrous worship, these priests were ready to perform their pious offices before the tablets of the dead. Thus they became ingratiated with the credulous multitude, who were too happy to avail themselves of their cheap services. But notwithstanding the accommodating spirit of their creed, the Chinese government has at times disapproved of it. As the sanctity of marriage has been acknowledged in China from time immemorial, and almost every person of years of maturity has been obliged to enter into that state, the celibacy of the priesthood of Budha was considered as a very dangerous custom.

Budha regarded contemplation and exemption from worldly cares, as the nearest approach to bliss; his followers, therefore, in imitation of their master, passed and inculcated lives of indolence, and practised begging as the proper means of maintaining themselves. This mode of livelihood was diametrically opposed to the political institutions of China, where even the Emperor does not disdain to plough. It was also in opposition to the actual condition and wants of the people; a system of idleness, in the immense population of the Empire, would have been followed by actual starvation, and a consequent serious diminution in the number of inhabitants; for it is by the utmost exertion that they are able to subsist. These serious objections to the foreign creed, furnished its enemies with weapons by which to destroy it. It was proscribed as a dangerous heresy, and a cruel persecution followed; but it had taken too deep root to be easily eradicated. Among some of the emperors too, it found abettors and disciples. Yet it never became a religion of the state; nor were its priests ever able to exercise any permanent influence over the populace. The Chinese are too rational a people to believe all the Budhis-

tic) fables, nor can they persuade themselves that the numerous images are gods. When we add to this, their national apathy towards every thing connected with religion, their being entirely engrossed with the things of this life, we can easily account for their disesteem of *Budhism*. Nor can we wonder that they worship at one time, the divinities they despise at another, for ancient custom bids them follow in the track of their ancestors without enquiry or doubt, even when they cannot but ridicule its absurdities.

The priests of *Budha* are a very despised class, and spring chiefly from the lowest and most ignorant of the people. Their morals are notoriously bad, and pinching poverty has made them cringing and servile.—They wander abroad in search of some trifling gift, and often encounter a very harsh refusal.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, August 7, 1841.

THE G. GRAND ENCAMPMENT, &c.—We informally understand, from the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, appointed in New York, in reference to the triennial meeting of the G. Grand Encampment and the G. Grand Chapter of the United States, in that city, in September next, that the Committee have concluded, in the celebration of the day, to have a PROCESSION and a DINNER. This early notice is given, that Brethren far and near may unite in the celebration, which from the preparation, will vie with any Masonic festival of former years. We shall endeavor to lay the particulars before our brethren in our next paper.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.—Robert Matthews alias Matthias, the Prophet, formerly a resident of this city, died last month in North Carolina, aged about 60. We knew Matthews well; and a more despicable hypocrite and knave never existed. By trade, he was a carpenter, a first rate workman. He was too lazy to work, which was the only true aberration of mind he was ever afflicted with. In 1828, he became very religious; and for some time acted consistent with his profession, but not finding himself taken the notice of, which his inordinate vanity seemed to require, he became misanthropic and gloomy, neglected his business, and suffered his family, (a very deserving wife and several children) to want for the necessities of life. About this time he began to have remarkable visions; and he submitted to us the plan, very cleverly drawn, of a celestial city, which he intended to form, and which he wished to have put in rule type. He was continually hanging about our office, and we saw enough of him to satisfy us that there was "method in his madness." We plainly told him we believed he was playing the hypocrite for some end. This seriously offended him, and he kept aloof from us, afterwards, unless accidentally thrown in his company.—About this time he began to prepare for his mission, by suffering his beard to grow,—occasionally exhorting when among strangers, and finally threw this community in a fever, by strolling off with his children, who after several days of anxious search by our citizens, were found in his company some 20 miles from their homes. We lost sight of the "Prophet," for some time after this; until one day in 183—we met him in his glory in New York, splendidly and fantastically dressed, sword, chapeau, &c. The "Prophet" in his hen palmy days, surrounded by an "elder," and one or two of the "faithful" (as we understood afterwards) appeared to have forgotten an old friend. Mortified, at being cut by an old acquaintance, we impudently and very irreverently asked him to pay a little due bill on interest, money loaned to him when he was dream-

ing about the "celestial city." The 'Prophet,' squirmed, and fumed at our insolence, and more than once threatened to draw "the sword of Gideon" on us: but it would not do; we were too hard-hearted; an intimation politely given, that a magistrate's jurisdiction extended further than the "Prophet's," had the effect of settling the affair, amicably. The next news we had from the Prophet was his indictment for the murder of Mr. Pierson, and the incredible Folger affair. Since Matthews' discharge from Prison, on those charges he has been wandering about the land, a vagabond, with probably all the inclination, but lacking the ability from the notoriety of his character, to perpetrate any more of his deeds of villany on the weak and credulous. He has finally died in the land of the stranger, unpitied and unmourned. We know that various opinions exist as to the extent of Matthews' insanity; some believing him partially insane, others that he was totally deranged, and others, that he was entirely knave. Of the last class, are we. From the first, we watched the workings of his mind, through all its ramifications to the denouement, and we are satisfied, that it was all put on.

LEARNED MEN.

It has been remarked, that although the present age can boast of a larger number of *moderately* learned men in the three professions, than ever lived, yet that there does not exist at the present time so many men of *very great* talents as some of our former centuries witnessed. Perhaps this may be thus accounted for.—The divine, the lawyer and the physician in former years, severally devoted their whole time and abilities to their peculiar professions; and with a more constant zeal and industry, being destitute of those attractive but lighter works which are now every day issuing from the press. They concentrated in *one* focus (if we may so express it) the rays of their mental endowments, without permitting them to be diverged from the main object of their several pursuits. We have probably in the aggregate a greater quantity of knowledge, but that knowledge is of a wider range. Let us only advert to the legal profession—it is true we find many in its ranks of *eminent* talent, but we look in vain for a Coke, a Holt, a Hale, or a Blackstone. A man to be truly great—to shine with *extraordinary* splendor in either of the learned professions must make *that* his *only* study—it must engross his almost constant attention; other, and perhaps, more pleasing paths of literature, must be avoided; or if his foot deviate from the path he has selected, he should consider the step so taken as leading him from the summit of his ambition. The same reasoning applies to the physician and the divine; and, in fact, to every scientific pursuit.

BARBARITY.—The Boston Post has a report of the trial of Robert B. Gove, a teacher in the "Farm School," who was prosecuted for inhuman treatment to one of the scholars, placed under his charge. Gove must have been an original in his notions of school discipline. Squeers of Do-the-boy Hall, could have had many improvements added to his "system" by Dove. The Post says, that on the night of the 23d of April, which was very cold, Locke, the Superintendent of the Farm School, selected out twenty scholars, charged with various offences, (such as neglect of studies and making a noise, and also whispering in the dormitory) for punishment—not, perhaps, a very violent one, to be sure—viz: they were ordered to stand up near the door, without moving, from 8 o'clock till 10. At 10 o'clock it was discovered that 11 of the 20

had laid down, either on their beds or on the floor; and for this disobedience of orders they were made to undress themselves to their shirts, and then whipped with a cowhide by Locke himself. Those who did not undress themselves quite soon enough were quickened in their motions by preliminary blows with the cowhide. This severe punishment was followed by an order that the eleven whipped boys, undressed and wounded as they were, should stand up all night. Among these boys was George A. Gallilee, an orphan, who had been put on short allowance for not getting his lessons. On the 23d, he dug up a last year's carrot, and, to quiet his hunger, ate it. For this he was put among the others to stand up for punishment. By the testimony of Gove's own witness, Locke drew blood from Gallilee's legs when he whipped him. In about two hours, worn out by hunger, fatigue, and flogging, the child fell asleep on the floor. Upon pain of being severely punished, Gove had ordered a lad named Robinson to watch the others, and wake him up if either of them laid down. At one o'clock, Gove was notified that Gallilee was asleep. He then got up, took the cowhide from under his pillow, proceeded to where the boy was lying, raised him up, stripped his shirt up over his back, and held him by the hair with his left hand, while he lashed him with the cowhide with the other till the blood flowed! But only half the story is yet told: about three o'clock in the morning Gallilee sat down on the side of the bed to rest himself, and again fell asleep; and again was he flogged by Gove in the same savage manner as before, and the other scholars, who were not under punishment, were awakened by his screams.

The jury, after hearing all the facts, returned a verdict of guilty, with three hundred dollars damages, the whole amount claimed in the writ. It is fortunate for Gove that he does not live in the neighborhood of Judge Lynch.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, recently held at Saratoga Springs, has adjourned, after an interesting and harmonious meeting of three days. In its deliberations, we understand, there was nothing to mar in the least, the holy object for which it was congregated. The cause of Temperance, is silently and effectually working its way to the very heart of our republic; and unless its onward course is impeded, by the ultraism of former years, its friends will live to see its principles carried out in our land to the very length and breadth of their desires. TEMPERANCE, with no riders, other than appeals to the understanding and conscience, is our motto. No politics, no religion, no coercion. The Democrat and Whig—the Catholic and Protestant—the Jew and the Infidel—all have a common field, and a common cause to contend for, without compromising any other principle.

The following was the representation in the convention:—New York, 286; Massachusetts, 50; Vermont, 45; Connecticut, 23; New Hampshire, 4; Rhode Island, 2; Maine, 3; New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 9; Maryland, 4; Michigan, 4; Louisiana, 3; Alabama, 2; Wisconsin, 3; Ohio, 3; Illinois, 2; Georgia, 2; Iowa, 1; Sandwich Islands, 1.

The next movement will be a world's temperance convention at London.

STATEN ISLAND BANK.—The Evening Journal advises holders of the bills of the Staten Island Bank not to sell them at a sacrifice. Additional securities have been placed in the hands of the Comptroller to indemnify the bill holders, and the bank is to resume within fifteen days.

THE BITER BIT.—The New Orleans Picayune tells an admirable story, the substance of which is, that two gentlemen of that city, who had just arisen from the table, with a full supply of the "heavy wet" on board, saw a lady passing, and were determined to have a peep, right or wrong at her face. Accordingly one of our gallants, after pulling from his pocket an elegant and costly handkerchief, staggered up to the lady, and with his hat under his arm, and one of his most winning smiles on his countenance hiccupped—"M-mad-am, you have dropped your handkerchief." The lady, cast a glance from a keen pair of black eyes, on our hero, and with a smile most shockingly provoking, and a half-dropp'd curtesy, said, "I thank you sir, for your politeness," quietly took the handkerchief and left the gallants scratching their heads in perfect astonishment, amid the *haw-haws*! of a concourse of spectators.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—as we learn from a Tallahassee paper, is making dreadful havoc, among the inhabitants of St. Joseph. Although the population does not exceed some 500 persons, there have been already upwards of 30 deaths from this dreadful disease. The fever was brought by a schooner from Havana, laden with fruit, &c.

ARCTURUS, a Journal of Books and Opinion.—This is the title of a monthly, recently established in New York, at \$5. per annum, published by Trevel, 121 Fulton St. and Bartlett & Welford 298 Broadway. It is very neatly printed, and its contents for the present month (which is all we have seen) abound with choice and rare articles. The various criticisms in it are independent and manly. There is no shrinking from responsibility. Arcturus is destined to have an extensive circulation. It certainly deserves it.

SLAVE CONSPIRACY.—The New Orleans papers are filled with a formidable conspiracy of the slaves of that region, which was to have broken out on the first of this month, had it not have been providentially discovered. A white man, a carpenter, was arrested as being connected with the plot. He denies any agency in it, but acknowledges that the blacks frequently spoke to him on the subject. This man, with 40 negroes were confined in St. Francisville Jail. Numerous blacks were arrested and confined, all confessing the same facts. At Point Coupee there had been unusual assemblage of slaves in by-places on Sundays, and Doctor—says that numerous enquiries were made of him, as to what day of the month it was. Some of the negroes have confessed that the combination extended from Bayou Sara, to Natchez. Another report says, that all the white population from Natchez to Baton Rouge were to have been assassinated together with those negroes who refused to join in the insurrection. White men are implicated in the plot, and were to have been the principle leaders. These state of things may be put down as practical commentaries of Abolitionism.

Puffing.—Speaking of the modern system of puffing, the Bostonian says: "By and by we shall be requested to say we have used Dumsfries' Itch Ointment with distinguished success!"

RAPID INCREASE.—The Jews of the Holy Land, have increased within the last five years, from 2,000 to more than 40,000.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.—The Steam Ship Acadia, arrived at Boston, on Monday morning last, from Liverpool, making the passage in twelve days and fourteen hours. We clip the following.

BALLOON ADVENTURE.—Mr. Green, the Aeronaut, made an ascension in his great Nassau balloon, accompanied with Mrs. Green, Capt. Curry, and four other gentlemen. They met with an awkward adventure which is thus described:

"The balloon, after leaving the earth, took an easterly direction, and had not ascended many minutes before Mr. Green discovered that the valve would not act. With the assistance of Capt. Curry, he applied great force to the valve line, which gave way, leaving the valve unmoved. Mr. Green, in consequence, announced his intention of making as speedy a descent as practicable; but at this period the new church at Eltham was almost immediately under the balloon; and to be certain of not descending on it, Mr. Green found it necessary to discharge ballast. This caused the balloon to ascend to the height of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet. Having no means of discharging gas, Mr. Green opened the neck of the balloon so as to admit as much atmospheric air as possible. This was so successful that a gradual descent speedily commenced. The aeronauts were unfortunately over a very woody country; but Mr. Green succeeded, notwithstanding the inoperativeness of his valve, in effecting a safe and easy descent, after remaining an hour and a quarter in the air, in a clover field at Hextable, near Birchwood, in the parish of Sutton-at-Horne, near Dartford in Kent."

Among the passengers in the Acadia, is Samuel Swartwout, Ex-Collector of the port of New York.

The London Journal of Commerce intimates that the French government are about to send a flotilla to Texas, in order to obtain satisfaction for the insults offered to M. Saligny, the French Minister to that Republic.

An application is about to be made to the Pope to elect a resident Cardinal in Ireland.

A Ministerial paper informs us that an important event is going to take place. A "National Conference of Ministers" of all "Religious Denominations" is to be held at Manchester "commencing Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1841."

Dreadful outrage at Waterford.—A monster, named Morgan, three times deliberately fired a pistol, loaded with slugs at a crowd of boys and girls who were shouting, "Wyse and Barron for ever!" "Down with the Tories." Eleven of the poor children were wounded, and three of them not expected to recover.

The Spanish government had agreed to cede two islands, on the coast of Guinea, to Great Britain for a consideration of £60,000.

The Nile had risen from one to eight cubits, which promised a favorable harvest. The plague had completely subsided in Cairo.

Married.

At Coeymans, on Thursday 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. George Sweet, to Miss Elizabeth Milbank, both of Coeymans.

By the same, last evening, Mr. Oliver Steele, merchant, to Miss Anna; daughter of the late Anthony Egberts, Esq. of this city.

DIED.

Wednesday evening, George D, infant son of Henry Rawls, aged four months.

Wednesday evening, Henry B. W. son of John B. Hough, in the 16th year of his age.

Thursday morning at 1 o'clock, Thomas Flood, aged 19 years.

Thursday morning, Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth Lacy, aged two years and 10 months.

Wednesday morning, Amelia, youngest daughter of Henry L. and Mary M. Hubbard, aged one year and 8 months.

In Brunswick, Rensselaer co., on the 19th ult. Mrs. Croy, wife of Christian] Croy of that town, aged 103 years.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 23 Jones St. N. Y.	Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
Talmadge Fairchild Conestock	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
Joel D. Smith Castleton	J H M'Mahon Memphis Tenn
James Teft Coeymans	James A Miller Mobile
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Sanders Shanks Shelbyville, Ky.	E B Shaw, Hudson.
T P Shaffer Cumberland, Md	E C M'Cormick Greencap Co. Ky.
B Biggs Williamston N C	

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We

are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

GENERAL AGENCY, for Foreign and Domestic Law, collecting and transacting business. Office Main street, opposite the "TELEGRAPH" office, Houston, Repub. of Texas.

The undersigned has made arrangements in the United States, England, France, Germany, and Mexico, for attending to claims of every kind, and to the settlement of the estates of deceased soldiers and others.

All kinds of documents, public or private, made out in original, in the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Italian languages, or translated from either of them into any one required.

Old settlers will find the services of the undersigned useful in completing their land titles, in cases where any of the formalities of the Mexican laws are wanting; or the execution thereof by the authorities omitted, by procuring authentic copies of the same, from the Mexican records to complete the chain of titles.

New settlers and land speculators can avail themselves of his services, by having examined, the Spanish titles to Texas lands, and consulting him in relation to the genuineness and validity of the same, previous to entering into final contract.

Conveyancing of every description executed.
jyl0 GEORGE FISHER. 9

Peoples' Line Steamboats.



The boats of the Peoples' Line being now all in complete order, will continue to run between Albany and New-York, until further notice as follows:

The ROCHESTER, Capt. St. John, and SOUTH AMERICA, Capt. Brainard, will form a daily Night Line, one of them leaving the foot of Hamilton street every evening (except Sundays) at 7 o'clock, through without landing.

HALF DAILY NIGHT LINE, at 5 o'clock.

The NORTH AMERICA, Capt. Truesdell, will run a Half-Daily Night Line, leaving the foot of State street, every other evening at 5 o'clock, making the regular landings.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the Pier, foot of Hamilton street. jyl7,

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam's street, (formerly Middle Lane), Albany. Blank books of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

A LONG WHILE AGO.

[From the Poetical Remains of L. E. L. (Mrs. Maclean,) published in connexion with a Memoir of her life by Mr. Laman Blanchford.]

Still hangeth down the old accustom'd willow,
Hiding the silver underneath each leaf—
So drops the long hair from some maiden pillow,
When midnight heareth the else silent grief;
There floats the water-lily, like a sovereign
Whose lovely empire is a fairy world,
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,
As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd

A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music wringing [noon—
From the wild thyme where they have pass'd the
There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing.
Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune;
Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadows,
As the west wind bends down the long green grass,
Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadows
Of the light clouds pass as they went to pass
A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather
To bind a young fair brow, no longer fair;
Ah! thou art mocking us, thou summer weather,
To be so sunny, with the loved one where?
'Tis not her voice—'tis not her step—that lingers
In lone familiar sweetness on the wind,
The bee, the bird, are now the only singers—
Where is the music once with theirs combined
A long time ago?

As the lorn flowers that in her pale hands perish'd,
Is she who only hath a memory here.
She was so much a part of us, so cherish'd.
So young that even love forgot to fear.
Now is her image paramount, it reigneth
With a sad strength that time may not subdue;
And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,
As the slow looks we cast around renew
A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers
The trees with green leaves and the ground with
flowers;
Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers—
The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
Of nature's changeless loveliness, and feel
That, with the sunshine round, the heart is dreaming
Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal,
A long time ago.

Ah! visit not the scenes where youth and childhood
Pass'd years that deepen'd as those years went by;
Shadows will darken in the careless wildwood—
There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.
Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander
Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree:
I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder
Things that are not—and yet that used to be
A long while ago.

Worn out—the heart seems like a ruin'd altar—
Where are the friends, and where the faith of yore?
My eyes grow dim with tears—my footsteps falter—
Thinking of those whom I can love no more.
We change, and others change—while recollection
Would fain renew what it can but recal.
Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,
And cold its hopes—and yet I felt them all
A long while ago.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The mighty lord who sits on high,
Round whom the hovering angels wing,
Enthroned above the starry sky;
To whom the circling planets sing;
Who, in his all-embracing love,
Sustain the sparrow in his flight;—
At whose command the waters move;
At whose word sprang from darkness light;
Superior Power, who gave to man

His own bright image at his birth,
To rule the lower world—great plain!—
The lord—not tyrant—of the earth,
By the same fiat did decree
A Sabbath day—a day of rest;
No labor on that day should be;—
Such was Jehovah's high behest!
A solemn day, reserved to all—
A holy day of peace,
Which men and beast should disenthral,
When all their toil and care should cease.
God's gift to man!—He too did give
'Good will' and, with that gift, the tear—
(Soft Pity's high prerogative!)
The inward voice that makes to hear,
And wilt thou, man! his wrath condemn—
Each better, his her feeling still?—
To sufferings sad the brute condemn,
Regardless of thy Maker's will!
Say, wilt thou Heaven's own vengeance dare,
To torture that thou should'st protect—
The beast whom thou art to spare—
Yet mercy for thyself expect?
The beast lent kindly for thy aid—
This thy return—to doom to pain?
Who for thy slave was never mad—
Blind man! God's will thou dost profane!

From the Knickerbocker.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

—Where hath the spirit flown,
That, past the reach of human sight,
Ev'n as a breeze hath gone!

O whither are they fled,
Those spirits kind and warm,
That, numbered with the dead,
Have nobly braved the storm?
And gained a port at last,
A port of peace and rest,
Where, earthly perils past,
Their happy souls are blest!

In some bright-beaming star
Do they weave the pencil'd rays,
That streaming from afar,
Upon our vision blaze?
Or is the flickering light
That the varying twilight brings,
As it glimmers in our sight,
The waving of their wings?

Perchance along the sky,
The far-off azure dome,
They wing them free and high,
In their lofty spirit-home;
And the cooling zephyr's wing,
As it fans the brow of care,
In its voiceless whisperings
May a message from them bear.

Perchance they lightly glide
Where the friends of childhood dwell,
And linger by the side
Of those they loved so well;
Or in visions of the night,
Come with their whispering tone,
And the dreamer's spirit light
With a magic all their own.

I've read a page that tells
Of a home beyond the sky,
Where the ransomed spirit dwells
With the God of love on high;
Yet their crowns of living light
They cast down at his feet,
To seek this lower night,
And the child of sorrow greet.

Low, where dark shadows fall,
On the heart, and on the brain,
Where earthly pleasures pall,
And the bosom throbs with pain,
There, with kindly lingering stay,
On their ministry of love,
They smooth the thorny way,
And point to rest above!

E. E. C.

HAPPINESS—WHERE IS IT?

Is it in wealth? Go probe the breast
Of fortunes' favorite heir;
And why doth woe that heart infest,
And anguish canker there?

Is it in fame? Its empty breath,
Inconstant as the breeze,
Will blast ere long, the laurel wreath
That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship or in love?
Alas! they soon decay;
The tears of disappointment prove
How feeble is their stay.

'Tis not in all that here excels,
'Tis not in Folly's round;
Look upward, mortals, there it dwells,
And only there is found.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday of month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oswego Chapter, 87,	"	2d Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Ogl-thorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter	Shelbyville Ky	1st Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 159 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families. Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old custom is and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12 1-2 cents. jcl9-1y A. W. STARKS

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG 14, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 50]

MASONIC.

AN ADDRESS,

BY REV. DAVID PICKERING, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Masonry has not its limits in any particular country, but flourishes wherever freedom unfurls her banner, and the ensigns of liberty unfold the genius of the arts and sciences. It has enjoyed the approbation of the wise and virtuous of the human race, and has withstood the ravages of time's unsparing hand, triumphing over the maddening rage of infuriated bigots, and the persecuting zeal of proud and haughty tyrants.—It has outlived the billowy flood of ancient days, witnessed the downfall of unstable kingdoms, and chanted the requiem of dissolving empires. In every age of the world, and in every country, its principles have been the same, and in the effects which its moral influence has produced upon mankind, there has always existed a striking similarity.

Had masonry been a system of monopolizing influence, calculated to rivet the chains of poverty, ignorance, and slavery, upon a portion of our race; had its genius been such as to abridge the rational enjoyments of any part of community, or corrupt the morals of society, it would long since have been abandoned as an innovation upon the rights and the happiness of mankind, and left destitute of any supporters who are worthy of having their names enrolled in the archives of fame. The virtuous harbinger of Immanuel, and the beloved disciple of the immaculate Saviour, would have frowned indignantly upon it, had they have found beneath the cloak of its pretence, either wickedness, or mere frivolity. From its remote antiquity and the incalculable number of philanthropic men, who have patronised and encouraged the institution, and even suffered torture and death in its defence, we may assert without ostentation that masonry had its origin in virtue, and for its object the improvement, interest, and welfare of mankind.

The peaceful genius of freemasonry is a strong evidence of the purity of the institution.

In the dark ages of the world, when the means of knowledge which we so amply share were beyond the reach of the multitude, masonry diffused its influence to perpetuate friendship, to neutralize the poison of envy, and to soften the virulence of vindictive passion. Never did it raise the unhallowed standard of persecution, or grasp the reins of civil government in any nation; or attempt to dictate a religious creed to man. Never has it opposed itself to the legal authorities of any country; but in all kingdoms, and under all governments, its submission, docility, and peaceful character have been marked with astonishment. While nations have been struggling for liberty, and tyrants, to ascend the thrones of state, have waded through seas of blood; masonry has stood firm upon its ancient and imperishable foundations, and bade defiance to the wild commotion of falling kingdoms and crumbling empires.

While a part of the nominal christian world has been stained with the blood of unhappy victims of its persecuting rage, masonry has stretched forth the hand of charity for the relief of the suffering and the oppressed, and applied the balsam of healing to the wounds of bleeding humanity. But masonry, which has ever proved the faithful friend of the unfortunate, and the kind angel of condolence, has not escaped the iron rod of religious intolerance—in Spain, it has long groaned beneath the disgraceful burden of despotic arrogance, and in different kingdoms it has alternately been the subject of jealousy and oppression. Such persecution and oppression would be less intolerable, were it administered by the hand of the idle and the openly profane: but when men professedly engaged in promoting the benevolent religion of Jesus Christ, resort to the bloody engines of persecution, reason stands

aghast, religion drops the tear of regret, and philosophy discovers in the semblance of christianity the rugged features of the apocalyptical beast!

We have seen the rise and progress of masonry, and we have beheld in times of peril and danger, as well as in prosperity and security, the peaceful paths which its votaries have pursued. We now turn to consider the benefits derived from a strict adherence to the principles of the institution.

It discountenances and prohibits vice in all its Protean forms, as destructive of happiness and degrading to the dignity of its subjects. It recommends the peaceful paths of true wisdom, as the only course of safety for man; and strongly inculcates the duties of *friendship*, without the alloy of indifference; of *morality*, without the mixture of ostentation; and of *brotherly love*, without the imposing shadows of dissimulation.

That freemasonry has sustained a peaceful character, and urged the practice of its sublime virtues upon the members of the whole fraternity, will not be doubted by any serious reflecting mind, who will be at the trouble to examine the records of its progress in various parts of the world, and especially in times of persecution. It has never lifted its hand to crush the civil power. It has never summoned its votaries to erect the standard of rebellion, or seize the reins of government: but it has uniformly inculcated the duty of submission to the legal authorities of every nation, and solemnly enjoined an undeviating adherence to the precepts of justice, which would perpetuate the invaluable blessing of peace to the world.

Had masonry been a system of rancorous policy, its deformity would long ere this have been exposed, and its ranks deserted by virtuous men. But instead of rancor and pride, it teaches the lessons of humility and condescension to the prince, the ruler and the judge; while it descends to the vale of obscurity, and exalts the man of humble virtue to a level with the great. The warm undeviating friendship of brotherly love is considered by masonry as the proper centre, towards which all the actions of its friends should verge.

Wherever the genuine principles of the institution are cherished in the heart, the bosom is caused to glow with love, and the finer feelings of the soul are excited and become interested in the welfare of a brother.—This effect is accounted for by the fact, that masonry holds fellowship with pilgrims in distress; cordially hails the sons of want, and welcomes them to the board of plenty, administers to the wants of a penniless brother, and regards with the tender solicitude of fraternal affection the unfortunate children of affliction and pain.

The mason who is worthy of a mason's name, can meet on the same level, and greet with the same cordiality, a Briton, a Frank, a German, or a native of the forest, and fellowship them as brethren, if they are acquainted with our art. How wildly soever the members of this fraternity may differ in their opinions, he who acts up to the sentiments and rules of this noble institution, must lay aside his prejudices, and on the masonic pavement, hail in the melting voice of friendship, a brother of a different denomination.

The worthy mason is taught to visit the widow in distress, to substitute the oil of consolation and joy for the tears of affliction, to clasp in the arms of charity and affection each helpless orphan, and administer to their necessities. His heart is taught to regard with emotions of grief the distresses of others, and to aid in the alleviation of human misery; in a word, the natural influence of freemasonry is; to tame the ferocity of men, allay the prejudice of those whose tenets are the most dissimilar, promote peace in society, correct the morals of the irreligious and profane, encourage arts and social intercourse among mankind, and engage the hearts of men in the exercise of virtuous friendship and love.

To exemplify the charitable genius of this venera-

ble institution, it is only necessary to remark, that in the last memorable struggle with one of the most formidable powers of Europe, the unfortunate captives from beyond the Atlantic, shared largely the bounty of lodges, in many of our populous towns and cities, where their funds were liberally imparted for the relief of brethren, compelled by the laws of their country to sustain the character of an invading foe. And permit me to add, if the lessons which freemasonry inculcates were universally observed by its professed friends, the tongue of slander would be bound—the wise politician, the worthy religionist, and the sage philosopher, would rejoice in its upbuilding, and feel themselves honored in having their names enrolled with the fraternity, and deposited in the archives of the middle chamber.

I have entered thus far into the history of the origin and progress of freemasonry, elucidated its real principles, and treated of its genius, its influence upon and relation to society, its tendency and the benefits derived from a knowledge of the institution, nor for the instruction of the experienced and well informed mason, but for the purpose of refreshing their minds with a recollection of those truths on which the prosperity of the craft depends, and to aid the young and inexperienced in the just estimate of the principles which mark the importance of our order.

But I am aware that two objections are urged with great pertinacity against the fraternity, and give rise to inquiries which demand a reply.

First. If masonry be of any real benefit to the world why is it kept secret?

Second. If the institution be good, and has a tendency to reform mankind, why are there immoral members found in its ranks?

In answer to the first, it is proper to reply, that in order for the secrets of freemasonry to be generally known, it would be necessary that its privileges should be indiscriminately bestowed, which would not only subvert the design of the institution, but render it familiar, it might like many other important theories, lose much of its influence upon the mind, and gradually sink into disregard. The general neglect of the sublime and infinitely important truths of Christianity furnish striking illustration and evidence of the truth of this position. Besides, it is a fact which has not escaped the observation of the most discerning, that whatever is new and difficult to be obtained, is the more highly prized on account of the obstructions in the way of acquisition; and more sure to awake the curiosity, and encourage the perseverance of the inquiring mind.

These considerations, in conjunction with the arguments already adduced in support of its peaceful tendency, and its moral influence upon its members and upon society, will not only justify the exclusion of the world from a knowledge of the art, but prove with sufficient clearness that in order the more effectually to extend the benefits of the institution, its secrets should be inviolably kept within the walls of the fraternity.

In answer to the second question, which relates to immoral members, we may reply, although it cannot be denied that such members are sometimes found in our ranks, yet from that consideration it cannot be inferred with certainty that the institution itself is corrupt: for such an inference would justify the unreasonable conclusion that no member of community could act unworthy of his profession. Where can a society be found on earth, of any description whatever, that can boast of having no bad members? And shall we pass the uncharitable censure that all institutions are corrupt, because some of their members walk in a disorderly manner? If what has already been advanced be not sufficient to explode the objection, let the objector consult the sacred history of the apostolic fraternity, where he will find penned in living characters, the treachery of one, and the falsehood and profanity of another! It is true that sometimes we

are troubled with disorderly or immoral members, and find it necessary to admonish, rebuke, and exhort them to reformation, with long-suffering and charitable forbearance: but when gentle means fail to reform their lives, we have recourse to the painful expedient of expulsion, and forever withdraw from our fellowship as Masons.

The latter alternative is truly painful to the fraternity, and deeply disgraceful to him who merits such treatment. To be forever excluded, and stripped of the honors and denied the confidence of a Society, whose principles are founded upon the most rational and manly piety; whose laws are dictated by justice and reason; the principles of whose actions are sympathy and benevolence; which breathes universal peace on earth, and promotes good will among mankind, is deemed a sufficient punishment for us to inflict upon the refractory.

To preserve unstained the reputation of the craft; to ensure prosperity to the designs of this ancient and honorable fraternity, and to aid the cause of universal improvement in the science of happiness, it is only necessary that we attentively pursue the path marked out by the sublime precepts and excellent moral instructions inculcated within our walls, and urged with silent, but forcible eloquence by the numerous emblems of the masonic Carpet.

Discoillany.

From the Democratic Review.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village-school one morning, when the studies of the early part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols' garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke, came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about 14,—and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast; as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before that place of judgment—that place so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily, a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed than by lashes, and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation, when one of the old fashioned school-masters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel and exploding doctrine.

"Were you by Mr. Nichols' garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do any thing last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy rattan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it was my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance—and—and— But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal—hardly to save me from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening.—You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols' garden fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what had you in that bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain-drops.

"Speak sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud stroke of his rattan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself.—His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his rattan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor boy faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I can't well."

"Oh yes; that's very likely;" and Mr. Lugare bulged out his cheeks and nose with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the state. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again, and if you don't tell the whole truth, I'll give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichols' melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept trembling to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was dream than in real life—and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly emaciated infant, whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician, who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease, but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady, and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be taken suddenly away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness: but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and honor to her old age. And the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many

friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his older brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares—Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains.

On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols' garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to excite much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl, which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind the desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now Barker," said he, "we'll settle that little difficulty between us."

Tim did not move. The school room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you.—Step up here and take off your jacket."

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like them into which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on those about him, or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman?" said he, "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made his last observation. He grasped the rattan firmly, and descended

from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feelings delights, which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his retan high over his head, and with their true and expert aim which he had acquired from long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and wacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the ratan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school room and Lugare had been flogging a corpse!

THE GRANARY.

A TALE WHICH EVERY PERSON WILL READ.

BY THE REV. A. C. THOMAS.

"Whoso readeth, let him understand."

Jonathan Homespun, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with every thing requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, for one year, at the low price of two dollars in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents if paid after six months.

"The facilities afforded by the government, for the transportation of wheat to every section of the Union and adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality. N. B.—Agents will be allowed a generous per centage. Address (post paid) Proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell.

Such was prospects issued by my friend, Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find every thing in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but that he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated he had already received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposals.

The scheme appeared plausible; and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many thousand quart sacks.

Every week, for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that every thing was with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him—for said I, "to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is the small pittance of two years' arrearages would be but a drop in the bucket." It is true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents—but I never suspected that this was intended for his friends.

The notice, however, became more frequent; and

having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially—but I saw there had been trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety; and in the conversation of the evening, he entered in particulars.

"Here I have been laboring day and almost night for two years, and I am more in debt than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment; I am conscious of inability to meet their demands, and can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin."

"But have you not a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was the reply; "but many of them are like you!"

"Me!" I quickly rejoined in amazement; "too many like me!"

"Pardon me," said my friend, in a melancholy tone—"pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years—and I have not had a cent of payment; I have a large list of the same kind of patrons scattered here and there over thousands of miles. If they would pay me the trifles they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reasoned; and, among you, I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the full force of the rebuke, and promptly paying arrearages at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance, I shortly bid adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolving to do every thing in my power to repair the injury which had been accruing from my delinquency.

O ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! wherever ye are, or whoever ye are! you who have received and eaten the wheat, from his granary, without making payment! Ye are guilty of a grievous sin of commission. Therefore repent. Pay the farmer what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring the sack of grain every week, Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun.

MINUTE WRITING.

The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible.—Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; where this minute writing has equalled any on record. Peter Bales, a celebrated calligraphist in the reign of Elizabeth, astonished the eyes of beholders by showing them what they could not see; for in the Harlem mss. 530, we have a narrative of "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the chancery;" it seems by the description to have been the whole Bible "in an English walnut not bigger than a hen's egg. The nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he has written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." We are told that this wonderful unreadable copy of the Bible was seen by many thousands. There is a drawing of the head of Charles I, in the library of St. John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a

number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator, includes the entire contents of a thin folio, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth noticing, that the learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest of the world for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible.

One day in company at the Dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if on any occasion paper should be most excessively rare, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A volume on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining. For our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result; the subject otherwise appears of trifling value; the very farthing pieces of history.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices.—If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips; would load them with that false rump which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI, by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a web on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in his head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Others on the contrary adopted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties, as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry, and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II, and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed color of the archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable color, hence called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella; a kind of whitish-yellow dingy. Or sometimes they originate in some temporary event; as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently seized hold of them, a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV, cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battles of Ramillies, wigs received that denomination.

The Richmond Star, reports the following boarding scene:

"Mr. Squibb's is your tea strong enough?"

"Not quite ma'am—the butter is, however."

To Kill Bed Bugs.—Gum camphor and bar soap will effectually destroy the bed bug. Mix one ounce of the camphor, well pulverized, with two ounces of the soap; this mixture is easily applied to the crevices where the bugs harbor.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan:

MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

Ceuta, anciently called 'Septa,' from its seven hills, is distant from Gibraltar about five leagues. Strabo calls it Abyla, and it is known as one of the pillars of Hercules. It commands the entrance to the Mediterranean on the African side, as Gibraltar does the European. It owes its corrupted name to the Arabs, and is celebrated as the seat of Count Julian's government when, in revenge for his daughter Florinda's dishonor by Roderick, he betrayed his country into the hands of his neighbor, Muza, the Saracen. Here it was that the remains of the heartbroken girl were interred, after her self-immolation at Malaga, where, to the grief and consternation of her parents, she threw herself headlong from a tower, and so ended the sufferings that had unsettled her reason.

At the period I write of, one division of our regiment was stationed at Gibraltar, the other at the citadel of Ceuta, under the command of a general officer, whom, for the sake of avoiding identification, I shall call St. Clair; and as my little records involve the adventures of friends, I shall disguise other names, in order that the scenes which I depict may cause no embarrassment to such of the party as still survive our trip. Alas! too many of those who might recognize resemblances of character are now numbered with the dead.

My friend Sophia was the young and ill-assorted bride of Colonel Macgregor, who boasted a genealogical tree that might have rivalled the oak; he was proud of his family, his name, his fortune, and of his girl-wife; not that he was capable of appreciating the higher qualities of her nature, but because upon his arrival from the Peninsula, he found her the reigning belle of the garrison, which determined him, *nem. con.*, to make the prize his own.

Sophia was in the earliest blush of girl-hood, and had she been a resident of her father-land, proposals of such a nature would have been deemed preposterous; but in more southern countries such early marriages are by no means uncommon. It may be imagined that love, beyond that which she bore to her parents, was known to her only by name; and when she acceded to their command, it was without one feeling beyond duty, assisted by the youthful ambition to become the mistress of her own establishment, and to participate the honors and advantages, commanded as much by the colonel's stylish pretensions as by his rank and fortune.

The sudden transition, however by which Juliet is made to pass in a few hours from childlike simplicity to the passionate depths of woman's nature, and to the perfection of intellect, was scarcely more rapid than the transformation which marriage wrought in my friend Sophia. That which in some minds is a process of tedious accomplishment, seemed in her to have been effected in a few weeks.

If a symptom of girlhood remained, it consisted in the gay and buoyant spirit gushing out in frankness and sometimes irony; this she was flattered into indulging, until sometimes it fell irreverently even upon the colonel himself; but, to do her justice, this fault was one of thoughtlessness, not ill-nature; for she had a heart teeming with philanthropic kindness; and if it were a fault, it might be pardoned, for it was soon corrected, as the events of our "Visit to Ceuta" left her as sedate and self-possessed a woman of the world as though she had been ten years wedded—so sensitive are the lessons that we read in our own hearts.

Sophia and myself were early friends, of one age, had grown together and married nearly at the same period into the same regiment; and when General St. Clair came to Gibraltar upon his half-yearly inspection, he invited our matrimonial quartette to visit his lady at Ceuta, and the anticipations with which we contemplated our excursion formed the sole occupation of our conversation and thoughts until our departure.

It had been arranged that we should accompany the surgeon of our regiment, who was to follow the general in a few days, and by special favor our kind old governor gave us the use of his yacht, so that we left

the garrison in gallant style; but as we stood on the deck of our little vessel, looking up at the gloomy tower which frowns over the harbor, and which then enclosed a mysterious state-prisoner most jealously guarded, most of our gay expectations were chased by certain misgivings as to the impressions we might chance to make upon our destined hostess, who, besides being the presiding deity of the place, was a personage of prodigious regimental importance, and was in that little circle celebrated by a thousand piquant anecdotes, all calculated to excite the curiosity, if not the apprehensions, of youthful guests. As if purposefully to increase these nervous trepidations, scarcely was the anchor aground before an express arrived alongside, to request that Dr. Smith would conduct the visitors to the house of the general's aide-de-camp, a command which seemed so out of course, that I believe, had it not been for the more wary judgment of the colonel, we certainly should have returned without landing; it was fortunate, however, that his national characteristic guided our inexperience, as it afterwards proved that our transfer was only for two nights, owing to Mrs. St. Clair's preparation for a grand ball.

The gentlemen of our party, like good soldiers, having decided upon obedience, and night, which in these latitudes falls in a few moments, having come suddenly upon us, we were forced to submit in silence to our destiny, and following the doctor, who enjoyed the reputation of standing high in court favor, through sundry dark and winding alleys, we soon arrived at our destination, where, finding the hall door open, we entered unannounced; but scarcely had we passed the threshold before a female voice saluted us in a broad northern accent.

'What's there Jenny? Is it ye Jenny?'

'Tis I, Mrs. Douglas,' responded our conductor.

'What, Smith? come up here—I'm brae glad to see ye back again, mon. Laws a mercy! Macgregor! I beg pardon—ye hae gotten the step since I saw ye, Captain Macgregor; troth, then, I'm glad to see ye, and the leddies too, but ye're amaisht like sisters—baith brides, I ken. But which am I to ca' Mistress Colonel Macgregor?' Then turning suddenly to the colonel with a bantering air, she added, 'Hoot awa, I always set ye down on the old bachelor's list.'

Now every one knows that most men have their antipathies; but what are cats, rats, squinting women, creaking paper, or even tight shoes, to the antipathy of an ancient bon-vivant to being reminded of his place amongst the untidiluvian fraternity, three months after marriage with a reigning belle? Conscious that he had passed the uncertainty of a certain age, and testily tenacious of personal freedom, the colonel, bowing coldly, presented his wife.

'Ye're welcome to Ceuta, leddies, troth, are ye—weel, weel, gin ye waited lang, colonel, ye hae got a bonny bride at last.' Macgregor winced. 'But come, lads, there's wine; and she unceremoniously heaped the table with refreshments.

'Make yersels comfortable—Mistress St. Clair will be wi' us shortly. The leddies must put on their best looks, for the honor of the regiment. It's the general that has a kind heart, and its Mistress St. Clair that's sae elegant and magnanimous.'

It was thus made pretty evident to our comprehension, that however we might be disposed to regard our general's wife as high priestess, she was worshipped by our worthy and outspoken entertainer as the voice of the oracle itself. This deference, however, was quite excusable, as Mrs. Douglas was a person who had raised herself from a very humble station, mainly through the force of her own benevolent nature.

We were not long in suspense, for scarcely had we re-entered the drawing room after the arrangement of our attire, before a loud and authoritative knocking at the hall-door announced visitors of no common importance. Mrs. Douglas started to her feet, the gentlemen broke off their conversation, the piercing screams of children issuing from the nursery ceased, the dog in court gave loud warning, and the cat that lay snugly on the rug, enjoying the genial warmth of a cheerful fire, rose with dignity, stretched herself lazily into the form of an arch, and took refuge under her mistress's chair.

'It is Mistress St. Clair,' whispered our hostess, and hurried from the room. Presently a loud mas-

culine voice was heard. 'Well, and where are they? What are they doing?' We simultaneously rose as a tall bony woman, habited *en militaire*, in a close braided dress and regimental forage-cap, strode into the room, followed by Captain Douglas, and a posse of young officers, and roughly shaking the colonel by the hand, vowed, almost swore, that she was glad to see him. Upon Dr. Smith she bestowed the embrace *Espagnole*, greatly to the amusement of her attendants who grouped giggling behind, and no less to our edification; at last she turned to us, and having graciously signified her approval of the choice made by our worthy lords and masters, and felicitated us upon arriving in time to be present at her ball of the ensuing evening, she enjoined us to consider ourselves *'entirely at her command,'* and informed us, that although she used the house of the obliging aide-de-camp as our temporary quarters, she considered herself as the abtress of our movements during our visit. All these preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, without more ado she took her seat at the card table, and was soon deeply lost in the anxieties of lansquenet.

It having been signified to us that a visit to the Spanish governor and his lady was indispensable, early the next morning we set out to pay our respects. The government house overlooks the bay, and is built in the usual way, with a large courtyard in the centre.—At the entrance lounged two lazy sentinels, and on the staircase lolled others, playing cards. Having passed these watchful guardians of official dignity, we found ourselves at the entrance of a suite of apartments, forming one side of the quadrangle, the scanty and mean furniture of which, uncarpeted brick floors, and uncurtained windows, strongly contrasted with the comforts of the government residence at Gibraltar.—One apartment alone was exempt from the desolation which chilled us in the rest; here the floor was cowered with a fine mat dyed in brilliant colors, rose-colored silk draperies floated round the windows, and the furniture of Brazilian wood was light and elegant.—This we also passed, and conducted by Captain Douglas, were admitted into a boudoir of most tiny dimensions, where, in a dishable perfectly inconceivable to English beaux and belles, we found the governor and his donna in conversation with their confessor; but whatever was wanting in costume was amply compensated by the graceful urbanity and unembarrassed ease with which we were received and entertained; and an hour's sprightly conversation sufficed to place us all on a footing of intimacy at the government house, and served to convince us that beauty is not requisite to render a woman agreeable, for perhaps few possessed so plain a face, and yet fewer a more fascinating manner than the gobernadora of Ceuta.

Perhaps it was a secret vanity that induced my friend to delay her entrance into the ball room until the guests were all assembled; and as, both by the precedence of rank and bridal honors, the duty of leading the dance devolved upon her, Mrs. St. Clair was thrown into considerable dudgeon by this coquetry; but when she entered, dressed with the most elaborate attention to English rules of taste, and looking the very queen of smiles, that lady, could not but feel proud of her country-woman; forgetting, therefore, her displeasure, and hurrying her to the head of the room without having been introduced to a single individual, Sophia found herself in a moment whirling through all the intricate mazes of a Spanish dance; but long before she had completed the figure, she became aware of being the object of general attention, and when she found herself undergoing the process of individual introduction, made doubly irksome by the embraces superadded by Spanish etiquette, she was not sorry to be relieved by the gobernadora, who now, sparkling with jewels, claimed her acquaintance.

'I wish,' said she, 'especially to bespeak your friendship for a young relative of mine,' and added more confidentially, 'who may require your kindness.'

As she spoke she led Sophia to another apartment, where, in seemingly earnest conversation with one of our officers, sat a young girl, whose voluptuous person, dark eyes, now languishing in liquid light, now sparkling with vivacity, jetty hair, white teeth, and clear brown complexion, presented a perfect specimen of Spanish beauty.

Patrisinia Vialli received Sophia's compliments with the most ingenious grace, kissing her on each cheek after the manner of her country, while Captain Weston, looking as though he wished the intruders at the antipodes, arose, and offering his arm to the gubernadora, with her left the room.

'Mercy, how tired I am!' exclaimed Sophia, sinking on the seat which had been so hastily vacated. 'I have undergone a round of salutations that would have wearied twenty prudes, and flatteries of all kinds have been showered so thickly upon me, that had it not been for the gubernadora's charitable extrication, I should have expired under the load. Your countrywomen, my dear, have criticized each article of dress, from my feathers to my shoes; my English corsets were a theme of supereminent admiration, while their astonishment at my fortitude in submitting to be strait laced exceeds all bounds; in short, they have twisted me about like a humming-top, and squeezed me until I have lost all sense of feeling.'

'This admiration, signora, should convince you of their good nature,' laughingly replied Patrisinia.

'Do not suppose that I am displeased,' said Sophia, 'for we easily forgive the inconvenience of being too much commended.'

'You are a happy woman, signora,' returned her companion, with a scarcely perceptible sigh.

'Am I? then the merit is entirely my own.'

'Possessed of beauty, rank, and riches, how could you be otherwise?'

'Beauty is a compendious word, signorella; a single good feature not unfrequently suffices to elevate a woman into a popular idol, especially if aided by wealth or position.'

'Then again,' added Patrisinia, 'what a fortunate fate, united to the man of your choice, the object of your fond affections!'

'The one worshiper,' pursued Sophia, 'selected from all to idolize me in my hours of mirth, and shed tear for tear in those of my affliction; is not that a pretty picture?'

The Spanish girl nodded.

'I think so too; but unfortunately, my dear girl, it is like all pictures, unreal.'

'Unreal!'

'Yes! the theory of marriage, is extremely beautiful, but the practice is, I assure you, *tout au contraire*.'

'You astonish me!' exclaimed Patrisinia.

'And Colonel Macgregor would be equally astonished if he heard you accuse him of the inconceivable barbarity of being in love with his wife.'

'And is it possible that he is not?'

'Your notions,' went on Sophia, 'are so exceedingly charming and natural, that it is almost a pity to spoil them; however, *there* is Colonel Macgregor: do you think he looks like the very interesting person you have been so prettily imagining?'

Now as there are certain feminine prejudices against diminutive stature, red hair, white eyes minus eyebrows, and a complexion where the rose blushes on the nose instead of the cheek, it must be confessed that the colonel did not come up to the beau ideal of an Adonis in any one's opinion excepting his own, and the contiguity in which he was placed, besides a very majestic and remarkably handsome Spaniard, did not contribute to the eclat of his appearance; the look therefore, with which Patrisinia scanned him, was perfectly intelligible to her companion, who, as tho' the opinion had been expressed in words, went on in her rattling way.

'No, no—give us English credit for more common sense than romance. The colonel selected me to please his vanity, and I took him to please those I loved more than all the world. He has no pride so great as seeing his wife an object of admiration, and considers the honor of his name as a receipt in full for personal attentions; and I am so amiably acquiescent to his views, that I never trouble my head about the goddess at whose shrine he may chance to pay his temporary devotions.'

'And you are yet a bride?'

'Lud, child, I have been married three whole months; and you have no idea how much knowledge a sagacious person may acquire that period of married life.'

'And is the colonel never jealous?'

Sophia laughed. 'No! that would be too amusing.'

'Yet flattery is dangerous.'

'It may be to those who seldom hear it; but when constantly buzzed in one's ears, it loses its influence.'

'And you are really happy?'

'If you mean contented, yes; but as to that exquisite bliss which young ladies so religiously believe necessarily to belong to marriage, I must confess that I have found no cause to become a proselyte to their faith.'

'I have been taught to think that marriage without love must be misery,' said Patrisinia.

'A mere girlish fallacy,' pursued Sophia, with a most matronly air; and if I might offer the results of my own observations, I should pronounce love to be rather destructive to the comforts of wedlock.'

'You have uttered an enigma.'

'Love,' said Sophia, 'has a thousand fears, jealousies, and caprices; it wastes its energies in petty contentions, and destroys its boasted bliss by endless anxieties. The life of a woman who loves is one continued disappointments. She enters marriage with all her expectations raised, all her enthusiastic hopes awakened; she lavishes on her idol all the treasures of her heart, and naturally expects to receive a correspondent return. He meanwhile, who as the lover had been all devotion; as the husband becomes all apathetic. Like the sportsman, whose ardor is sustained by the enterprise of the chase, he becomes listless and inert when the prize is won, and she, looking vainly for those delicate attentions which he had taught her to appreciate, grows surprised and shocked at finding them nearly all withdrawn. She consults her glass, and finds the beauty he extolled still bright as before; she examines her heart, it is full of affection; and when each hourly action is subjected to a critical scrutiny, they prove to be so many indices of that voluminous record which registers her thoughts. Bewildered and wretched, she weeps in secret over her lost happiness, nor dreams of looking into the metaphysics of nature for the solution of her difficult problem. Thus she becomes fretful, perhaps perverse; while he, provoked, abjures the tiny god, yet, with admirable inconsistency, demands from her increasing testimonies of affection, even though he find their exhibition wearisome. He demonstrates his power by groundless jealousies, construes her silence into coldness, her eagerness for his society into an attack upon his liberty, and, rather than yield an iota of those boasted rights which are unassailed except by the nervous fears of the sensitive despot, he rushes to dissipation for which he has no taste, and leaves the wife of his bosom to a solitude of tears. Perhaps time and the meekness of submission may rend away the chains that bind his reason captive; he returns in penitence to his victim; but, alas! she has learned to doubt him in whom she had confided, to fear him who was her idol. He then becomes sensible of the change, and finds that forgiveness is a poor substitute for affection, and fruitlessly mourns over the withered heart whose brightest blossoms his cruelty has blighted.'

'Really,' said Patrisinia, 'you argue most learnedly for one who is ignorant of the passion.'

[To be Continued.]

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

The strange trials to which those suspected of guilt were put in the middle ages, conducted with many devout ceremonies, by the ministers of religion, pronounced to be the *judgements of God*! The ordeal consisted of various kinds: walking blindfold amidst burning ploughshares; passing through fires; holding in the hand a red hot bar; and plunging the arm into boiling water: the popular affirmation,—I will put my hand in the fire to confirm this,—appears to be derived from this solemn custom of our rude ancestors. Challenging the accuser to single combat, when frequently the stoutest champion was allowed to supply their place; swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread; sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; or weighing a witch: stretching out the arms before the cross, till the champion soonest wearied dropped his arms, and lost his estate, which was decided by this very short chancery suit, called the *judicium crucis*.

The bishop of Paris and the abbot of St. Denis disputed about the patronage of a monastery: Pepin the short, not being able to decide on their confused claims, decreed one of these judgements of God, that of the cross. The bishop and abbot each chose a man, and both the men appeared in the chapel, where they stretched out their arms in the form of a cross. The spectators, more devout than the mob of the present day, but still the mob, were piously attentive, but *betting* however now for one man, now for the other, and critically watched the slightest motion of the arms. The bishop's man was first tired: he let his arm fall, and ruined his patron's cause forever! Though sometimes these trials might be eluded by the artifice of the priest, numerous were the innocent victims who unquestionably suffered in these superstitious practices.

An abbot of St. Austin of Angers in 1066, having refused to present a horse to the Viscount of Tours, which the viscount claimed in right of his lordship, whenever an abbot first took possession of that abbey: the ecclesiastic offered to justify himself by the trial of the ordeal, or by duel, for which he proposed to furnish a man. The viscount at first agreed to the duel; but, reflecting that these combats, though sanctioned by the church, depended wholly on the skill or vigor of the adversary, and could therefore afford no substantial proof of the equity of his claim, he proposed to compromise the matter in a manner which strongly characterize the times: he waved his claim, on condition that the abbot should not forget to mention in his prayers, himself, his wife, and his brothers! As the *orisons* appeared to the abbot, in comparison with the *horse*, of little or no value, he accepted the proposal.

If two neighbors, say the capitularies of Dagobert, dispute respecting the boundaries of their possessions, let a piece of turf of the contested land be dug up by the judges, and brought by him into the court, and the two parties shall touch it with the points of their swords, calling on God as a witness of their claims;—after this let them *combat*, and let victory decide on their rights!

In these times those who were accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the mass had been said; and if they could not swallow it they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the *bread* a slice of *cheese*; and such were their credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in this holy *bread* and *cheese* called the *corned*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May.

Du Cange observed, that the expression—'May this piece of bread choke me!' comes from this custom. The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this observation, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Amongst the proofs of guilt in superstitious ages was that of the *bleeding of a corpse*. If a person was murdered, it was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. By the side of the bier, if the slightest change was observable in the eyes, the mouth, feet, or hands of the corpse, the murderer was conjectured to be present, and many innocent spectators must have suffered death; 'for when a body is full of blood, warmed by external heat and a putrefaction coming on, some of the blood-vessels will burst, as they will all in time.' This practice was once allowed in England, and is still looked on in some of the uncivilized parts of these kingdoms as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture in the imagination of our old writers; and their histories and ballads are labored pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon.

May we suppose that these ordeals owe their origin to that one of Moses, called the 'Waters of Jealousy'? The Greeks likewise had ordeals, for the Antignous of Sophocles, the soldiers offer to prove their innocence by handling red hot iron, and walking between fires. One cannot but smile at the whimsical ordeals of the Siamese. Among other practices to discover the justice of a cause, civil or criminal, they are particularly attached to using certain consecrated purgative pills, which they make the contending parties

swallow. He who *swallows* them longest gains his cause! The practice of giving Indians a consecrated grain of rice to swallow is known to discover the thief in any company, by the contortions and dismay evident on the countenance of the real thief.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, August 14, 1841.

THE LATE MURDER, of the "beautiful cigar girl," is still the subject of great excitement in N. York.—No clue, has been, as yet, discovered, by which the perpetrators can be discovered. The Evening Tattler of that city, gives the communication of an anonymous correspondent, who says, that on the day which is supposed to be the one, Miss Rogers was murdered, he saw a boat land at Hoboken with a well dressed girl and six men cross from N. Y.,—that a short time after, another boat with three men, came from the city, and made enquiry of two gentlemen, who witnessed the crossing of the first boat, whether a girl had been that way, and whether any force had been used to detain her, &c. This is the substance of the Tatler statement, and we think it carries improbability on the face of it. It is no wise likely that six men would decoy a young girl from her home in open day light, to a place so public as Hoboken either for purposes of revenge or violation. As base as the human heart sometimes prove itself to be it can offer no *motive* why so dreadful a secret should be placed in the keeping of so many individuals. If revenge, or dishonor was the object, one or two villains could attain their end, as well as six, without half the risk of detection. Again; it is improbable that Miss Rogers would voluntarily accompany six men under the circumstances as related. If being in the boat was not her own choice, these two gentlemen would have had their attention called to it, as well as the hundreds of people, who are continually wandering about Hoboken and its neighborhood. Besides, the story is incredible from the fact as stated, that the second boat was but a very short time behind the first; and they immediately started in pursuit on the run. If the three men in the last boat were friends, pursuing the girl for protection, it is almost impossible that an outrage or a murder could have been committed, without their knowledge. If they were of the same gang (which is alike improbable) why were they left behind, only to add to the danger of detection. Our opinion is, that the statement, so far as regards the murdered girl, is inconsistent and improbable. If an All Wise Providence should ever bring this foul murder to light, we believe it will prove to be the work of but one man.

Since the above was in type, we gather the following additional information, which is corroborative of our opinion above. We think the probability stronger that she was both violated and murdered in the city of New York.

In reference to the account published yesterday, of a young woman having been taken out of a boat on the river, by a party of six men from another boat, who then rowed swiftly to the Hoboken shore and there handed, with the girl,—the N. Y. Com. Adv. of Wednesday, says "it has been ascertained—so we are informed—that the young woman was not Miss Rogers, and that no injury was done to her."

The Com. Adv. says further—"There is no evidence that we know of, that she went to Hoboken at all on that fatal Sunday, and many are of opinion that the murder was committed either in this city or upon the river, in a boat. Yet, on the other hand, we know that information, has been given to the police of a

discovery upon the Jersey shore which perhaps may indicate the spot where the atrocious deed was perpetrated."

As far as we have heard (says the N. Y. Sun) the mystery is just as far from being in a train for dissipation, as it ever was—notwithstanding the thousand rumors that have found their way to the public.

THE DIFFERENCE.—In New York, where the Corporation ordinance has been enforced, 1200 dogs have been destroyed. In this city, where we have the same law, if each dog had bitten his man (provided he was mad; and that he is not so, is no fault of the constables) 1200 hundred human lives would have been "destroyed." The risk of a death by hydrophobia, is of no comparison with the death of a "favorite dog," (eight-tenths of whom are owned by negroes and dock-loafers.) Such appears to be the opinion of our city police officers.

WOODEN NUTNESS OUTDONE.—One of the hair-dressers of our city, the other day, exhibited to us a new species of "improvement in the arts." It was a cake of "Windsor soap," bought "very cheap," from a pedlar, made of some kind of bark, compounded with clay. It had been *dipped* evidently, in scented suds.—and was handsomely stamped, and looked and smelled like the "ginuine thing." It lacked nothing but the properties of soap, to make it an excellent article for shaving. Those of our readers who choose to buy a box of this *improved* soap for their own use, may never be under any apprehension of a *shave* by the purchase.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—170 lives lost.—The Western Cars of Wednesday evening last, brought intelligence of the loss of the Steam Boat Erie, by fire, while on her trip from Buffalo to Chicago. The Erie took fire at about 8 o'clock, P. M. when she was 6 miles from shore, and 40 from Buffalo. The fire is said to have originated from a *demijohn of varnish setting over the boiler!* The boat had been recently painted and varnished, and the varnish not being dry, is said to have wrapped the whole boat in a flame in an instant. There were upwards of 200 souls on board, (principally German emigrants) and out of this large number only 27 were saved. Mr. Linés of Milwaukee, lost—wife saved, by a life preserver. Mr. Williams of Syracuse saved,—wife lost. Mr. Cobb, merchant of Buffalo, is said to be lost. The Boat was owned by Chas. M. Reid, of Erie.

AN EXAMPLE.—A black fellow, by the name of Fletcher, a porter on board the Swallow, was brought before our police for stealing the boots of a passenger the other day. It appears that Fletcher took the boots, only "according to custom," to clean, without leave, and in the morning some gentleman had taken the boots in question, and left a pair—not so good.—Fletcher was held to bail. This robbing passengers of their boots and shoes, while asleep in their berths, "according to custom," has long been complained of as an intolerable nuisance, and it is a matter of surprise, that the Captains do not forbid the waiters taking this liberty without asking leave. Two or three examples like the above, will satisfy these gentlemen waiters that passengers are not exactly "lawful plunder."

A number of the oldest cotton houses in New Orleans, have addressed circulars to the planters, stating that they have abandoned the "list" system, and will in future sell every man's cotton on its own merits.

A tradesman's wife at Peckham, England, has for a long time, fancied that she has within her a "ravenous rat," and she has lately determined to starve this internal tormentor to death, by starving herself.

A CURE.—Sir Astley Cooper once had a hypochondric patient who had taken it into her head, that she had swallowed a living mouse. Sir Astley told her there was no cure, but to let a Cat run down after it, which was done after she had been put to sleep by an opiate. In the morning the mouse was found dead on the table,—and if the cat didn't go down after it, we don't know who did. The same receipt will cure the rat case.

A CAUTION.—A Captain of a Canal Boat was recently held to bail, in the sum of \$600, for bringing paupers to this city.

PRETTY FAIR REBUKE.—There are about 700 Cherokee Indians in North Carolina, who all belong to the temperance Society, except five or six, and they only drink liquor, *when they get among the whites.*

A FORBEARING HUSBAND.—The editor of the Susquehanna Register says, that if he had forty wives, and thirty-nine of them should run away, he would not advertise them.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—The Pope has issued a bull against this "science." The papal thunders denounce it as irreligious and immoral. The pope is a very sensible man.

The Picayune says: "The ladies in Lafayette and Clay counties, Missouri, have adopted a rule, never to marry a man who owes the printer for more than one year's subscription."

[This will account for the **WHOLESALENESSE** of our subscription in that State.]

A black girl has been arrested at St Louis on a charge of throwing a white infant into the vault of a privy, to destroy it for revenge for being charged with theft by its parents.

Intelligence.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM FLORIDA.—*Co-a-coo-chee's whole band in—Close of the Florida War.*—By the U. S. Steamer Gen Taylor, Capt. Peck, arrived here yesterday, we have the gratifying intelligence from Florida, that the war for the ninety-ninth time, may now be considered at an end. Wild Cat's whole band, men, women, children, and negroes, 160 in all, have come in at Tampa, and 40 more Indians of another band, were on their way, and expected at Tampa in two days. A gentleman who came on in the Genl. Taylor says that he does not think another rifle will be fired by the enemy.

When Co-a-coo-chee's family came in, Col. Worth told him he might go on shore from the schooner were he was confined and see them. He refused to go, saying that though he was anxious to see his family, he would not permit them to see him irons. The Colonel finally consented to let him go ashore without his shackles, and after a warm greeting with his family, he dined with the Colonel, and then returned on board the schooner. As soon as his irons were replaced, he told Col. Worth that he had but one request more to make, and that was, *to allow him and his people to go west as soon as possible!*—*Savannah Repub., Aug. 7.*

Strange Infatuation.—A lady residing in Moyamensing, Philadelphia, last week, went raving crazy in consequence of a slight which she received at the hands of a young man scarcely of age, with whom she had fallen in love. She was between 40 and 50 years of age.

The Bonaparte Family.—A letter written in Genoa, mentioning the arrival of Prince Louis Bonaparte in that city, says:—"All the male members of the Bonaparte family, except Prince Louis Napoleon, confined at Ham, are now assembled at Genoa. They have been received by the King with marks of friendship and esteem, and treated by all the inhabitants with great consideration."

Deaths in Milford, Conn.—In Milford, on the 2nd inst., Mrs. Content Smith, wife of Samuel B. Smith, while assisting her grandson, Mr. E. B. Smith, in preventing his oxen from strangling by the raising of the cart while loaded with hay, was thrown from the heap under the wheel, which passed over her, killing her instantly, aged 72 years.

In the same town, on Thursday morning, 5th inst., Mrs. Aurelia Smith, in company with another lady and her husband, Mr. David Smith, 3d, started on a visit to Derby, and had only proceeded a short distance, when the wagon upset, throwing Mrs. Smith upon her head with such violence as to break her neck, and of course causing instant death. Her age was 45.

Another Indian Fight.—The St. Louis Republican has information from Missouri river, that a fight had taken place between the Pottawattamies and Sioux in which five Sioux, (the whole party,) were killed, and three Pottawattamies killed and one wounded.—The party of Pottawattamies were about 25 in number.

After this, a party of about 30 Pottawattamies went out in search of Sioux, had been gone a considerable time, without being heard from, and it was supposed at Council Bluffs that an engagement had taken place, and that the Pottawattamies had either been entirely cut off, or captured,

Life in Illinois.—On the 26th ult. some sixty or seventy of the citizens of Illinoistown collected together and proceeded to a ten pin alley kept by a Mr. Mandeville, and after a long chase, during which Mandeville was fired at several times, succeeded in arresting him and his partners in vice—(gambling pickpockets and robbers,) and after deciding that they would not tar and feather them, put them on board the ferry boat and sent them to St. Louis. The crowd then returned to the ten pin alley, which they tore up, and afterwards completely gutted the house.

A Great Criminal.—The St. Louis New Era states that Wm. Dracoll, who was recently tried, condemned and shot by a self-constituted tribunal of citizens [a mob] in Ogle co. Ill., confessed, in the brief hour allotted to him to die, that he had in his time murdered five men, had been accessory to the robbery of several stores, and was privy to the murder of Mr. John Campbell, a few days previous.

Villainous.—A few days ago, two Germans, residing at the "Rising Sun," Philadelphia, induced a young man sixteen or seventeen years of age, to ply a little boy about seven years of age with a pint of whiskey. The effects of the liquor were dreadful; it was expected that the child would die, and it was only with unremitting attention that the child escaped death. A suit was instituted by the parents of the child against the instigators of this villainous outrage, but it was compromised.

Mr. Henry Evans, of New Bedford, has invented a machine for the manufacture of cordage. Ten of them may be operated in a room twenty-five feet by forty, and will produce 6000 fathoms of rope per hour.

Died on board steamboat Express Mail, on the Ohio river, about the 1st of July, a Mr. Bishop, of Massachusetts. He had no friends or acquaintances on board. He drank some ice water, which threw him into convulsions, and died in twenty minutes. There was found in his pockets \$367 50, which awaits the order of his relatives.

The steamer New York from New Haven brought on Monday 325 passengers to New York for 12½ cents each.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRAIRIE," &c.—A new romance by that justly celebrated novelist, Cooper, is announced by Mr. Bentley for "immediate publication." It is entitled "The Deer-Slayer." The principal character in the forthcoming romance is understood to be Leatherstocking, of whom it presents us the early life. On this ground—the primeval forests and almost illimitable prairies of his native land—Cooper has always found himself unapproachable.—The new story abounds in exciting incident.—*English paper.*

A passenger in a steamboat a short time since bro't suit in St. Louis against the Captain for not starting at the hour he advertised, thereby creating a loss to him. The case went before a jury, who brought in a verdict of one hundred and ninety dollars damages.

Prodigious Falling off.—They say that at Lochmere Point, a thriving suburb of Boston, there is a store in which heretofore eighteen thousand dollars worth of spirituous liquors have been sold annually, and that the sales in the same store for the first half of this year amount to only \$500; and that there is no other cause for this dreadful falling off but a great temperance reform which has taken place in the village.

Another Sacrifice.—Charles Hobby, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, was found dead in a field in the town of Newcastle, near the residence of his father Eno Hobby, having drank excessively of a jug of rum which he had taken with him to his work. He had been at work alone; had taken three quarts of the destroyer in a jug when he left the house, but when found by his brother he was quite dead, and but half a pint of liquor left.—*Westchester Herald.*

The wife of Mr. Joseph Whitmore, Franklin township, Lycoming co., Pa., killed a large bear on the 27th ult. Her only weapon was a broad hoe.

A Child Killed by Rats.—A small colored child was recently killed by rats at New Orleans, so says the N. Or. Crescent. The mother was absent a short time, and when she returned, her infant's throat was completely cut by these vermin, and a part of one of its arms eat into the bone.

Statue of Washington.—This statue, executed by Greenough, which has just arrived at Washington, is of such colossal size that it will be necessary to take away a portion of the capitol to introduce it.

An affray took place a few days ago at a store in Clinton, La., between two men, when one of them struck the other with a common ruler, causing his death the next day. The name of the deceased was Timothy Rambeter.

MARRIED.

On Monday, 9th inst. by the Rev. F. Huntington, Mr. George C. Lay, of New York, to Miss Julia Ann Hartness of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Henry Q. Hawley, attorney at law, to Miss Francis J., daughter of Frederick J. Barnard, Esq. all of this city.

In Batavia, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Isaac N. Arnold, Esq. to Harriet Augustus, daughter of the late Dr. Trumbull Dorrance of Pittsfield, Mass.

DIED.

On Monday afternoon, Erastus Corning, eldest son of Watts Sherman, aged 5 years and 3 months.

On Tuesday morning, John Burhans, aged 1 year, son of Joel and Ann White.

Yesterday evening, Mrs. Lydia Lush, in the eighty second year of her age.

Yesterday morning, Frederick Augustus, infant son of Jacob H. Groesbeck.

In Hudson, on the 30th ult., Mrs. Sarah Gamage, aged 73.

In Hartford, Conn. on the 8th inst., Mr. Nathaniel Webb, 60. Also, Julius Dodd, 18.

At Cauandaigua, on the 4th inst., Wm. Kibbe, esq. aged 74.

In Troy, on the 1st inst. Hannah Eliza, daughter of W. W. Whipple, aged 14. Also, Mary, wife of Jonas Frink, aged 32.

At Newark, N. J. on the 4th inst., Isaac A. Plumed, aged 29.

At Frankfort, Dodge co. Wisconsin Territory, July 16th, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr. Charles M. Rogers, of Troy.

On July 27th, on board U. S. ship Pennsylvania, Dr. John R. Chandler, U. S. N., aged 39.

At Wilmington, N. C. Mr. Beri Driver, aged 38.

In Boston, 4th inst. Mrs. Margaret H. Prescott, aged 66. In Charlestown, 5th inst., Mr. Samuel Oakman, 51. In Malden, 31st ult. Mr. Amos Sargent, 59. In Ipswich, 4th inst. Mr. Joseph W. Ross, 47.

In Worcester, 3d inst., Lucy Hill Everett, 21. In Barnstable, 1st inst. Mr. Sylvanus Hinckley, a revolutionary patriot and pensioner, about 84. In Weston, 7th inst., Mrs. Lydia Travis, 83. In Cobasset, 5th inst., widow Sarah Young, 90. She has been for sixty years a pensioner of the British government.

In Westmoreland, N. H. Dr. John H. Campbell, aged 46.

GENERAL AGENCY, for Foreign and Domestic Law, collecting and transacting business. Office Main street, opposite the "TELEGRAPH" office, Houston, Repub. of Texas.

The undersigned has made arrangements in the United States, England, France, Germany, and Mexico, for attending to claims of every kind, and to the settlement of the estates of deceased soldiers and others.

All kinds of documents, public or private, made out in original, in the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Italian languages, or translated from either of them into any one required.

Old settlers will find the services of the undersigned useful in completing their land titles, in cases where any of the formalities of the Mexican laws are wanting; or the execution thereof by the authorities omitted, by procuring authentic copies of the same, from the Mexican records to complete the chain of titles.

New settlers and land speculators can avail themselves of his services, by having examined the Spanish titles to Texas lands, and consulting him in relation to the genuineness and validity of the same, previous to entering into final contract.

Conveyancing of every description executed.
Jy 10 GEORGE FISHER.

Peoples' Line Steamboats.



The boats of the Peoples' Line being now all in complete order, will continue to run between Albany and New-York, until further notice as follows:

The ROCHESTER, Capt. St. John, and SOUTH AMERICA, Capt. Brainard, will form a daily Night Line, one of them leaving the foot of Hamilton street every evening (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock, through without landing.

HALF DAILY NIGHT LINE, at 5 o'clock.

The NORTH AMERICA, Capt. Truesdell, will run a Half Daily Night Line, leaving the foot of State street, every other evening at 5 o'clock, making the regular landings.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the Pier, foot of Hamilton street. Jy 17.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 189 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families. Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12 1-2 cents. Jy 19 A. W. STARKS

POETRY.

THE AMERICAN FOREST-GIRL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke:—
'Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come.'
So the red Warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth, of England stood,
Like a king's son; though his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island-blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright,
And high around him blazed the fires of night;
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro
As the wind passed, with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face:—but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befel,
Known but to heaven that hour!—Perchance a tho't
Of his far home, then so intensely wrought
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day! And he might see the band
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand
Where the laburnums drooped; or happy binding
The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day faded on their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother;—and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled! Perchance the prayer
Learned at her knee came back on his despair;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her 'Good-night' might breathe from boyhood gone!
—He started and looked up:—thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him darkly red
In the broad stormy fire-light; savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars
Shedding no hope! He knew, he felt his doom.
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England! Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it?—who might dream or hear
The secrets of the forests? To the stake [strove
They bound him; and that proud young soldier
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He the love
Of many hearts!—the fondly-reared—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see! And fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand!
—He thought upon his God. Hush! hark!—a cry
Breaks on the stern and dead solemnity!
A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?
A girl—a young slight girl!—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For hers had mourned the playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervor swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Lianthes; then raised her glittering eye,
And clear-toned voice that said—"He shall not die!"

—"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled—
Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed—their dark souls bowed before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night wind flew,
Something o'ernastered them from that young mein—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree—
"Away," they cried, "young stranger thou art free!"

From the Mohawk Mirror.

THE DYING BOY.

"The briefer life, the earlier immortality."—MILWIN.

Aye, Mother, weep! this hour that boy will die—
Your bright, your beautiful, and only one!
The wing of Death is o'er him—every sigh
Comes struggling fainter from his lip of stone;
A closing weight rests on his azure eye,
Like evening's folding touch on some blue flower;
Gaze there—while yet to thine it may reply,
And thou may'st thrill beneath its love-lit power!

Thou wilt not deem it so! though day by day
Thou'st seen, with all thy wakeful tenderness,
The smile upon his face more dimly play,
His look betray more pleading languidness;
Hast seen decay, with sacrilegious stealth,
His vermil cheek despoiling of its bloom,
His flowing ringlets of their lustrous wealth,
And flinging there the shadow of the tomb!

Ah! 't is no fantasy! the stricken thing,
That like a wounded bird lies quivering there,
Was late thy bright-eyed boy, whose spirit's wing
So much of gladness owned, and beauty rare;
Ay, part of his young self, delight so grew,
That Love became a trembler in thy breast;
And his strange loveliness so rich a hue
Lent round, earth seemed in Eden-newness drest!

Oh! the deep sense of rarest ecstasy
'T were vain to tell, that in thy heart had birth,
When he, a rosy creature, graceful, free,
Played at thy side and revelled in his mirth;
Or when mid starry silence thou did'st wake
To watch while pillowed on thine arm he lay;
And the lone vigil kept for his dear sake,
And heard his low and dove-like breathings play!

Wo! for thee, Mother, wo! the wildering bliss
Such moments gave thee, thine can be no more;
Like a sweet dream 'twill fade—yet Oh! thou'lt miss
The spell that ravished so thy bosom's core!
Years may roll on, and thou may'st linger here
When every blossom of the heart is shed:
Yet wilt thou mourn with many a burning tear
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead!

Yet cheer thee in this hour! his dwelling place
Will be in bowers where Sabbath stillness reigns;
Where on the flower dark change ne'er leaves a trace,
Nor Passion on the joy its serpent stains;
He is too pure—too bright—to languish where
The rainbow arches but to melt away,
And every lovely sound and vision fair
Swells but the dirge—the trophies of decay!

THE LAST HOME OF MAN.

Man's final home beyond the tomb
Exceeds earth's richest bower;
The glory of this lower world
Is lost to such a power,
No tears shall ever dull the eye;
In this last home of man;
No death shall ever break the link,
That binds affection's chain.

And sorrow's dark and dreary sting!
Ne'er this poor realm invade;
Nor sleep, death's sister, ne'er disturbs
Man's bright empyreal shade;
No heating sun's effulgent rays
Surround this calm retreat;
No placid moon, with silver light,
Overchange a Savior's seat.

Eternal day attends the place,
And Christ illumines the day;
Seraphic spirits wing around,
Love's accepted torch to sway.
Eternal ages roll around,
But man heeds not their flight—
A million years pass swiftly on,
But bring no gloomy night.

Can man, this base, polluted man,
Such scenes as these enjoy?
O yes! repentance wipes away

The sins which now alloy;
Repentance fits him for the skies—
It blots the deepest stain:
And Jew and Gentile, Greek and Turk
May meet, once more, again.

Transporting theme! O blissful thought!
That man may thus endure,
Through earth and all its fixtures mould,
We have a home secure.
As time, its varied course rolls on:
May we our frailty see—
So when the trump of God resounds,
We'll rise to immortality.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Washington Lodge,	Albany	2nd and 4th Thursday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	2nd Thursday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday or 2nd month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday.
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday.
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday.
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn.	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah, Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Z'rubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday.
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday.
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and each of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of 3rd Street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG 21, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 51

MASONIC.

OFFICERS,

Of Central Council, No. 6, R. & S. Masters, at Marion, Perry co. Ala.

Nathaniel W. Fletcher, T. I. G. M. John W. Hanna, D. I. G. M. Rev. E. V. Levert, P. C. of W. John R. Govee, C. of G. John T. Thompson, Recorder. E. D. King, Treasurer. Hiram Cravens, S. & Sec'y.

Programme,

Of the Masonic Procession to be observed in the city of New-York, on the *sixteenth day of September next*, on the occasion of the Triennial meeting of the General Grand Encampment and the General Grand Chapter of the United States.

[The consent and approbation of the M. W. MORGAN LEWIS, Grand Master of Masons of the state of New-York, having been received for the Public Procession, the Committee to whom is referred the preparation of the ORDER of Procession for the Ceremonies of the 16th of September, A. L. 5841, after due consideration of the subject, have agreed to the following General Order for the formation of the Line :

Grand Marshall, JOSEPH SPRAGUE, Mounted.

Martial Music.

Knight Templars Cavalry.

Knight Templars Infantry.

Pythagoras Lodge, No 86.

Washington Lodge, 85,

Followed by other Lodges, in the same order.

Music.

The R. A. Chapters, junior Chapters in advance.

Grand Chapter.

Grand Encampment.

Guests, in open Carriages.

Music.

Grand Tyler.

Grand Stewards.

Visiting Masters and Past Masters of Foreign Lodges, who are not present or past Grand Officers.

REPRESENTATIVES of Foreign Grand Lodges, with small Banners of Arms.

Grand Sword bearer, with Sword of State.

Grand Standard Bearer, with two supporters.

Past Grand Secretaries and G. Treasurers.

G. Treasurer, and Grand Secretary.

Past Grand Wardens.

J. G. Warden, S. G. Warden.

Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian Lights, borne by three Past Masters.

The Lodge borne by four Past Masters.

Grand Chaplains.

Deacon. Grand Pursuivant. Deacon.

With book of Constitutions on a velvet cushion.

D. G. M. and G. Master in an open carriage,

With J. G. D., S. G. D. and four Grand Standards, divided equally on the right and left.

The Committee have adopted the following regulations.

For the preservation of order, each Encampment, Chapter and Lodge, is to form a distinct division, and to consider itself responsible for the Masonic standing and conduct of every person allowed to march under its banner.

Each Lodge, Chapter and Encampment is to form under its appropriate banner or standard, and no person is to be allowed to march there *who is not known to the presiding officer to be a Brother in good standing*. Each Secretary to keep a list of all persons permitted to form in his division, to be sent to the General Committee immediately after the ceremonies of the day.

ALL TEMPLARS TO APPEAR IN THE FOLLOWING UNIFORM.

Dress black, black stock and gloves, plain black scarf over the left shoulder; Chapeau with black satin cockade, black apron of triangular form and straight sword. Officers and members the Grand Encampment to wear the trimmings of the Chapeau, Apron and Sword, of Gold, and others of Silver. No feathers to be worn by any one.

Royal Arch Masons to appear in black hat and stock, dark coat, white vest, pantaloons and gloves, white apron trimmed with scarlet, scarlet sash over the left shoulder, and black cane. Presiding Officers of Chapters in Chapeaus trimmed with scarlet and gold. Master Masons to appear in the same dress as the last, with white apron trimmed with blue, blue sash over the left shoulder. The Master of each Lodge to wear Chapeau trimmed with blue and silver, and the Gavel in his hand.

The three Committees appointed by the three G. Bodies are to act as Marshals to their respective G. Bodies in the uniform of their constitutions, with Chapeaus and swords, and are to be distinguished by a thin white rod and acorn, with a bow of ribbon of three colors on the left breast.

Each subordinate body will appoint two Marshals to assist the Grand Marshalls, to be distinguished by a truncheon or scroll trimmed with ribbon of the color of his grade.

Form of Marshalling each Lodge.

Tyler with his sword.

Members, three abreast.

Stewards.

Masters of Ceremonies.

Treasurer and Secretary.

Jun. Warden and Sen. Warden with columns.

Past Masters.

Deacon.

Master.

Deacon.

The Chapters to form in similar order, *except* that the *Grand Council* will form in line together.

After the line of March is formed, no person is to be permitted to join it on any pretence whatever, nor is any one to leave it and join it again unless by permission of the responsible officer, in case of urgent necessity. These regulations will be strictly enforced.

The members of the various Masonic Bodies, of the cities of New-York and Brooklyn, will assemble at their usual places of meeting at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, the 16th of September and organize.—The brethren from the counties adjacent to the Hudson, will assemble at Warren Hall, at the corner of Oliver and Henry streets, and organize. Each Body, so soon as completely in order, will march to the south side of Canal Street, the right on Broadway, and report to the General Committee in the Howard House.

The Grand Marshall, will form the whole in line at 11 o'clock.

N. B. The route of the Procession; the order of the ceremonies to follow, and the arrangements for the Dinner, &c. will be published hereafter.

Extraordinary Longevity.—A man named Broussard, a Canadian by birth, died in Lafayette Parish, Louisiana, a few weeks since, at the age of one hundred and eighteen years. So says the *Planter's Banner*

ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Fraternity, in the city of Austin, Repub. of Texas, 23th June, 5841.

BY COMP. BRANCH T. ARCHER, ESQ.

FRIENDS, FELLOW-SOJOURNERS AND BRETHREN:

We have this day assembled, as Free and Accepted Masons, with purpose to celebrate an anniversary of our fraternity and to acknowledge the claims and pay due homage to one of our patron Saints—a person distinguished in sacred history by the appellation of *St. John the Baptist*—whose character I trust is familiar to you all. He was distinguished through life for exemplary conduct and a refinement and purity of piety that will admirably compare, when contrasted, with any other individual known to us as having appeared on the little globe assigned for our residence; with the single and pious exception of the blessed Saviour of fallen man, who was, as we learn from sacred records, Deity in human form, with a susceptibility, while with us, to all the sufferings incident to frail humanity.

Although this patron Saint was, and is still, one of the idols of our fraternity, it is not our purpose, or is it at all necessary to bring him in contrast with his contemporary, the blessed Saviour of the universe.—St. John though his senior in age, as temporal beings, was his inferior in gifts; and, as spiritual agents, this supremacy of gifts and power was, by the faithful and inspired Saint, openly, frankly, and piously acknowledged.

When, my brethren, we recollect St John was one of us—a Free and Accepted Mason—who practised and taught all the virtues by which the Christian character is elevated and adorned, previous to the appearance of the Saviour on the earth; when we also recollect that he practised and taught all that was necessary to temporal as well as eternal happiness, the conclusion is irresistible—that the light by which he was guided, must have been shed from the fountain of all light, was the gift of the All-high, the great, the living Jehovah; whose name, as Free and Accepted Masons, we reverence and adore, and whose attributes we most devoutly and piously acknowledge.

Masonry, therefore, seems to have existed and flourished anterior to the christian era; and was a boon extended by a divine and benign Providence to benighted man;—yes, a beacon light, the gift of High Heaven, shining through time, in all its pristine brightness, four thousand years before the appearance of our Saviour;—a light penetrating with its bright and resistless rays the depths of moral darkness into which this under world was plunged by the fall of the first-born.

If sacred history did not clearly sustain our claims to divine origin, we have abundant evidence of the fact derivable immediately from the principles taught and practised from time immemorial, by this ancient and honorable association, known as Free and Accepted Masons. I have before remarked that Masonry inculcated all the Christian virtues and practised all the Christian duties revealed by the Saviour of the world, when he deigned to appear in human form among the creatures of the earth.

The first and most important of these duties is reverence and devotion to the All-High, the great God of creation, the Author of Life, the Giver of Light and the Dispenser of all Good. Without the moral and intellectual light dispensed to man from on high, it would have been infinitely better, for us frail beings, that chaos had never been called into order; better that the earth, in volcanic agony, yield up her bowels—the sun resign his lustre—and heaven with its bright galaxy of luminaries form one general chaos, rather than man, for whom these things were intended as blessings, should be deprived of the earth, his resting place, would be odious to his touch; the light of the sun offensive to his view; and heaven's multiplied and brilliant spheres

oppressive to his soul, as by their alternate and relative motions he would be enabled to count the days, the weeks, the months, the years of his degradation, fall and suffering. This celestial light has been known to us as shining in all its effulgence, in every lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, for a period of five thousand eight hundred and forty-one years. It is the true light—the light by which we, as Masons, have been and are still guided. Piety, then, is our first care—our paramount duty. To do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly in the presence of the Supreme Ruler and Architect of the Universe, recollecting that he is always present, are the principles of our action. Among the other Christian virtues for which, as a body we are distinguished, may be mentioned brotherly-love, forbearance, fidelity and charity; the Masonic order can boldly challenge comparison with any other human association, for the faithful observance and practice of these virtues. Humility and submission to the political and civil institutions under which we have been organized, is a distinguishing Masonic characteristic. Respect and esteem for those who worship the same God, and bow before the same altar, without regard to the forms of their worship, is proof conclusive of our charity. To every order and denomination of Christian believers have our portals been open many have entered, and none dissatisfied with the process of our labors, or offended with the work we executed. Then it is apparent there can be no material incompatibility between the Christian and Masonic devotions.

Though, my brethren, when we contemplate the period of our existence as an association of men, and contrast it with any other human association, we will find ample sources of pride and gratulation in the recollection that we are now, what we were in beginning, and ever will be, faithful servants of the Almighty Omnipresent and Omnipotent God, who reigns on high. When we look to the changes wrought within the Christian era, a period of only 1800 and forty-one years, we cannot fail to be struck with the uniformity, consistency, harmony and order, by which our course has been marked. While the Christian churches who are worshippers of our God, have been confounded, distracted and divided on doctrinal points, forming themselves into factious multitudes, and waging an impious and exterminating war of tenets, not principles, upon each other, meek and humble Masonry has continued to glide on in the even tenor of her course, unmoved by the fury of theological disquisitions, untouched by the virulence of party spirit, unscathed by the destroying violence of political revolutions. It is a fact, no less notorious than creditable, that religious and political discussions are not tolerated within our walls; there we worship the God of our fathers, after our ancient forms, in purity and truth. Our temples are open to all who believe in a Deity and whose moral character will bear the test of scrutiny; the domains of sectarianism prevail not there—none are excluded for opinion's sake—associated together may be seen around the same altar, Christian, Jew and Gentile, all united in the worship and adoration of the Lord God Almighty, He, who has proclaimed himself to be the Alpha and Omega—the First and the Last—the great, the eternal "I AM." It is thus that we are now able to present to the world, the example of a human association, observing the same forms and practising the same immutable principles of piety, brotherly-love and charity, which governed it in ages long since passed away. Principles so pure in themselves and a worship so chaste, that the most discordant human materials are united under them; and Masonry, thus fostered and protected, has flourished in all ages and in all climes, restraining the passions of the impetuous, sympathizing with the afflicted, comforting and assisting the distressed, and inculcating lessons of religion and morality.

Pure as Masonry is in principle, unoffending as we are in practice, humble and obedient, in our character as Masons, as we have ever been to the laws and the civil authorities of the countries in which we have lived, without regard to their forms of Government; these recommendations have not always secured us from attack;—No! The envious, the malevolent, the vicious, have exhausted their malice upon us; we have been assailed by the envenomed shaft of calumny, neither has the poisoned breath of detraction been wanting; but, through the protection of Divine Providence

we occupy an eminence too elevated for the shafts of calumny to reach us, too pure for the poisoned breath of detraction to affect us: our vestibule has not been carried, our portals have not been entered, our temples remain unpolluted and inviolate. We stand erect, firm and unshaken upon our original foundation, defying the machination of man, and reposing our trust in Him who alone is able to build up and destroy, the great, the mighty Jehovah.

With this view presented to us of the institution of Masonry, it may, with seeming propriety, be asked—why are not your lodges thrown open to the world; and these principles extended over the surface of the earth, as the waters over the great deep? To this question the direct answer cannot, in this assembly, be given; though, if indulged in parable, a satisfactory one may be found. A fountain whose source is pure, its supply ample, its current extending through time and space, should be preserved uncontaminated from the admixture of noxious, turbid and doubtful streams. Again it may be asked—why the fair, the innocent, and the lovely, the pride and the boast of Masons—sweet woman—is not permitted to partake of the waters of this living fountain; be assured that she does partake thereof and drinks deeply of the limpid stream; for, by ordinance divine, they are made part of us—"flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone;"—like the innocent and lively vine, whose tendrils are extended for support and protection to the sturdy oak, so has it likewise been decreed that woman shall rest on man; she participates in his enjoyments and sufferings, and, like the tender vine, she clings to him for protection. It is his duty to sustain her, to breathe the tempestuous storms of life for her sake; not permitting her to divide his toils.—When storms lower or danger threatens, he should be to her what the oak is to the vine—a support and protector.

That these safeguards are necessary to the purity of our order is most true; yet, although every human effort is made to preserve our temple from pollution, it is a melancholy fact that the unworthy sometimes gain admission; but unless they repent of the evils of their ways, it avails them nothing; their own corrupt hearts resisting the influence of this divine light, condemn them to the fathomless depths of perdition, unpitied by their fellow-men, unmourned by their brethren, and spurned by their God.

THE TRAVELLER.

[Extracted and Condensed for the American Masonic Register, from Robert's Embassy to the Eastern Courts.]

CHINESE CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.—There is scarcely a government gazette published at Pekin; almost daily, placards are posted at the principal places about Canton and its suburbs, giving accounts of murders and insurrections, robberies, shocking and unnatural crimes of kidnapping, infanticides, suicides, and of all the beastly and unnatural crimes of which the world ever heard or read. The various modes of punishment resorted to by the government, and the unequal distribution of justice, are revolting to humanity, and most disgusting and loathsome in the recital. I will relate one case to show, that, in modern times, the Chinese are not less refined in their cruelties, than when *Tu-he*, the queen of *Chow*, among many other horrible inventions, caused brazen rollers to be heated, and then smeared with an unctuous matter, so that she might have the supreme pleasure of seeing miserable culprits, fruitlessly endeavoring to pass this burning bridge, and continually slipping into a tremendous fire, there to meet with death horrible in the extreme. The case to which I have alluded, took place in the year 1813, when the Emperor of China convicted an eunuch of being concerned in a treasonable conspiracy. The victim had been a favorite servant of the Emperor's father, *Keen-lung*, who had conferred upon him many favors. The poor wretch was bound round with cords and canvass, to which was added a quantity of tallow and other combustible matter, so as to convert him into a *gigantic candle*, and he was slowly consumed at his father's grave; the wretched being died in tortures the most excruciating that imagination can conceive.

CHINESE MALEFACTORS.—A list is presented to the Emperor of all those who have been condemned by

the supreme court of Peking, with their crimes specified at length. He marks with his own hand those who are to suffer death; the others are likewise conducted to the place of execution, and then taken back to prison till their fate be determined. The day previous to their execution the condemned have an entertainment at the expense of government.—*Timkowski's Travels.*

Miscellany.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF L. E. L.—In "The Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L." whose sweet poetry has often calmed the perturbed spirit, and charmed the pure and susceptible heart, is the following description of the personal appearance of the celebrated authoress McClean, better known as Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose melancholy and premature death has been so recently deplored:—"Her hair was darkly brown, very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure slight, but well formed and graceful, her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers, her ears, also, were observedly little; her face, though not regular in 'every feature,' became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and color of feeling, lightened over it when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear and intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and besides the glorious facility of uttering pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or put forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which not excepting even her *bon mots* and authorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it."

Don Pedro D'Alcantara, a Patron of Rochester Mechanism.—Perhaps no branch of Rochester mechanism is more noted, at home and abroad, than that of Rifle making. Among those of our mechanics engaged in this business, are some who, for taste and ingenuity are not surpassed, we venture to say, in this or any other country. Not only are the Rochester rifles peculiar for their perfect finish and capability for execution, but improvements have been made in their construction, giving them signal advantages over the common article.

Mr. William Billinghamurst, of this city, has received an order to make a rifle for Don Pedro d'Alcantara, the young Emperor of Brazil, a programme of whose coronation, which is to take place some time during the present month, we published a few weeks since. The circumstances under which the order was received, are these:—A dentist by the name of Badell, left Geneva a few years since for Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Becoming acquainted with the Emperor, the latter informed him, a few months since, that he wished to procure a valuable Yankee rifle for his own use, and desired to be directed to some ingenious mechanics who could furnish it. Mr. B. recommended to him Mr. Wm. Gardener of Geneva, as being the only gunsmith of much celebrity with whom he was acquainted. Mr. G. soon after received an order for three rifles—one for the Emperor, the cost of which, it was stated, was a secondary consideration, the only direction being to unite beauty and perfection in the manufacture of the article; one for Mr. Badell, worth \$100, and one for another gentleman worth \$40. Mr. Gardener readily consented to make the two rifles, the prices of which had been designated, but declined the execution of the order for the third, fearful that it might not be sufficiently perfect to meet the expectations of his distinguished patron; and he accordingly transferred the order to Mr. Billinghamurst. Mr. B. is regarded as one of the best gunsmiths in the country, and will, we doubt not, execute the order as satisfactorily to the Emperor as creditably to himself. The rifle will probably be finished in about three months, at which time we will give a full description of it. Its cost will be about \$400.—*Roch. Dem.*

The Rev. John Breckenridge, D. D., died at the residence of his mother, in Kentucky, on the 4th inst. after a protracted and very severe illness.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The following thrilling incident is extracted from a paper in Bentley's Miscellany for June, entitled *Hours in Hindostan*. The Cobra Capella is stated to be the most venomous species of serpents in the East its bite being attended with almost instant death.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who was always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us the losers, look any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed that our friend had been suddenly taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet!" rejoined the other in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life move not."

"What can he mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued—

"Remain quiet and all may yet be well. I have a Cobra Capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chair; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold and attach himself to any other of the party that individual might be already counted a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreadful monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India; namely, in breaches and silk stockings. He therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without the feature altering his position, so rigid was his look,—so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent and hasten his dreadful bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" muttered Maxey; feel him cold—cold to my limb! and now he tightens!—for the love of Heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir. Northcote, you moved your head. By every thing sacred I conjure you not to do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them—the snake is winding itself round my calf—I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath: Great God! to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted serpent drew back.

Again Maxey spoke:

"No—it has no effect! on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord! and pardon me—my last hour is come! Again he pauses. I die firm, but that is past endurance—ah, no!—he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of Heaven, stir not! I am a dead man; but bear with me! He still loosens—he is about to dart! Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is hard to bear! Another pressure and I am dead! No! he relaxes!"

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!—saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed—the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

SATIRE.

Satire has no equal as a pungent weapon. It is keen as a knife. Its effect was fully illustrated in Chestnut street on Saturday. The French 'Blouse' has been introduced to some extent among the young men, but the fashion 'don't take' extensively. Except on a graceful and genteel figure, they are the most ungainly garment in which fashion ever entombed its victim. Some wags on Saturday equipped an uncouth Negro with a 'Blouse' cut in the most fashionable manner, but made of the roughest sail cloth. He was promenading that fashionable avenue at noon, to the infinite amusement of crowds of spectators. The 'Dandies' either escaped from sight or stood transfixed with horror. One pronounced it absolutely 'au-da-shus,' and another as he eyed the walking milliner with his glass, said, 'it is positively shocking.'—*Phil. N. American*.

WIVES IN LOUISIANA.—Louisiana guards the rights of her women with kind and parental care. The husband cannot alienate the property, even by consent of the wife; and even the money given by the parents, either before or after marriage, is as much the separate property of the wife as the land and negroes.—She can even make the husband her debtor, and sue him in a court of law. Dashing young fellows used to go and marry the beautiful creoles of the territory, and spend their property within a short period, leaving them to penury. It is said that it was to guard against this conduct on the part of unprincipled adventurers, that the enactment of this law was found necessary by the prudent and kind French creoles of that hospitable region. No matter what led to it, the example is worthy of all praise.—*Philadelphia North American*.

SEVERITY OF THE CHINESE LAWS.—The most rigorous punishments are inflicted on those who make an attempt on the life of the Emperor, rebels, traitors, who go over to another sovereign; those who murder their grandfather or grandmother, their father or mother, uncle, aunt, brother or sister; those who steal things belonging to the priests or the crown; and especially those who steal the seal of the empire; whoever does not perform his duty to his parents, whoever marries without wearing mourning so long as the law prescribes; those who during the life of their parents leave them without permission, or soon after their death give balls, parties, &c.; he who has killed, or invidiously betrayed a relation; a calumnious informer; a murderer or of his teacher or superior; he who has illicit commerce with the concubines of his grandfather or his father is punished with the greatest severity.

An unjust judge is beheaded. He who in time of war is guilty of embezzlement, or malpractices with respect to the supply of the troops, is strangled. Whoever embezzles a considerable sum belonging to the government is beheaded, whatever may be his rank. Whoever commits a robbery to the amount of more than three hundred rubles is strangled; the stealing of a smaller sum is punished by a severe bastinado, and the criminal is obliged besides to make restitution; if he has not the means, he is condemned with his wife and children, to hard labor for the government.

Mandarins, of a superior rank, convicted of neglect of their duty, are degraded two degrees and lose two years' salary. All sums of money that is stolen from the public coffers must be made good by the chiefs of the tribunals where the robbery was committed, and by those who are employed to discover the thieves, if their search is fruitless.

Deafness.—A subscriber has made use of the following prescription for the cure of deafness, and wishes us to copy it—which we cheerfully do for the benefit of others:

"By mixing musk with sulphuric æther and ammonia, and allowing it to stand for fourteen days, a solution is formed, that, if properly applied to the internal ear, will remove in almost every case the distressing sore which accompany deafness."

THE GATHERER.

Gen. Jackson.—It has been said, says the Philadelphia Chronicle, that the old General never drinks any ardent spirits. This was substantiated by his negro slave, who said that "Massa no drink rum, but then he drink his coffee strong enough to kill the debil."

ANECDOTE.—One evening an officer presented himself to Gen. Jackson, with the complaint that certain soldiers had got together in a tent, and were making a great noise. "What are they doing?" asked the General with some interest. "They are praying now, but they have been singing." And is that a crime?" enquired the General. "The articles of war order punishment for any unusual noise," said the officer. God forbid," exclaimed the hero, that praying should be an unusual noise in my camp."

Canada Thistle.—Wm. Chapman, of this city, writes in the Cultivator, that—

"If farmers will cut up the Canada Thistle, one and a half inches below the surface of the ground, and pull them up with the left hand as they cut them, in the full and old of the moon in May, June, July, Aug. and September, they certainly will destroy them; they may miss some in going over the ground the first, second or even the third time, but be sure to look over your ground every full and old moon till you know you have destroyed the whole. I have destroyed more than 50,000 the last two years, and now there is not one growing on the ground I have been cutting them from."

Beat it, Any Body.—One Jacob Earl, somewhere in Illinois, has recently built a frame house one and a half stories high, sixteen feet by twenty-four, has weather-boarded it, covered the roof, and ceiled all the lower story with boards; the whole, even the pins, from one oak tree! So says the Vandalia Free Press.

POLITICS.—"I say, Sam, wha's all dat are muss Mr. Adams are makin'?"

"Why, Cucumbershins, I tell you. If a child cry for de moon de fader haint no right to gin it to him, cause he can't. At de same time he no right to tell de child he won't hear it cry, 'cause dat would be interferin' wid de right ob petition."

"Dat ere's de ground, is it? Well, I guess dey can't drive old Boss Adams off ob it. Now, Bill, wha'ts dis physical agent?"

"De agent for selling Moffatt's Pills. Why don't you read de papers, nigaar?"

INTemperance.—Let woman beware of the intemperate. Let her shun their presence as the accursed of heaven; the smitten with that moral leprosy which is alike immedicable and unescapable. Let her remember that in uniting her destiny with that of a drunkard, she is drawing down upon her head the heaviest of curses. It were better to embrace the sepulchre, whose cold walls are haunted only by the spectre of decay. It is the wedlock of beauty and pollution; of purity and pestilence; the binding of the breathing form of life to the loathsomeness of death.

THE WAY TO DO IT.—A barkeeper in New Orleans sat paring his nails, and by some accident cut his finger. A disposition for fun, more beastly and practical than pleasant, induced him to plaster the face of an insensible drunken man with the scarlet fluid. Farther in pursuance of said fur he fired a pistol, and shouted suicide. In rushed a crowd, and a post mortem examination was only prevented by the dead man calling for a drink. The way the laugh and liquor went round was not slow, the Picayune says.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 397.

'I had a friend,' replied Sophia, somewhat mournfully, 'who was its victim, and I had the misfortune to be introduced into society when I ought to have been working tent-stitch in the nursery. But pray let us waive these gloomy topics—only take my advice, marry a husband for whom you feel a comfortable indifference, and let the little petted archie go to Jericho! You will be happier without than with him, depend upon it.'

'If your code be true, it is well worth consideration,' said Patrisinia.

'Still,' replied Sophia archly, 'I fancy that yonder Irish hero, who watches us so impatiently, will contrive to efface every word of my lecture before the end of the hour. But remember, men are sad deceivers! That is the first lesson that meets our ears, but it is the last that we will condescend to learn by heart. Our self-love prompts us to believe that we have a right of exemption from the misfortunes that befall the rest of the world, and we constantly expect that a miracle will be wrought for our particular advantage.—But here comes my liege lord, and smiling as though he were still a lover.'

'I could not endure my husband to be less than a lover,' said Patrisinia.

'National prejudices,' whispered Sophia, as the gentlemen advanced. 'Your countrymen are equally ready to serenade a mistress or stiletto a rival: now mine are, nine times out of ten, either mere humdrums, who care nothing about the matter, or else fashionable gallants who pique themselves upon a wife's beauty as they would upon that of their horse, and are equally flattered by the commendation of either.'

'Permit me to present Don Pedro Valdigo, governor of Seville, to the fair English woman whose charms he pronounces to be irresistible,' said the colonel; 'I have promised to use my influence for the next set.' Sophia curtsied assent, whilst her eyes sank abashed before the ardent gaze that was rivetted upon her.—The colonel contemplated her blushing face with a self-satisfied air, and, erecting his figure to about five feet nothing for a grand climax, turned to his companion—'Don Pedro, I have great pleasure in introducing you to Mrs. Macgregor!'

The Spaniard started, a flush crossed his cheek, a sudden frown shaded his brow, and, looking rapidly from one to the other, he nearly dropped the hand that had been placed in his own.

The colonel had produced an effect, but the pleasure of the jest was entirely confined to himself.

Don Pedro that day had arrived at Ceuta on a visit to the government house, and having been greatly excited by the gubernatorial praises of the beautiful Englishwoman, his first object on entering the ball-room was to secure an introduction. Accident led him into conversation with Macgregor, and, little suspecting that he was speaking with the husband of the lady, he poured forth his admiration, by which the colonel's vanity was so flattered, that he did not hesitate to carry on the jest until the moment of introduction.

There is in woman intuitive perception, which distinguishes at a glance the nature of the sentiment which she inspires, and it is only when her own heart becomes attached that love binds his fillet over the eyes of her discernment; so, though her husband failed to discover more than ordinary gallantry in the avowals of Don Pedro, she, more learned, shrank before the lustrous look that rested so passionately upon her.

Soon recovering from his momentary confusion, the Spaniard uttered a hasty apology to the colonel for the freedom of his remarks, and then led his partner to the ball-room; neither, however, attempted for some moments to break a silence more dangerous than speech. Sophia felt it to be impossible; Don Pedro, perhaps for the first time in his life, found it difficult, and, when he did speak, his voice trembled.

'Will Mrs. Macgregor condescend to pardon an involuntary error?'

'I were indeed to blame,' said Sophia, endeavoring to rally, 'to deem that offensive which is intended to compliment.'

'It were as impossible to compliment you, donna, as it were unwise to betray the sentiment which you inspire.'

'Cease to tax your gallantry,' replied Sophia, resuming her usual playful manner, 'for I promise you that I shall not accord any attention, until you find some other theme for conversation.'

They now joined the dancers, and Sophia found ample occupation in dispensing smiles and brief words among her new acquaintances, but ever as she turned to her partner, the expression of his look became too eloquent to be misunderstood. She was fond of conquest, but it was the conquest, of the hour, not the wreck of the heart's peace, that she delighted in, and the tale she now read was one that gave her sorrow.

Suddenly the dance ceased, a rumor rose, and then came a sad account of poor Doctor Smith;—he who but the previous evening had landed with us so full of activity and health, and who had been so conspicuously welcomed by Mrs. St. Clair, had fallen while preparing for the ball, and was soon after found dead.—On receiving the intelligence, Mrs. St. Clair had retired into an adjoining room, whither Sophia's considerate partner hastily conducted her, on perceiving the deadly paleness that overspread her countenance on being made acquainted with the lamentable catastrophe. They there found Mrs. St. Clair affectingly leaning on the shoulder of Colonel Macgregor, receiving the condolence of a group of her special favorites; and when Sophia advanced towards her, she exclaimed in a stentorian tone, 'So! Mrs. Macgregor, half dead I see! Is it not shocking? Horrible! frightful. Are they dancing in the next room? My ball will be completely spoiled!—a total failure! Did you ever know such a barbarism? I'll never forgive him!—never! Don't dance with him, Mrs. Macgregor—pray don't.'

'With whom, madam?' asked Sophia, completely mystified.

'With that wild man of the woods, Herbert. Was I not in the most charming spirits imaginable, when, like a raven, he came croaking his tale of death into my ears, and put all to flight. Every one knows my regard for poor dear Doctor Smith; but what service could I render him to destroy my cheerfulness by telling me of his death? I could not bring him to life again—and why spoil my ball?'

A change came over Sophia's spirit; she felt sick almost to fainting. 'And such,' thought she, 'is the world's attachment—that world for which I have sacrificed myself!'

'Come,' said Mrs. St. Clair; 'Don Pedro will take care of Mrs. Macgregor; do you, gentlemen, assist me in restoring the gaiety of my guests.'

'With your permission,' said Sophia. 'I will remain here for the present; the colonel will, I dare say, give me his company.'

'Impossible, my dear Sophia!' replied the colonel, curvetting after the general's lady; 'I am engaged, and would not on any account interfere with the duties of your partner; and with a smirk, and a nod to the don, he left the room.'

Sophia looked after him in momentary vexation; her companion stood with folded arms attentively regarding her, and, on perceiving a smile re-appear, he seated himself near her.

'And so, donna, your husband permits me the privilege, you would have ungenerously refused.'

'Which entitles you to my hand for another dance. Yet I must beg you to release me from the engagement. Seek another partner,' said Sophia, purposely misunderstanding him.

'The charms of your conversation exceed the pleasures of the dance, and should not be denied me, since sanctioned by the colonel, by whose decree I remain your shadow.'

'Methinks my own consent might be consulted,' said Sophia.

'That were a boon indeed,—say that you accord it, donna, and I will endeavor to deserve it. Show me but the way—nay,' he added, changing his earnest into a lighter tone, 'I will not be denied, and on this I swear allegiance, so I may be admitted your faithful cavalier.' As he spoke, his hand touched hers, which rested on a chair; but finding that she proudly with-

drew it, he caught from her grasp the bouquet it enclosed, and pressed it to his lips, adding, 'this at least, I will forever preserve, as a remembrance of this moment's happiness.'

'See,' remarked Sophia, the roses fade, fit emblem of the vow they bear.'

'Donna, you do not think so,' said the Spaniard seriously.

Predetermined as Don Pedro appeared to be to monopolize the society of my friend, she had found means to escape him, and we were whisperingly conferring together when Macgregor, passing us hastily, as the company were bustling towards the supper room, found himself suddenly arrested.

'Upon my word, colonel,' said Sophia, 'I am greatly obliged for your generous *carte blanche* respecting the attentions and adulations of others, but I think it were as well if you exhibit some portion of your conspicuous gallantry towards your wife.'

'Sophy jealous?' asked the surprised husband.

'Of your honor sir,' replied Sophia, which it appears is guarded by my rectitude than by your vigilance.'

'I trust, madam,' gravely said the colonel, 'that there is no danger of your falling into the very vulgar notion of attaching importance to every common place compliment that is paid to your attractions. I should be deeply mortified indeed to find that you had enrolled yourself amongst those violently virtuous ladies who pass their lives in Quixotising against imaginary assailants.'

'The breath of flattery,' proudly retorted his wife, 'passes as idly into my ear as it does from your lips.'

'If so,' returned he, 'there is no need for my exposing myself to the risk of being lampooned as a jealous husband by dancing attendance, upon my own wife.'

'Colonel,' said Sophia impressively, 'let no such trifling fears expose that which you ought to value to real danger; be assured that I am not wholly heartless, and if among the idle crowd one tone of genuine tenderness should be breathed, perchance it might awaken a responsive chord in my bosom; then blame yourself if you are not ready to win me back to duty.'

Macgregor viewed himself in the mirror, and laughed incredulously, bade her secure her conquests, and assuring her that he should only consider them as so many proofs of his good taste and fortune, passed on.

Sophia sighed as he left her, but colored deeply when she perceived that Don Pedro was by her side, and must have heard their conversation. She felt that she had unequivocally betrayed her fear of his acquiring an undue influence, and, if feared, why? A secret monitor within responded to the question. The Spaniard had been dull indeed if not conscious of his advantage; he took her hand without a word, and led her to the supper room.

Not even a look was exchanged between them, yet each felt that the conventions of society were broken down, and that the occult mysteries of their hearts were revealed. Before the party separated, however, Don Pedro's new-born affection had to struggle with one terrible apprehension, which was awakened by overhearing a whispered request from Captain Westron for a private conference, followed by a quick appointment to escort her to the beach the following day, whither she was to accompany a party to gather shells. The national suspicion of the Spaniard was on the alert. Had his self-love deceived him? Was Westron, after all, the hero of her alarms?—and he could not help hazarding to her the remark that the captain was a happy man.

'I believe he is about to confide to my friendship a secret that he deems of some importance,' said Sophia; 'and I promise you that I shall not betray my trust.'

Don Pedro scrutinized her countenance doubtfully—it was guileless as a child's, and when she smiled adieu, he retired from her presence, convinced that the world held not another being so worthy of his homage. Alas! he forgot the sacred decree that forbade the offering.

And now for the secret, the great important secret, said Sophia to Captain Westron, as, true to her ap-

pointment, she stepped upon the battery from which they were to descend to the beach. 'There are no listeners here to tell tales, so don't keep me in suspense.'

'Well then, madame,' said Westron, coloring, 'in one word, I am in love.'

'Lud a mercy! is that all? I'll wager a pair of gloves that every man in the garrison between the ages of sixteen and sixty will plead guilty to the same misdemeanour. For pity's sake, don't call that a secret.'

'Pray don't laugh, madam; mine is a more serious case than you imagine,' pleaded Westron.

'Promise me a little adventure, and I'll listen to your confession with the gravity of a judge and the secrecy of a duenna; for I am certain that with the aid of those iron-barred birdcages yonder, we shall be able to concoct as pretty a little romance as ever provoked the appetite of the novel-loving public.'

'Those iron bars are the devil,' ejaculated Westron.

'So, so, my friend, it is as I suspected; an elopement, in which, while I enact the confidante, Patrisinia Villi is to perform the heroine.'

'Exactly; but how, my dear Mrs. Macgregor, could you have discovered what has never been confided to any one?'

'There's an old adage about lookers on seeing more of the game than those who play. That is my case. But, sincerely, where exists your difficulty?'

'Her uncle, by whom she has been educated, is a priest, and rejects me, partly because of my religion and partly because, since childhood, she has been betrothed to a man of superior rank and fortune.'

'In that case,' said Sophia, 'you may depend upon my best assistance.'

'A thousand thanks,' replied her companion; 'you have conferred on me an inestimable obligation. By your assistance I trust we shall be able to escape to Gibraltar; once there and our union completed, the governor will protect my wife. But were we to be discovered prior to that event, Patrisinia would be consigned to a convent, or to a fate she yet more dreads, a marriage with Don Pedro, the governor of Seville.'

'With Don Pedro?' exclaimed Sophia, greatly startled.

'The same.'

'You have a most dangerous rival,' she continued thoughtfully.

'I place every confidence in Patrisinia's affections.'

'And how will Don Pedro endure this interruption to his wooing?'

'What his feelings on the subject may be, it is not my province to inquire; they are not, however, supposed to be very violent.'

'I hope not; for I must confess that it would deeply grieve me were I in any way instrumental to his unhappiness,' said Sophia, as she prepared to follow her conductor, who had descended a few steps to seek a safe pathway down the rocks, when a voice from behind pronounced the single word 'Remember.' It was Don Pedro, who putting his finger to his lip to intimate the necessity of silence, disappeared, leaving on Sophia's mind the disagreeable conviction that he participated their secret; a participation which might be equally fatal to the lovers, if imparted or concealed. Trusting, therefore, solely to future circumstances to direct her in the difficult part she had undertaken, and endeavoring to banish every appearance of embarrassment, lest the captain should construe it into an indication of a repented promise, she quickened her steps, and soon joined the shell-seekers who had already assembled, but whose eager acquisition of marine treasures left them time to comment upon the new comers.

In a round of gaiety several days elapsed without any plan being arranged for the flight of the lovers, and as every day brought some new proof of the Spaniard's devotion to my friend, she found her position increasingly delicate. In this emergency she determined to confide the fact of Don Pedro's acquaintance with their project to Patrisinia herself; leaving her to determine how his interference with their plot could be most easily prevented. Accordingly, taking advantage of an evening when the gentlemen were all engaged at a grand mess dinner, we sallied forth to visit

our young Spanish friend; and when we were turning from the court-yard into the gallery leading to the signoretta's apartments, a tall man closely enveloped in his cloak, and wearing his sombrero deeply slouched over his brows brushed quickly past us. We should have scarcely noticed so common a circumstance, but for the sudden stop and deep reverence which he made, upon recognizing the persons whom he had so unceremoniously encountered. That action, notwithstanding his mysterious muffling, betrayed the graceful Don Pedro, and accordingly we found Patrisinia in a most pitiable state of agitation; the quondam lover having just formally released her from her engagement, with a stern recommendation to correct her views respecting Captain Westron, whose intentions, he warned her in time, were not likely to be effected, and whose failure might consign her to a fate even more unfortunate than that of becoming his wife.—With this cold sarcasm on his lips he departed, leaving his astonished hearer a prey to the bitter apprehensions, which were destined to be still more heightened by the communication of my friend.

Throwing herself upon Sophia's bosom, she conjured her so pitiously personally to plead her cause with the Don, and seemed so completely helpless, and dependent upon the good offices which she invoked, that my friend was compelled, 'contrary to her better judgment,' to accede to the task of securing his Excellency's silence. To this promise she was the rather urged, since it was impossible for her to confide to any one except myself the true cause of her wishing to evade using her influence with Don Pedro.

Patrisinia was, however, so deeply impressed with the irresistible power of Sophia's eloquence, that having secured her promise, she passed from a state of absolute abandon to one of perfect elation, which good office being accomplished, we set out on our return home, where we were surprised to find a group of officers, 'all more or less elevated,' busily engaged in removing from a sort of bier an apparently lifeless body; we stopped and gazed at the group with consternation, and as the body was raised by the soldiers, we heard one exclaim, 'Fairly done up, by Jupiter!' 'Settled at last,' responded another; and then the military cap of the insensible falling to the ground, we recognized the features of Colonel Macgregor.

'O my husband! he is dead! he is murdered!' shrieked Sophia, darting wildly forward, and would have fallen to the earth, but rapid as light, a man sprang from the shadow of the archway, and caught her in his arms—it was Don Pedro!

The boisterous party stared in stupid astonishment but, before they could recover themselves, he had borne her up stairs to the apartment where sat Mrs. St. Clair and Mrs. Douglas at cribbage. 'Guid guide us, what's the matter wi' the puir thing?' exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, starting from her chair, whilst Don Pedro laid his burden on the sofa.

'What may be the meaning of this scene?' inquired Mrs. St. Clair, who, for some reason best known to herself, had latterly exhibited considerable rancor towards Sophia. The Spaniard was too much absorbed to hear her. May I beg the favor of a reply? I am not accustomed to incivility, especially in my own house; pursued Mrs. St. Clair, highly piqued.

He looked vacantly round, then in a tone that betrayed irrepressible agitation, answered, that 'he believed Colonel Macgregor was dead, or drunk,' he added in a low contemptuous whisper.

Mrs. St. Clair shrugged her shoulders and left the room as it to satisfy her curiosity; Mrs. Douglas ran for a restorative, whilst I was busily engaged in using the best means I could think of to restore the sense of my friend. Don Pedro pressed her cold hands passionately to his lips, and reposed her languid head upon his shoulder. She breathed, but so faintly that it could not have stirred the down of the thistle; twice he bent down as if to steal that soft breath from her lips, but each time drew back, as though respect forbade the freedom that love dictated; but as the current of life began to flow through her frame, his heart beat more wildly, and straining her fondly to his breast, he rivetted his eyes upon her countenance, and whispered in her scarcely conscious ears vows of imperishable devotion.

Approaching footsteps and loud voices on the stairs at last recalled him to recollection; and the next instant Mrs. Douglas entered with a whole cargo of

smelling-bottles. 'The ne'er-do-weel chieft,' she exclaimed 'have made the colonel beauty fu', and put him to bed. But Mistress St. Clair has rated them soundly, the whole of them and sent off except Captain Westron, who won't leave the house until Mistress Macgregor forgives him; its nae use arguing wi' a tipsy mon, sae here he comes.'

At this moment Sophia slowly opened her eyes, and glancing wild around, screamed, 'He is murdered—I saw him; O how horrible!'

'Na, na! there's nae harm done!' said Mrs. Douglas, soothingly.

'It is a judgment,' murmured Sophia, some indistinct ideas floating through her brain.

'He'll be weel enough in the morning! urged Mrs. Douglas.

'He is dead! dead, madam; O horror! and I—' a smothered groan filled up the sentence.

'Be calm; be comforted, donna,' whispered Don Pedro, in a low sad tone; 'your happy husband is well.'

Sophia started; his voice recalled to her memory the vows which he had made when she was scarcely conscious; their import flashed across her mind, and fixing on him a piteous look, she hid her face in my bosom.

'I am astonished,' rebuked Mrs. St. Clair, upon her return, 'that you can be so absurd; a night's rest and soda-water will enable the colonel in the morning to appreciate his wife's overweening sensibility.'

Sophia was humbled and admonished by the crowd of feelings new and overwhelming that struggled in her bosom. 'Pardon me, madam,' she said, 'if I have not learnt to witness for the first time such human degradation unmoved. Blame me not; I shall doubtless grow perfect in my worldly lesson all too soon.'

'Ha, puir thing,' sympathized Mrs. Douglas; 'ye hae a great deal to learn yet.'

'Indeed, indeed, madam, I fear that I have,' she replied; suddenly burst into tears, and hurried from the room.

Terrified and vexed, Sophia paced her chamber, pausing to catch the faintest sound that might proceed from the lips of the drunkard. His ashy face, cold hands, and the death-like stillness that pervaded every limb, was so appalling, that it required the utmost exertion of her reason to assure her that he still lived. Sometimes she sought his pulse—it was oppressed and languid; then she bent over to ascertain that he yet breathed, but the fumes arising from his blackened lips disgusted her, and she threw open the casement to relieve the suffocating sensation that was stealing over her frame. Painfully waned the hours, unvaried except by the groans of the sleeper, who, as time went on, began to struggle with the sickness that succeeded insensibility. Still Sophia attempted not retire;—memories of the past, and anticipations of the future, crowded on her mind. She thought how bright the world's glories had appeared to her, how perfect she had believed the happiness of those who flitted amidst splendor and gaiety; she had attended the advantages once believed so valuable—and was she happy!—no! She remembered the joyous buoyancy of her unmarried life, and wondered whither had fled the contentment of her youth.

Macgregor was not a person to love or to be beloved; but she had ever laughed at the passion, and thought herself insensible to its power. He was not unkind, nay, he was considered a most indulgent husband, for he was always ready to escort her into public, and, on retiring, never failed to conduct her to her carriage. Was not that marvellous attention.—He neither circumscribed her expenses nor amusements, and what more could a reasonable woman desire? But Sophia, I suppose, was not reasonable, for, with all this, she felt that she was not happy.

Whilst absorbed in unenviable reflections, the notes of a guitar stole gently on the silence of the night. It sounded close under the balcony. She extinguished her lamp, lest its light should betray her to the musician, and it required not the throbbing of her heart to inform her that the stanzas, which gushed upon her ear, were breathed from the lips of the too fascinating Spaniard:—

She listened with eager interest to his rich mellow voice, utterly unconscious of the running bass accompaniment of Macgregor's nose. Breathless she press-

ed her hands upon her bosom, and tried to still its wild pulsation, whilst tears strayed unheeded down her cheeks. Involuntarily she stretched forth her arms, unconscious that she stood alone. She had forgotten the world—all! but when the last tone of the music had died away, and all was again silent, a sob, a heart-rending sob spoke the reaction of memory, and, shuddering, she sank upon her knees. Her clasped hands were raised to heaven, though she ventured not to lift her eyes from the earth—a prayer trembled upon her lip. The veil was rent from her struggling heart, and she felt herself a wretch, for it was now too plain that she, a wife, had dared to love, idolatrously to love a stranger.

[Concluded in our next.]

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, August 21, 1841.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

The next No. will complete the 2nd Vol. of the Register; and we hope that those subscribers designing to discontinue the paper, will *promptly* inform the agent residing in their neighborhood. Where there is no Agent, information given to the postmaster of such wish, will be communicated to us by him free from any charge. It is desirable, that those gentlemen assisting us as agents, will communicate with us, as soon as possible after the commencement of the next Volume. This is rendered necessary, in order to make provision for the extent of the edition to be printed, to provide for back Numbers. We intend to make several improvements in the appearance of the next Volume, and we solicit a continuance of the kind offices of our Agents, through whose exertions, the Masonic Register must *mainly*, be indebted for its support.

THE MASONIC FESTIVAL.—Our Masonic friends will perceive by the Programme, published on our first page, that the brethren of New-York, are intending to make the festival worthy of the occasion, which calls it forth. We hope we shall have the pleasure of extending the "right hand of fellowship" to many of our Southern friends to whom a little northern air, would be very grateful "about these days."

A FEMALE HUMBUG.—The Rochester Daily Advertiser, has an amusing piece of rascality practised on an "estimable young man," of that city, by a lady with blue eyes, brown hair, somewhat inclined to grey, and of the tender age of about 35. This young lady, it would appear had so wrought upon the feelings of this "estimable young man," by representing herself to be the widow of a rich gentleman, whom she had buried in Toronto, and heirless to certain other "moveables," that were continually falling to her by the deaths of her accommodating relatives, that the heart of the "estimable young man," was completely overcome. So after a six days' intimacy, the question was popped, settlements were drawn, very much in favor of the lover, and they were married much to the satisfaction of the lady as well as the friends of the husband. For six days of the honey-moon the happy pair, did nothing but ride from one store to another, selecting the choicest and best. But on the afternoon of the 6th day, the lady obtained permission from her lord to transact a little private business for an hour or two. Who could refuse a charming wife *any* thing during the honey-moon! So the "estimable young man" thought: and we are sorry to say, that this estimable lady so far abused her *privilege*, that her

whereabouts cannot be distinctly ascertained, up to this time. The Advertiser, in conclusion says, "Mr. John Jones of Hunter street has a wife that he cannot get rid of; he is saddled with the most extravagant debts of her contracting; he and his friends find themselves stripped of all the ready cash they had. And last of all, and not least, and perhaps not undeserving, "mine host," where she stopped, unknown to any one, lent her about fifty dollars, which remains unpaid, together with a round tavern bill. The woman turns out to be utterly worthless and abandoned. The representation she has made, that she has money deposited in the bank of Rochester was entirely false, and the climax of her husband's disappointment was capped, when he presented a check for \$1800, drawn by her, and found she never had any funds there whatever."

We feel sorry for this victim of an artful adventurer: although we must confess our sympathies would have been more active, were there not so much to censure on the part of the dupe to this transaction. Had the lady been "fat and forty," with all the attractions and virtues which belong to her sex, she might have wasted "her sweetness on the desert air." But rolling in anticipated wealth, the disparity in years—in dispositions, in every other thing, which render marriage rational, is lost sight of, and the victim only awakens from his golden dream, a martyr to his own cupidity.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.—They have a large Female Seminary near the banks of the Connecticut in Massachusetts, where they not only cultivate the minds of the pupils, but also teach them various domestic duties. In rotation, they all scrub, wash, bake, fry, and do every species of house-work. The minds of these young women are said to be invigorated by their physical efforts, and consequently as fast as they graduate from the institution, they are taken out of the market. The supply is not equal to the demand of this sort of *Wives*.—*Daily Adv.*

If some of the Female Seminaries in our own neighborhood, would pay more attention to making their pupils good "*Wives*," instead of instructing them, in those tinsel, popinjay accomplishments, which totally unfit them for the *sphere of life* they are to move in, it would be much better for society, we fancy, in the long run. To Girls expecting to inherit fortunes (which by the by, were made as much by the domestic economy, industry, and housewife knowledge of their *mothers*, as fathers,) it is of no material consequence; but to those who are to be the wives of the mechanic or tradesman, dependant on his industry and exertion, something more should be expected from them, than the gew-gaw instruction, which will avail them nothing in after-life, except to add to the embarrassments of some worthy husband. In this country property is only made (legitimately) by the untiring industry of the male, aided by the frugality of the equally instructed housewife. Do our girls learn any of these necessary qualifications at many of our fashionable seminaries? Parents are often more to blame than the children, in the manner in which they are educated. Instead of exercising common sense, in fitting the child for the station *she is to move in through life*, her domestic instruction is totally neglected,—she passes through some fashionable female seminary, acquiring at best but a superficial knowledge of that, which is in nine cases out of ten of no permanent benefit, and which is generally at the expense of the good wife and mother. This system of education brings other evils in its train. It infuses notions in the mind, that are at war with the sober realities of life. Perhaps our views are too old fashioned. But let any middle aged man sit and reflect on the marriages of the last fifteen

years. Let him look about him and count up the ill-assorted wedlock of parties, who commenced "establishments" beyond their means, and who are now partaking of the brown bread of adversity to the very crust. In several of the cases we have noticed, we have personal knowledge, and we charge it to a fatal error in the mode of education. We admire young ladies, but we believe the God of nature did not intend the mass of them to talk French, thrum pianos, or pass half of their evenings in an opera-box. Woman, "heaven's best gift to man" was designed by her Creator as his "helpmate," the participant in his cares and toils, as well as the partner and partaker of his prosperity.--- When she incapacitates herself for this duty, she either becomes the plaything of an hour, or a grievous burthen to the man of her choice.

MISS ROGERS.—Nothing new, has been brought to light, connected with the murder of this unfortunate young lady. By the last advices, a man by the name of Morse had been arrested, who had left the city, under singular circumstances, the day after the murder. Among the thousand rumors and stories of the day, it is said that Morse was seen in her company on the day of her disappearance. Morse is a married man, and the probabilities are stronger for than against him. It is very strange that the authorities do not offer a suitable reward, for the discovery of the perpetrator. The Mayor of New York, and the Gov. of the State, are both behind their duty in this respect.

MORMONS.—Large numbers of Mormons are now on their way to the settlement in Hancock county, Illinois. A large number from Europe recently arrived there, and more are expected. The settlement is said to contain from 10 to 15,000 inhabitants.

MUSEUM.—The Misses Randolph, whose admirable personations were the subject of much commendation here, last winter, have been engaged at the Museum for a short time. The lecture-room of this establishment is admirably adapted to while away an hour or two, agreeably as well as profitably. Mr. Randall has every thing fitted up in fine style.

FIRE.—A fire broke out between 9 and 10 o'clock on Monday night, in one of the barns belonging to the Alms house premises, which destroyed that and other out-buildings, and a quantity of wood. The loss is supposed to be about \$4000. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

TOO HOT BY HALF.—They have had such intense hot weather in New Orleans, that, the Crescent City says, the people there, have been compelled to draw their breath with cork-screws.

The Sunday Mercury noted for its *witty* paragraphs, jokes, Patent Sermons and every thing interesting and amusing, let off this:

"Pa, are there any liars among Christians?"
"Not among true Christians, my son. Why do ask?"
"'Cause I heard uncle John say something about the 'Christian Lyre,' that they had in his church."

THE WILLIAM BROWN.—Notwithstanding all the explanations given by those interested to keep the truth out of sight,—there is yet much to come to light, in relation to the barbarous and inhuman treatment to a portion of the passengers of this ill-fated vessel. Sarah Corr, and Bridget M'Kee, have, by affidavit had Alexander William Holmes one of those concerned, arrested and committed on a charge of murder on the high seas. Sarah Corr, in her examination says:—

"I saw the black man, Henry Murray, the cook, catch hold of Frank Askin; I heard Frank Askin calling to a Scotch woman to speak to them to spare his life; he said he had five sovereigns, and he would give it to them if they would spare his life until morning; he was thrown overboard. The persons who threw him overboard were Henry Murray and Alexander William Holmes. Frank Askin's sister said if they threw him overboard, to throw her also. They threw over 16 of the passengers, including the two sisters of Askin. I heard my cousin Charles Coulson, go forward and say to Holmes—"Holmes, dear, I'll not have to go over." Holmes said, "Charley, you must go." Then a girl of sixteen cried out to spare him, for he was the last of a family of fifteen that had gone down in the vessel. I heard then the plunge of him in the water. It was Holmes who helped to throw him over."

Intelligence.

Melancholy.—A sad accident happened yesterday at the printing office of Mr. Trow, No. 114 Nassau street. An apprentice in the office, by the name of John C. Carson, seventeen years of age, was in the fifth story and attempted to run down through the scuttles upon the large rope by which goods are hoisted; unfortunately the rope was entirely unwound. His weight drew out the staple by which the end was fastened, and he fell to the lower floor upon his head, and crushed his skull in a shocking manner. He was a lad of intelligence and smartness, and well known and esteemed in the Sabbath School of the Brainard church in Rivington street, where he had been a regular attendant four or five years. He was taken to the City Hospital, where he expired after a few hours of unconscious suffering. Two years ago the same lad fell three stories through the scuttles and broke some of his bones; but from this he recovered under the faithful care of the same hospital to which he was yesterday carried to die. He is a brother to Mr. Thomas Carson, a clerk in the office of the Com. Adv.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

From Florida, the news continues to be encouraging. Small parties of Indians were continuing to come into Tampa daily; and strong assurances have been received that Sam Jones will come in soon. Expectations are also entertained that a portion of Halleck Tustenuggee's having become disaffected, will also come in. The whole of Wild Cat's band, it is believed, are, with their chief, on a vessel in the Bay, well guarded. Col. Worth is still pursuing the rigorous and summary policy which made him so successful in the gathering in of Wild Cat and his band; and he will give the Indians no rest till they all surrender.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Charles J. Lynde and Watts Lynde, lost in the destruction of the Erie, were sons of Hon. Tilly Lynde, of Homer, Cortland County, who many years ago represented the 6th Senatorial District in our State Legislature. They resided at Chicago, and had just visited their parents at Homer. We have these facts from Dr. Lilley, of Churchville, who was well acquainted with them, and travelled in their company only three days before their melancholy death. The wife of one of the young gentlemen, a very intelligent lady, was the only female saved from the ruins. It is said she evinced as much coolness and intrepidity as any one on board. Her presence of mind never forsook her for a moment.

We have been informed that Gen. Hamilton has removed all difficulties in the way of the sale of the loan bonds in Paris. The Subscription-books were to have been opened on the 5th June, under the sanction of the Government of France. The money will positively be available here by the meeting of Congress. The above information may be regarded as official.—*Austin, (Tex.) Gazette.*

Imprisonment of an American Consul.—Capt. Merriam, of the bark Iris, at this port, from Matanzas, gives information that Mr. Cross, the American consul at that port, had been incarcerated in prison, by order of the Governor General of Cuba. The cause is not stated, but whatever it may be, it is a bold move

and one which cannot be passed over by our government without notice. We are informed by a gentleman, long a resident at Matanzas, that Mr. C. was remarkable for his mild and amiable disposition, and most unlikely to give offence to the authorities of the island. A former consul at that port (late Mr. Shoemaker) also met the same indignity in the early part of Gen. Jackson's administration, which was promptly taken in hand by him, and brought before the notice of the Spanish Government through its Minister at Washington, and resulted in a proper satisfaction rendered in the case. We take it for granted that what is necessary to be done in the present instance will be done well and publicly.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Unfortunate.—The National Intelligencer states, that a little boy named Collinson, residing in that city, lost an eye a short time ago under the following painful circumstances. He was amusing himself with looking at some boys who were playing near his father's house with bows and arrows. One of the boys shot an arrow, topped with iron, which pierced the eye of the little fellow, and totally destroyed it.

Suspended Free Banks.—We are requested to state that the bills of the suspended free banking associations cannot be redeemed, nor a dividend declared, until the stocks which have been left by the Comptroller in the hands of the President of the Merchant's Bank, N. Y., for sale, shall have been disposed of. Notice will be immediately given when a dividend is declared.—*Eve. Jour.*

Arrival of Missionaries.—Rev. J. Tracy and wife and Miss Brown, of the American Mission at Singapore, arrived at Philadelphia in the ship Washington on Sunday last. Two sons of the Rev. Dr. Scudder of Madras, came out under their care. The return of these missionaries was rendered necessary by the failure of health.

Murder at Crown-Point!—A man by the name of Winch, a revolutionary pensioner, was committed to jail in this county last Thursday, on a charge of murder, committed on a lad about fourteen years of age. The parties lived in Buck's neighborhood in Crown Point. The facts as we have learned them are, that the old man came up behind the boy in the morning, while milking, and struck him on the back of the head with a club, which knocked the boy down, when he exclaimed, "Oh! uncle Jed, you have killed me!" The old man followed up his blows till he had beat his head to a jelly. He manifests no penitence for the act and assigns as a reason for his conduct, that this boy or some other one, had thrown chips at him!

Profits of Agriculture.—Five thousand dollars' worth of green corn has been brought to this city already, this season, from Burlington co., N. J. Large quantities of vegetables are also sent to Philadelphia from that fertile country. A single farmer near Burlington last week received, in the Philadelphia market, near \$700 for his week's marketing. This is better than working a gold mine, or speculating in morus multicaulis or fancy stocks, or politics.

Savannah, it is stated, will probably be the Southern depot of the steam packet which are to run between England and the West Indies, touching our coast. Charleston was first spoken of as the place, but the bar in the harbor appears to be an objection.

Married.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Rawson, Mr. David Fenner to Miss Elizabeth Walker all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schneller, pastor of St. Mary's church, Mr. Daniel Gough, to Miss Margaret Doyle, all of this city.

At Canandaigua, on Wednesday, August, 11th, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Anthony Blanchford of this city, to Jane Ann, daughter of the late Bradley Martin of Avon.

At Syracuse, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Adams, Gen. R. Lawrence, of Syracuse, to Miss Eureka Spafford of this city.

DIED.

In this city yesterday, Anna, daughter of William H. Russell of New York.

In this city, yesterday afternoon, Adaline infant child of James Gibson, aged 7 months.

On the 13th inst., Mrs. Cathlina Van Benthusen, aged 79 years.

Yesterday, 15th inst Mrs Martha Bromley, wife of Robert Bromley, aged 65 years.

At Baltimore (Md.) on the 11th inst., Abigail, relict of the late Matthew M. Cole, of Washington City.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones st N. Y.	Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Cossackie	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
Joel D. Smith Castleton	J H Lawrence Memphis Tenn
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Stephen T. Leggett Troy	Wm H Turner Savannah
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Samuel Graves Auburn	Lewis S Deleplaine Wheeling Va
A P Pfister Tuscaloosa Alabama	Rev Peyton F Smith, Monticello
Charles Steinagel Cincinnati Ohio	H B Smith, Steubenville, Ohio
Wm D Johnson, Lagrange, Tenn.	Joseph Cable, Carrollton Ohio.
Samuel Shank, Shelbyville Ky	E B Shaw Hudson
T P Shaffner Cumberland, Md	E C McCormick Greenup Co Ky.
K Biggs Williamson N C	Geo A Wilson, Holly Springs Miss.
J B Curtis Jackson Miss	

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN REMOVED

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand, nine doors below, on the same side of the street, to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No. 159 Market street, and for a number of years past occupied by Mrs. Crosby as a Boarding House. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his customers, and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is four stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, admirably calculated for families. Men of business, or persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by rail-road, steamboat or stage, will find the New England well adapted to their accommodation; being within five or ten minutes walk of the rail road, and within sixty or seventy rods of three steamboat landings. Breakfast will always be prepared every morning during the season of navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it, and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning boat for New York. Also, one at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is also attached to the house, and every convenience for those travelling with their teams &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuance of their favors at the new one. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself to do all in his power to make their stay while at his house both pleasant and agreeable. His terms will be as they have always been, viz. single meals 25 cents lodging 12-15 cents. jcl9-ly A. W. STARKS

Peoples' Line Steamboats.



The boats of the Peoples' Line being now all in complete order, will continue to run between Albany and New-York, until further notice as follows:

The ROCHESTER, Capt. St. John, and SOUTH AMERICA, Capt. Branard, will form a daily Night Line, one of them leaving the foot of Hamilton street every evening (except Sundays) at 7 o'clock, through without landing.

HALF DAILY NIGHT LINE, at 5 o'clock.

The NORTH AMERICA, Capt. Truesdell, will run a Half Daily Night Line, leaving the foot of State street, every other evening at 5 o'clock, making the regular landings.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the Pier, foot of Hamilton street. jy17.

GENERAL AGENCY, for Foreign and Domestic Law, collecting and transacting business. Office Main street, opposite the "TELEGRAPH" office, Houston, Repub. of Texas.

The undersigned has made arrangements in the United States, England, France, Germany, and Mexico, for attending to claims of every kind, and to the settlement of the estates of deceased soldiers and others.

All kinds of documents, public or private, made out in original, in the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Italian languages, or translated from either of them into any one required.

Old settlers will find the services of the undersigned useful in completing their land titles, in cases where any of the formalities of the Mexican laws are wanting; or the execution thereof by the authorities omitted, by procuring authentic copies of the same, from the Mexican records to complete the chain of titles.

New settlers and land speculators can avail themselves of his services, by having examined the Spanish titles to Texas lands, and consulting him in relation to the genuineness and validity of the same, previous to entering into final contract.

Conveyancing of every description executed. jy10 GEORGE FISHER. J

POETRY.

Mr. Editor—There is so much simplicity and beauty, in this poetical composition, that I could not refrain from copying it, and hope you will record it among the other valuable pieces of Poetry, you oblige us with.

F A I T H .

Faith is the *Christian's prop*,
Whereon his sorrows lean—
It is the *substance* of his hope,
His *Proof* of things unseen—
It is the *Anchor* of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll!

Faith is the *Polar Star*,
That guides the *Christian's bark*;
Directs his wanderings from afar
To reach the *holy Ark*—
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the *Pilgrim home*.

Faith is the *Rainbow's form*,
Hung on the brow of Heaven—
The glory of the passing storm;
The pledge of Mercy given:
It is the triumphal Arch
Through which the saints to glory march.

Faith is the *Mountien Rock*,
Whose summit towers on high;
Secure above the tempest's shock,
An inmate of the sky—
Fixed on a prize of greater worth.
It views with scorn the things of earth.

The Faith that works by *Love*,
And purifies the heart;
A *foretaste* of the joys above,
To mortals can impart—
The *Christian's faith* is simply this,
A passport to immortal bliss.

Geneva, May, 1841.

HILLS.

THE WIFE.

BY ELENORA L. MONTAGUE.

Oh come, beloved! to yon grey wood,
Where oft in childhood's hour we strayed,
Ere yet with plighted hands we stood
Beneath yon bending willow's shade;
And I my early dream will tell,
And blush not, though thine eye behold me;
I feel thy voice's soothing spell,
Thy loved and loving arms enfold me.

Ah! little didst thou dream how long
I loved thee with a hidden heart;
When even amid some touching song
My sighs would breathe, my tears would start;
Thou could'st not deem that this weak breast,
Which in thy joy stood mute before thee,
Longed but to share thy soul's unrest
When sorrow's night was deepening o'er thee.

Oh! then the sullen years drew on
When thou must part, yet leave no token,
And I must hear, unshared, alone,
A grief which yet might not be spoken.
Oh, Love! it was a fearful time,
But all is past, forgotten now;
Yet something of its youthful prime
Hath fled from this devoted brow.

This grieves me not, for well I know
Thy spirit will not love me less,
Though Time upon my head should snow;
Or on my cheeks too rudely press:
I feel that thou wilt dearest be—
If ought to me can make thee dearer—
When the spring leaves of life's young tree,
Around thy brow are growing searer.

Years weaned; and thou rememberest yet
The hour which led thee back to me,
When sickened with the world, we met,
And each was changed—yet both were free;
Not changed in soul, but sadder grown,

And touched as by the wand of sorrow;
And doomed, like buds too early blown,
To greet, with wasted bloom, the morrow.

Then once again I dared to dream,
But now no more a dream of sadness;
Thy presence smoothed my life's rough stream,
And led me back to youth and gladness!
And something did our hearts subdue,
A yearning thought—a thought of home—
As though our soul's more closely drew
Ere yet the darker days should come.

Now let them come! I fear them not;
For art not thou, beloved, mine?
And is not this time-hallowed spot
The altar of a love-divine?
Oh, may the lamp which lights us now
Forever on that altar burn,
And ne'er through life our spirits know
One severed hour o'er which to mourn!

The following beautiful piece of poetry is taken from a work entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a youthful production of the author of "Pelham," and "The Disowned."

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds the lonely beam,
Is wisely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth the feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Delirious, yet divine—to know!--
Around to roam, above aspire,
And drink the breath of heaven below!--
From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye,
In man, the darkest mist of all.

Alas! what boots the midnight oil—
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vain the hope, and vain the toil
Which only leaves us doubly blind!
What learn we from the past?—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom!
I asked the future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb.
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The air replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*
And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth.
Oh, fools! o'er Wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth!
In science wildly do we seek,
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirit's drooping on the wing.

Even now the wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear;
What deepening tracks of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!
To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all besides adore;
To feel amid the world alone—
An alien on a desert shore;
To lose the only ties which seem,
To idler gaze, in mercy given;
To find love, faith and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from Heaven.

THE PARTED SPIRIT.

Mysterious in its birth,
And viewless as the blast,
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
Forever passed?

I ask the grave below—
It keeps the secret well—
I call upon the heavens to show—
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand,
Are tales and tidings known:
But from the spirits distant land
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers
To wand'ers o'er the wave—
That bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies—
From star to star doth roam—
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of Heaven—
But where all knowledge is denied—
To hope is given.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment, Alb	any	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Washington Lodge,	Albany	2nd and 4th Thursday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d & 4th Wednesday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st & 3d Thursday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st Wednesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	2nd Thursday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	1st Monday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	1st Saturday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev e month
Washington Council,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	2d Tuesday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st & 3d Monday
Utica Encampment, 3	"	4th Saturday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	2d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Tuesday
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Tyrian Council	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Abrams Lodge	do	1st Saturday
Clark Lodge	do	2d Monday.
Lodge of Antiquity	do	2d Tuesday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	2d and 4th Thursday
Solomon Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d Monday.
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	
Shelbyville Chapter.	Shelbyville, Ky	
Solomon's Lodge,	do	

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS** for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for these and best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the **FIRST OF SEPTEMBER NEXT**; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany." Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. **BLANK BOOKS** of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of **BOOK BINDING** in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment. General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and **FRANK** the letter, if written by himself.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1841.

[VOL. II—NO. 52

MASONIC

MASONRY

Enjoins on us our duty to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. To the Deity we owe reverence and submission; to man, love and good fellowship; to ourselves, temperance, prudence, and a judicious self-government. As members of society, masons are to obey the laws, respect their rulers, and live quiet and peaceable lives. To the honor of our institution be it mentioned, it admits not of distinctions of any kind. 'Though it taketh from no man that which he hath, but rather adds to his dignity: yet virtue and knowledge, in the royal art, are the only foundations of greatness, and the only steps to preeminence among the brotherhood. Every "good man and true," who conforms to the principles of our institution, is accepted of by us. It matters not whether he be Jew or Gentile, Greek or Hebrew, if his principles be pure, and his love sincere. The charity of a mason extends to the whole human race; it disdains the narrow contractions of sect or party, whose selfish and unfeeling hearts would exclude the rest of their species: but in imitation of our Most High Master, extends the arm of benevolence to all those, of whatever nation, language, religion, or politics, "who fear the Lord and work righteousness." The particular institutions, civil or religious, of different nations, it disturbs not. These it considers as but forms, with regard to which every man is free to act, without answering to any but himself, his own conscience, and his God. But the essentials of religion, the one thing needful, it expects and requires from all its members. By this judicious conduct our institution unites the whole family of mankind in bonds of brotherly affection. It teaches them to rise superior to ancient prejudices, hateful distinctions, and invidious jealousies; to expel ignorance, superstition, and bigotry from their breasts; and to unite their joint efforts in diffusing and enforcing those universal principles of virtue and morality which tend most to promote the honor of our Great Architect, and the happiness of the human race.

In a particular manner, masonry recommends charity and benevolence. As it is the highest honor, so it is the chief happiness of a mason, to pardon the errors and relieve the distresses of his fellow creatures. It is his glory and delight to sympathize with those that mourn, to relieve their wants, and soothe their cares. He pours the oil of joy into their bleeding hearts; and extends the arm of charity to raise their drooping spirits. O charity! thou heaven-born virtue, long mayest thou preside as the guardian genius of masonry! long mayest thou reign over the hearts of the brotherhood, inciting them to acts of charity and love, until the whole earth shall be gladdened by thy divine influence.

TEMPERANCE AMONG MASONS.

Temperance is among the most conspicuous and amiable of masonic virtues: 'tis the beautiful *Angelina*, the genius of masonry, that preserves the sacred vestibule from the pollution of cowards and eve-droppers. The disciples of *Aetolus* should be unknown among us: the pure air of masonry should not be breathed by the same lungs that eject the fœtid air of the drunkard:—Intemperance! 'tis the source of human woe, of misery, of wretchedness, of de-pair: 'tis the destroyer of every virtue; of the kindly feelings that ennoble the human heart; of all those qualities that enable man to approximate nearer, than any other species, the divine goodness of his creator: 'tis the leveller of all honorable distinction; the bosom that sweeps away character, principle and honor: 'tis the secret worm that knaws upon the mind; that lays waste the fair field of intellect, and plucks the fairest flower

to "Waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Masons rightly regard Temperance as exercising a proper restraint on the affections and passions; as that power which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice. If then they are thus taught to regard it, is it necessary for us to say that, it should be the constant companion of every mason; that he, who disregards it, does violence to the institution at large; that he not merely prostrates his character as a man, but destroys his influence as a reputable mason? If, we say, he be thus instructed, and the consequences be thus appalling, what excuse can the intemperate brother offer in mitigation of his offence? Need we go further?—need we tell him that he is in danger of contracting licentious and vicious habits?—that the indulgence of such habits may lead him incautiously to make exposures, which he has sacredly promised to conceal, and which would inevitably subject him to contumely and dishonor?—need we tell him that the health of the body and the dignity of the species are mutually concerned in a strict observance of the virtue of Temperance?—need we say to him that an intemperate man is unworthy to hold communion with masons?—that he is a dishonor to the brotherhood, a discredit to the institution, an evil to society, and an abomination in the eyes of heaven? Yes! we tell him this; and if need be, we will tell him more: we will tell that he is an enemy to his God; to himself and to his species; an enemy to her, whom he has sworn to love and protect; to her, on whose spotless bosom he has found comfort and relief, and passed the blissful hours of his youth; to her, the soother of his sorrows, the innocent sharer of his miseries: we will tell him, and tell him truly, that he has paralysed the hand ever quick to administer the healing balm to his wounded spirit!—nor will we stop here: if he be a parent, we will call upon those pledges of his early love, nearest and dearest to his heart, to plead our cause; we will present them to him in their tattered garments, dirty and emaciated; ignorant and on the high road to destruction: they shall plead to him for bread! we will take him to the sick bed of the mother: she shall plead for them: she shall pray for him! we will then turn and ask him the cause of all this misery! and his discolored eye and trembling limbs and wretched demeanor shall furnish the answer! This is no idle picture; no sketch of fancy: it is sad reality! Go into the habitation of the drunkard; examine, judge of things as they exist, and then say if we have told half the truth!

There are other species of intemperance; all of which exercise an influence over the system more or less deleterious. Gluttony is a species of intemperance, the effects of which on the mind are not less harmful than excessive drinking, and the operations of which are not very dissimilar: it also destroys the natural functions of the body. Intemperate zeal commonly defeats the object we desire to attain, and produces contrary results. In fine, intemperance of whatever character, is to be discountenanced; no good can result from it, and much evil may. But as paramount to all others, let our forces be levelled against that source of all evil—*intemperate drinking*!—it is the bane of society—the curse of mankind!

AHIMAN REZON.

The Ahiman Rezon is a code of laws, which has existed from time immemorial, for the government of the craft, and is usually denominated the Book of Constitutions. The word *Ahiman* signifies "a brother prepared, or brother of the right hand." The word *Rezon*, is, literally translated, the "brother of the Lord." *Rezon* implies either *learn, small, secret, or prince*. These words, well known to the fraternity, were in use in the days of our Grand Master Solomon; and have descended, among many other things to the present fraternity of Free and accepted Masons.

Since the grand convocation at York, when these

regulations were systematized, every grand lodge has the inherent right of forming an additional code for the better preservation of the lodges immediately under its jurisdiction. The ancient landmarks, however, including the primitive Ahiman Rezon, are preserved unimpaired.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Metropolitan.

MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 406.

It was the first time that Sophia had known the horrors of self-condemnation, and many a vow did she make steadily to shun the society of one so dangerous to her peace. But although that which was right, she well knew that her purpose could not be easily effected, because, apart from the pleadings of her own heart, and the Spaniard's ever-ready attention, she was aware that any marked change of manner would draw remarks either from her husband or others which could not but prove highly embarrassing. And her determination was destined to be put to a speedy trial; for, scarcely had she entered the drawing-room the following morning, before a party of officers made their appearance, his excellency of Seville along with them.

Passing him hastily, and without notice, she turned to receive the apologies of Major Hindesley, who was no sooner assured of forgiveness for their exploit, than he proceeded to banter Macgregor on Sophia's causeless alarm. The colonel turned on his wife a scowling frown, and muttered something about affectation. Her pale cheek reddened with vexation, and her eyes sparkled fire, while Mrs. St. Clair maliciously observed, that "Colonel Macgregor must feel highly flattered in possessing so exclusive an interest in the affections of his wife."

"The dignified love of some women, madam," said he, bowing to the lady, "is indeed flattering, that of others serves but to render a man ridiculous."

Sophia turned upon him a look of surprise—it was the first time that the colonel had committed himself in the presence of others. For a moment her better feelings struggled, then a smile of scorn curled on her lip, and, drawing herself proudly to her full height she turned one haughty look upon the colonel, and approached Don Pedro, who leant gravely against the window, and extended her hand towards him, which he appeared to accept as a mark of peculiar favor, and, after a few moments, he was seen darting from the apartment.

"Whither in such haste; whither, I pray, your excellency?" said Mrs. St. Clair.

"Mrs. Macgregor has consented to try the efficacy of the sea-breeze for headache;—perhaps you will honor my felucca with your presence?" said the don.

"Certainly, most gracious don," replied Mrs. St. Clair, whose spirits seemed to have reached the utmost point of vivacity. "But this is astonishing, absolutely wonderful!"

"What is wonderful, madam?" inquired Sophia, proudly, as his excellency left the room.

"Your consenting to a request of that most puissant don."

"And why, madam?"

"Why child! Because you are such a young prude?"

"It is better to be that than an old coquette," retorted Sophia.

"All in good time, child," added the hostess, provokingly; "she who is in youth the former is generally the latter in age."

"*Experientia docet*," rejoined the guest.

Mrs. St. Clair doubtless felt the point, but she concealed her anger, merely remarking, in an equivocal

tone, that she never before saw Don Pedro approach Sophia without her seeming ready to cry out, 'Oh! hubby, hubby, take the naughty man away!'

'My introduction,' said the colonel, sullenly, 'might secure him from impoliteness.'

'I cannot conceive the reason of Mrs. Macgregor's dislike,' persecuted Mrs. St. Clair.

'I plead not guilty to your charge,' retorted Sophia, 'and I assure you that I am as conscious of his excellency's merits as even Mrs. St. Clair.'

As she turned, the Spaniard was by her side, and Mrs. Sinclair burst into a loud laugh, that had something more sardonic than mirthful in its sound.

'Upon my word I believe her,' whispered Major Hindsley to his companion, Captain Brown.

'And not without some apology,' said Brown, 'for how can she help "looking upon this picture and upon that?"'

'Hyperion to a satyr,' whispered the Major.

Meanwhile Don Pedro had grown so exultant that his gaiety became contagious, and Sophia found it impossible to resist the influence of the hour. So day followed day, diversion succeeding diversion.

It was vain for my friend to avoid the society of one so sedulously thrown into her way by the blind agency of her husband. He, indeed, was too much occupied by his own affairs to render that attention to his wife which her position so peculiarly required. To do him justice, the danger of her intercourse with the Spaniard never entered his head. Perhaps he thought too highly of himself, perhaps too highly of Sophia. He had, however, in the meantime, transferred his wavering admiration to Mrs. St. Clair, whose ready wit and independent manners suited his own aristocratic notions, and whose endurance of his attention rose partly from the pure spirit of mischief, partly from coquetry, and lastly from the ready supplies the well-stocked purse afforded to her somewhat scanty resources—supplies which her address in all games of chance or skill enabled her to transfer from the possession of her easy dupe. His gambling propensity, which, since his marriage, had laid dormant, now became fearfully developed to the amazement of Sophia, who secretly mourned over the mutual errors of herself and her husband. He, too, infatuated to perceive the perils which encompassed him, and flattered by Mrs. St. Clair's supposed preference, became daily more anxious to prolong the visit. Not so Sophia; she had painfully learned her danger, and many an anxious hour did she devote to the examination of her heart—a task more necessary since our departure was still constantly deferred. Sometimes she would remain whole evenings in her chamber, where vainly she tried to read or write—her thoughts were vagrant.

In such a mood, Sophia had declined joining a party to a ball given by Mrs. Holland, of the engineers, when the colonel, armed *cap-a-pie* for conquest, entered her dressing-room, and, greatly to his consternation, found that it was not her intention to accompany him, and, perceiving her in tears, inquired the cause: she muttered something about being ill, and dashed them away.

'Ill!' said he. 'How is it possible that a person so admired can be ill? I am never ill. Besides, it was my intention that you should have caused a sensation; but you always thwart my wishes, and impose upon my good-nature—instance your conduct to his excellency Don Pedro Valdigo, madam.'

'To Don Pedro Valdigo! How?' tremulously inquired Sophia, a bright suffusion overspreading her cheek.

'How, madam?' pursued the enraged little colonel. 'Is it not notorious to the whole garrison that your behavior is most indecorous?'

Sophia trembled violently, and covered her face with her hands.

'Yes madam, well may you be overwhelmed with confusion.'

'Confusion,' she echoed, vainly endeavoring to compose herself. 'Colonel Macgregor, really I don't comprehend.'

'Then madam, in one word, I consider it indecorous for my wife to treat a man of Don Pedro's station in the slighting manner which affect.'

Sophia breathed again.

'I insist upon knowing the reason that you so scornfully decline the attentions that his excellency offers in consideration of my introduction. Mrs. St.

Clair asserts that it arises from my jealousy and secret lectures; therefore I request, may I command, that you will free me from such a barbarous aspersion.'

'Colonel Macgregor,' said Sophia firmly, yet calmly, 'I am not ignorant of the mercenary arts to which your fatal love for play has rendered you a ready victim. I think and hope, however, that your attentions to the wife of your general are no more than courteous. That lady's views regarding me, I fear, are dangerous and malicious. She calls me a prude, others think me a coquette. You think that I only exist in the breath of adulation or glare of society, and I would have the world think so; yet, believe me, that you are all mistaken; still, colonel, you trust largely to my honor; suffer me also to exercise discretion, and he assured that you shall never find me capable of abusing your confidence.'

It was some time before he could find courage to break the awkward silence that succeeded, but at length in a somewhat timid tone he ventured to entreat that she would oblige him by joining the party, having promised her hand for the evening to Don Pedro, 'however disagreeable.'

'Disagreeable!' sighed Sophia, with an impatient gesture, as she paced the room.

'It is no use denying it to me, Sophia—I see you really hate his excellency.'

She stopped short, and looked fully in his face, for it was evident that he meant literally as he had expressed himself; and she felt as if she were acting a despicable deceit, yet she hesitated; her color went and came, whilst the confession of her heart's secret trembled on her lip; her eyes were fixed anxiously upon him, seeking but a word, a look of encouragement to support her in a frank avowal.

He kissed her hand, begging she would gratify his pride and redeem her promise. The action was gallant, but not affectionate. The tone of his voice was the most utter commonplace, and chilled the resolution which the warmth of his feelings had for a moment excited; therefore, changing her intention, she demanded if her present compliance would insure her future freedom of action? The colonel promised that it should. 'Then, sir,' said she, 'you shall be obeyed.'

'A thousand thanks,' said the gallant husband, and kissing her hand, after many injunctions as to her toilette, he departed.

'I fulfil my promise,' said the colonel, as he placed the hand of his wife in that of Don Pedro.

'Yes,' added she, 'I am bound to obey my liege lord; so here I am, despite headache, nerves, etcetera.'

'But colonel,' asked the Spaniard, 'has Mrs. Macgregor further honored me by complying with my other request?'

'No,' said the colonel, 'for that I must refer you to herself,' as he hurried away.

'May I inquire what that refers to?' asked Sophia.

'That you would visit me at Seville, donna.'

Sophia started.

'Mrs. St. Clair and the general have promised; the colonel, too, accepts my invitation. I venture, therefore, to hope that I shall not be denied where I could least endure disappointment.'

Sophia resolutely averted her eyes, as in a low voice she answered, 'It is impossible; I cannot visit Seville.'

'You are not serious, donna?'

'Most serious, your excellency; let us join the dance.'

The Spaniard coldly bowed an acquiescence.

Sophia saw that his feelings were wounded, but affected not to perceive the change in his demeanour, and endeavored to draw him into cheerful conversation; but receiving no response beyond monosyllabic replies, she in turn began to feel depressed, when observing the eyes of Patrisinia Vialli anxiously fixed upon her, she determined to seize that opportunity to secure Don Pedro's interest for the lovers, believing that at this critical juncture no undue hopes could be founded 'on his part' by her interference, and trusting that such proof of the conviction of his magnanimity might contribute to soothe his wounded pride. With a tremulous voice she therefore intimated a wish to stroll through the illuminated garden having a request to make that required privacy.

Pleased and surprised, her companion instantly conducted her from the ball-room.

'The fact is,' said Sophia, struggling to conceal her timidity under an appearance of gaiety, 'that your excellency possesses a secret which was only intended for me, and unfortunately you are the last person to whom that secret should have been revealed.'

'I will not affect to misunderstand that you allude to Patrisinia,' said he gravely.

'You have the power of destroying her dream of happiness—will you be so cruel?'

'And wherefore should Mrs. Macgregor feel interested in the question?'

'Patrisinia is my friend,' said Sophia, with naivete.

'She was my friend also donna; betrothed to me before she knew that Captain Westron was in existence.'

'Of which I was not aware until pledged to promote their views,' replied Sophia.

'And suppose I love Patrisinia?' archly inquired his excellency.

Sophia colored deeply, and spite of all her heroism a pang shot through her heart, whilst she faltered, 'I thought—I was told—it is believed that you do not love Patrisinia.'

'I swear that I do not,' he impetuously exclaimed, clasping the hand of his companion. 'No donna, well do you know that I do not love her.'

'Then promise you will not betray her.'

Don Pedro hesitated.

'Think of those who must be innocently involved. Think of the wretchedness to which you would doom two persons tenderly devoted.'

'It is indeed most sad to part from those we love,' said the Spaniard, as Sophia shrank from the meaning of his eyes. 'But in my official station,' he continued, as if recollecting himself, 'I am so connected, that passiveness becomes a breach of duty. Let Patrisinia forget the captain, and from my claims she is freed.'

'How,' pleaded Sophia, 'can you expect her to forget the being whom she fondly loves, by whom she is beloved?'

'There is but one invocation,' said Don Pedro, 'that can move me, and that you have omitted.'

'For—for the sake, then, of her whom you love,' faltered the petitioner.

Pressing her hand to his lips, he passionately exclaimed, 'Yes, for your sake, donna; for your sake, I promise.'

'A thousand, thousand thanks; let me hasten to my friend with the joyful tidings.'

'Not so,' said the Spaniard; 'I commit a breach of duty at your intercession, but that is a secret which must be confided only to your keeping. Pursue your plans cautiously, and let the lovers beware of Patrisinia's kinsmen: there are those amongst them that the tears of beauty could not soften, nor the power of love influence; and now that I have given so strong a proof of my submission, do not refuse me the pleasure of being near you. Why of late have I been avoided? How have I offended?'

Sophia was silent.

'At least pronounce my fault, that I may endeavor its expiation.'

'Your excellency has not committed one. Let us go; we shall miss the waltz.'

'Tis ever thus, signora; but I must be heard.—In three days you leave Ceuta, and I return to Seville, to be more wretched than language can express, unless you accompany Colonel Macgregor thither.'

'It cannot be—speak of it no more.'

'The colonel has promised.'

Sophia raised her eyes reproachfully, asked, 'Is your request a generous one, Don Pedro?'

His eyes sank beneath her scrutiny. 'Can you blame a wretch for seeking happiness?'

'I blame all who would betray confidence.'

'Do not think so meanly of me, signora.'

'Do not injustice to your honor, Don Pedro.'

'How, donna, have I incurred your contempt?'

'By believing it possible that I could deserve yours.'

'Is it too much for a captive to pray for the sun to shine when its rays may cheer his heart, yet lose none of its own brilliancy?'

'Don Pedro I am an Englishwoman, and perchance my notions on these points may differ from yours.—'

Convinced, however, that you would not intentionally offend my principles, I am willing to believe that your words mean no more than common gallantry. Let us return to the company.'

Sophia moved on, but the Spaniard took care that it should not be towards the house.

'I would not breathe a thought,' said he, 'to sully your purity, a wish that angels might not register.—Tell me but that you forgive—that you will remember me with pity—and I will live upon the recollection.'

'You shall have my kindest thoughts, but you must not forget that I am a wife.'

'Of one who values not the gem he possesses.'

'It matters not, he is my husband still.'

'And can you love a gambler and a sot?'

'I must abide my destiny.'

'So lovely, yet so cold!'

Sophia could not repress a sigh, for her heart told her that her lips were traitors to its anguish.

'But one word more,' said Don Pedro; 'were you free?'

A sigh quivered on her lip as she looked to heaven. Their eyes met as if in fascination for a single instant and Don Pedro questioned no more.

'Well, Mrs. Macgregor, I begin to have some hopes of you,' said Mrs. St. Clair, as she met the strollers re-entering the ball room.

'Why so, madam?'

'Because you have transgressed your code so far as to have indulged in a *tete-a-tete* of a full hour.'

'It appeared only five minutes,' said Sophia ingenuously.

'Better and better; then his excellency, I suppose, has prevailed with you to join our party to Seville?'

'In that, I regret to say that I have failed,' said the Don.

Preparations for our departure were at length making, amongst which those for the smuggling of the lovers formed the most onerous part, it being as requisite to conceal Captain Westron as Patrisinia, lest his presence might induce a scrutiny too rigorous to escape detection.

There was not an English vessel in the port, and the harbor was guarded by Spanish sentinels, who, however inart upon other occasions, were generally watchful enough of all English movements; while, as if to increase the difficulties of our undertaking, the colonel, in utter ignorance of the affair, had accepted for our party a passage in the Spanish governor's felucca, who, being about to visit Algeiras, proposed that, after landing there, his vessel should take us to Gibraltar. Several hogheads of accoutrements had been placed in the hall, destined to be shipped under Colonel Macgregor's orders, and it was thought not impossible to conceal our adventurers in them; but to effect this object the colonel's concurrence became indispensable, who, greatly to his consternation, learnt for the first time our perilous design; he was, however, too gullible as well as good natured to refuse as he said, a 'petition from the Graces,' and agreed to place himself for the once under petticoat government.

The vessel was to sail at day break, and a splendid parting entertainment at the government-house was to terminate our visit. From this we arranged that Patrisinia should retire early, on the plea of indisposition, and having amused her duenna, and enacted a little domestic farce, she was secretly to leave her home, and, while dark, to join Sophia in her dressing room, when the lovers were to be separately secured in hogheads pierced with holes, and thence to be shipped on board the vessel as military stores.

Sophia took the advantage of the confusion after supper to retire with the colonel, and with many injunctions to the tearful Patrisinia, and many earnest aspirations for success in their perilous enterprise she saw the captives securely packed in their respective hogheads; and scarcely was all completed, when a party of soldiers entered to carry them to the ship, and, with reiterated injunctions to be careful in their transport, colonel Macgregor marched them to the port.

The final moment was now come and Don Pedro advanced with an air that forbade denial, had denial been intended, but in truth it was not; so after many embraces from our Spanish friends, and after many

lip-dear professions from Mrs. St. Clair and others, we took leave of our Ceuta friends, leaving none with more regret than the amiable gobernadora, and the homely but kind hearted Mrs. Douglas, the former of whom we had reason to believe, was not entirely ignorant of our plot. After our adieux had been completed, Sophia gave her hand to Don Pedro, who having placed it in his arm, proceeded to the pier, whether the governor and his suite had already gone.—Conversation on the way was wholly suspended, for their hearts were to full. But when he handed her to the boat, he significantly bade her not to fear the dangers of her voyage.

At this moment one of the sacred casks that was being hoisted on the felucca struck against her side, the hook slipped, the cask tottered, Sophia half shrieked and would have started from her seat had not Don Pedro held her firmly down. The men had caught the reeling cask in their arms, and guided it safely on deck. The governor and his officers were otherwise too busily engaged to notice the agitation, but it served to inform Don Pedro as to the manner in which Patrisinia had escaped.

Calm your agitation,' he whispered, 'I will watch over you.' A glance alone answered, and Sophia stood trembling on the deck, her hand resting on the cask that contained Patrisinia. Macgregor in seeming carelessness, leant on that which concealed Westron.

The little anchor was soon weighed, the pointed sails of our felucca were rapidly spread out to the favoring breeze, the vessel shot a-head, and Don Pedro, who stood silently watching the preparations of the sailors, now started forward, bowed courteously to the gentlemen, and grasping Sophia's hand with a fervent pressure, sprang without a word into the boat which awaited him alongside.

The sound of a gun from the citadel broke the silence of the morning. The next moment the course of our vessel altered, and in another, obedient to the signal, she lay like a log upon the water.

Patrisinia was already missed—we were suspected—pursued, and about to undergo a scrutinizing search a few moments would decide the fate of the culprits. Our hearts beat so violently that we could hear their pulsation, yet we feared to go on deck, lest our agitation should betray us. The silence of expectation reigned above; we tried to look towards the town, but the vessel had swung round, or was returning to it, for we could only see the mountains and the white aqueduct of Algeiras; presently there was a slight shock, and a low grating sound, as of a boat grazing the side of our vessel. Then we felt the heeling of the light felucca as she yielded beneath the sudden boarding of several persons at the same moment.—Then came the tramp of many feet, and a confusion of voices, and as the steps approached nearer, Sophia, conscious of her incapability to conceal her terrors, and the danger that awaited her betrayal, flung herself on the couch, and, burying her head in the clothes feigned sleep. We heard the voice of the governor expostulating, 'Impossible! Signor Vialli,' said he, 'I tell you it is impossible! The signoretta cannot be on board without my knowledge. There is no one here but Colonel Macgregor's party, and I request that you will not distress the ladies.'

'Pardon me, governor—I am convinced that she is here,' said a voice that we recognized as Patrisinia's brother, a man of overbearing temper and repulsive manners. Westron is likewise missing, and there is no other place of concealment; and the young cavalier impatiently flung open the cabin door. We both started up as he threw a searching glance around, muttered something between an apology and threat, and retired.

Greatly excited, we both rushed on deck, which we found crowded with priests and civilians, many of whom were recognized as members of the Vialli family; a weight, however, was removed from our breasts when we beheld Don Pedro leaning in a lounging attitude upon the cask in which Patrisinia was deposited, and the colonel still stationed upon that tenanted by Westron—a look from the former reassured us.

'Well, signor,' said the governor to young Vialli, as he returned from searching the hold, 'you have examined every part of our vessel, and must be satisfied that your sister is not here; therefore I have to request that you may not interrupt our voyage.'

'I must first see the contents of these casks,' said Vialli, bending an eye of suspicion upon Sophia.

'These casks, signor,' said Macgregor, 'contain property belonging to his majesty, my master, and it is my duty to preserve them untouched. Should you so far forget yourself as to demand their inspection—'

'I know my duty, colonel, as well as you,' said the other doggedly, 'and I am determined to have them opened before I quit the vessel.'

'Then, signor,' said the irritated Scot, 'it must be by passing over my body.'

'Tut, tut,' interposed Don Pedro, 'Signor Vialli does but jest. He is not so unwise as to waste time in tumbling out a parcel of soldier's belts, caps, and jackets, when he should be galloping into Barbary.—'Tis plain that the signoretta is not here, and far more probable that she has passed the Moorish lines by this times,' adding, with an admonitory glance to the governor, 'Colonel Macgregor is a guest here, and we are bound to protect him and his.'

The haughty nonchalance with which he looked around forbade reply, and the party slowly descended into the boats, the reverend fathers growing hints about excommunication and the inquisition; not however, before Don Pedro coldly intimated his intention to accompany the voyagers to Gibraltar.

After a pleasant sail, a boat with its crimson silk awning and gay rowers emerged from behind the pier of Algeiras, and shot alongside in order to take our hospitable host and suite on shore, after which we rapidly neared our homes.

Our felucca ran beneath the ports of the San Juan, the old seventy-four, which lay as a depot-ship in the harbor of the New Mole. The accommodation chair was lowered, and we ascended. A conference for a few minutes took place between the colonel and the first-lieutenant, who, laughing heartily, ordered that two particular casks, marked, 'This end up,' should be instantly brought to the state cabin.

The chaplain was summoned, Patrisinia and her lover were released from their imprisonment, and were forever united in the bonds of marriage ere they had well recovered from their surprise on finding their wedding honored by the presence of Don Pedro.

'Tis enough for you,' said he to Patrisinia's inquiry, 'that your safety is secured.'

'You have preserved us all from the inquisition,' said the colonel. 'Egad, my teeth chatter at the thought; so pray, Mrs. Macgregor, unless you have a design on my life, never again play the confidante in a Spanish elopement.'

'Westron, I give you joy,' said Don Pedro; 'be kind to your wife. Gentlemen, farewell! Patrisinia, sometimes speak of me to those you love; and he glanced at Sophia, which the penetrating Spanish girl was not slow to understand. 'May you always continue friends, and in your happiness remember that at Seville there lives one who can never forget you.'—He pressed their united hands to his lips, and when they looked up he was gone.

It may be expected that I should now wind up my story by dealing poetic justice to my heroines, and tell how Patrisinia's happy love refuted Sophia's arguments against a marriage founded on enthusiasm; but unfortunately for such a purpose, mine is a tale of real life, and truth compels me to confess that our Spanish friend's experience only too faithfully substantiated the justice of Sophia's lecture. She was not, however, destined to undergo all the ordeals of wedded life, for little more than a year had elapsed when she stood by the side of him for whose sake she had perilled so much—a grief-stricken widow; soon after which she bade adieu to her English friends, and returning to Ceuta, after due penance done, was again received into the bosom of her mother-church.

From that hour our friendship became a tale of the past; for, however satisfactory might be the English gold and widow's pension, which her marriage with poor Westron had secured, her reverend uncle found no inclination to permit further intercourse with heretics, whose acquaintance might lead to a second marriage in the corps.

Sophia was destined to a much more eventful life, but she and the Governor of Seville never met again; yet both survived their protracted separation, nay more they survived their passion, and lived to form new ties and new affections, so true it is that the object which constitutes our happiness of to-day seems like a fading dream when reason wakes upon the morrow. It is only when we yield without a struggle that passion conquers.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, August 28, 1841.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

This No. closes the second volume of the Register, and we would earnestly call on those indebted to us, to remit without delay the amount due. We have fulfilled our part of the contract and it is but reasonable to expect from our patrons a corresponding compliance on their part. Many of our subscribers have not paid us a farthing since the commencement of the paper. Gentlemen, must upon a moment's reflection, be satisfied, that such patronage is worth nothing. We have no acquaintance, personally, with scarcely a subscriber out of our own State; and we can only judge of their friendly professions, by the manner in which they comply with their engagements. We speak plain on this subject, because we have cause for just complaint. Where there is any difficulty about current money, we will receive the notes on any solvent bank in the neighborhood, at par, if sent free of postage, which can be done through the post master.

It shall be our pride to make the Register worthy the support and countenance of its patrons; and in return we expect promptness on their part. We sincerely trust that those who are truly friendly to its interests will give us no further cause to complain of their remissness, which we honestly assure them is as disagreeable to our own feelings as it can possibly be annoying to them.

THE AFFAIR OF Miss ROGERS, remains enshrouded in as much mystery as ever. Morse, who was arrested as the murderer, and of whose innocence we express our belief, has been formally acquitted, and his discharge. The mystery of his absence was connected with difficulties between him and wife, together with a rascally attempt on the honor of a young female, whom he had decoyed from her home. He proved himself to be only the villain of another shade. The Journal of Commerce has some very sensible remarks, in relation to the case of Miss Rodgers. That paper says, that in all the stories connected with her case, there is no evidence of her leaving her home, other than her own assertion to do so. From this fact, that paper reasons, that she met her death in her own neighborhood, because had she traversed but one block, so well was she known, she would have been recognized. We have all along been of the opinion that the police officers of that city, have been on the wrong scent, in laying the scene of this tragedy at Hoboken. We firmly believe that she was murdered in the city of New York, and every probability goes strongly to show that it was not far from her home.

A HARD CASE.—Henry H. White, who was sentenced to the penitentiary in the District of Columbia for ten years, for being accessory to the burning of the treasury building; has been pardoned by the President, after an imprisonment of four years. Circumstances have come to light, which make it very doubtful whether White was guilty. White's residence is in Chicago, and the Globe says he started from Washington to that place, on foot with only \$5 in his pocket. It was disreputable to the authorities.

In order to complete the interesting Tale, in this volume, commenced two weeks ago, we are compelled to omit our usual variety.

AN OLD STAGER.—The Boston Post says that Morse, the well known Cambridge omnibus-driver, has driven on that route 34 years, during which time he has driven a stage or omnibus, one half million of miles or nearly twenty-nine times around the globe.

MCLEOD.—The New-York Herald states that rumors are rife from Washington that Mr. Fox, the British Minister has been instructed by his government, to repeat his demand for the release of Alexander McLeod, before his trial in September, and if denied, to receive his passports. The demand will undoubtedly be promptly refused, and Mr. Fox can have his passports any moment they are asked for.

MATTHIAS.—We have always supposed until recently, that Matthias was an impostor, but if all the stories are true, he must be more than mortal. The Highland Messenger, published in North Carolina, states that he died in that State in July, 1840, aged about 60. The editor of the Albany Atlas declares that he saw the very identical Matthias within a few days on board a Hudson river boat, "beard and all."—Saratoga Sentinel.

If the editor of the Sentinel rests the prophet's immortality on the fact of his being alive, we will join with him as one of the "believers." Our neighbors of the Atlas probably saw "something like a whale," but it wasn't the real Simon Pure. Old Cloutie, foreclosed his mortgage on the Prophet about a year ago.

GLASS BELLS.—A glass bell for a church, was recently cast in Sweden. Its diameter is 6 feet, and its tone is said to be finer than that of any metal bell.

Samuel Cook, aged 25, engaged in the mine of Barytes at Cheshire, Conn. in lighting his pipe a few days since, dropped a spark into an open keg of powder, which exploded, causing his death on the 19th.

The Portsmouth Journal says that a little girl, eleven years of age, from a neighboring town, who heard Mr. Hawkins' lecture, when he invited those present to circulate temperance pledges, went home, and in a week obtained about 150 names. Try it, it is worthy of imitation.

WASHINGTON IRVING, is seriously ill at his cottage near Tarrytown. A remittent bilious fever, brought on by fatigue and exposure in a recent excursion to the coal region of Pennsylvania, is said to be the nature of his malady.

A SUCCESSFUL RAIL-ROAD.—The receipts of the Philadelphia and Baltimore rail-road, for July, 1841, amounted to \$68,847 14.

THE ERIE.—From all the information obtained, the number lost on this boat, it is said will amount to two hundred and thirty.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat, who is a bachelor, is the author of the following:

"How much happiness does the old bachelor lose? No smiling angel to stand at the door to welcome him as he returns—'My dear, are you come?' No lisping cherub climbs his knee and in tones of love cries out, 'Daddy, give me thum thugar kitheth.'"

MUSEUM.—Mr. & Mrs. Greene, favorably known to our citizens, commenced a short engagement at this place on Thursday last.

Congress has passed the Bankrupt Bill.

Intelligence.

Thrilling Incident.—We learn from a gentleman who conversed with Mrs. Lynde, who was saved—and the only lady who was saved—from the Erie, that, when the fire broke out, she was lying in her berth.—Immediately upon the alarm being given, her husband ran to her assistance, inflated her life preserver, which she carried with her, and cast her overboard. As soon as possible he leaped over after her; but it was supposed that his life preserver was not properly inflated, and he was not afterwards seen! Another incident, which we learned from the same source, was this: Among the passengers was an interesting lad, about 14, named Beebe from Cleveland. He was placed in the particular charge of the unfortunate Gleason, the clerk. When the fire broke out, his friend G. took him by the hand and after in vain endeavoring to find some mode of escape for him, advised him to slide down the tiller chains. This he did, and G. accompanied him.—While thus hanging, the fire often poured over them in livid sheets; but they hung on, changing hands, and dashing water in their faces with the hand at liberty. The little fellow succeeded in holding on until rescued; but poor Gleason sunk a few moments too soon to be saved. The boy's face was a good deal burned, and his leg somewhat bruised by a burning timber which fell upon it. He describes, as the most fearful part of the dreadful scene through which he passed, the shrieks of those who were vainly struggling to press themselves through the windows of the cabin, which was filled with fire and smoke.—Detroit Daily Adv.

Sudden Death.—Henry Tillinghast, Esq., an old and respected inhabitant of Norway in this county, fell dead while at work in his hay-field on the 29th ult. A post-mortem examination proved his death to have resulted from disease of the heart. Mr. T. was a native of Rhode Island, and had resided in this county 48 years. He was twice elected to the Legislature of this State.—Ierkimer Journal.

THE CROPS.—The Camden Journal of 4th inst. says—From all we can gather from our exchange papers, the crop of the present year is likely to prove more abundant than for many years past. The wheat crop has, of course, been gathered, or nearly so, throughout the country and has proved very fine generally; and the growing crops of corn and cotton promise an abundant return to the farmer of his labor.

Married.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. William T. Hickok, of Homer, Cortland co, to Miss Elizabeth Steele of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Michael Delehanty, to Mary, daughter of Charles Quinn all of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. Kelly, Matthew Jordan to Catharine, daughter of Charles Quinn, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Susanna Van Heusenburgh, in the 85th year of her age.

In this city, yesterday afternoon, Albert Ryckman, in the 77th year of his age.

In this city, yesterday morning, John Ezra Reese aged 28 years.

On the 4th August, at Frankfort, Churchill Samuel, esq., President of the Frankfort Branch Bank of Kentucky, in the 40 year of his age.

At Seneca Lake, Hon. Gedeon Lee, aged 64.

At New York, on the 18th inst. Mrs. Susanna Hoogland, aged 84.

At the same place and day, Mr. William Westervelt, aged 70.

At Marletown, Ulster co, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth McGinnis, aged 99.

In Kingston, Ulster co. on the 14th inst. Mrs. Hannah Houghtaling, aged 76 years, and 6 months.

In Henniker, N. H. 2d inst. Mr. Ephram Morrill, 98—he was the oldest man in town, and settled on the same farm, where he died, in 1760, having lived there upwards of 72 years.

JUN 29 1951

